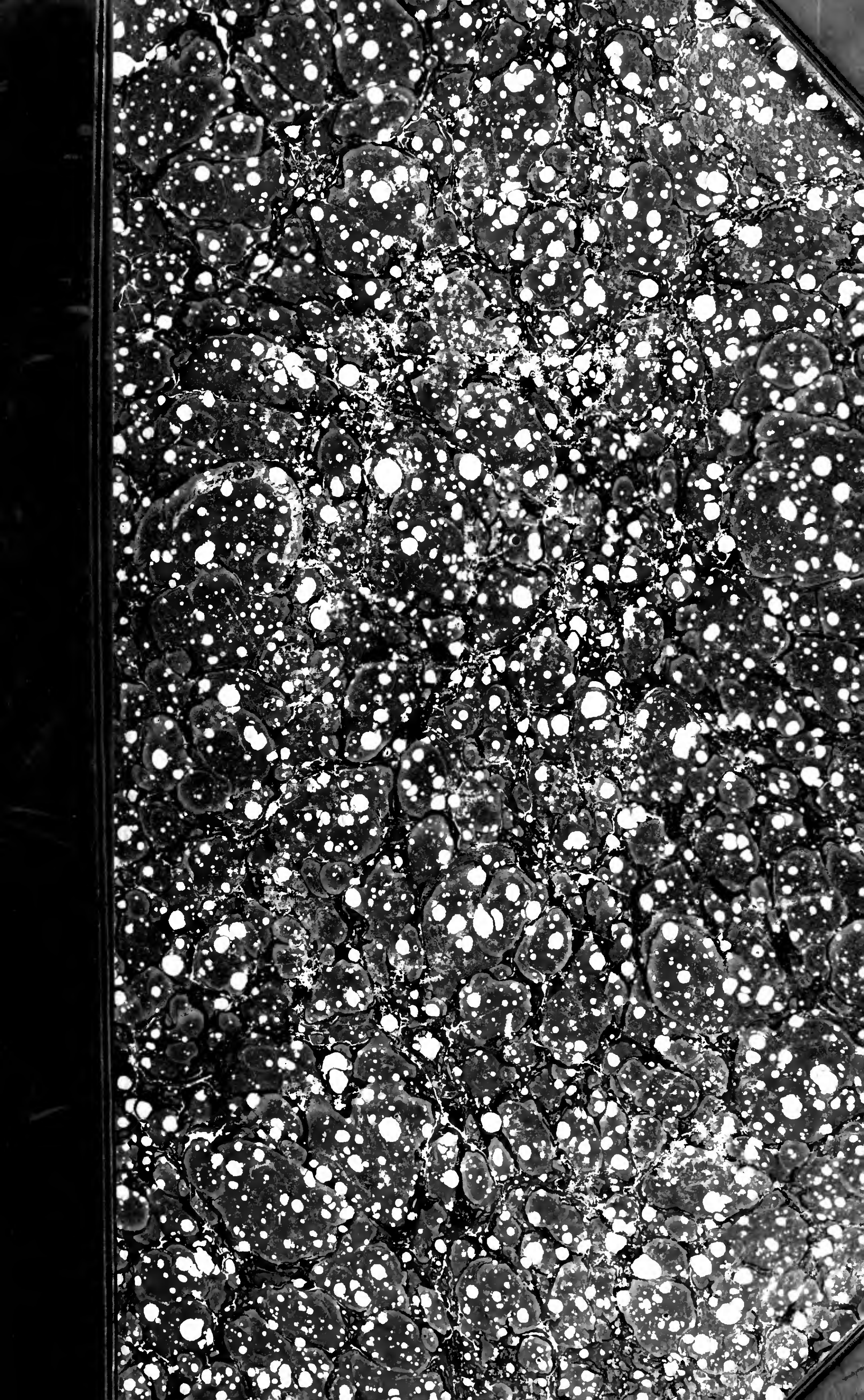

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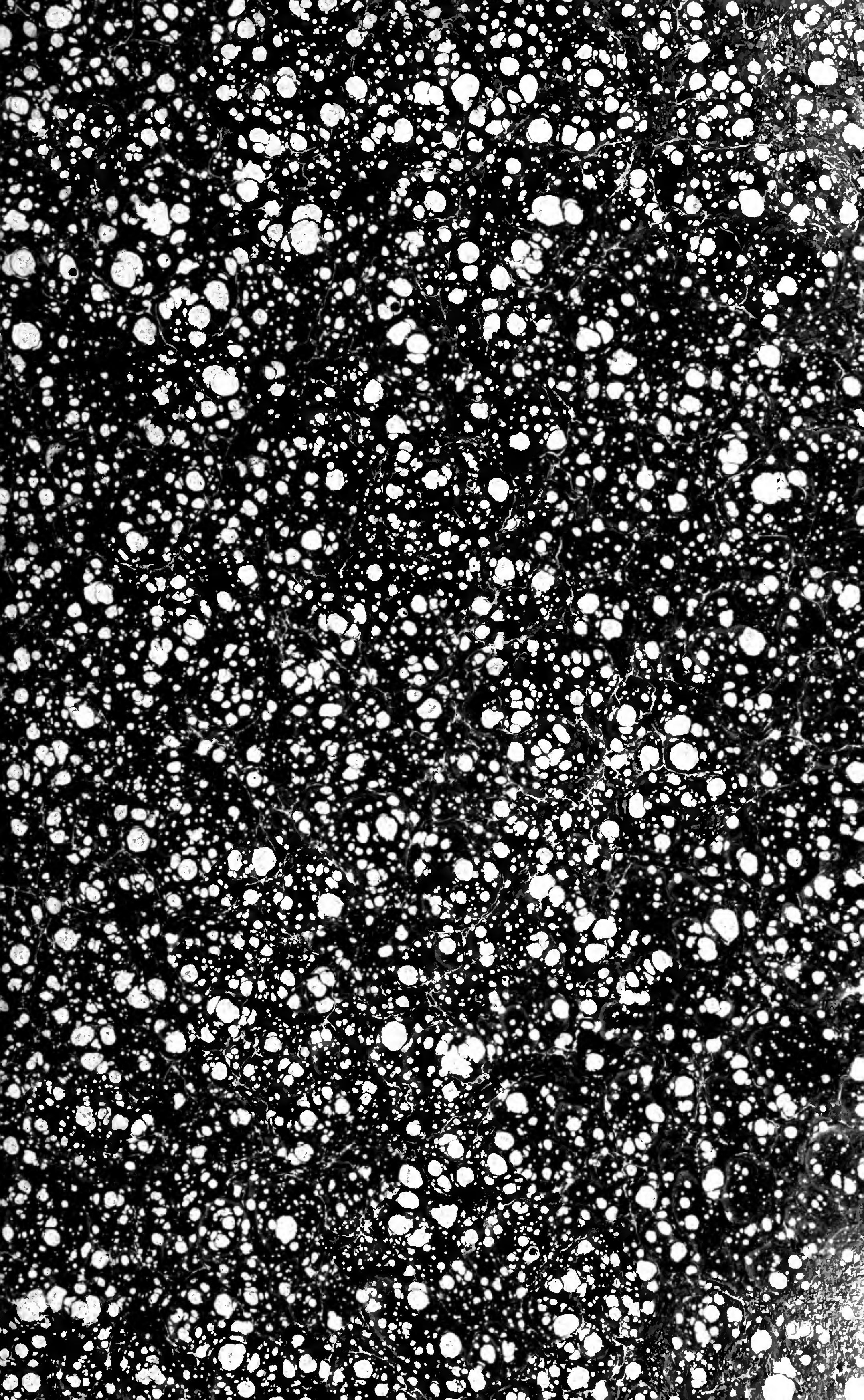

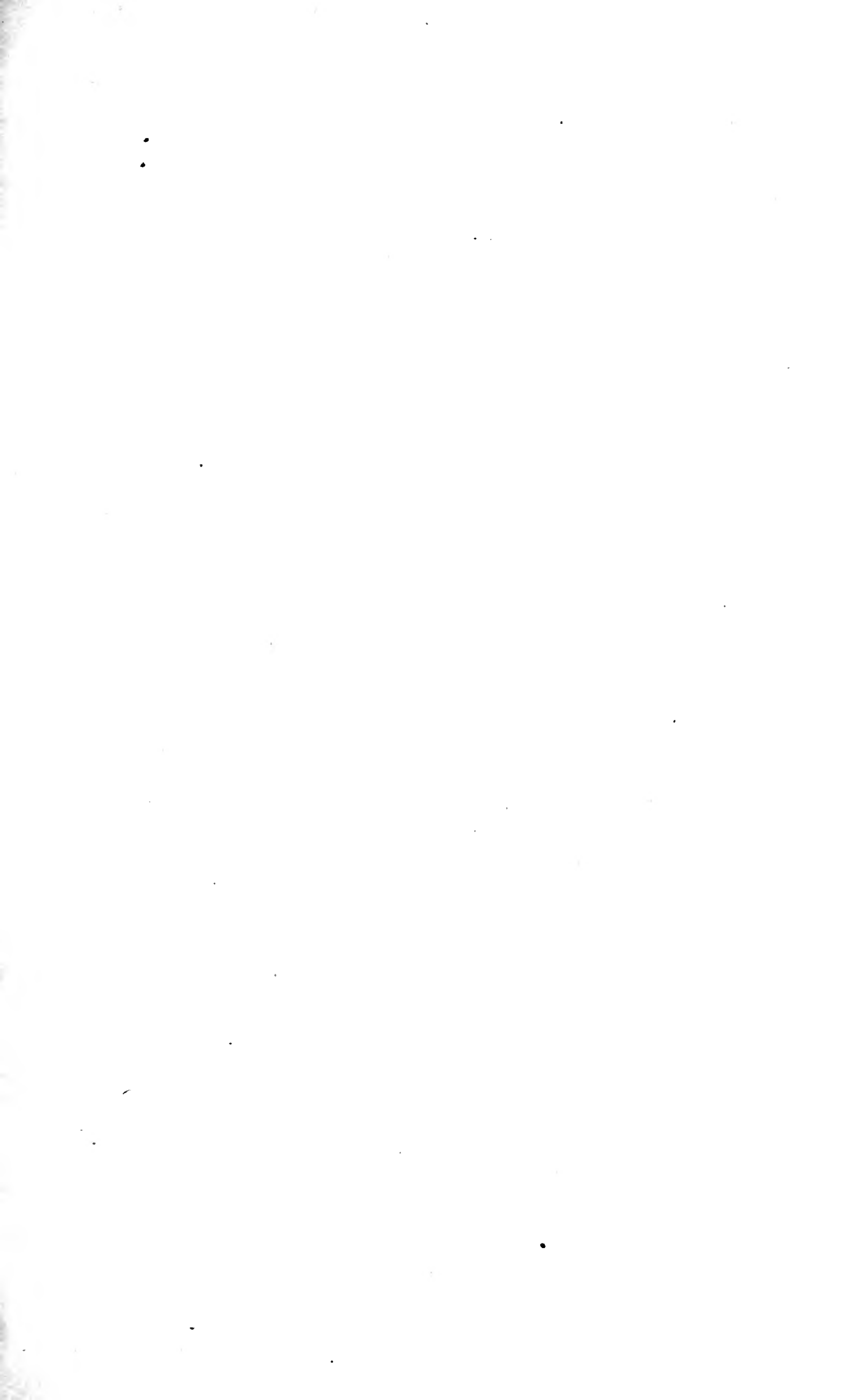

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DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

JULY—DECEMBER, 1883.

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CONTENTS.

Alaska, The Seal Islands of........................*George Wardman*................................ 23
American Colony at Carlotta, The................*Enrique Parmer*........ 488
Annetta..*Evelyn M. Ludlum*..........17, 189, 311, 431, 538, 644
Angel on Earth, The: A Tale of Early California ..*H. L. Wright*....................................402
Art of Utterance, The............................*John Murray*......................................399
Authority..*M. Kellogg*.......................................637
Avalon, The Precursor of Maryland....... ....*L. W. Wilhelm*....................................158
Balm in November: A Thanksgiving Story.........*Elsie Ange*.......................................499
Bernardo the Blessed.............................*G. S. Godkin*.....................................283
Book Reviews.
American Citizen's Manual, 107.—Authors and Publishers, 106.—Balladen und Neue Gedichte von Theodor Kirchhoff, 662.—Bay of Seven Islands, and Other Poems, The, 661.—Beyond Recall, 214.—Books and How to Use Them, 107.—Catalogue Illustré du Salon, 107.—Courtship of Miles Standish, 661.—Cruise of the Canoe Club, The, 108.—Daisy Miller, a Comedy, 554.—Daniel Webster, 219.—Dosia, 663.—Earlier Poems of Anna M. Morrison, 662.—Emerson's Works, 663.—English as She is Spoke, 220.—English Bodley Family, The, 663.—Fair Plebeian, A, 216.—For the Major, 213.—Freedom of Faith, The, 105.—From Ponkapog to Pesth, 106.—Germany Seen Without Spectacles, 333.—Golden Chersonese, and the Way Thither, The, 106; Gray's Elegy, Artists' Edition, 661.—He and She, 662.—Her Sailor Love, 216.—Historical Studies, 557.—Hot Plowshares, 211.—House-keeper's Year-Book, 106.—How to Help the Poor, 660.—Illustrated Art Notes, National Academy of Design, 107.—In the Carquinez Woods, 553.—Italian Rambles, 333.—James Nasmyth, Engineer, 106.—Ladies Lindores, The, 215.—Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle, 104.—Life on the Mississippi, 333.—Martin the Skipper, 444.—Miseries of Fo Hi, The, 444.—Monographs and Reports, 445, 664.—Nan, 221.—Oliver Wendell Holmes, 101.—Pages from an Old Volume of Life, 220.—Poems, Antique and Modern, 661.—Popular History of California, A, 221.—Pyrenees to Pillars of Hercules, 333.—Questions of Belief, 556.—Reading of Books, The, 221.—Renan's Recollections, 332.—Sea-Queen, A, 211.—Shakespeare's Sonnets, 334.—Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis, Tarquin and Lucrece, and Other Poems, 334.—Studies in Wave, 443.—220.—Studies in Literature, 331.—Studies in Science and Religion, 442.—Surf and Biography, Theâtre Contemporaine, 107, 334, 663.—Times of Battle and Rest, 444.—Twelve Americans, 334.—Twenty Poems from Longfellow, Illustrated by his Son, 661.—Vix, 445.—Voices for the Speechless, 443.—Voyage of the Jeannette, The, 658.—Wealth-Creation, 105.—Work for Women, 663.—X Y Z, 216.—Yolande, 214.
Botanical Explorers, Early, of the Pacific Coast....*C. C. Parry*.................................409
California Cereals, I., II.,.........................*Joseph Hutchinson*..........................8, 144
Carlotta, The American Colony at................ *Enrique Parmer,*.................................488
Census of our Indian Population..................*Sherman Day*......................................465
Child Life Among the California Foothills.........*Mary E. Bamford*.................................. 56
Characteristics of Our Language, Some............*Edwin D. Sanborn*.................................345
Chinese Question, The............................*J. P. Widney*......................................627
Christian Turk, A................................*C. E. B*..459
Ciudad De La Reyna De Los Angeles, La.........*Clara Spaulding Brown*....................... ... 60
Civilizing the Indians of California...............*Sherman Day*......................................575
Country Walk, A..................................*Lucy H. M. Soulsby*...............................582
Crane, William Watrous, Jr...653
Current Comment.
Careers of Graduates of the State University.. ... 97
The Harvard and Yale Examinations.—The People and the Money Power in Government.—The Tendency to Law of College Graduates.—Marking Up in Teachers' Examinations........217

Death of W. W. Crane, Jr.—Charles Francis Adams, Jr., on Greek and French.—The Modern Classical Spirit.—The Middle Initial in England.—Reform in the Higher Grades of the Civil Service 327
The Reception of the Knights Templar.—The Civil Service Examinations 441
Discussion of Chinese Immigration.—State Laws for Examination of Teachers.—Education in the Public Schools of American Cities.—Standards of Aristocracy 549
Critics of Society and the Pacific Community.—California the Superlative of Americanism 657

Day's Ramble in Japan, A .... *Jos. F. Taylor* 533
Drama in Dream-land, The .... *Charles Warren Stoddard* 118
Early Botanical Explorers of the Pacific Coast .... *C. C. Parry* 409
Education, Science and .... *G. Frederick Wright* 369
Episode of Old Mendocino, An .... *A. G. T.* 137
Family Names and Their Mutations 323
Freedom of Teaching, The .... *Josiah Royce* 235
Frontier Prospector, The .... *F. M. Endlich* 125
Glance at Short-hand Past and Present, A .... *F. E. Tremper* 40
Guppy's Daughter .... *Charles Howard Shinn* 113
Illustrations, by M. E. Brown: A Redding Bar Pioneer; Guppy's Daughter.
Hafiz, The Poet: His Life and Writings .... *O. H. Roberts* 200
His Messenger .... *Margaret Bertha Wright* 387
Ideal Club, The .... *K. M. Bishop* 632
Idle, Good for Nothing Fellow, An 33
Incidents of Horseback Travel in an Indian Country .... *N. Dagmar Mariager* 614
Indian Population, Census of Our .... *Sherman Day* 465
Indians of California, Civilizing the .... *Sherman Day* 575
Just a Wilful Girl .... *Millie W. Carpenter* 131
King Cophetua's Wife .... *James Berry Bensel* 65, 152, 292
Lake Tahoe, Physical Studies of .... *John LeConte* 506, 595
Language, Some Characteristics of Our .... *Edwin D. Sanborn* 345
Lassen Trail, The Old .... *Oscar F. Martin* 74
Lazy Letters from Low Latitudes .... *Charles Warren Stoddard* 337
Life, Science and .... *G. Frederick Wright* 279
Migration Problem, The .... *Charles Howard Shinn* 267
Music and Drama .... *A. A. Wheeler* 98
Mute Councilor, The .... *A. A. Sargent* 516
My New Friend .... *G. S. Godkin* 164
Old Lassen Trail, The .... *Oscar F. Martin* 74
Old Mendocino, An Episode of .... *A. G. T.* 137
Old Port of Trinidad, The .... *A. T. Hawley* 276
Our New Bell 258
Outcroppings.
Age of Cans, The .... *R. E. C. S* 557
Fourth of July, 1848, at San José del Cabo de San Lucas .... *Monterey* 111
From Camp .... *E. R* 112
How I Saw the Comet .... *L.* 110
How Jennett Saw the Comet .... *L.* 336
Once Upon a Time .... *Sara D. Halsted* 559
Out of the World .... *E. E.* 223
Photographic Negative, A .... *K. M. B* 221
Poetry.
Dying Heroes, The .... *I. C. L* 448
Fate .... *E. C. Sanford* 223
In Lent .... *Geoffrey Burke* 448
Invitation, An .... *R. E. C. S* 221

Pretty Vassar Senior, The .... *Joel Benton* 447
Private Letters of Travel .... *Ivy Wandesforde Kersey; M. W* 664
Sestina .... *Florence M. Byrne* 446
Summer Longing, A .... *Margaret A. Brooks* 110
Woman, A Fantasy .... *Edmund Warren Russell* 000
Rus in Urbe .... *K. M. B* 334
Spanish Captain's Account of California, A 445
Uncle Joshua's Extraordinary Experience .... *L. W. S* 447
Past and Present of Political Economy, The .... *Richard T. Ely* 225
Pacific Houses and Homes .... *Susan Power* 394
Pericles and Kalomira: A Story of Greek Island Life .... *William Sloane Kennedy* 241
Physical Studies of Lake Tahoe .... *John LeConte* 506, 595
Pioneer Sketches.
I. The Old Lassen Trail .... *Oscar F. Martin* 70
II. An Episode of Old Mendocino .... *A. G. T* 134
III. Our New Bell 257
Poet Hafiz, The: His Life and Writings .... *O. H. Roberts* 208
Proud Woman, A .... *Ralph S. Smith* 178
Political Economy, The Past and Present of .... *Richard T. Ely* 225
Putting in the Summer Professionally .... *D. S. Richardson* 3, 173
Question About Our Public Libraries, A .... *Harriet D. Palmer* 592
Recent Fiction 211
Rudimentary Society Among Boys .... *John Johnson, Jr* 353
Science and Education .... *G. Frederick Wright* 369
Science and Life .... *G. Frederick Wright* 279
Science, Uncertainties of .... *G. Frederick Wright* 183
Seat Under the Beeches, The .... *W. Winthrop* 49
Seal Islands of Alaska, The .... *Geo. Wardman* 28
Shepherd at Court, A 358, 472, 561
Short-hand, Past and Present, A Glance at .... *F. E. Tremper* 40
Small Latin and Less Greek .... *Geo. B Merrill* 417
Some Characteristics of Our Language .... *Edwin D. Sanborn* 345
Summer Cañons .... *Milicent Washburn Shinn* 205
Switzerland of the Northwest, The.
I. The Mountains .... *W. D. Lyman* 300
II. The River .... *W. D. Lyman* 374
Tim's History .... *Elizabeth B. Willcox* 617
Trinidad, the Old Port of .... *A. T. Hawley* 276
Uncertainties of Science .... *G. Frederick Wright* 183
Under the Shadow of the Dragon .... *Abbot Kinney* 449
Up in the Sierras 44
Utterance, The Art of .... *John Murray* 399
Visit, A .... *Y. H. Addis* 262
Wagner at Home .... *John Parrott, Jr* 108
Why .... *S. R. Heath* 83
William Watrous Crane, Jr 653
Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow: A California Mosaic .... *Kate M. Bishop* 529

POETRY.

Across the Plains........ *Emily H. Baker*........240
At Morn........574
August........ *Charles S. Greene*........117
Beyond the Mountains .... *E. C. G* 59
Buttercups........ *Wilbur Larremore*........ 48
Drifting........ *Arthur L. J. Crandall*........416
Felice Notte........ *E. D. R. Bianciardi* 95
Gone........ *Wilbur Larremore*........299
In a Great Library........ *Charles S. Greene* 352
Leisure........ *Margaret A. Brooks* 612
Lilies........ *Ada Langworthy Collier*........486
Love Deathless........ *Thomas E. Collier*........182
Mistaken........ *Carlotta Perry*........257
Mountain Grave, A .... *Mary E. Bamford*........505
On a Picture of Mt. Shasta, by Keith........ *E. R. Sill*........ 1
Queen and the Flower, The .... *Margaret B. Harvey*........528
Quem Metui Moritura........ *E. R. Sill*........ 344
Sonnet........ *Katharine Royce*........537
Sonnet .... *Katharine Royce*........163
Sonnet........ *Amelia Woodward Truesdell* 581
Song........ *E. P. B* 464
Song........ *J. C.*........636
Sunshine Found........ 73
To My Soul........ *Robertson Trowbridge* 408
Vaquero to His Horse .... *Virginia Peyton*........136
Wood-Chopper to His Ax, The........ *Elaine Goodale* 275

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VOL. II. (SECOND SERIES.)—JULY, 1883.—NO. 7.

ON A PICTURE OF MT. SHASTA BY KEITH.

Two craggy slopes, sheer down on either hand,
Fall to a cleft, dark and confused with pines.
Out from their somber shade—one gleam of light—
Escaping toward us like a hurrying child,
Half laughing, half afraid, a white brook runs.
The fancy tracks it back thro' the thick gloom
Of crowded trees, immense, mysterious
As monoliths of some colossal temple,
Dusky with incense, chill with endless time:
Thro' their dim arches chants the distant wind,
Hollow and vast, and ancient oracles
Whisper, and wait to be interpreted.

Far up the gorge denser and darker grows
The forest: columns lie with writhen roots in air;
And across open glades the sunbeams slant
To touch the vanishing wing-tips of shy birds;
Till from a mist-rolled valley soar the slopes,
Blue-hazy, dense with pines to the verge of snow,
Up into cloud. Suddenly parts the cloud,
And lo! in heaven—as pure as very snow,
Uplifted like a solitary world—
A star, grown all at once distinct and clear—
The white earth-spirit, Shasta! Calm, alone,

Silent it stands, cold in the crystal air,
White-bosomed sister of the stainless dawn,
With whom the cloud holds converse, and the storm
Rests there, and stills its tempest into snow.

Once—you remember?—we beheld that vision,
But busy days recalled us, and the whole
Fades now among my memories like a dream.
The distant thing is all incredible,
And the dim past as if it had not been.
Our world flees from us; only the one point,
The unsubstantial moment, is our own:
We are but as the dead, save that swift mote
Of conscious life. Then the great artist comes,
Commands the chariot wheels of Time to stay,
Summons the distant, as by some austere,
Grand gesture of a mighty sorcerer's wand,
And our whole world again becomes our own.
So we escape the petty tyranny
Of the incessant hour; pure thought evades
Its customary bondage, and the mind
Is lifted up, watching the moon-like globe.

How should a man be eager or perturbed
Within this calm? How should he greatly care
For reparation, or redress of wrong,—
To scotch the liar, or spurn the fawning knave,
Or heed the babble of the ignoble crew?
See'st thou yon blur far up the icy slope,
Like a man's footprint? Half thy little town
Might hide there, or be buried in what seems
From yonder cliff a curl of feathery snow.
Still the far peak would keep its frozen calm,
Still at the evening on its pinnacle
Would the one tender touch of sunset dwell,
And o'er it nightlong wheel the silent stars.

So the great globe rounds on,—mountains, and vales,
Forests, waste stretches of gaunt rock and sand,
Shore, and the swaying ocean,—league on league:
And blossoms open, and are sealed in frost;
And babes are born, and men are laid to rest.
What is this breathing atom, that his brain
Should build or purpose aught, or aught desire,
But stand a moment in amaze and awe,
Rapt on the wonderfulness of the world.

E. R. Sill.

PUTTING IN THE SUMMER PROFESSIONALLY.—I.

My vagabond friend came to me one June day in Oakland and made a proposition. I call him vagabond because he rather enjoyed the appellation than otherwise; and as he is still tramping somewhere, and may see this, I desire to please him. The truth of the matter is, he was a traveling dentist, and his field of operations extended all over the State. He had plugged teeth under the shadows of Shasta, and plucked molars on the plains of Yuma. There were mouths up among the Sierra fastnesses which bore traces of his handiwork, and celluloid indications of his presence along the shore from Humboldt to San Luis Obispo. I liked this doctor for three reasons: in the first place, he liked me; secondly, he was a good fellow; and lastly, I was in his debt. I do not mean by this that I owed him money. It was a different obligation; for did he not come to me one time—forty miles in the hot sun over a high mountain—and stick to me for two days and nights when I had an ulcerated face? and when I wanted to pay him for it he got mad. In the summertime he traveled in a light spring wagon, and carried along his coffee-pot and blankets, his tool chest, and a little furnace for cooking teeth. Where night overtook him he pitched his tent; and I have known him to work for days in the open field, with his improvised dental chair set beneath a friendly oak. Whatever the people had to pay was currency with this practitioner. He would put in a set of teeth and take in payment a colt, a steer, or a brace of shotes. Hides, sheepskins, and chickens were often tendered as compensation for patched-up grinders, and, if not too far from a market, were rarely declined.

On various occasions I had accompanied the doctor on his dental forays into the rural districts, and we had become fast friends. In fact, he wanted me to join him and learn the business; but I never could acquire the art of pulling a tooth, and the monotonous vigil beside a pot of simmering biceps had no charms. It was the free, outdoor life I loved—the night encampment under the stars; the fields and the woods. So I listened to his proposition. Would I join him on a trip through Lake and Mendocino counties? I should go where he went, fare as he fared, sleep where he slept, and he would pay all the bills. Just here I must tell you something. For several months the purpose had been shaping itself in my mind to try my hand at teaching a country school. Although still a beardless youth, I believed I could do it, for the world was young then; O. P. Fitzgerald was superintendent of public instruction, and I had a State certificate. The doctor's proposition seemed to afford the opportunity I desired to look around. So I accepted, imposing the single condition that I should have the privilege of deserting the itinerant dental establishment at any time, if an opportunity presented of securing a school.

For two weeks we jogged slowly along, up through the beautiful Napa Valley, loitering here and there at farm-houses and camping in the open fields. The weather was glorious, and the whole summer lay before us. To the doctor, perhaps, time was of greater value than it was to me, but it was easy to tempt him into idleness. Notwithstanding the sanguinary and unsympathetic nature of his profession, a vein of poetry cropped out here and there in his composition, rendering him vulnerable to the charms of nature. Wherever a cool spring bubbled out of the mountain side or a sylvan nook lured us from the dusty highway, there we stopped and pitched our tent. Many a time, when this rambling doctor should have been pulling teeth, and I in rapt attendance on his steaming pot, we were snoozing the happy hours away in the corner of somebody's wheat field, or stretched along the green

sward by stream and in bird thicket, hiding from the noonday sun. It was not profitable, perhaps, from a moneyed standpoint; but what did we care for money? Could anybody put a price on the warm sunlight and the sweet, free air? Did it cost anything to throw ourselves along the bosom of Old Mother Earth and sleep, or dip our faces into the cool streams and pools? Nor were we in danger of starving when the woods were alive with game and the streams with fish. There were lonely cows to be waylaid and robbed of their milk, and groaning orchards designed and planned for midnight forays. Who would not be a tramp in a land like this? or who would pay for fruit in the month of June when he could steal it? A fig for the philosophy of toil! It was invented by some bloodless wretch who never saw the sun or a land of plenty. Such, at least, was our philosophy as we idled away the summer days, and grew fat and dusty. The doctor, I am sure, did not get down to business until after we parted company; and he has since informed me, with something of reproach in his tone, that two or three more such trips would ruin his professional reputation. He seemed to hold me responsible, somehow, for his vagrancy —which was not just right.

It was not until the end of the second week that I found my school. By this time we had wended our way up over Mount St. Helena and down into the borders of Lake County. Here there is a little valley which goes by the name of Coyote. You have been there, perhaps, and know how pretty it is; fields of golden grain, cozy farm-houses nestled here and there among the trees, and a mountain outlook on every hand. A formal call was made upon the three rustic gentlemen constituting the local school board. Would they have me to teach their young Coyotes? They looked me over and said they would.

"O. P. Fitzgerald's certificate is as good as wheat," remarked one, the foreman of the trio, who gloried in the name of Stumpit. "You come back one week from to-day, young man, and start in."

That this off-hand employment of a stranger was hasty and ill-advised will be seen in the sequel. My conscience has never troubled me, however, for I did not know at the time how bad a man I was. Knowledge comes with experience; and it is astonishing how much a man will learn even about himself if he will place himself under developing conditions.

Another week's lease of life, and then my troubles began. The doctor and I spent it pretty much as we had its two predecessors, gradually working our way northward over the second mountain wall and down by the lake-shore. Here we made our last camp under the shadows of the Konookta, and here one bright morning we parted. With all my effects packed into a light grip-sack, and thirty-five cents in my pocket, I started back on foot over the fifteen miles of mountain road separating me from Coyote and my prospective field of duty. If the doctor had known how impecunious I was, he would have given me a twenty; but I did not tell him. He would have given me the shirt on his back if I had intimated my necessity for it. I needed the shirt badly enough; but I was prouder in those days than I am now, and so said nothing. Climbing the grade a few hundred yards, I seated myself on a rock and watched him drive away among the trees. He waved the coffee-pot in affectionate farewell salutation, when a turn in the road was reached which hid him from view, and I was left alone in the woods.

The day which followed was exceedingly hot, and the up-hill tramp through the fine red dust became, in a few hours, very laborious. However slowly I might proceed, hugging the shade spots on the winding grade, it was impossible to keep cool, and my grip-sack, like the grasshopper, became a burden. Life seemed too short and precious for such nonsense on a summer day, so, towards noon, I switched off under a manzanita bush and went to sleep. It must have been mid-afternoon when I awoke, with a mighty vacancy in my stomach and a colony of tree-ants in my vest. Far up the

mountain, to my left, a band of sheep were grazing, and it occurred to me, after getting rid of the ants, that there must be a herder's camp somewhere in the vicinity, and perhaps I could "work" that rustic individual for a square meal. Former experiences had led me to the conviction that the average sheep-herder is a pretty good fellow—inclined to be hospitable and glad to see you. It makes no difference whether he be Dago, Kanaka, or Greek, when you meet him on his lonely stamping grounds. He is human and homely—in keeping with his rude surroundings—and the smile of welcome which percolates his oily visage is apt to be sincere. Having in my mind's eye the typical representative of this fraternity, imagine my consternation on finding myself confronted by a rosy damsel of sixteen, bare-footed, straw-hatted, and sweet-voiced as a med-lark. She had seen me first, and stood watching me from a little rocky ledge as I labored up the mountain side. For a moment I was dumb with astonishment. Could this be the sheep-herder I sought? I had read somewhere of gentle shepherdesses tending their flocks on Arcadian hills, and ensnaring the hearts of all things masculine; but that was in the golden age. What was this Grecian maiden doing in Lake County? and where was her crook? Probably imagining from my startled attitude and voiceless stare that I was about to shy off into the brush, or that I could not talk yet, she said:

"Do not be frightened. Come up."

"Do you herd these sheep?" I stammered.

"Yes, sir."

"Are you not afraid to be out here in the woods alone?"

"Not a bit."

"Are you not afraid of me?"

"No; but I thought you was of me"; and she laughed merrily, somewhat to my discomfiture.

"If I am not capable of inspiring fear," I thought, "would that I might excite some gentler emotion." But I shall not tell you all the nice things I thought and said during the next two hours. It is sufficient for you to know a few of the materialistic facts. It is sufficient for you to know that I came up to her side; that I told her I was hungry; that I was a vagabond on the face of the earth, going to teach a school in Coyote; and that if the Lord would forgive me for attempting to walk up the red-hot mountain under a July sun I would never be guilty of like offense again. And then she told me that she had a bottle of milk and some lunch at a spring a little farther up the cañon, and that I should share it with her if I would. And what a lunch we had! Corn bread, a little bacon, some wild blackberry jam, and milk. Perched on the bank above the spring, my new-found wood-nymph laughed and chattered, and make me eat the most of it. She was not hungry, she said; she had just relieved her brother on the mountain, and had eaten before leaving home.

"Then why did you bring the lunch?" I asked.

"O, we sometimes feel hungry towards evening," she replied.

"You knew I was coming, didn't you?"

"No; but I'm sorry you are going."

And so was I. In fact, I was half tempted to turn sheep-herder then and there, and let the Coyote school go by the board; but I could not figure far enough ahead. That vexatious brother to whom she alluded might give me trouble. She also had the misfortune to have parents who might question my continuous presence on the mountain. It would not do.

"I will come back to see you," I said. And I mean to do it one of these days.

Diving into the bottom of my sack, I brought out a pair of the doctor's forceps, left there by accident, and begged of her to accept them as a token of my gratitude. It was all I had to give, unless she would accept some portion of my wearing apparel, for which latter I presumed she had no use. Furthermore, she might consider these forceps as a symbol of the grip she had on my young affections. I had never known them to let go. Stealing a last look into her merry eyes—a little saddened, I thought, when the parting came—I shouldered my baggage and trudged away.

It was now near sunset, and, as the result of my loiterings along the way, night overtook me long before I reached my point of destination, which was Stumpit's farm. The moon, however, came up over the mountains full and mellow, and filled the world with enchantment. So lovely, indeed, was the night, that on nearing Stumpit's house and hearing the dog's bark, I concluded not to go in. There was a barley stack over in the field a little way, and here I was unwise enough to make my bed. My lack of wisdom consisted in the fact that I retired with my coat on, which was a light blue flannel. On arising in the morning it was literally bristling with barley beards, which refused to let go. Life being too short to pull them out one by one, I concluded to face Stumpit as I was, hay seed and all. He took me for a porcupine, I think, when I presented myself that morning at his door; but justice to him compels me to add that he said nothing about my appearance. After a hearty breakfast, we walked out into the yard together and sat down on a log. It was Sunday morning, and the school was to begin next day. I had noticed that my host was a little reserved, but did not imagine the cause until the question of the school finally came up.

"I am sorry, Mr. Schoolmaster," he commenced, "but we have concluded not to employ you as our teacher."

"Why?" I asked in astonishment.

"Since you were here a week ago," he added, "we learn that you formerly taught a negro school in Stockton."

"It is not true," I answered.

"Well, the people believe it is true, and three-fourths of them declare they will not send their children to a man who puts himself on an equality with a nigger."

Memories of the war were still fresh in the minds of the people in those days, and Coyote was largely settled by men of Southern sympathies. So sudden and unexpected was this peculiar turn of affairs, that for a moment I was nonplused.

"Are there any other charges against me?" I finally asked.

"Yes. We are informed that on your recent trip up through Napa County you and the doctor stole a calf, and butchered it in the brush."

"It's a lie," I screamed. "Who makes these charges against me?"

"I am not at liberty to tell you."

"Do you believe them?"

"Yes."

The subsequent proceedings are shrouded in some uncertainty. I know I was very angry, and that I called Stumpit some very unpopular names; and then there was a flutter in the back yard, and I found myself tossed over the gate into the dusty road. Hurt in feelings and mortified beyond expression, I moved slowly away, too much agitated to care especially where my footsteps led. Wronged, but without redress, friendless and moneyless in a strange land, this merry summer jaunt of mine began to take on other hues. For an hour I contemplated wicked things, among which were a suit for damages, a horsewhipping for Stumpit, and death for the wretch who had lied about me; and then I reached the woods, and sat down to cool off. With reflection came better resolutions. What could I, a mere boy among strangers, do towards righting such wrongs as these? Better make a virtue of necessity, and acquiesce—accept the inevitable, and skip. Perhaps a community might be found where they did not have nigger on the brain. Of one thing I was certain: if school-teaching was such solemn and dangerous business, I could tear up O. P. Fitzgerald's certificate, and do something else. It would be easy to get a job in the harvest fields, or, if worst came to worst, go back to my mountain-nymph and help tend sheep. As for overhauling the doctor, or putting myself in communication with my friends at home, that was not to be thought of. Humbled though I was by my unceremonious eviction, there was considerable pride left and much self-reliance.

"I'll see this thing through now," I thought, "if it takes a wing, Stumpit and all his Coyotes to the contrary notwithstanding."

Several hours of the holy Sabbath morning had been spent by me in sylvan meditation before reaching this resolution, and now I emerged from the cover of the woods and took a seat upon the fence by the roadside. The morning was a lovely one, and here and there across the valley I could see the farmers driving down to church in wagons and on horseback. Despite the gravity of my situation, its humor kept coming uppermost, and ere I knew it, I laughed outright.

"While I am sitting here," I thought, "like a crow on the fence—a homeless outcast—my sisters are getting on their Sunday toggery for church down in Oakland. What would mother think"— and I saddened a little—"if she knew that I was burrowing round here in the hills like a ground-squirrel, without where to lay my head, or a legitimate prospect for square meals to come? Stumpit could not shake that breakfast out of me, though." And then it occurred to me for the first time that my grip-sack was in the hands of the enemy. In fact, I did not see my baggage again for two months, when Stumpit sent it over the mountain to me by a sheep-herder.

A mile up the road from where I sat was a wayside grocery. Here I invested two-thirds of my capital in soda-crackers and sardines; and arming myself with a club, lest some one, judging from the appearance of my clothes, should think that I had been stealing hay and try to arrest me, I started back over my road of the day before for Lower Lake. My purpose was to seek employment among the farmers of that locality, and at the same time get a big mountain between me and Coyote as soon as it could comfortably be done. Comfort, however, was not to be found on that road at midday, so I really did not get down to business locomotion until late in the afternoon. Just as the sun was sinking behind the mountain tops—when little rabbits began to scamper across the road, and sweet azalias, bending down from the banks, seemed to shake loose some rarer fragrance—an incident occurred which changed my whole plan of action. Suddenly, on the grade above me, there was a clatter of hoofs, and the next moment a riderless horse, saddled and equipped, came dashing down the road directly towards me. To spring before him was instinctive, and, as the grade was narrow, I succeeded easily in stopping and securing him. Thinking at first that the animal had thrown his rider, and that I should find some one hurt farther on, I was a little startled; but my fears were speedily put at rest by the appearance of a fine, strapping fellow striding down the grade in hot haste. He was not over twenty-five years of age—was booted and spurred like a bandit, and wore a wide hat and a breezy blouse. Seeing me standing in the road holding his horse by the bridle, he hailed me with a cheery "Hello," and came forward.

"I am very much obliged to you," he exclaimed; "this beast has given me a two-mile run."

"He would have gone through to Napa, I think, if I had not been here," I answered; "how did it happen?"

"I dismounted for a moment at a spring above here, and trusted him to stand."

"You are not the only victim of misplaced confidence that I am acquainted with," I remarked; "I believe these woods are full of them."

Although the full significance of this speech was lost upon my new friend, he laughed heartily. "Where are you going?" he asked.

"To Lower Lake."

"Good—my lay exactly; are you mounted?"

"No."

"Then we'll ride this fellow double to make him pay for his trickery. What do you say?"

"Anything suits me, if you think he'll stand it."

"We'll make him stand it."

There was a pause, and the young fellow stood looking at me curiously.

"You don't seem to belong around here," he remarked.

"O no; I'm a preacher from Fresno

County, taking a little recreation among the hills."

"You seem to have struck a barley field in your rambles."

"Yes; and I was so well pleased with it that I brought it along. Wouldn't you like to have your horse browse on me a while before we both mount him?"

Another laugh followed, in which I was compelled to join. In fact, it did not take long to establish very cordial relations with this handsome stranger; and as we journeyed on towards Lower Lake together, his genial good nature so won upon my confidence that I told him all about myself and my trouble with Stumpit. We had, in the mean time, mounted the runaway steed, and were slowly ambling along the grade.

"Now this is a remarkable piece of luck all round," he said, when I had finished my story. "I live in Morgan valley, about twenty miles from here, where my father is one of the school trustees. When I left home two days ago to hunt up some stray cattle, he told me to make inquiries at Lower Lake for a teacher. You are just the man I want. If you will come with me we will cross over to Morgan to-night, and settle up the business at once. Teachers are scarce in these parts, and we are not in the habit of picking them up loose in the hills when we are out looking for steers; but this meeting of ours, as it happens, could not have been better planned."

"How do you stand on the nigger question over there?" I asked.

"Never heard the subject broached," he replied laughingly; "but we don't like Stumpit."

"Then I am with you," I answered; "but did you say we could make your place to-night?"

"We can try it, if you don't object to losing a little sleep. Lower Lake is but a mile or two below us now, and Morgan is seventeen miles beyond. When the moon comes up, it will not be unpleasant traveling."

So this plan was decided upon. At the lake we stopped and had a good supper, thanks to my friend's generosity; and after resting a while, our all-night tramp began. All night, I say, for it was six o'clock the next morning before our destination was reached. The road was rough, and our horse soon "petered," as my friend expressed it, under his double load, compelling us to ride and walk by turns. Tired, sleepy, and badly demoralized, feeling like the traditional "boiled owl," and looking like a member in good standing of that ancient and perpetual order of Bay-front hay-bunkers, I was conscious of the fact that the figure I cut was a sorry one when my friend marched me that morning into his father's kitchen door. Suffice it to say, however, that explanations followed, succeeded by a breakfast, a bath, a borrowed shirt, and sleep; and then I was officially informed that O. P. Fitzgerald's certificate was "good enough," and that I might start in on the school to-morrow if I liked.

D. S. Richardson.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

CALIFORNIA CEREALS.—I.

In the year 1880, A. N. Towne, Esq., of the Central and Southern Pacific Railroad Companies, addressed letters to many of the representative farmers of California, asking for information, founded upon their experience, concerning the grain-growing industry of this State. Replies, more or less complete and detailed, were received from many; among others, from John Bidwell of Butte County, C. H. Huffman of Merced, J. P. Raymond of Monterey, John Boggs of Colusa, John Finnell of Tehama,

James B. Lankersheim of Los Angeles, J. M. Mansfield of Napa, H. J. Glenn of Colusa, and G. W. Colby. The information contained in their letters is very valuable, as coming from men of such practical experience. The letters have been very kindly placed at the service of the OVERLAND by Mr. Towne, and from them the material for the present articles has been obtained.

This first article contains a brief historical sketch of the grain industry in California, remarks on the size of farms and the nature of the tenure, speaks generally of the character of the soils and the varieties of grain planted, and gives some of the practical details of plowing.

The second article will give the details of practical sowing and harvesting, remark on the size and general character of the yield and the cost of labor, and treat fully the subject of deterioration of soils and the use of fertilizers and other means to prevent decrease and exhaustion of fertility.

As early as 1770 the Franciscans planted wheat in California, and small shipments were made to Mexico in the last century. It is said that in those early days the missions at times gave small supplies of wheat and coarse flour to vessels touching upon the coast. About the year 1836, it is said that George C. Yount raised wheat in Napa Valley. But as late as the fall of 1841, when the first party that crossed the plains direct to California arrived, according to General Bidwell, who was of the party, "the country was without bread, with the exception of a few of the more wealthy families, and these had but a limited supply. A few of the more provident had occasionally the luxury of beans. There was nothing in all the country deserving the name of a flour-mill; and if there had been mills, they would have been idle. That year (1841) had been the driest ever known, and no wheat had been raised. What little there was to use from the previous year was ground by hand by the women—by rubbing on a stone, called the *metate*, and so formed into thin cakes, called *tortillas*. There was, in fact, a general absence of everything except beef. This was abundant, and constituted the staple food." This lack of cultivation of the land to cereals seems to have arisen, not from any ignorance as to the adaptability of the soil and climate to that purpose, but from the want of any considerable demand for the product. There were at that time only about twelve thousand people of civilized habits living within the present limits of California. The demand which finally led to the first extensive cultivation of wheat for export arose about this time, in a curious manner. The same writer tells the story: "The Russian colony, which had for many years occupied Ross under a charter from old Spain, and had later overreached and taken possession of the coast as far south as Bodega, sold, in 1841, everything they possessed to Captain Sutter, except what they could carry away in a vessel. This sale included horses, cattle, farming implements, buildings, forty to fifty cannon, and their charter rights, which, I believe, had nearly expired. Payment was to be made in wheat, in annual installments. The said colony was a branch, or in the service, of the Russian-American Fur Company, and the wheat was to go to Sitka, beginning in 1842. But though Sutter was enterprising—I may say indefatigable—yet too many obstacles lay in his way to success. Sometimes the seasons were too dry; sometimes too wet. The country was never a whole year quiet. Proper farming implements could not be had. Those of the Russians were old and mostly useless. They were, I think, nearly as rude as those in use before the Deluge; and besides, of a kind that no one could use but a Russian."

Sutter's farm was in Sacramento County. During the ten years immediately following Sutter's endeavors to raise wheat for export, it seems that the industry flagged. Up to the time of the discovery of gold, in 1848, little or no wheat was raised in California, beyond the limited local requirements of the few small towns and the sparsely populated rural districts, and scarcely enough for that. The discovery of gold and the

rapid influx of population increased the local demand; but, on the other hand, mining offered more allurements than farming. The enormous price of flour in the mines in early days is proverbial.

John Boggs says that the first land he remembers seeing planted in wheat was on Cache Creek, in Yolo County, where the town of Yolo now stands. The ground was plowed, and wheat from a cargo from Chili sowed in February, 1851. But as the season was dry, or a dry spell came in February, the wheat did not produce a crop, and was destroyed by the stock. About 1853, W. G. Hunt produced a very fair crop on Cache Creek, just opposite Yolo, then called Cacheville.

J. P. Raymond of Salinas City writes concerning wheat culture in the early days of California: "My first impressions regarding wheat-growing in this State were received about June, 1852, during a ride on the top of a stage-coach from San Francisco to San Jose, and return through Alameda County, *via* the Old Mission. At Haywards and Oakland, previous to that season, little had been done: enough, however, to prove the adaptability of the soil and climate around the bay to the production of grain; and that season wheat-growing and barley also were largely engaged in on lands bordering the bay; but it was never thought that it could be done here except in greatly favored localities. But the complete success of that season made farming a business in California." About 1854 attention was turned far more generally to wheat-growing, and the valley lands suitable for the purpose were sought out, and gradually brought under extensive cultivation. Wheat and barley were then the only cereals raised for profit, and of these, wheat predominated. In the winter of 1854–55, J. M. Mansfield planted in Napa County three hundred acres of wheat and one hundred acres of barley, the former being the largest area sown to wheat at that time north of the Bay of San Francisco, if not in the State. In 1855 was made the first notable export to New York of wheat after the gold discovery. Then Napa was the leading wheat county. In the same year the cultivation of wheat in the Sacramento Valley became quite general. That season many good crops were produced. In this valley the production of wheat has increased every year since that time, and it is now the principal crop. The cultivation of the cereals has pushed down into the San Joaquin Valley; and this, together with the Sacramento, is the granary of the State. The smaller valleys in the neighborhood of the bay continue to raise large quantities of the cereals. Salinas Valley, on the Bay of Monterey, has been brought largely under this cultivation, being particularly adapted to the raising of barley. San Fernando Valley, in Los Angeles County, was but quite recently added to the grain-growing regions of the State. James B. Lankersheim writes concerning this region: "There were several unsuccessful attempts to raise wheat in this county prior to 1875; parties planted at different times from one to five hundred acres without getting any returns, and when we came here it was considered impossible to raise wheat. In 1875 we put in two thousand acres on the San Fernando ranch. The rainfall was light—about twelve inches; but the crop yielded about ten bushels to the acre of very good quality. The following year, 1876, was a very good one. We had in four thousand acres, and the yield was an average of thirty bushels. Some parts yielded fifty bushels per acre, and others not over eighteen. We shipped two cargoes of this crop to England direct from Wilmington. They arrived in good shape, and we were informed that one of the cargoes that went to London was the best of the season." Los Angeles County is now established as a grain-growing region: not only the valley lands, but also large tracts near the coast, being now under cereal cultivation.

Thus, from very small and doubtful beginnings, the cultivation of cereals in California has grown in less than thirty years to be the paramount industry of the State. Instead of a few hundred acres sown here and there almost as an experiment, we

have one farm of fifty thousand acres, many that approach this in size, and large numbers of small farms devoted exclusively to this industry. The acreage under cereal cultivation is constantly increasing, new regions proving adapted to the purpose. Instead of occasional small shipments, we now send in the neighborhood of one million tons of wheat and flour per annum to Europe. Central and South America, the islands of the Pacific, Australia, and Africa receive consignments of California-grown grain. And even the great western wheat-growing regions of our own country are finding their product rivaled at their very doors by shipments from our farmers.

The great size of California farms is much spoken of, and Dr. Glenn's farm in Colusa County is cited as the leading illustration. In 1880 he was cultivating fifty thousand acres. Of these he rented fourteen thousand acres on shares, and farmed the remaining thirty-six thousand acres himself. John Finnell may also be mentioned among the large farmers of the State. In 1880 he had thirty-eight thousand acres of wheat in Napa, Colusa, and Tehama counties. Of these, he farmed only six thousand acres; the rest was leased out at a rental of one-third, delivered in sacks on the bank of the Sacramento River or at depot, all expenses paid by the tenant. But reference to these large wheat-growers gives a very wrong impression as to the size of California farms and the general character of the California farmers. The late B. B. Redding estimated that fully seven-eighths of all the grain grown in this State is raised on small farms, and his opinion is supported by the following figures from the land agents of the Central and Southern Pacific Railroad Companies:

The number of purchasers of land from both companies, of 160 acres and under, 5,551; of 320 acres and over 160, 1,234; of 640 acres and over 320, 670; of over 640 acres, 272.

From these figures it would appear that the small farmers of 160 acres and under are 72 per cent. of the whole; 320 acres and over 160, 16 per cent. of the whole; 640 acres and over 320, 9 per cent. of the whole; 640 acres and over, 3 per cent. of the whole.

These percentages have not varied materially for three years last past.

Among the large farmers, the custom of renting portions of their tracts on shares, as in the cases of Glenn and Finnell above cited, seems to prevail.

As to the localities in the State fitted for the growth of cereals, Mr. Bidwell says: "Speaking generally, all arable lands in California are adapted, and pre-eminently so, to wheat culture. To show how naturally soil and climate conspire to favor wheat production, I will state that I have seen on grassy plains, far away from where plow had ever disturbed the virgin soil, wheat springing up where it had casually dropped from a passing wheat-laden wagon. It had not only taken root in the tough, indigenous, grass sod, but was bearing fine heads. The same in regard to barley. In fact, barley, oats, and rye flourish, if possible, better than wheat. The best lands of California would be hard to surpass." It was the opinion of the late Dr. Glenn that the alluvial land with clay subsoil is better adapted than any other description for all seasons to produce wheat.

In the historical sketch above, it appeared how the industry has spread from valley to valley throughout the State. The bay counties, the Napa, Sacramento, San Joaquin, Salinas, and San Fernando valleys have one by one been brought under cereal cultivation. It is said that the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys alone contain about twenty million acres of good wheat land. And each year experiments in hitherto untried locations bring in new regions to swell the already vast area of the State known to be fitted for this industry.

In the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys the soils consist of loams and adobes. The loams form the larger part of the creek and river bottoms proper. The adobes and mixed loams and adobes constitute the largest percentage of the elevated plains

running from the bottoms to the foot-hills. Upon these plains the grain is mostly grown. Mr. James B. Lankersheim describes the soil in Los Angeles County as very rich, as a rule, and well adapted to wheat and barley. The light and dark heavy loam, of both of which there is a great deal, are easily worked, and are suitable for wheat-growing. Some adobe land yields well, but is difficult to work. There is also in the same county a red sandy soil that gives good crops.

The varieties of wheat planted in California are quite numerous. At first probably little selection was exercised by the farmers: whatever was available was planted. In Sutter's time the principal kind raised was called "Russian wheat"—a red wheat, grain plump, head broad and branched somewhat like Egyptian wheat, very prolific. The wheat planted on Cache Creek in 1851, referred to above, came from Chili. Wheat from Australia and the East has been used. As varieties and localities have been tested, the growers choose intelligently. Where heavy winds prevail, grain which produces strong straw is planted. Small farmers, who have to wait their turn for a contract for harvesting, plant wheat that produces heads which do not shell out easily, lest the delay in waiting for the contractor should lose them a portion of their crop. In very wet localities it is desirable to plant grain which longest resists rust. The late Dr. Glenn writes as follows on this subject, as to the neighborhood of his great Colusa County farm: "The description of wheat mostly raised in our section is White Club; I find it the most reliable for a crop. It is not as good milling wheat as other descriptions, but for crop purposes I consider it better, for the following reasons: It is harder to shell, straw stronger and stiffer, does not grow as tall, and yields fully as well as other species."

In the Salinas Valley the varieties mostly grown are the White Australia and the Sonora. On some of the lighter soils the Sonora is preferred on account of its early maturing. But on the whole, the White Australia has very largely the preference.

In Los Angeles County experiments have been made with Sonora, Mediterranean, Club, and Chili wheats, and the preference finally given to Australia. The reasons assigned for this preference are, that the Australia stands the drought better, yields more per acre, and makes better flour than the others.

Before attempting to give an account of the details of practical grain-farming in California at the present time, I shall introduce a description of the industry as it existed forty years ago, in the "early days," when Sutter was struggling to raise wheat enough to fill his contract with the Russians. It is taken from a letter written by John Bidwell. As this account has never been printed, and as it is so characteristic, vivid, and interesting, I shall not mutilate it by attempting to condense, but insert it in full. After giving an account of Sutter's contract with the Russians, and detailing some of the difficulties in the way of its fulfillment, he continues:

"With the exception of a few plows improvised by Sutter's blacksmiths, all the plowing had to be done in the same manner as at the old missions and on the ranches. The advantages of this plow were that Indians and anybody could use it, it cost but little, anybody could make it; and in rudeness it certainly should antedate the Russian plow. It was simply a crooked limb, or part of a small tree with a limb so bending or branching as to answer for a handle; a long pole was so fastened as to serve both for plow-beam and a tongue or pole to pull by. This tongue or pole was fastened to the top of the yoke, and the yoke placed on top of the oxen's necks and lashed fast to the horns. A piece of flat iron, a little broader than the hand and pointed at the end, was spiked to the sloping end, that plowed, or rather scratched, the ground. This was the kind of plow used at all the missions and ranches in California. Sutter managed to put in a large crop every year. By large crop I mean some two thousand acres, more or less; this was large for those early times.

"Now a few words in regard to harvesting

implements. The grain-cradle had never found its way to this coast, nor was there any substitute nearer than a sickle, and poor sickles at that. What I saw may illustrate the difficulties of a large harvest in those early times. Indians (some had been taught in the missions, but most were wild) were the reapers; and as far as possible they were supplied with sickles. Those, however, who received sickles constituted the favored few. Next in rank came such as could be furnished with long butcher-knives. Then pieces of hoop-iron, haggled so as to imitate somewhat coarsely the edge of a sickle, were given to another squad. Out of four hundred harvest hands, one hundred or so were left without anything to work with. These were told to use their hands, and break off the brittle straw. These, and those armed with the hoop-iron saws, could only work in the hottest part of the day, when the straw was dry and brittle. But the unarmed brigade, their hands becoming sore, armed themselves by taking round, dry willow sticks of convenient length and an inch or so in diameter, splitting them in halves, and then using the sharp edge to aid in severing the standing grain. Each member of the force with sticks resorted to the willow thicket, and came forth into the harvest field with a bundle of sticks. It was necessary to provide an ample supply, for as soon as the edge of the stick became blunted, it was cast aside and a new one split. These were slow times; and a harvest would often last from June to October. The sickle outranked the stick as the modern separator does the olden flail.

"Threshing time. The primitive harvest scene would not be complete without saying something about how the threshing was done. A round pen or inclosure was made convenient to the field. Then the ground was wet and tramped by horses till perfectly hard and dry, and then swept. Day by day the grain was conveyed to and piled in the center of the pen (called an *era*), in the form of a huge stack, or mound-shaped pile, of unthreshed grain. The grain was not bound; very little binding was done in those days. It would take days, sometimes weeks, to fill a large *era* ready for threshing. But once ready, the threshing was rapid enough. In fact, it was more rapid than any known modern ways of threshing. But threshing was one thing, and separating the grain from the chaff and straw a very different affair. I have seen two thousand bushels of wheat threshed in an hour; but it would take a week, perhaps two weeks, to winnow and clean the grain. The whole surface of the *era* had to be covered with the straw, while the main part was in the huge mound or pile in the center. The wild horses, three hundred or four hundred or five hundred in number, wild as deers, were then turned in; and round and round like the wind they would go; Indians whooping at the frightened band, the strongest and fleetest always foremost. The ground literally shook under the thundering feet. Soon the stack was trampled flat all over the *era*, and thoroughly threshed on the upper surface, and in many places through and through. But to make the threshing thorough, the whole mass had to be stirred to the very bottom. To effect this, the motion of the whole band must be increased, and then instantly reversed. Wild horses, at a given signal, do this to perfection. The Indians, with a wild whoop, can safely spring in front; horses will never run over a human being if they can help it. The horses in the rear propel those in front at the sudden halt; and the long straw (which is the unthreshed portion) is plowed up from the bottom by the sliding of the hoofs on the ground. By this being skillfully repeated for a short time, the grain is not only thoroughly threshed, but the whole mass is converted into chaff, broken straw, and threshed grain.

"The separating process. The straw is too fine to be handled by rake or pitchfork, and must be shoveled into a heap, and the *era* swept. It has now all to be tossed by shovelfuls high into the air to winnow it. This can only be done when the wind blows. This will often try one's patience, for he must wait hours, sometimes days, for the

wind; and it may take weeks sometimes to finish cleaning up wheat that was threshed in an hour.

"These early scenes I can never forget. They were thrillingly wild; I mean the threshing. It was hard work for the horses. But that did not signify; horses were abundant and cheap; were often killed for oil to use in dressing leather, yielding but one or two gallons each at that.

"Barring some pieces of earth, and gravel if the soil was gravelly where the *era* was made, the cleaning of wheat by winnowing in the manner described was perfect. The wheat was never cracked as by the modern separator. But I have no desire to return to the early practice of a California harvest."

This lively picture presents a strange contrast to the systematic mechanical farming of to-day. Yet a California harvest field of the present is exceedingly interesting to those unaccustomed to country scenes. And the operation of some of the latest improved machinery affords pictures by no means wanting in animation. Take, for instance, the combined reaper and thresher used in some parts of the State. A cumbrous box, as large as a small house, armed with mowing knives at the front, is pushed into the army of standing grain by twenty-four horses yoked to a long pole extending out behind it. Two long, stout beams, or double-trees, are fastened across this pole. The horses are yoked in sixes on each end of the double-trees, twelve on each side of the pole. On top the house is an iron wheel like the brake-wheel of a railroad car, by which the pilot of the vast machine steers it, the wheel being connected by long iron rods with an upright, sharp-edged wheel which runs upon the ground under the rear end of the pole to which the horses are hitched. Over this latter wheel, which is twenty or thirty feet behind the house, is the driver's seat. On a low platform just behind the house, and in front of the horses, two men stand ready to sack the threshed grain as it pours out of the machine. On top the house, with his hands free, stands the captain. He gives his orders. The horses strain, struggle, puff, and sweat. The driver shouts. The pilot holds firmly to his wheel, guiding the ponderous machine. With din and clatter the vast engine presses forward into the grain. The grain falls before the knives, is taken on an endless draper up to the top of the house, and dropped into the threshing machinery inside the latter. Through this machinery it is forced, the straw falling out at the opposite end of the house, and the clean grain pouring out of a spout behind the house into the sacks made ready for it by the men on the platform. As each sack is filled, it is sewed up, and goes sliding down a chute at one side of the platform into the portion of the field already cleared. And so the standing grain is converted at once into sacked wheat ready for shipment. The scene is not so exciting as the Indians and wild horses trooping around the *era*, as described by Mr. Bidwell. But it possesses a deeper though more quiet interest, in that it illustrates the highest triumphs of civilized man.

In this description of the combined reaper and thresher, I have been tempted into an anticipation. For my plan is to take up in order some of the detailed features of California grain culture to-day, beginning with the preparation of the soil, and ending with the product ready for shipment.

Plowing usually commences after the rainy season sets in—sometime in November. In some districts, as in the Sacramento Valley, the first rain rarely wets the ground sufficiently to permit of proper plowing. When the earth is sufficiently moistened, the plows are put to work. But it sometimes happens that land which has been cultivated before can be plowed to advantage before the first rainfall. This was done in Los Angeles County in 1879, with a loose loam soil which had been previously plowed and cultivated. Of course this could not be done with new land. Plowing continues from November as late as April. The land which is to be summer-fallowed—that is, rested during the summer—is plowed in the early part of the year, after the sowing of the winter-plowed land is finished. Land is rarely plowed

more than once in one season, though every plowing improves the crop. Summer-fallow —that is, land which is plowed in the early part of the year and allowed to rest during the summer—should be plowed over once or more, if clean grain and a full crop is desired. Every plowing cleans the ground, and it is said increases the production five-fold over the expense of cultivation. John Finnell of Tehama County finds that by plowing the summer-fallow the second time the production of wheat is increased five bushels to the acre, and that with less rains. In Contra Costa County, in 1879, G. W. Colby summer-fallowed, and replowed once and some of it twice. The result was over fifty bushels to the acre of Australian wheat; while his neighbors on the same class of land (only divided by a fence) with one plowing produced only fifteen to twenty bushels from common seed. Mr. Colby, however, attributed a portion of his great success in this instance to the fact that he had changed the seed.

The depth of plowing varies with the soil and season. The average depth of plowing in the Sacramento Valley is from six to nine inches. John Boggs of Colusa says on this subject: "The depth plowed varies according to the kind of soil. On soil of an alkali nature, the deeper the plowing the better—say eight or ten inches. Clay soil is also better with deep plowing, especially after being cultivated for a few years. Sandy and gravelly soils do not require so deep plowing; three inches being ample for the first several years of cultivation. After the land has become somewhat exhausted from constant and successive cultivation, it is better to plow deeper, and turn up a new and fresh soil." Dr. Glenn of the same county says: "New land should not be plowed more than five or six inches deep. Land that has been cultivated a number of years should be plowed deeper—say nine or ten inches—so as to continually turn up new soil. The top stratum in virgin soil is always the richest."

In Tehama County, the plowing for winter sowing is five inches deep; for summer-fallow, eight inches. In Napa County, the average depth is six inches. In the San Joaquin Valley, new land needs to be plowed to the depth of ten or twelve inches. C. H. Huffman of Merced thus describes the effect of plowing new land to a less depth: "The growing grain soon absorbs the moisture, and if the grain is suffering for the need of rain, the roots commence to grow downwards, and their coming in contact with the ground not plowed retards the growth of the grain, and the consequence is, the grain is shrunken." In the same valley, old land needs to be plowed to the depth of six or eight inches. In Salinas Valley, for many years the plowing was done to a depth of three or four inches only; but recently, partial failures of the crop have led to deeper plowing to the depth of ten inches. In Los Angeles County, they do not seem to have felt the need of deep plowing, the industry being comparatively new in that district. In that county the depth may average from four to six inches. Of course it is understood that the depth of the plowing must be determined by all the circumstances and conditions of the soil, climate, and locality.

The single plow is in very large use, especially on the smaller farms. But on the large farms, gang-plows are used almost altogether, but with varying results as to satisfaction given. The gang-plows used have from two to eight plows each, the number being determined by the size of the farm, the character of the soil, and the depth to which the plowing is to be done. Where the soil is comparatively fresh, and shallow plowing is sufficient, the largest number of shares to each gang-plow may be used. For instance, in Los Angeles County the Stockton gang-plow, carrying from six to eight plows, has been much used. For deep plowing, the late Dr. Glenn of Colusa used the two-gang Eureka, consisting of two twelve-inch plows, cutting twenty-four inches, and drawn by eight animals. For shallow and cross plowing he used the Granger, carrying five eight-inch plows, cutting forty inches. The plows are drawn by horses or mules, the number varying with the number of shares in the gang-plow used, the charac-

ter of the soil, and the depth of the plowing. A two-gang plow requires from four to six animals. With broken ground, and plowing to the depth of six inches with a two-gang plow, four good animals will do. With a three-gang plow from six to eight animals are used; with a five-gang, from eight to ten. A Stockton gang-plow, spoken of above as being much used in Los Angeles County, carrying eight plows with molds only and no shares, plowing to a depth of four inches and less, with eight mules and one man, will turn over from eight to ten acres per day.

Although gang-plows are so generally used, they are not so popular as at first. Genera Bidwell's remarks on the subject are very pointed. He says: "Most of the plowing is done with gang-plows, especially on large farms. The idea prevails that like most modern inventions they are labor-saving. Everything considered, I have come to doubt all the advantages claimed for them. They are made to ride on. Plowmen cannot conveniently see how they plow, and drive team at the same time, and some do not care. Those who use them are apt to become careless about the depth. They prefer to have their teams walk along briskly, because it makes the riding more pleasant. A gang-plow requires more power to pull it than single plows cutting the same breadth and depth drawn singly. They nominally save the labor of one man. But two single plows, with the same team power divided, will plow wider, deeper, make more rounds, fatigue the horses less, turn the land better, and thereby more than make up for the extra man. In all cases the cost of gang-plows is out of all proportion to their usefulness. Most of the imperfect plowing is done with them. If you direct your land plowed five to nine inches deep, you will probably find on examination that it will range from three to six inches. When the team begins to fag, the lever is too handy; move it a notch or two, and the horses walk better. If you keep it deep in the ground, it is a waste in labor, in horse-flesh, in expense. In a word, the gang-plow is a modern luxury, and, like most luxuries, costs too dearly."

The almost universal adoption of the gang-plow in California is a natural outgrowth of the spirit which has been altogether too rife in more than one industry on this coast. I refer to the reckless, headlong determination to torture out of the almost exhaustless bounty of nature immediate fortunes, without one thought for the future well-being of the country. For some years now, sad experiences have been teaching the farmers—as they had others before—the inevitable ultimate ruin which awaits those who persist in this course. An excellent illustration in point is furnished by the Salinas Valley farmers. Mr. J. P. Raymond says: "In reference to the mode of cultivation thus far adopted, it seems to have been that which would secure a wheat or barley crop of the greatest number of acres at the least expense, counting the prospective gain more upon the number of acres than the mode of cultivation; consequently, winter plowing, commencing as soon as sufficient rain has fallen to moisten the earth for three or four inches, and turning it to that depth with gang-plows (usually two plows in one frame) drawn by four horses. On the large ranches, the Granger plow, five plows in one frame, and drawn by eight horses, is much used. Thus plowed, the seed is sowed on the furrow, and then follow light, broad harrows, drawn by four horses each, going over the ground twice; and the seeding is done." This mode of shallow plowing and harrowing, together with sowing the land continuously to the same crop, was continued for many years. Partial failures resulted. At last, but quite recently, some of the more thoughtful in the valley changed their gang-plows for the single plow drawn by five horses and cutting ten inches deep. I shall speak again on this subject of the abuse of the land, under the head of the deterioration of soils, and treating of irrigation, summer-fallowing, fertilizing, and other means adopted to prevent exhaustion of fertility.

Joseph Hutchinson.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

ANNETTA.

XI.

BARTMORE'S head was thrown backward, after the wont of persons given to *embonpoint* and self-conceit; Dan carried his head calmly erect. Bartmore's features were distorted, his skin blotched with red; Dan's face was rendered finer by a pale emotion. Bartmore's shallow eyes shifted and gleamed; Dan's glowed with a deep, steady light.

"'Tisn't the first time, damn you," Bartmore began overbearingly, "that I've come home late and have found you prowling round my house."

"It's barely half after nine, sir. Miss Bartmore (I pronounce her name with the deepest respect) was just teaching me a bit of reading and writing."

"'Tisn't the first time I've come late and found you prowling around my sister, but it'll be the last time, you dog!"

At this, the volcanic fire burning in Dan's quiet breast burst forth. "No man lives who has the right to call Dan Meagher a dog."

Annetta had been trembling almost nerveless. Still trembling, she stepped to her brother's side and put her arms about him. Not from any hope to soften his anger by caresses, but that, leaning her head against his shoulder, she might turn a beseeching glance, unseen of him, toward Dan.

Dan's great heart promptly responded.

"I'm sorry if I've offended you in anny way, sir," he said meekly.

"'Tisn't the first time I've caught you prowling round my house," roared Bartmore.

"You have said it must be the last time."

"I have. You're several layers too common for any one belonging to me to associate with. Make tracks this minute."

"Step aside and I'll do as I'm bid."

"Damn it! I'll step aside when I'm ready, and not before. Don't presume to dictate to me, or I'll blow off the top of your insolent head."

The attitude which at Annetta's wordless entreaty had become humble now quickened into rugged determination. But Bartmore made no motion indicative of an intention to carry out his threat. He did, however, shake his fist in Dan's unflinching face. Then he moved to one side, yet not so far as to relinquish an aggressive command of the doorway.

Annetta's first embrace had been rudely broken. She now flung herself passionately against her brother's laboring breast. Before Bartmore could rid himself of her, Dan had obeyed the command in her eyes, and had strode calmly beyond the reach of any affront save that of words.

Bartmore yelled furiously, "Come to the office to-morrow morning, you damned dog, and I'll pay you off."

Dan vouchsafed no answer. He retired into the darkness just outside the kitchen door, where he stood rigidly, his clenched fists hanging at arms' length. He listened to the ranging tones of a disagreement, fierce enough as to Bartmore's part in it. Once he overheard Annetta say spiritedly:

"You'd better raise your hand and strike me to the floor, Tom, than to accuse me of such things."

Dan's breath thickened at that. But Bartmore contented himself with words, declaring—how domineeringly, how coarsely!—

"If I can't put a stop to your damned low fancy, I can keep you from making a holy show of yourself."

Dan remained on guard until the voices ceased and the light disappeared from the kitchen. His fists unclenched, he walked slowly away.

Next morning the carts left the camp without him. He lingered about the stables until nine o'clock, then beginning an attendance at the door whence he had been in

some remote danger of being kicked overnight. He inquired diligently of Maggy if the "boss" were up yet. The persistent question having at last elicited the information that Bartmore was breakfasting, Dan betook himself to the outer office door, knocked there by way of ceremonial approach, turned the knob, and entered.

Fully an hour later, Bartmore, bounding through the room *en route* to his buggy waiting this long while at the garden gate, started back and ejaculated, "Hi, Dan!" at the vision of his under-foreman sitting stiffly on the old-fashioned horse-hair sofa.

"I've called according to your orders, sir."

Even as these words were leaving his lips, and before Bartmore had echoed, "My orders?" Dan knew that he had worked his own undoing by a literal obedience to a maudlin command. A more adroit man might have thought of some mode of escape. Dan looked downcast and answered with sober directness:

"You've forgot what you said last night, sir. You were hardly yourself, and 'twas only because Miss Bairtmore—"

"There, that will do!" interrupted the other, the puzzled expression he wore giving way to lines of hardness and implacability.

"I've so much on my mind—a thousand irritating things—I can't be expected to remember every trifle. My sister's got some tomfool notion into her head about teaching you. I don't countenance her associating in any shape or form with my hired men. You kicked up one dirty dust for me to settle by following her about—and I settled it. After that, I'd have thought you'd have had sense enough to keep your distance. But no! The trouble is, Meagher, that I treated you too well, and you've shown pretty damn plain how little you deserve what you've had in the way of favors."

Bartmore had gradually worked himself up into such a temper as he felt the situation demanded. His conclusion fierily reached, he strode to his office chair, and prefaced a consultation of his pay-roll by banging some heavy ledgers about on his desk.

The rustle of thick leaves noisily turning carried Dan's thoughts backward to that evening when he had been momentarily expecting what was now inevitable. Then he had felt he could not bear to be exiled from Annetta's presence. To-day, despite the ruffling discovery of his employer's forgetfulness, he bore himself with strange inward composure. Not that he cared less for Annetta, but infinitely more. Then, he had regarded an exile from her as an unmixed evil; now, it appeared to him as a possible benefit.

"She never could think well of me while I work under her brother, to whom every laborer is little better than a slave." This was one of the fugitive thoughts that gave him flitting comfort. So fate sometimes deals with us, bringing us almost to welcome what we have bitterly dreaded.

Having turned to a certain page of his pay-roll, Bartmore's thick forefinger swept down a list of names written there, turned a sharp corner at "Meagher, Daniel," and went off across the page. A few hasty figures made on a scrap of paper, Bartmore thrust a hand into either pocket of his trowsers, drew forth some coins, added another from a vest pocket, and tossed all upon the desk with such force that several spun to the floor, rolling away in as many different directions.

"Thirty-six dollars is all I have about me," he said; "I'll give you a check for the balance."

By the time that Dan, his forehead red and corded from unusual postures, could stand up, Bartmore was ready to rise too.

"You might have avoided this break, Meagher. You might have gone on and got to be foreman. I don't think Norris intends to stay with me long."

"It is better as it is, perhaps, sir," Dan returned gravely. "At anny rate—well; I'll say good by, sir."

He inclined his head slightly, then lifted it with something of a freer air, to step sturdily from the office and the yard, never again to enter there until everything should be marvelously different in the Bartmore house.

Dan had no sooner disappeared than Bartmore dismissed him entirely from his mind, and took up the schemes which had occupied him previous to the Meagher diversion.

"I'm sacked, lads," Meagher had informed the camp at breakfast. "The boss has never forgive me, I take it, for losing him Melody's horse."

These words, as Dan meant they should, gave safe direction to all discussions—and these were many—of the reasons for his misfortune. No tongue touched Annetta's name in this connection. Two persons whom Dan's going away had really saddened said almost nothing. Maggy's kind brown eyes were for days red-rimmed, and Annetta's feelings went out too strongly for her own peace. Her brother's scornful treatment of Dan enlisted her entire sympathies upon the side of the latter.

"The intrinsic differences between the two men are all in Dan's favor"—so she indignantly told herself.

The fact that she had not seen the poor fellow since the unhappy evening added to her regard for him. He had taken leave of Maggy, as well as all the camp, without making any attempt to speak with her. That he could evince such unconcern materially heightened her desire for a continuance of the affection she had accepted quite as her due. But suddenly, when she had resigned herself to meeting Dan only in the romantic realm of wild dreams, one afternoon about a fortnight later, Maggy ran in from a garden chat with old Refugio to say, breathlessly:

"It's Dan himsel' who's afther axin' at the front gate will yez spake to him there?"

"I couldn't leave the city, Miss Bairtmore," said Dan, lifting his hat, "without thanking you for what you've done for a poor common boy."

"You do leave the city, Dan? Step inside the gate and we can talk at our ease."

"No, miss; if I should set foot again on any spot of ground your brother is master of, I'd lose my self-respect. He's scarcely treated me like a human being, miss. I've always done an honest day's work for him; but that's saying no more than that I earned the wages he paid me. I've a place to foreman a gang of men at a mine. My sister Eliza's nephew, or rather a nephew of my sister Eliza's husband's brother's first wife"—bringing out this succession of possessives with the greatest painstaking and gravity, thus implying that attenuated threads of relationship are of more value to men having few ties in a strange land than closer ties to those nearer home—"he knew me when I was a little lad back in the old country. A good man he is, too—Con Devine—who used to be no better fixed in life nor I am now."

"*Than* I am now," corrected Annetta, by mere force of habit. She was thinking of other things besides Dan's grammar.

Dan repeated the phrase after her, adding, "You must get sore tried with my mistakes, miss." He then said:

"Wasn't it true—the feeling I told you of that night—how I'd soon be sent where I'd never see your face? But I didn't think how soon. Something here"—laying his hand upon his breast, a locality dimly felt to be the source of all premonitions—"tells me you will wan day be in trouble and will want me. If that come true, like the other, why just send a bit of a letter to this address."

Then, while Annetta examined the slip of paper:

"It's the superintendent's brother, miss—Tim Devine. He's in a broker's office, and will forward whatever is meant for me."

To study the slip of paper had needed but a glance. Save for that instant, Annetta had been closely studying Dan. She found him too resigned to the changed order of things.

"The camp will be irredeemably sordid in all its associations now that you are leaving," she murmured.

"Sure, no one will miss poor Dan."

The answer was without bitterness.

"I will miss you. Am I nobody?" pouted the girl.

"You, nobody! But I was minding the camp when I spoke."

"You see, I've made a sort of hero of you, Dan. When you go, it's like taking something heroic out of my life."

"God forbid I should take annything out of your life, miss."

"*Anything*," corrected Annetta, petulantly. Why need the man be so tiresomely devout—and distant?

"I haven't your gift for looking into the future, Dan. It seems to me that we may never meet again. If there's aught you'd like to say to me before we part, speak out."

"There is a word I wish you'd give me leave to speak before I go," murmured Dan, his lips beginning to tremble.

Annetta looked her gentle readiness to hear. She was secretly telling herself that if she desired this poor fellow to finish alone the good work begun under her teaching, she must anchor him to some hope. True, a recollection of her resolve in Maggy's behalf haunted her, but very dimly—as a mere ghost in the strong daylight of other yearnings. An empty future was in store for her when Dan should be gone.

"You won't be angry, Miss Bairtmore?"

"Why should I be?"

"You were angry with me once for taking the—letter."

"Naturally."

She ejaculated this, starting as if stung by disagreeable suggestions.

"It was my property."

"Then," retorted Dan, with a leaping sense that she had furnished him with an unanswerable argument, "I'll only be giving you back your own, miss."

But Annetta eyed the somewhat soiled and crease-worn paper which he was holding forth, without making any attempt to take it.

"There's naught set down," murmured Dan, his utterance thickening as it would oftentimes under pressure of deep feeling, "but what the likes o' you might receive from the likes o' me."

Annetta impetuously put her hands behind her.

"Why have you chosen to ignore my positive orders? Did I not command you—"

"How could I destroy what was to set me right wid you?"

Annetta would not listen to any excuses, any explanation.

"I refuse to speak to you—even to look at you—until you have done the thing I asked."

An appealing gesture was made toward her shapely back.

"Then you refuse ever to know the truth, miss?"

Uttering this sentence not as a plea, but as a forlorn conclusion, Dan was deliberately tearing the letter to fragments; which the wind, careless of his sudden pallor, immediately scattered.

Annetta turned herself about again, and relented. She had been arbitrary indeed.

But obedience with so palpable a strain, with so much suppressed emotion, helped Dan's cause.

"I believe that you care for me now. I believe that you are capable of self-sacrifice. Remember Annetta Bartmore as one who will always be thinking well of you, who will be watching and waiting for encouraging news of you. If I have hurt your feelings, forgive me."

These hurried sentences, tenderly breathed, were as sunshine after dungeon-twilight to Dan's eyes. He was dazzled.

"God bless you, Miss Bairtmore. If there's annything good or great in a man, sure you'd stir it up. I will yet be a little higher if not better than you have known me. Yes; I feel that."

The deep, manly tones, foregoing all bitterness, in which these words were uttered, were exultantly satisfying to the listener.

"Hoping as you say you do, Dan, I'm not sorry to have you go away."

Her cheek kindled, her eyes meeting his, the light of enthusiasm leaped forth.

"O, Miss Annetta, if ever the day comes that I can speak to you as your equal—in the sense o' riches!"

"If ever the day comes," Annetta answered, obeying an ardent impulse, "that you have won an honorable place among men, whether you be rich or poor, I will listen to you gladly."

Annetta had never been able to think of Dan without an "if." Neither could she, howbeit in the glow of this moment, promise him aught without using that little word.

But he, dwelling rapturously on her closing sentence, went from her presence a new man.

Having failed to secure his nomination, Bartmore manifested quivering suspicions of being made fun of. As a successful politician, his social graces would have bloomed out to hide his natural defects of character. Now, he became unbearably dictatorial and quarrelsome. Even quiet Dr. Bernard complained of him. Moreover, he threw himself almost fiercely into the business of money-making. His days of intense activity were succeeded, oftener than ever, by nights of waking and wassail. He played for higher stakes at cards, and won largely of all his friends. Annetta saw nothing of him except through occasional meals. If he stayed at home for any considerable time, it was only to sleep. He seemed to abhor the four walls within which reigned domestic quiet. If any of his friends called of an evening, and happened to find him, he would soon take them away, Annetta knew not whither.

Missing Mr. Treston from among these occasional comers, Annetta asked about him one morning as she was helping her brother search for a paper mislaid among the accumulated rubbish of his disordered desk.

"Why, didn't I tell you, Net? Frank went up north—to Mendocino, I believe—there! see if that isn't it sticking out of that ledger? No? Darn the luck! Wanted to put in the bid to-day. Well, you look until you find it. I must go now." And he was about to dart through the office door, but a sudden recollection seized him, and he paused to say:

"He started in a hurry one afternoon. Sent a good by to you. Confound the fellow! I shouldn't wonder, by jingoes, if he would be persuaded into buying timber land up there."

About this time, even Rodney Bell came no more to talk of love. Very likely the wings of his fancy were sunning themselves in the beams from other eyes.

The loneliness newly fallen upon Annetta seemed far deeper than the old. Going those wonted rounds among her poor, she sadly felt herself as poor in all that makes life rich as the humblest. Whither, seeking happiness, could her thoughts fly?

The exact place of Dan's abiding was unknown to her. But the mountains were his high, vague habitation. What mystery and majesty the mere word suggested to this girl who had never been beyond the sight of low, treeless hills; who lived, as it were, in the very dust and grind of newly graded streets! Her dreams of him who had left her so hopefully—what wonderful backgrounds they had of upheaval, of woods as thick as smoke, of eagle-circled crags, of snow-enshrouded domes!

XIII.

Perfect days were those given to earth in October, 187–, after a week of impetuous raining. The delicious air was something to be quaffed as one athirst quaffs from an inexhaustible beaker. The sunshine was something not languidly to bask in, but to be up and doing in with the joy of bounding pulses. All outlines, whether of gravestones in the slanting cemetery or of the lifted hills, were exquisitely clear; all colors dazzling bright. Distance was in a measure annihilated. The parched brown of the slopes had given way to a faint, ubiquitous green, which inspiringly promised to grow rich and richer. Even Pioche's Quarry, fountainhead of the red summer dust, was touched by the rejoicing change. That living hue overran what was left of its warty knob, and pushing exultantly to its long, irregular edges, leaped the precipice, and started afresh at the very foot.

"It's good just to be alive," said Maggy one afternoon, drawing a great breath and letting it go as a sigh of satisfaction.

Annetta's answering sigh was not of satisfaction.

"Your stummick's turnin' on yez, miss," exclaimed Maggy, with an air of venturesome candor. "If we don't give our stummicks their cravin's, they turns on us an' gnaws us. Yez haven't swalleyed annything the day but a bit iv toast the large o' my thumb."

"I don't seem ever to have cared for anything, Maggy."

Maggy understood these words to signify indifference to things edible. They had a wider meaning.

Annetta's air these late days was one of dull apathy, very sad indeed when contrasted with her birdlike gayety of happier times. No object her eye could light on struck forth one spark of interest. No suggestion of memory or of imagination brought with it any thrill of pain or of pleasure. She succumbed to this condition of mind and body quite as unquestioningly as a child. How long it had lasted she did not know; how long it might yet last she was too weary and indifferent to care. Drooping near an open window looking westward, her shoulder resting heavily against the frame, she watched the long, clanking line of carts passing by. She had now no cheery nod, no quick, bright smile, for the rough faces turned eagerly her way.

The dying sun breathed full upon those sordid shapes. They had an atmosphere, become visible as a rich golden vapor, in which to climb the bit of road leading to the stables. Arriving there, the sun was gone, the golden vapor had dissolved. Only a broad, amber translucence was seen over the hills. Against this, the great water-tank, the roller, the long dump-wagons, the square high carts, were outlined in sharp relief, and moving horses and moving men.

When all was still about the stables, the west had become a pearl-white, negative gleam. A dark blue duskiness grew and hung in the valley, rose as high as the earth rises there in knoll or knob or peak—softening these lineaments—but leaving the sky fleckless, the sky-line marked with wonderful distinctness.

Annetta noted every change; but automatically. Once or twice those dull glances of hers had wandered to Pioche's Quarry, where two figures were stirring dimly. That was Heavy Weather standing up by the stake. Was he holding the rope whereon hung a human life? His burly form showed no alertness of poise. That was Terry over the edge of the hill, slight, nimble, making his perilous way along the jagged facets of rocks. His feet finding the smallest ledges, his whizzing pick pecked at the hill like a fierce but ineffectual beak. Annetta could hear his voice calling inarticulately, now and again, for slackening or for tightening the cord passed in a slip-noose around his waist.

Bits of dislodged rock went slipping downward. Ominous handfuls of earth kept rolling from above, where the heavy rains had softened the bank. A slide came with stealthy suddenness, sinking slowly at first, and then swiftly, terribly. But Terry, ever on the watch, had stepped aside. He was clinging hand and foot to the uneven surface, when the dusk reached the quarry and hid everything behind a dark blue blur. Annetta heard tired voices, Heavy Weather's and Terry's; and shuffling footsteps under her window presently.

She still stood there, seeking refreshment for her inward fever. No refreshment came. Odors other than those rapt from her garden, scents stronger than honeysuckle and heliotrope, fetid breathings from rills of sewage trickling down the street, horrible stenches from the narrowing pond came to her delicate nostrils, grown sallow and waxen these later days.

She closed the window shudderingly. She swung back more heavily against the wall, dimly trying to hold herself by one feeble thread of consciousness to life. Tinkles, as of a bell, thrilling along this invisible wire, startled her. She felt herself mechanically, with dizzy surges toward forgetfulness, obeying the summons. A face at the door fixed hers. It was strangely familiar amidst unfamiliar adjuncts. The broad sombrero, the rough coat, seemed to have the odors of woods and wilds clinging to them. Those brown cheeks roughened by a full young beard, that gracious and

gladdening smile: did these belong together? The visitor spoke, and doubt vanished.

"It is Mr. Treston."

A hand closed warmly over the chill, long fingers charily given.

"I could not find your brother at any of his haunts, so I made bold to come directly on in my tramping rig."

To see whom? If Bartmore, Treston seemed the reverse of anxious for him to appear. Getting both of Annetta's hands into both of his, he stood gazing into her face as if demanding a warmer welcome than that accorded him.

Annetta's languid, dark-rimmed eyes grew unconsciously appealing.

"How long has this been going on, my child?" queried Treston, leading her toward the sofa.

"I—a fortnight, perhaps, or more. Yes, more. But I can't think clearly. It is nothing."

"Nothing, of course!"—in a tone of gentle irony.

Annetta had sunk down heavily, letting her leaden arms fall their languid length. Her head dropped softly against the wall. A tear or two welled slowly through her close-pressed eyelids. She was resting with a sense of satisfaction, exquisite even unto pain, upon that rich, earnest, solicitous voice.

"Tell me about it, Annetta—Miss Bartmore."

"I don't know what to tell you. I—I am feeling much worse this evening. Maggy has gone out. I tried to—to waken—"

"Is Tom in the house?"

She answered by a very slight affirmative motion. She seemed to force herself to say tremulously:

"I—I thought he might—that perhaps 'twould be better to—to send for Dr. Portmeath—"

"O, my dear!"

This ejaculation, impetuously unlike Treston's calm self, was called forth by a sudden change in Annetta. It fell on dulled ears. He had scarcely time to think, when the poor girl lay in an uncomfortable heap, partly on the floor, partly on his breast. He murmured her name. She answered only by a stertorious sigh.

Annetta went out of Treston's sight into the silence and seclusion of a sick-chamber, but never out of his thoughts. Nor could he be content with such sanguine bulletins as Bartmore brought him from day to day. He sought Dr. Portmeath at his office, and inquired diligently of her condition. He visited the house, and painstakingly, by dint of many questions, gathered Maggy's view of the case, couched in none the less earnest because unprofessional language.

From the doctor he learned of obstinate typhoid symptoms gradually succumbing to his skill; from the rough, honest girl, between whom and her young mistress the kindliest feelings existed, he gleaned that, although Annetta had a "bit of low faver, 'twas mostly her moind that was goin' back on her."

"She doesn't seem to care to be well an' shtrong again," Maggy declared. "She says sometimes, says she, 'What have I to live for, Maggy?'"

Upon the strength of this information, Treston made bold to place before Bartmore the advisability of getting his sister away from the city for a change of air.

"She ought not to be lingering abed so long, Bartmore," he said. "I more than suspect that there is something wrong in her environment. What is it that a French writer has to say upon this very point? 'Peu de maladies guérissent dans les circonstances et dans les lieux où elles naïssent et qui les ont faites.'"

"What does it mean?" inquired Bartmore, blankly.

"Tersely translated, 'Few diseases can be cured where they are contracted.'"

"I'll speak to Netta," Bartmore declared. Though he railed against education, he was now and again forcibly struck by things out of books, especially when quoted in Mr. Treston's quiet fashion.

But Annetta, it seems, only wept as her brother talked of sending her to—Haywards. That little country place had for her the

gloomiest associations. Thither had poor Carrie Bartmore been exiled when too late, there, despite Annetta's presence, to suffer the horrors of homesickness.

"If I am going to die, let me die here!" Annetta burst out piteously.

"She doesn't need a thing under heavens but lively company," Bartmore told Treston. "I've been so confoundedly busy that I've permitted her to get blue."

To rectify his fraternal sins of omission, he gave all the time he could possibly spare from an ensuing week.

There are those whose nature utterly unfits them for gracious sick-room ministrations. Bartmore's unfitness was often artificially enhanced. To modulate his blustering voice, to restrain himself from striding vigorously about, to cease from banging doors and clashing articles of furniture—surely if these things never once occurred to him, much less did it occur to him to strive after comprehending the needs of another soul. Whatsoever interested him must interest Annetta. He filled the sick-chamber with the clangor, the unrest, the strain, the excitements, the angers, of his day's doings.

At the end of the week Dr. Portmeath became alarmed.

"I cannot conceive what is causing such intense cerebral excitement," he confessed, eying Treston as if possibly that gentleman might be culpably concerned. "This is more to be feared than her lethargic indifference; something is driving that hapless girl into a brain fever; what is it?"

Treston had recourse to Maggy.

"It's the 'boss,'" the honest girl declared, blazing out in strong indignation. "Miss Annitta cries and cries like the day rainin'. 'Let me cry, Maggy,' she says; 'it will do me good. An' let me tell yez, or my head will shplit, Tom's a killin' iv me, Maggy, bit be bit,' she says, 'wid his dhrinkin' an' caird-playin's, an' threatenin's and hatin's. It's all in me head, night an' day, seein' him brought home in his gory blood. 'Twill come, Maggy, an' for why should I live to bear it?' she says. O glory, glory, I wisht Maggy O'Day was in God's pocket afore ever she set fut intil this wild house. An' she niver breathin' a harrd worrd till him but 'O Tom!' 'Twould shplit a shtone's hairt, just."

Made a sharer in Treston's enlightenment, Dr. Portmeath saw Bartmore, explained his sister's grave danger, and issued positive commands that no one should enter the sick-chamber save a professional nurse and himself.

The new order of things was not permitted to work any benefit. Bartmore came home in a suspiciously hilarious frame of mind late one evening. He attempted to see his sister. The nurse interfered. An altercation followed, which Annetta overheard. The nurse was turned out of doors. Maggy sat all night by Annetta's couch of raving, Tom lying asleep in the adjoining room.

The next morning he peremptorily dismissed Portmeath, and loudly announced his intention of treating his sister himself.

"She doesn't need a thing under heavens but a stimulating diet and good company. Them sharks of doctors always want to dreen a man's pocket dry—just at a time, too, when Portmeath knows I'm straining every nerve to meet expenses that would swamp ninety-nine contractors out of a hundred."

What to do in this strait, Treston could not easily contrive. Having witnessed the doctor's summary dismissal, he had a wholesome dread of falling under Bartmore's irrational displeasure.

"Maggy," said he, after a serious consultation with the faithful soul, "I suspect that your master will be missing for several days. He will be, if I can bring it about. Meanwhile, I charge you with the care of our poor little sufferer. I shall see Portmeath—he understands the case—and get him to write out minute directions for you to follow. This is, perhaps, the best we can do. But stay: her brother's absence, if unexplained, may conduce to the very excitement we are desirous of allaying."

He pondered a moment, then wrote a

few words at a dash upon a leaf rent from his memorandum-book.

"For her," he murmured, sighing deeply.

Whatever his plan, it succeeded: Bartmore remained away from home for four days.

Maggy did not wait until Annetta had grown anxious before handing over the intrusted message.

"Need you feel any alarm about your brother, knowing that he is with

"TRESTON."

"He is kind and good, Maggy," was Annetta's comment, made in that feeble quaver to which illness had diminished her gay voice.

"Tom would never dream of letting me know, though it might save me hours of agony."

"The thinkin' soart o' min is the best for husbands, Miss Annitta."

"Yes"— pursuing not Maggy's suggestion, but her own fancy. "I never shall forget how good and kind he was the night Tom was hurt. At first, I used to believe his polished manners mere worldliness; but not after that. I began to think everything of him then."

"An' he's afther thinkin' everything of you, miss," said Maggie, robustly.

"But not in the way you imagine. O, not at all."

"What for else is he always axin' afther yez? Why, it's niver less than once an' sometimes twice a day."

"So often?"

"It's niver missin' twenty-four hours he is, since yez was tuck down to death's door in his arrms."

"The evening he came back from the country, wasn't it?"—a shy impulse carrying one thin, white hand to her face. "How long ago it seems! Did I really faint away in his arms?"

"Why, him an' me got yez into bed, miss."

"O Maggy!"

"In cases iv life an' death, is annybody goin' to shtand back all iv a blush?"

"What did he do, Maggy? I insist upon knowing."

"O, if yez insist: he tuck off your shoes an' shtockin's, an' rubbed your feet, an' got some hot wather intil a shtone bottle an' brought it in—yez was abed be that—an' put it under the covers himsel' as serious as a priesht an' handy as the mother o' fourteen. Thin he run for the docthor, an' 'twas an hour afther he came before yez began to look as if ye'd give up takin' to your shroud."

Annetta had gotten both hands tremulously over her face.

"An' he's niver see yez from that time to this—five weeks ago a Monday. Poor man!—he appears so distroyed like."

"Why does he take such an interest in me?"

"An' he's afther coaxin' Mr. Bairtmore out o' the house just to lave yez in peace."

"Does he know how Tom tortures me?"

"He's the divil's own at guessin', miss"—mendaciously.

"Tom is safe with him."

"An' he wint to Dr. Portmeath's himsel,' an' sint up a paper all writ out wid what I'm to do for yez."

"Where is the paper, Maggy?"

The girl produced it from some secret recess of the kerchief covering her broad bosom.

Annetta merely glanced at it, and then lay dreaming, a thin palm between her white cheek and the white pillow, her expression far more natural than it had been for days.

"I niver see aught that looked a clearer case o' love," said Maggy, coming in presently from the kitchen with a bowl of gruel.

"But it isn't love; at least, not the marrying kind," Annetta declared, feeding from Maggy's hand with dainty sips. "He's engaged to somebody in Troy, New York. That's where he used to live. Tom told me; and that so soon as he gets settled in business here or elsewhere, he will marry. I've known it quite a long time—yes; I knew it before Dan went away. I'm glad I found it out soon; for"—with a shadowy smile—"I might easily have cared too much for him."

"It's well for yez, indade," retorted Maggy, heaving a sigh as long and vigorous as herself.

When Bartmore came home, it was with an air very like contrition, and suggestive of apology. He tip-toed in at the back door, and asked of Maggy in a gusty whisper—but a whisper—"How is she?"

"Betther," was Maggy's curt answer, almost betraying the "and no thanks to you," secretly added.

Then Bartmore strode gayly into the bedroom, and finding Annetta sitting in an invalid-chair, he began forthwith to roar out all the exultation that was in him.

"I knew you'd start to pick up the moment that doctor's back was turned. Darn doctors, anyway. They're all alike. Thieving quacks, every one of 'em. Portmeath wasn't satisfied to have his hand in my pocket, but he must hire a nurse to stick in her hand."

The sick girl looked at him, eager to hear where he had been and what doing. Yet she would not have confessed to herself that her chief yearning was to have him speak the name she was expectant of. He did speak it; but, alas! Annetta listened with chagrin and amazement.

"I've been winning a mint of money, sis."

"O Tom!"—a limpid melancholy in her lifted glance.

"Hand over fist. Of whom do you think? He's always been as close as a shut rat-trap, by jingoes! But he lost game after game; we played the longest bout I ever played in my life."

"Which is saying a good deal," murmured Annetta, sadly.

Tom indulgently let this observation pass unnoticed.

"When I was a hundred and fifty ahead, I quit, although luck was with me. But I didn't want to act the Shylock. And he's going to buy the Flynn Row property of me. That's only a starter. No telling how big a purchase he'll make next. Darn me! if I don't think Treston has more money than he's willing to let on. I've been his guest these four days, and he's entertained me like a prince."

The picture of him for whom Annetta had cherished the warmest feelings of gratitude sitting flushed and eager over a card-table was a sadly disenchanting one. Yet something flashing into her mind kept her from being entirely downcast. She blessed that intuition.

"Wasn't it the only way to make sure of Tom—and for my sake?" she asked herself.

Her first conversation with Treston, which took place quite as soon as she could creep out of her room, condensed these floating and attenuated fancies into dewy beliefs.

"I have been wanting so very much to see you," Treston began, warming her heart as well as her pale face by the subdued cordiality of his welcome. And he wheeled her, chair and all, into a sunny space before a window, bringing the soft lamb's-wool rug from the door to cover her feet. "You know, perhaps, how I've been buying a bit of property—Flynn's Row, as Tom calls it. Well"— seating himself directly in front of her, with an air of being wholly absorbed in his listener—"I want to make some changes there. Judging from an exterior examination, the houses are in a ruinous condition."

"They are no better within," Annetta eagerly assured him.

"You visit those tenants—mine, now?"

She nodded.

"Dr. Portmeath has told me what the poor people think of you—little Joe, Monsieur Caron, and the rest. Now, Miss Annetta, pray give me your ideas of what I might venture to set about in order to render my new acquisition more decent and desirable. Mind, we'll say nothing as to the increased happiness and comfort of the tenants."

But Annetta could only take that one view of the matter. Treston watched her with concealed satisfaction and delight as she dilated upon plans which she had long dreamed over. They were simple enough, demanding no very great outlay, save of enthusiasm.

"If there might be gardens, too!" she exclaimed fervently. "There's so much heaven and hope in just a single growing rose! What a marvel of pink or scarlet or golden petaled delicacy to rise up out of the dark, dank soil! I feel that when I am tired and disenchanted with everything. Why, I've often been ashamed of my discontent and restlessness after watching my darling geraniums and verbenas and fuchsias, each richly content with its own color, its fragrance or no fragrance, its brief taste of living."

The talk ran on farther and into minute details, Annetta taking earnest part in it. At last Treston said:

"So soon as you are able to be abroad again, I'll ask you to superintend the work I'll set on foot. Everything shall move according to your directions. A week from to-day, if you continue to improve, the workmen will be on hand."

What doubt that the prospect of an activity quite in the line of her old dreams and schemes hastened the return of Annetta's health and strength?

But Treston had not fulfilled all his intentions for doing the girl good in his unobtrusive fashion.

"Your sister has a lovely voice. Did you never think that you might have it cultivated?"

This question was asked of Bartmore during an after-dinner chat. A prevalent smokiness of atmosphere seemed just suited to the mild equability of those inquiring tones. Bartmore answered:

"I don't see the need of all that. There's too much talk of cultivation nowadays. It's on a par with farmers studying chemistry and a lot of stuff. I don't like them machine-made singers. They all go on in the same way. It's shake and screech, and screech and shake. I never enjoy anything but a sweet, natural sort of voice. But then"—with a candid air of differing from opinions generally received—"I don't really care for a song until everybody else is about tired of it."

Treston was not led astray into any unimportant discussion.

"We men, you see, are apt to get so absorbed in business, so carried away with the swing of our own importance, that we miss noting how ministering to us fails to satisfy all the needs of our women-folk. I am sure that musical opportunities would add greatly to your sister's happiness."

"Did she tell you so?" queried Bartmore, blowing aside the smoke to glance sharply at Treston through a clearer medium.

"Not at all"—deliberately, while obscuring counsel by a fresh cloud—"and perhaps I am wrong in fancying that she would care to undertake the labor which a thorough course of instruction involves."

"If Annetta wants anything, she has only to say the word."

This last Bartmore uttered with supreme forgetfulness of the many ways in which he had overridden Annetta's innocent desires.

"Then suppose we put the question to her?" said Treston.

It was done that very evening.

Bartmore's vanity was wounded by her unguarded ecstasy. Why need she make it appear to Treston as if he—Tom Bartmore, whose very name was a synonym for generosity—had actually denied her such a thing? But after loudly haranguing upon the fault of keeping her wishes secret, Bartmore told her flatly to find out what the leading teachers of the city would charge, and report to him.

They were alone together when she did so report.

"Whew! devilish steep!" he ejaculated. "In advance, too, you say? Darn impudence, anyway. I don't get my money before I do street-work. Well; I suppose you'll be willing to deny yourself gloves and ribbons to help make up the amount."

A quick "Yes, indeed," by way of self-sacrificing assent, was accompanied with timid doubts as to how a girl could manage with less than she had been receiving lately. In the best of times, Tom gave her money only when he happened to take the notion, rarely responding when asked.

But her lessons began, and the repairs at Flynn's Row began. Besides, Mr. Treston came oftener than ever, expressing the keenest interest in whatever she was doing.

Directly and indirectly, he had created in and about her a new life quick with hope, with enjoyment present and possible, with ambition, with resolves looking to the attainment of all excellences of mind and heart. Yet she was not entirely content. Now and again, along with some chance reference to his old home—his past—a sharp pang would dart through her.

"He will be going away," she thought; and trembled to picture what that would mean to her.

At last she found a sudden, saucy bravery, and asked the question often on the tip of her tongue.

"When are you to be married, Mr. Treston?"

He turned slowly upon her. His only answer was a strongly circumflexed iteration:

"When!"

Annetta put a hand quickly over her eyes, as if dazzled.

"But you—you are engaged. Tom says so."

"Does Tom say so?"

There was a pause, wildly speculative on Annetta's part.

"Didn't I promise to tell you my story, Annetta?"

"Will you tell it to me—now?"

"Now. Sit here."

Annetta sank into the chair rolled toward her. Treston leaned upon the mantelpiece, looking down, with what expression she dared not seek to know.

Evelyn M. Ludlum.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE SEAL ISLANDS OF ALASKA.

It is a singular fact that in the negotiations for the purchase of Alaska by the United States, the value of the seal islands was not considered. The value of those islands was not known even to Mr. Seward. He was very enthusiastic on the subject of great benefits to be derived by this country from the fisheries and timber of his promised land, but evidently he did not dream of the seal islands as a treasury which was to pay the interest on the entire purchase-money for Alaska. Yet thus far the seal islands alone have saved us from an unprofitable investment in the acquisition of what was formerly known as "Russian America." The annual rental received by the government from the seal islands is $55,000. The tax collected on each fur-seal skin shipped from the islands is $2.62½, which on one hundred thousand skins, the greatest number the company are allowed to take in any one year, amounts to $262,500, making, along with the rental, a total of $317,500. Alaska cost us, as purchase-money, $7,500,000; and as we now pay an average of only four per cent. interest on the public debt, the interest on that sum amounts to $300,000. Thus it appears that as a business proposition the purchase of Alaska has been justified by the revenue from the seal islands, after paying all expenses of collection..

Yet those seal islands are a mere group of rocks, situated in Behring Sea, enveloped in fog during one half of the year and shrouded in snow the other half. There are two seasons at the seal islands—the humid and the frigid. During the humid season, there is no sun visible, nor is there darkness, for this print might easily be read at any hour of the night, without artificial light, in what is there accepted as summer. But during the humid, foggy, long-day sea-

son, there is not a moment when the roar of seals may not be heard for a mile at sea off the coast of those islands. During the frigid season, the days are cut very low in the neck and quite short in the skirt, so that they would hardly be worth while mentioning were it not for the exceedingly emphatic weather, which drives the seals away to sea, and makes itself felt even by the oleaginous natives; and a gale howls all the time. During the frigid season, the surf never ceases to whip itself into foam upon the shores. And yet those rocks are cheap at $7,500,000. If we should advertise them for sale at $10,000,000—allowing ourselves a profit of $2,500,000 on the purchase of Alaska—they could be sold.

The islands in question were called by the Russians the Pryvolof group—so named in honor of their discoverer, who was cruising around about one hundred years ago in search of sea-otter, which were then found to be almost as scarce but not quite so dear as now in the Aleutian chain. The Pryvolof group consists of the islands of St. George, the most southerly and the first discovered, St. Paul, Otter Island, and Walrus Island. A few seals haul out upon Otter, but none upon Walrus Island. The seals killed by the lessees of the islands are all taken upon St. Paul and St. George. The maximum number for St. Paul is 75,000 seals each year; for St. George, 25,000; making altogether the full quota of 100,000 seals per annum.

The seals begin to land there about the 1st of May, unless prevented by ice, and the killing (except for food) does not begin before the 1st of June, by which time they are there in thousands. By the 1st of July there are millions of seals upon the two islands—doubtless four millions upon St. Paul, and a million upon St. George. Literally, they are in countless numbers. They are estimated by counting all those lying within a well-marked small section of the breeding-grounds and then measuring the entire space of the "rookery," as it is called, after they all leave later in the season, and allowing a given number to each square yard or rod. This is the only process by which the number of seals resorting to the islands can be approximated.

"Seal fisheries" is not only a misnomer, but it is absurd when applied to the mode of taking skins. When skins are wanted, the natives walk to the "rookeries," crawl along the sand until they arrive in a line between the seals and the water, then spring to their feet, yell and flourish clubs simultaneously, and the selected victims, destined for sacrifice upon fashion's altar, stampede up the beach, and once started, are driven like sheep to the slaughter. They pull themselves along as one might expect a dog to travel with his fore legs broken at the knees and his spine over the kidneys. For locomotion on land, the fur-seal depends mainly on his fore quarters, the hind flippers being dragged along. At sea, the hind flippers serve mainly as steering apparatus, though they have some propelling power, being twisted like the propeller of a screw-steamer; but the fore flippers perform most of the propulsion in the water as well as on land. The hair-seal, on the contrary, derives more propelling power in the water from his hind than from his fore flippers.

The seals on St. Paul and St. George Islands are often driven two or three miles from the "rookery" to the killing-ground adjacent to the warehouse where the skins are salted. The killing is easy enough after the seals are once arrived at the ground selected for the slaughter. Suppose one thousand seals to be driven up, forty or fifty are cut out from the large drove. The smaller group is moved a few rods away from the others, and then knocked down by men with hickory clubs five feet in length. Being knocked senseless, the seal is quickly stabbed to the heart, and generally dies a painless death, after receiving the knock-down blow. The work is divided; some men knock down, some stab, and some draw knives around the neck and flippers and along the belly, so that the skinners have only to separate the skin from the blubber. All the men employed in this work are natives. The skinners are experts, with

such professional pride as prohibits dulling their razor-edged knives upon the outside of the skin, which contains more or less sand from the drive. All the time of the knocking down, the seals in the main drove sit on one hip like dogs, panting, growling, and steaming; but apparently not interested in the fate of their friends dying before their eyes, nor caring for what may befall themselves. They do not seem to be at all sensitive on the subject of death. They can be driven up to and over the warm, bloody carcasses which cover the ground, without manifesting any concern whatever.

The skins are taken off with wonderful rapidity by the natives, and with very few cuts or slashes. As soon as the skins are cool, or at the end of a day's killing, they are hauled to the salt-house and laid in bins, the flesh side up, and salted. In the course of a week, they are taken from the bins and examined. Those in which the curing process has not been perfected have more salt applied to the pink spots, after which they are again packed in layers to await the bundling process, which takes place at any convenient time after the booking. The system with which the work is pursued has been reduced to such an exactness, that, though the season begins after the 1st of June, generally not before the 10th or 12th, the one hundred thousand skins are sometimes aboard the vessel for shipment to San Francisco by the 25th of July, and always before the 1st of August.

Upon St. Paul Island the work is done by about seventy native men and boys, and on St. George by about twenty-five. The total native population of the two islands is about three hundred and sixty or three hundred and seventy. They earn forty thousand dollars in six weeks, and having no house rent to provide, no meat, fish, nor fuel to purchase, nor taxes to pay, nor doctors' bills to settle, they are as well off as the families of men in San Francisco whose income is one thousand dollars per annum. The natives have warm frame houses; they receive sixty tons of coal free each year, under the terms of the lease; they are furnished with more salmon than they need; they can catch cod and halibut whenever the sea permits them to put out in a boat; a doctor and schoolmaster are provided for them, upon each island, at the expense of the lessees; and the sick and infirm men, as well as the widows and orphans, are fed and clothed by the same corporation. Whatever sins the government may have to answer for in its dealings with our Indian tribes, it may be set down that the native seal-islanders are well cared for.

Neither King Solomon nor the Queen of Sheba—no, nor the lilies of the field—ever wore richer raiment than the modern seal-skin cloak; but when the skin is taken from the animal to which nature gave it, when it goes into and when it comes out of the salt, or when it is first sent to market, it is not what it appears later upon fashion's form. Before the fur-seal skin becomes the valuable article of commerce which goes into the manufacture of a fashionable garment, it is shaved down on the flesh side until it is not much thicker than a sheet of letter-paper; the long, coarse hairs must be plucked out, and the fur dyed; it may be a brown or almost black according to the prevailing taste, which now runs to darker hues than formerly. The raw skins are sold at trade sales in London before they take on their artificial hue, the greater portion of their cost to the "consumer" being added after their purchase at the sales. Returning them to this country, paying duties and the expense of making them into garments, constitute the major portion of the final cost.

After the killing season on the islands, the remaining seals go through the process of shedding their hairy coats and taking on a new crop. The "stagy" season, as this is called, commences about the 1st of September and terminates in six weeks or thereabouts. Not only the old seals, but the very youngest—the "pups," which come into the world in July, with black hair and not enough fur to speak about—shed their dark coats in September and October, and take on the regulation gray, with an undergrowth of fine light brown fur before

starting out on the long voyage into the Pacific. The little fellows are shy of the water at first: coming into the world with a sort of hereditary idea that they are intended to prowl about bear-like, and devour people on dry land; and the smallest specimens are spunky enough to try it whenever a man attempts to corner them. But after urgent persuasion and persistent instruction on the part of the mothers, they take to the water and catch fish for a living upon leaving the islands. The young seals are exceedingly playful, spending most of their time on shore, tumbling about over each other upon the sand or in the long grass which grows in short-lived luxuriance upon the islands. In the water, after once gaining confidence in their ability to swim, they take great delight, when the surf is not so strong as to kill them against the rocks.

The old bulls, which are the first to arrive in the spring, are the first to disappear in the fall. They leave the females behind to look after the young, and go cruising away into the boundless ocean. There are more seals upon the ground during July and August than in any other two months. Then the sight is wonderful. So much life, such unceasing activity, the roaring of the old bulls, the whining cry of the cows, and the snarling of the pups forms a concert which frequently enables navigators to find the islands when the fog around them is so thick as to render objects invisible at the distance of a ship's length. Sometimes, too, when a vessel is so far to leeward that no sound can be heard, an odor is wafted off from the "rookeries" which serves to warn the sailor of rocks within a few miles. By November, the "rookeries" are but thinly inhabited, and by the first of December they are quite deserted; and only the winter's gale is heard to roar and the surf to thunder upon the rocks.

There are various opinions as to the whereabouts of the fur-seals during the winter months. One theory is, that they scatter out through the Pacific so widely that the millions are lost amid its immeasurable spaces. The seals are seen to go southward through the passes between the Aleutian Islands during the autumnal months. They do not go ashore there, nor anywhere else so far as known, until their return to the Pryvolof group. They leave the islands in a lean and blubberless condition, from their long fast while on shore, and they return fat in the following spring. Evidently they go south to their feeding-grounds. But wherever they go, they must have some guide, instinct, or rule, to enable them to find their way back. The buffaloes, which once roamed annually from Dakota and Manitoba into Texas, had mountains and rivers for their guides, as well as the cold winds to drive them down from the north in autumn, and southerly breezes to fan them toward the cooler latitudes in summer. Migratory birds, too, have their courses marked out by the land and the streams and lakes, and by the upper currents of air; but the movements of the migratory seal seem more mysterious. Millions of those wonderful animals start out from their summer home in Behring Sea, and almost to a day of the same time every year they reappear at the islands, haul out at the same spot, and take up the position which they vacated six or eight months before, and nobody can say where they have been since their departure. Without chart or compass, without taking a sight at the sun, they return as regularly as mail steamers between Europe and America.

Salmon return to fresh-water streams in the spring, but they nose along shore, and wherever they taste fresh water they go up; any sort of a stream of fresh water will serve them. But the fur-seal do not so. A few are found in the spring traveling north off the coast of British Columbia and southeast Alaska, where there are thousands of islands, but they do not attempt to make a landing there. In returning to Behring Sea they must pass through the channels running between the Aleutian Islands, which in formation and character are precisely, according to human eyes, like the Pryvolof group; but the seals do not mistake the Aleutian Islands for their home. It may be that the fur-seals on leaving their summer

home follow lines of fish-banks or shoals, or enter into certain currents where their food exists, and by the currents are directed back to the point of departure; but navigators have no knowledge of such steadily prevailing currents into and out of the middle of the Pacific. The Japanese current runs northerly on the west side, and swings around among the Aleutian Islands till it is carried south along the east shores of that sea. That may be a guide for the seals, but it does not bring over to the east from the west the fur-seals from the Commander Islands off the coast of Kamtchatka, which appear and disappear as our own seals do, but do not mingle with ours on this side at least. That they do not mingle is proven by the fur experts in London, who, mix the skins as you may, can always pick out 'the Alaska skins, which are of better quality than the others.

There is another theory that the Alaskan seals on leaving the islands in Behring Sea in the fall resort to some undiscovered islands in mid-Pacific, where they pass the time pleasantly during the winter months. Many expeditions have been fitted out in San Francisco, from time to time, for the discovery of those mysterious islands, but they yet remain undiscovered. There are signs of land out there between 53° and 55° north latitude and 160° to 170° west longitude, there are drift-wood and feathers and sea-weed; but there is an eternal fog there also (a favorable sign for seals), and the islands remain invisible.

The China steamers may have sailed over every inch of that region, but yet there are those who still believe in the undiscovered seal islands of the north Pacific. Matter-of-fact mariners who do not believe in the mysterious islands attribute the signs of land thereabouts to the existence of a great eddy, a product of the immense current above alluded to, into which are carried and held the various articles of drift. There are signs of land upon the surface of the water, but there is "no bottom" there for a hundred-fathom line; and the masters of vessels in the San Francisco and China trade have no fears of running ashore in that region. A strong argument against the existence of the undiscovered seal islands in the north Pacific is, that when the seals leave the Pryvolof group they are lean and gaunt, after their four or six months' sojourn upon shore. When they return, like old sailors after a voyage, they are again in good condition, and fall easy victims to those of mankind who live by preying upon them. If the seals spent their winter months ashore, on some Pacific islands in the mysterious region of fog and eddy, they should return to Alaska as lean as when they go away.

The seal, it should also be considered, cannot remain below the surface long enough to catch deep-water fish; but the cod, which haunts the banks or shallows of the sea, and the salmon, which cruises along the coasts in the spring, form its chief article of animal food; and kelp, which is found only upon reefs, is its favorite vegetable diet. Wherever the seal may go to spend the winter, it returns to its favorite summer quarters with wonderful regularity; and notwithstanding the slaughter of one hundred thousand annually upon land, and the consumption of perhaps a greater number of tender pups by sharks and "killers" at sea, the areas of the several "rookeries" upon the Pryvolof Islands are gradually expanded year by year, and there is reason for the belief held among the natives that the numbers are gradually increasing. At all events, it may be confidently asserted that so long as the present system prevails of killing no females, and only a limited number of males, the revenue to the government from the fur-seal islands runs no apparent risk of diminution; and the natives may look for their comfortable annuity to continue for succeeding generations indefinitely.

George Wardman.

"AN IDLE, GOOD-FOR-NOTHING FELLOW."

I.

PLANTER VAN ARNEN modeled his house in Blackville after the picturesque architectural ugliness of the home of his ancestors—a house with many gables, and a porch with an overhanging roof; and, unlike the other houses of Blackville, without a veranda. The house stood on the left bank of the river that flows through Blackville, and commanded a view of the rising sun. The house that Planter Van Arnen and many generations of Van Arnens were born in faced the east; and had he been born in a lake village, in a hut set up on posts in the waters of Maracaybo, he would have built just such a hut in Blackville. If the idea that in the latitude of Blackville a veranda was a necessity had been suggested to him he no doubt would have said that the desire for ease and comfort had made many things necessities; and very likely he would have told how, away back in the prehistoric age of his native country, the people met under a sheltering oak in a wide-spreading plain to hold their councils of state, but that now a building was thought necessary, although with the progress of civilization the climate had somewhat ameliorated.

The planter worried along for two years without a cool, shady place to smoke his noonday pipe in, during which time his ideas on the subject of verandas became slightly modified; then he built an arbor and covered it with vines. The breeze from the river swept through it, cooling the atmosphere, and the profusion of vines, with their interwoven foliage, made it impossible for the sun to penetrate the latticed arbor. But it was nearly always damp, and the planter's wife took a severe malarial cold while sitting in it after a shower, from which she never fully recovered. There were stinging insects in it, and cold, moist worms that made one shudder to come in contact with. The worms had an irritating way of coming down "*thug*" upon the planter's head as he sat smoking his pipe or running up and down the gamut of a post-prandial snore; and when the planter's daughter Margaret found a moccasin snake suspended from the branch of a tree at the entrance of the arbor, she would never enter it again.

The only Van Arnen not mentioned so far was John, the son, a young man of twenty-six, and nearly nine years Margaret's senior. John had studied medicine in Leyden, and had had a doctor's degree conferred upon him. It was now several months since he came to Blackville, and his only occupation seemed to be to sit in the arbor smoking or taking an infinite number of naps. None of the disagreeables of the place ever troubled him. If a poisonous reptile ventured into his presence, it is more than probable that it mistook him for some inanimate object, and glided peacefully away.

Although Blackville was not noted for its energy, but was the drowsiest place to be found outside of Sleepy Hollow, the inhabitants could not tolerate such indolence in a new-comer and a doctor, and they looked upon him with cold disapproval. This, like most other things, did not trouble John in the least. He didn't like "Blackvillains," he said, and he was willing that they should not like him.

But one morning in December his placidity appeared disturbed. He spoke irritably to the servants, and called Margaret a scold. Eleven o'clock found him in the arbor, where he had gone immediately after breakfast.

"Smoking still?" said Margaret, keeping at a safe distance from the dreaded place, and speaking to John. "I shouldn't think you would waste your time so."

This was a remark that she had made every day for several weeks, and he had listened to her amiably, and with quiet indifference; but now he arose, threw down his pipe

on a seat, and walked out of the arbor in a manner that made Margaret think that he might have slammed the door had there been any for him to slam.

"You make my life miserable," he said as he passed her, "and I am going away from home."

"Very well," said Margaret, sarcastically. "Don't go before dinner; we are going to have plum-pudding, that you are so fond of; and, John," she added, "don't fail to write when you get there."

This was too much. John Van Arnen was really angry. The idea of leaving Blackville had occurred to him, cursorily, as he was engaged in the arbor in what was for him profound meditation. "I would go away from Blackville," he had thought, "if—" It would be hard to say what objection to leaving Blackville John was going to make; just then Margaret spoke to him.

On his way to the house John met his father, and told him in a few words that he was dissatisfied with life in Blackville, and that he thought he should go elsewhere. The elder Van Arnen's tranquillity was not at all disturbed by this announcement.

"I think, my son," he answered in his slow way, "it is time that you were doing something for yourself; when I was at your age, I was practicing law."

John was astonished. His father had never spoken to him in this way before. His feelings were deeply hurt.

"Where are you going?" asked his father, after an interval of silence.

"I don't know. I have just thought of going."

"Have you thought what you shall do?"

"Practice my profession, I suppose."

"When do you wish to go?"

"To-day, in the afternoon express," John answered, in a rage.

"Very well, my son, I will give you a sum of money sufficient to last you some time, and when that is gone, I hope you will have more that you have earned yourself."

John went to his room, and rang the bell so violently that Rice, the house boy, came in great haste to see if "Marse John" was sick.

"No, Rice, I am not sick," answered John; "I am going away, and I want you to ask Aunt Rachel for my clean linen, and then come and help me to pack my trunk."

"I'se heap sorry you're gwine, sah," said Rice, as visions of stray coppers never asked for and past donations of beer flitted through his mind. "Gwine to trabel, sah?"

"Yes"—without thinking.

"Take me wid you?"

"No."

"Who'll wait on you, sah?"

No answer.

"Jes' ax Marse Van Arnen."

"No."

"Le'me ax him; I'll say you tole me ter."

"Rice," said John, with a sudden burst of ill-humor, "hold your tongue, and do as you are told to do."

Rice left the room and soon appeared again, followed by Aunt Rachel carrying a tray of clean clothes on her head.

"I'se come, Marse John, to pack yer trunk," she said, setting down the tray. "Dat Rice, he dun know how to pack a trunk, nohow. I'll pack it fer you dat handy and snug-like yer'll know jes' whar to find things if yer'll look for dem." With this doubtful compliment to herself, and meeting no opposition from John, Aunt Rachel went to work folding the clothes neatly, and carefully placing them in his trunk.

John threw himself into a chair, sighed wearily, and thought how unhappy he was. After a while he took out a cent and began to toss it up. "Heads—I go to Kingstown; tails—to Cottondale." Aunt Rachel looked on with the greatest interest. The "heads" won; and John settled himself in his chair and went fast asleep. He did not awake until Margaret came to call him to dinner.

Now that John was really going away, Margaret was all kindness. "Come to dinner, John. Didn't you hear the gong?" she asked. "Dinner is all on the table. We have your favorite dishes — gumbo soup, fried chicken and cream, curried ham, potted venison, rice cakes and jam, and plum-pudding; and father has opened a bottle of his Amsterdam port, and Harriet has made you

a seed cake to put into your trunk," she rattled off breathlessly. John followed her downstairs without speaking.

There was never much conversation carried on at the Van Arnens' table, and at this dinner there was less said than usual. John left the table after eating a hearty dinner, to enter the carriage, which was waiting to take him to the station. His father accompanied him. He could not say good by to his mother, for she was so ill that day it was not thought best to tell her that John was going away.

"John, don't you see that the servants are waiting to say good by to you," reminded his father, as John was about to get into the carriage after having bade Margaret farewell. John turned half around, drawled out a lazy good by, and again reminded by his father, put his hand into his pocket and drew out a handful of small coin, which he scattered among the expectant group of negroes. The carriage drove rapidly away, leaving them to pick up their largess.

Before night all Blackville *knew* that Rose Hiller, the pretty daughter of the owner of the adjoining plantation, had jilted John, and that he had gone away in consequence.

If "there is a soul of truth in things erroneous," as a writer of philosophy asserts, there was some foundation for Blackville gossip. Rose Hiller was very pretty and interesting, and John enjoyed her society. She was Margaret's intimate friend, and John naturally saw her frequently. He thought his regard for Rose was reciprocated; but the evening before, he had overheard Margaret reflecting severely upon his idleness and lack of interest in everything. "He is not a bit like the John he used to be," said Margaret; and Rose had joined her in calling him "an idle, good-for-nothing fellow."

"She can't have any respect for me, if she talks like that," mused John, after he had recovered from his mortification a little; "and I don't mean to trouble myself about her in future." That was the reason why he was so unusually sensitive that morning; but neither Margaret nor Rose, nor anybody else in Blackville, knew that John had heard what they said.

II.

Three months passed away, and nothing was heard from John. Blackville had now positive knowledge of his fate. It was whispered, and whispered so loud that the Van Arnens heard it, that he had been so terribly disappointed he had committed suicide. Gossip, however, is not evidence to everybody, and there were some people who gave no credence to the tale, among whom were the Van Arnens and Rose Hiller.

The planter wrote to John, directing the letter to the care of the postmaster at Kingstown. The letter was returned, with the information that no one by that name could be found. The planter was now truly anxious about his son. He advertised in the leading journals of several different States, but the only response he ever had was from the freight agent at Walden, telling him that a trunk with the initials "J. Van A." was at the office at that place, and that he could have the same, if it belonged to his son, by proving property and paying charges. Planter Van Arnen went immediately to Walden and brought home the trunk.

Margaret spoke hopefully of John's return; but as the months rolled away without any tidings of him, she began to share her father's conviction that something serious had happened to him, although she still spoke of John's return as certain.

Meanwhile, what had become of John? We will go back to the afternoon of the second day after he had left Blackville. He sat fast asleep in the car, after all the other passengers had left the train.

"Gwine to stop in Walden, sah?" asked the colored porter of the train. He repeated the question several times, and at last John awoke and answered, "No."

"Want to take dis train, sah?" asked the porter, pointing to a train just ready to steam out of the depot. John answered that he did, supposing it to be the train going to Kingstown.

"Better hurry up, sah. De train 'll be done gone in a minute, sah. I'll carry your valise, sah." And in less than two minutes

John was carried away, at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, in a contrary direction to that which he had intended to take.

Soon the conductor came around. John hunted for his ticket. He could not find it anywhere, and there was nothing to be done but for him to buy another. "Want a through ticket?" questioned the conductor. John answered "Yes," and having paid for it, folded it up and stuck it into his hat-band. In a short time the motion of the car put him fast to sleep again.

It was not light the next morning when John, with the other sleepy passengers, struggled on board another train. As the day advanced, he had an uneasy feeling that he was traveling through a country he had never seen before. Once he asked the conductor where they were. The conductor mentioned a town, the name of which was familiar to John. He knew that he should have to pass through a town of that name in going to Kingstown. This satisfied him for a time. He did not know that there were more than twenty towns of that name in the United States, several of which were on lines of railroads.

His doubts returned after a while; the train was so slow, too, he thought, and he had never been on board of a train that jolted him as this one did. It made every bone in him ache. He said this to the conductor, who told him that the road was called the easiest one in America to travel over.

Occasionally he fell into a doze, and as often as he did so he dreamed that he was in China, and a victim of one of that country's ingenious modes of torture. He was never to be allowed to sleep again; and he had been placed upon this train that the sentence might be fulfilled. He was sure death could not be far distant; he was grateful to the Chinese for choosing such a quick way of killing him. Then he would wake suddenly, look out of the window, and wonder if the train would ever get to Kingstown.

Later in the day John observed a new conductor passing through the car. He stopped him and asked when the train would reach Kingstown.

"Kingstown!" echoed the conductor; "this train goes to Rindland."

"I wanted to go to Kingstown," said John.

"Where did you come from?" asked the conductor.

"From Blackville, by the way of Walden."

"Then you took the wrong train at Walden. What did you buy a ticket for Rindland for if you wanted to go to Kingstown?" queried the conductor.

John felt in his hat for his ticket and did not find it. "The other conductor took the tickets before leaving the train at Border Town, and he probably took yours while you were asleep," explained the conductor.

"I lost my ticket before reaching Walden, and bought another on the train after leaving there, and I never looked at it," John said, in reply to the conductor's question.

"And you have just discovered that you are not on the road to Kingstown?"

"Yes."

The conductor looked hard at John. He thought that he must have been on a very long spree, or that he was not in his right mind. He stood at John's side waiting, without speaking. John was thinking: "It does not make so much difference, after all. Father has some old friends in Vineland, and I will go to see them; perhaps they can offer me some inducement to stay there; if not, I can go to Kingstown"; then aloud, "When do we arrive in Vineland?"

The conductor did not notice John's mistake. "In a half-hour, at the longest," he answered. "Perhaps you would like to stop at Shaker Village, this side of Rindland," he said, glancing at John's broad-rimmed hat. It was of a style common to Blackville, but not worn in that section of the country except by the Shakers.

John could never tell why he said "Yes." The conductor was pleased with himself for having made the suggestion. At the same time, he wished that all passengers who had been carried out of their way would make as little fuss about it as this one did.

"Well, then, be ready to get off at the next stopping place. I'll bring in the stage-driver

that goes up to the village to help you out with your valise," he said, and left the car.

It was not long before he returned with a tall man whose face resembled a baked apple.

"Here's your passenger, Uncle Nathan; take good care of him," he said cheerfully. "Good by, sir."

It was eight o'clock, and bright moonlight, when the driver stopped on the outskirts of the village, got down from the stage, and asked John to what house he wanted to go.

"I don't know," said John, with a shiver.

"Perhaps you are not well," volunteered Uncle Nathan, sympathetically.

"I believe I am not," answered John, with another shiver.

"I see that you have got the shakes, or something like them, right bad, and I'll drive you to Elder Bones's house, if you say so; he is the doctor up there," Uncle Nathan said.

John moaned an answer. This was the last that he knew for many weeks.

III.

The first time that John opened his eyes in consciousness, he found himself in a plainly furnished room with white-washed walls. A small deal table stood at the bedside, on which were several bottles of medicine, glasses, and spoons. There was a fire burning in an open fireplace, and a young woman, dressed in gray homespun, sat by it knitting. He thought she looked like a picture that he had seen. He tried to think where he had seen it, and in a few minutes he was sure that she was the portrait itself, come out of its frame to take care of him. He could see the canvas around her. The portrait arose, came to the bedside, poured out a few drops of medicine in a spoon, and gave it to John to swallow; then she stood looking at him a minute or so. He wished she would not look at him; he wanted her to go back to her frame; he shut his eyes so that he could not see her, and in a few minutes he fell into a long sleep.

The next time he saw the young woman the delusion was gone; he recognized in her a living object, who left the room when she observed that he was attentively regarding her. From that time an elderly woman or a man was always with him.

The early fruit trees were in bloom before John took his first walk around Shaker Village, and it was not long after when Elder Bones sent for him to come to the parlor, where grave community matters were deliberated. John found, besides Elder Bones, the other members of the house, Brother Timothy, Brother Joseph, and Sister Patience—all excepting "the portrait"—awaiting him.

"We have been considering thy case," Elder Bones said, when John seated himself. "Thee has been mercifully restored to health."

John bowed, not knowing what to say.

"And it is the opinion," continued the Elder, "of Brother Joseph, Brother Timothy, Sister Patience, and myself that thee is able now to return to thy friends when thee wishes."

John started. "I don't want to go away from here," he said.

"But we can have no idlers here," remonstrated Brother Joseph.

"Let me work, then."

"Would thee like to join our brotherhood?" asked Sister Patience.

"Yes."

"Does thee know what thy words imply?" asked Brother Joseph.

"I am afraid thee would soon tire of our quiet life," said Brother Timothy.

"Has thee considered the matter?" Elder Bones asked.

John was obliged to confess that he had not, but he was sure, he said, that their quiet life would just suit him.

"Why did thee leave thy friends?" Elder Bones asked.

"Because I was an idle, good-for-nothing fellow," answered John, using Margaret's very words.

"And thee would like to lead a more useful life?" asked good Sister Patience.

John answered "Yes" in some confusion. He had an extremely vague idea as to what

he should like to do in that direction. His present desire was not to leave Shaker Village.

"Has thee ever wrought with thy hands?" Brother Joseph asked.

"No; I was educated for a physician."

"Perhaps he might help thee, sometimes, Elder Bones," suggested Brother Timothy.

Elder Bones nodded.

"I am the only physician left in the community," he said solemnly. "Good Brother David passed away last fall; perhaps thee can fill my place when I am gone. Has thee thy diploma with thee?"

Then for the first time John thought of his trunk. "I had it when I left home," he said. "It was put into my trunk, and that is—I do not know where."

"Thee must try to recover it," said Elder Bones.

"Will thy friends not object to thee joining our people?" asked Sister Patience.

John thought they would not, and said so.

"Thee must bear the burden of the day with the rest of us," Brother Joseph said.

John expressed his willingness to do so.

"The subject will be considered at our next Society meeting," Elder Bones said, rising as a sign that the conference was over.

Sister Patience now came forward with writing materials, and handing them to John, told him that he ought to write to his friends and tell them of his welfare. John had other plans for the day, and he was in a hurry.

"To-morrow will do just as well," he said.

"Thee must not get into that unfortunate way of putting off until to-morrow what thee should do to-day," reproved Sister Patience, gently. "Thee had better write at once."

"And thee would do well to write about thy trunk at the same time," advised Elder Bones.

John took the writing materials, sat down at the table, and wrote to his father, telling him of his long illness, and of his intention of joining the Shakers. This letter he directed to Kingstown. He then wrote to the freight agent at Vineland, inquiring about his trunk, which, he told the agent, he had left at that place several months before. These letters he took to the village office that day.

There were no objections made to John's joining the Shaker Society. What was most needed in the community was youth to take the place of departing age, and Elder Bones took the earliest opportunity of informing John of his election.

The same day John went to live in another house at the other side of the village; for Reba Taylor, Sister Patience's pretty niece, the portrait of John's delirium, lived in Elder Bones's house, and it was not thought best for two young people of opposite sexes to live under the same roof.

As John was not strong, his first work was to assist Sister Martha, the matron of the household, in her housework. He sanded the floors after she had scrubbed them to a snowy whiteness, plied the dasher of the old-fashioned churn until the butter came, split up kindling-wood, pumped water, pared vegetables, and made himself generally useful.

In a few weeks Brother Josiah took him to the barn, and instructed him in milking and how to feed the cattle; and soon the time came when he went into the field with the other brothers, and hoed corn and other crops. John's back ached in those days, but in spite of his unaccustomed labor he grew strong every day. He was often observed to take off his hat, pass his hand over his head several times with a perplexed air, as if he were trying to think of something.

Hay-making time came. That was more interesting work than hoeing, for the young people of both sexes worked in the hay-field, and John always worked by Reba's side. John liked Reba. She and Sister Patience were the only ones of his adopted sisters that he cared for. They were all so one-sided, John thought—all but Reba. She had ideas above and beyond the mere daily drudgery of her life.

This intimacy worried Sister Patience a good deal. She kept a dragon's watch over her niece, but that did not prevent them from talking whenever they met.

"Thee talks a great deal to Brother John. I am sure thee will bring no scandal upon

our people," she said anxiously to Reba one day, when she and John had been carrying on what Sister Patience thought an unnecessarily long conversation on the subject of the best gruel for certain kinds of sickness. Sister Patience had been ailing for a few days, and Reba was making gruel for her; hence the conversation.

Reba's cheeks blazed, but she answered mildly, "Do not thee fear, Aunt Patience; there will be no gossip in our community if it depends upon Brother John and myself."

When the harvesting was nearly over, John was as strong as he ever was, and with returned health his life in the community became more and more distasteful to him. He often asked himself how he came to join the Shakers. He wondered how Reba, so young and handsome, could be contented, as she evidently was. Once he asked her how she came to belong to the Shakers.

"My mother died and left me to Aunt Patience when I was a baby, and I have never known any other life," replied Reba.

"And nothing would induce thee to leave here?" asked John.

Reba colored a little as she answered: "I have sometimes thought that the world's people have a better time than we do, but it is wrong to dwell on such thoughts. But why does thee ask, Brother John? Thee is not discontented, is thee?"

John evaded an answer by saying that he should like to see his friends once more.

"Has thee heard from thy father?" inquired Reba.

"No."

"And thee has only written once?"

"Yes."

"Then thee has done very wrong. Thee should most certainly have written again. Thy letter or thy father's letter may have miscarried."

This set John to thinking. "Reba," he asked, "how long is it since I came here?"

"Twelve months, come the last month, ninth day."

"So long?" John wondered more and more that he had not written again. Where had time flown to?

A letter came from the freight agent at Vineland soon after John had written, saying that no trunk of the description John gave was at the office there; and the reader can understand why John had not heard from his father.

When the harvesting was over, John told Elder Bones that he must go home to make a visit; and the Elder advised the other brothers not to make any objections to his going.

IV.

"Hiyah, Jake," see dat gen'man comin' up de avenue?" asked one small black imp of another of about the same size.

"Course I do; I ben't blind."

"'Clare to gosh, now, don't he look like Miss Marg'ret?"

"Geracious, don't he? dat am a fac'."

"Looks like Marse John, too. Only he ain't so fat-like."

"Hush yer mouth, you black nigger," said Jake; "de gen'man 'll done hear you, an' tell Marse Van Arnen, and den you'll kotch it."

"'Clare to gosh, now," iterated the first darky, "don't he look like Miss Marg'ret? 'Specs he must be some of de Kernul's 'lations from York State"; and with a whoop he disappeared in the dust, followed by the other imp, to spread the news in the negro quarters.

Rice answered the summons to the door. He stared intently after John, as he, with a kind "How do ye do, Rice?" walked past him and went into the family sitting-room.

"'Tis, 'tis Marse John," shouted Rice. "I done see his 'schaum stickin' out his pocket"; and he, too, hurried to the kitchen quarters to tell the news.

Margaret arose as John entered the room. She had not changed much the past year, John thought; perhaps she was a little taller.

The mother sat in an easy-chair with her hands folded. Her hair had grown whiter, her cheeks thinner and more sallow, than when John saw her last. She turned around in her chair when she heard John's footsteps, and after looking at him searchingly, simply said, "It is our John come home again."

Margaret was almost hysterical with joy; and soon the planter came in to add his heartfelt welcome.

John told about his long illness and his life among the Shakers, omitting, however, many little details, such as his services to Sister Martha. He couldn't tell Margaret that he peeled onions and potatoes for Sister Martha, even now, when she was so kind and sympathizing.

It was decided before the evening was over that John must not go back to Shaker Village, and the next day he wrote a long letter to Elder Bones, expressing his gratitude to him and all the brothers and sisters in the community. He excused his apostasy to Elder Bones, by explaining that had he been in his present state of health he should not have joined the brotherhood; and Planter Van Arnen inclosed in the letter a peace-offering to the community.

The same morning, before breakfast, the planter sent for Braddall, the house-builder. "I want you," he said, when the carpenter arrived, "to build a veranda around my house. The health of my family is almost ruined by that arbor. My wife is sick; my son came near dying last year, with malarial fever, and he was not in his right mind for many months. I don't myself feel as well as I used to. My daughter never goes into the arbor, and she is the only one of us who is in good health."

The veranda was built according to directions, and the Blackville people—many of them were close relations of the "I told you so's"—laughed loud and long.

Blackville was slow to recover from its prejudice against Doctor Van Arnen, even when it was well understood that malaria was the cause of his former indolence. But when he had performed two or three creditable cures, and given a scientific lecture on zymotic diseases, most of which was beyond the grasp of the average Blackville intellect, then they gave him their unqualified praise.

The following year John went to Europe and married the daughter of a *burgemeester*, to whom he had been engaged before leaving Leyden.

A GLANCE AT SHORTHAND, PAST AND PRESENT.

The origin of shorthand, like that of nearly all arts and professions, is lost in obscurity, the earliest record we have of its use being in Egypt, some centuries before the Christian era. Law, medicine, painting, sculpture, have all counted their students and devotees by the thousand, almost from the beginning of time; while, until scarcely a century since, shorthand has been almost a secret art, little known except to its authors.

It is said that the first shorthand writer of note was one Marcus Tullius Tiro, the freedman of Cicero; and we are told that by means of his invention some of the finest specimens of Roman oratory have been preserved to us. Seneca, the Stoic philosopher, who lived about a century later, is said to have added some five thousand characters to those of Tiro. Two hundred years after that, Cyprian, the Bishop of Carthage, put the finishing stroke to Tiro's system (or, rather, "collection of signs"), by the addition of many more characters, which rendered the work "much more useful to the faithful." For more than five hundred years the "Tironian Notes" were in great favor with the learned; but, like all terrestrial things, they could not last forever, and finally had the honor of dying at the hands of an emperor. The great Justinian "forbade the text of his Codex to be written by the catches and short-cut riddles of signs." After that the "Notes" began to disappear, and so scarce had copies of them become that when search was made in many libraries for them, about the year 1500, only one copy could be found. A few years ago the "Notes"

were reprinted in Germany, and now copies may be readily purchased.

It is very doubtful whether Tironian shorthand was capable of doing any rapid *verbatim* work. The specimens which have come down to us do not compare with our modern English shorthand for brevity; and it would seem, from a passage in Plutarch's "Life of Cato the Younger," that in order to get a full report of a speech it was necessary to have a number of stenographers taking notes at the same time, so that what was lost by one would be probably caught by some of the others; and thus the combined notes of all the reporters were used in making up the report. The passage is as follows: "Cicero, the consul, dispersed about the Senate House several expert writers, whom he had taught to make certain figures, which did in little and short strokes express a great many words."

Another ancient writer, in speaking of the plans adopted by the early stenographers, says: "Several writers agree to divide, mentally or by signals, what may be delivered into portions of about six or eight words each; to write those down in succession as they are able to follow a speaker, and afterwards to compare notes to find out the whole discourse *verbatim*."

If, however, the Roman stenographers could write as the poet Ausonius told one who practiced his art some fifteen hundred years ago, then the less said about our modern systems the better. The translation is: "Fly! young and famous stenographer, prepare the tablets on which thou dost express, with simple points, entire discourses, with as much facility as others can express a single word. I dictate volumes, and my pronunciation is as compressed as the hail, yet nothing escapes thy ear, though thy pages fill not. Thy hand, of which the movement is scarcely visible, flies upon a surface of wax; and though my sentences are diffuse, and intricately constructed, thou dost embody my ideas on thy tablets before they have passed my lips. Is it possible that I cannot think as rapidly as you write! Tell me, then, since you outstrip my imagination—tell me, I say, who has betrayed me? Who has revealed to thee my thoughts?" Of course, the reader will make due allowances for the use of hyperbole, and the exaggerated style assumed by most ancient writers, more especially poets like Ausonius.

It has been claimed by some that Xenophon was the inventor of shorthand, and that he used it in recording the "Memorabilia" of Socrates; and a modern French stenographer, named Guénin, thinks that most of the characters used in the "Tironian Notes" came originally from the Egyptians, *through the Greeks*. However, it is more generally believed that Greek shorthand was subsequent to Tiro, and adapted from the famous "Notes" of that author.

It is now generally believed that the first inventor of a real stenographic alphabet was an Englishman named John Willis, about the time of Charles I. His alphabet was very imperfect, but it was the pioneer of the vast strides of improvement which have in our time culminated in Pitmanic Phonography.

In 1654 Jeremiah Rich published a work entitled "Semigraphy, or the Art's Rarety; approved by many honorable persons, and allowed by the learned to be the easiest, exactest, and briefest method of short and swift writing that was ever known." William Mason's works, published 1672, 1682, and 1707, were valuable additions to the material used at that time. Lewis, in his History of Shorthand, published in 1816, speaks of Mason as "the most celebrated shorthand writer of the seventeenth century." Mason was followed by a large number of "improvers," but no notable addition was made to the art until the time of Byrom, in 1767. In 1758 John Angel published "Stenography, or Shorthand Improved." Boswell, in his Life of Johnson, says that a stenographer named Angel called on the Doctor, requesting him to write a preface to a work on shorthand which he was about to publish. Poor Angel! he claimed that he was able to write as fast as another could read, and the cynical Johnson took a book and commenced reading; Angel failed to fol-

low him, whereupon the Doctor said that to write as fast as a person read was an impossibility. In 1786 Samuel Taylor brought out his system, which soon became very popular. It is said that Taylor's system was imitated and pirated from more than all others previous to his time.

That shorthand writers, and more especially shorthand authors, are somewhat given to brag is manifest by the curious titles given to many of their publications. Peter Bales (1597) published "The Art of Brachygraphy, that is, to write as fast as a man speaketh treatably." In 1654, John Farthing wrote "Short Writing Shortened." In 1672, one William Facy claims to be yet the "shortest." William Mason, the same year, issued "A Pen Pluck'd from an Eagle's Wing," and subsequently "A Regular and Easie Table of Natural Contractions—*the like never done by any other hand.*" William Hopkins, in 1676, wrote the "Flying Penman." A quaint little volume appeared in the year 1678, "Short Hand Writing; begun by Nature, completed by Art. Invented, taught, and published by Lawrence Steele." George Ridpath, in 1687, published "Shorthand yet Shorter." Henry Barmby, in 1700, gave "Shorthand Unmasked"; and the year after, 1701, John Jones came forward with "Practical Phonography." Thomas Gurney's System (an improvement on Mason's), still used by many stenographers of to-day (mostly Englishmen), was introduced in 1746, as "Brachygraphy, or the Art of Short Writing made easy to the Meanest Capacity." In 1747, Aulay Macaulay issued his "Polygraphy, or Shorthand made easy to the Meanest Capacity." In Scovil's System, now published in this country, Macaulay's alphabet is adopted without variation. Henry Taflin, in 1760, invented another system "adapted to the meanest capacity." In 1779 the world was presented with "The Writers' Time Redeemed, and Speakers' Words Recalled, by a Pen shaped both for Oral Expedition, and the most legible Plainness and Punctuality; or Annet's Shorthand Perfected, engaging to the Meanest Capacity." William Mavor, in 1780, published "Universal Stenography; a new and complete system, attainable in a few hours, by the most common capacity." John Mitchell (1782) produced "How to take down *verbatim* a week's pleading on one page." (That is the kind of system the writer hankers after.)

Nearly all of the above-mentioned systems were composed of arbitrary characters, to learn which and apply them involved a long struggle and wearisome mental application.

Some forty years ago, Isaac Pitman, of England, completely revolutionized shorthand by bringing out his "Phonography." (*Phonos*, a sound, and *graphein*, to write.) He conceived the idea of a purely phonetic alphabet, in which each sound was to be represented by a separate character, and so that any combination of sounds could be shown by a combination of the respective characters, just as we combine letters in longhand to form words. Pitman's invention proving a great success, as a matter of course, a multitude of "improvers" soon appeared, especially in the United States, where there are probably more shorthand authors (or rather "improvers") than in any other part of the globe.

It is not the intention of the writer to give here any opinion of his own as to the relative merits of the many different systems now taught, but rather to stick to his subject, as the cobbler to his last, and speak only of the history and progress of this beautiful art.

Among the authors of the present time (all of whom honorably give Pitman his deserved credit) are James E. Munson, who is one of the ablest reporters in New York City, and whose system has been adopted as one of the regular branches in the College of the City of New York; Benn Pitman (brother of Isaac), resident at Cincinnati; Mrs. Eliza Burns, who also publishes her longhand with phonetic spelling; the late Andrew J. Marsh, whose system has become so popular on the Pacific coast; Andrew J. Graham, who is popular with a large class; and a great many others. There are also

several systems of "Tachygraphy," notably that of D. P. Lindsey, New York.

Continental Europe is showing signs of considerable activity and general advancement in shorthand. A Frenchman, named Bertin, in 1792, adapted Samuel Taylor's (1786) system to the French language. In 1822, M. Grosselin published an improvement on Bertin, and finally one Prévost gave it what has been to this date the finishing stroke; this system is now very popular in France. Barrue has made an effort to adapt Isaac Pitman's system to the French language, but thus far has made little progress. A new system has lately been introduced in France by a certain Guénin. In the French system of Duployé, the Holy Bible is written in shorthand, comprising two volumes of one thousand pages each. Dr. Thierry-Meig, a prominent French author, laments the tardy progress made by the profession in France, as compared to England and America.

Throughout Germany, Austria, and Switzerland, two systems of shorthand prevail almost to the entire exclusion of all others; namely, Gabelsberger and Stolze. Of these two, Gabelsberger has in Germany alone some twelve thousand followers, while Stolze has about one-half that number. The same proportion exists in Austria, where Gabelsberger has some four thousand disciples and Stolze some two thousand. In Switzerland, however, Stolze has about one thousand followers, while Gabelsberger has scarcely two hundred.

In Italy, shorthand is receiving considerable attention from the government, and it is proposed to adopt it for commercial purposes. Indeed, the Italian language being so purely phonetic, it is far better adapted to this study than any other modern tongue. In the phonetic order, the Spanish language ranks next to Italian; but the Castilians have thus far made very little effort in the way of stenography.

It sounds somewhat strange to hear that a country like Russia should show far more advancement in the study of shorthand than many other nations with whose people and customs we are more familiar; but nevertheless, the fact exists that shorthand is made a compulsory study in its military schools.

What the future of phonography will be is obvious to all who have watched its advancement during the past few years. There are now stenographic journals and magazines (of regular issue) and stenographic societies and associations to be found in almost every part of the enlightened world. An international convention of stenographers is to be held in London during this present summer, and there are rumors of national and international conventions to be held in other places. Just as steam and machinery have to a marvelous extent taken the place of hand-labor, and at the same time created for that same labor a widened and more intelligent sphere of action, just so shorthand must in time inevitably, it seems to the writer, crowd out longhand. In these days of labor-saving inventions and universal progress, our constant motto is that "time saved is life lengthened"; and assuredly, a few generations hence shorthand will have followed this great law of progress, and replaced our present tedious and inadequate method of writing; this indeed, will be but the natural sequence of the vast strides made by the profession since Pitman gave system and stability to the alphabet.

It is reported recently that Germany has decided to teach purely phonetic spelling in its schools. The adoption of this same principle in the schools of this and other English-speaking countries would be a most gigantic step towards the general use of shorthand, as all phonographers must admit that this would lighten the labor of acquiring phonography by at least one-third. The next grand step would be the adaptation to our needs of some one phonographic system, and then its universal adoption. Common sense and time would do the rest.

F. E. Tremper.

UP IN THE SIERRAS.

It was not in this case refugees, escaped to the mountains from San Francisco, with the rattle of Market Street in their ears, but mountaineers to begin with, who prepared themselves for a three days' trip "above."

Now, "going above" is of infinitely less importance than "going below." It is the old, old story of downward paths being the most enticing; and to go to "the city" is so much more popular, fashionable, and advantageous to a person than to go above, that the downward way grows broader, and many there be that follow it.

But these people, who at an elevation of three thousand one hundred feet considered themselves scarcely out of the foot-hills, were moved to turn their faces to the mountains.

They set forth in a double rockaway, fully equipped with the usual paraphernalia of a "tramp"—linen dusters and a valise for the ladies; ulsters and a paper bundle for the gentlemen. Aside from these indispensables, the Lady of Lyons had a book in which to press ferns and wild-flowers, while the Artist modestly hid a sketch-book under the carriage-robe.

"I can't say what success I shall have, for I never attempted to sketch from nature," she ventured to say, lest they might be so uncultivated in their tastes as not to know that such was the case when they beheld her attempts.

Notwithstanding that the dust lay ankle-deep in the roads, there was that peculiar beauty and freshness about the morning scene that we only find in the mountains. The road for ten miles lay through wooded tracts, up hill and down, with now and then a view of the purple hills sleeping in the distance—with an occasional diversity lent to the sameness of tar-weed and pine trees by the pale, hazy outlines of the snow-capped summits whither their faces were bent. They paused once in that lonely, somewhat dreary precinct for a long look at the distant outlines of Saddle Back and Fir Cap mountains; and the Critic, who sat on the back seat with the Artist, picked up the sketch-book.

"Now," he said, suggestively—but did not complete the sentence. The Artist thought it was too early. It was altogether likely that Benjamin West and William Hunt would have said the same, she reflected; all good artists agreed upon that head, that it was indiscreet to attempt to paint or draw a *sunrise* behind blue mountains! It couldn't be done by any means—it would be a pure case of sacrilege.

Ten miles from their starting point, they ran upon what is called "Nigger Tent." What sort of monster named this lonely spot, tongue cannot tell. But it is not a tent, any more than a pigeon-house is a windmill. A not over-observing person would pronounce it a barn, and such it appears; but the sign-boards on the way, recommending it to teamsters as "the only house on the road where no China cook is employed," impresses one with an idea that it is a public house, and in old countries would be an inn. In the winter season it is literally an "in," for the snows so completely infold it that the men must dig down and put on additional stove-pipe.

Beyond the "tent" with the offensive name which a good Republican hesitates to pronounce, the road for two miles is on a down grade; and within half a mile of what is called the Mountain House, it changes to a gentle decline, winding in and out along the sides of the hills—a dusty line of white, chalky soil. Thence for five miles it is various and beautiful—down, down all the way, to the muddy waters of the Yuba. Turning suddenly around a sharp bend in the narrow, chalky shelf dug out of the hill-side, the four inmates of the carriage exclaimed in one voice of delight, at sight of a superb grotto fringed with ferns and maiden-hair, with a crystal thread of a waterfall

dripping over the moss-covered rocks into the green-cushioned basin below. It was irresistible. They must all dismount and pry among the ferns until they had sufficiently mutilated the spot; then clamber into the vehicle again, and press ferns and wild columbine between the pages of the book brought for the mangling purpose. And so ended the sweet lives begun in innocence and ended in ignominy. Henceforth, their faded mummies look sadly at the curious visitor who takes them from the table, their dead, brittle leaves resting against drawing-paper instead of soft-lipped mosses.

The five-mile hill ended at the little settlement called Goodyer's Bar—a fossilized spot, where half a dozen men were discovered, and one girl in a pink calico gown and blue waist. The school-house was closed, the front doors of the houses were closed, and only the sawmill and variety store exhibited any signs of life. Mining was abandoned some five years ago, and only Chinamen persist in sluicing the river for a small pittance.

Thence for four miles the road lies along the river's edge, while on either side rise the dark green mountains. The myriads of pine trees keep up a ceaseless, solemn chant, broken only by the roar of the rushing Yuba.

Farther on was enough beautiful scenery to fill a whole book of poetry; but it soon assumed the air of civilization when Downieville appeared in sight, with its church steeples and court-house tower, its three red bridges and sidewalk-bordered streets. Here was as pretty a mountain village as any that ever nestled between the heights of the Alps or Pyrenees, only it wore the stamp of modern improvement. Here, as in the city, ladies promenade the streets in silks and brocaded stuffs, and men swing gold-headed canes and doff the late styles in hats. What is it that so signally distinguishes the Californian mountaineers from those of the old States of Georgia and the Carolinas, whose primitive life contributes so quaint material to literature? In the California Alps one may enter almost any house and find modern life. Even the miner's cabin is not destitute of marks of civilization. He has his library of standard books, where Shakspere, Ben Jonson, and Goethe are scattered about with the latest magazines. It is natural enough, after all, when one remembers how great has been the influx of eastern population; how many men and their families have settled in California within the last quarter of a century, leaving cultivated homes in the East, sacrificing all for gold, yet bringing with them their taste and enterprise.

The Carolinian has lived and died in his mountain home, leaving his seed to inherit his slack energies and primitive tastes. From the time the first settler put up his log hut in those wilds, the succeeding generations have run in the same groove until they neither know nor desire to know of any other.

From Downieville, the rockaway turned toward Sierra City, twelve miles distant. No sooner had it reached the beginning of the narrow grade along the river than a loaded team was encountered. There was nothing to do but scramble out into the dusty road, while the men united their efforts and pushed the carriage to one side, two wheels fastened in the bank, the other two just missing those of the loaded wagon as it passed. The center of gravity was barely retained—no more. Let it be said that the same adventure was repeated no less than a dozen times during the three days. The road to Sierra City lies along the river; so narrow is it in many places that there is barely room for passage —not one linear foot to spare. As for two teams passing each other—that is as absolutely out of the question as it would be in any Oriental "needle's eye." Some kind providence, aided by the tinkling bells with which the mules and laboring horses are always equipped, prevents accidents. Several times teamsters have been caused whole days of delay by having to take their wagons apart, piece by piece, to make the pass.

Along the entire twelve-mile route there were no towns or villages: only rude mining settlements, where the Chinese worked at river-sluicing or derrick-mining, living in

brush huts and subsisting on their usual meager rations.

The scenery was every hour growing more ruggedly beautiful. Now and then came glimpses of the Buttes—the bare, craggy peaks whither the travelers were going, their summits blue and hazy and glinted with the warm rays of the August afternoon sunshine. Here and there along their massive, ribbed sides were small patches of snow which summer suns had failed to melt, and which cowered in the ravines as though fearful of detection.

Nearing Sierra City, the Sierra Buttes loomed up in grand relief, not dim and hazy now, but sublimely distinct, making the surrounding wooded mountains bow down at their bare feet, like Joseph's brethren. Down through a purple, shady vista, where the sunset shadows sleep, rolls the Yuba—the very same Yuba whose thick, muddy waters are so repugnant to lowlanders, but which here sparkles over the rocks as clear as its tributary rills, and with a pebbly bottom. On one side, where a small stretch of meadow land lies, nestles Sierra City. Now, Sierra City is no city at all; it is only a small village of some three or four hundred inhabitants, whose chief source of life and animation is the great Sierra Buttes mine, one of the largest quartz mines in California.

The rockaway with its four dusty occupants rolled down the one long street of the town, the observed of all observers, and then turned into a side street, where it was drawn up at a hotel and a stone put under a wheel to keep it from rolling back into the main street again.

The sunrise over the Buttes next morning was a sublime sight, indeed. The sun crept stealthily over the "saw teeth" of the highest peak, heralded by rosy flushes and a mellow glow. A before-breakfast walk revealed that all the water from a thousand rills was turned loose in this place. It went pouring down every street, through every door-yard, and fell in miniature Niagaras over every log and rock.

To the Buttes mine was the next move, and to the venerable Buttes Mountains as well. The road wound up at a gentle grade as far as the mine; and the number of loaded teams that were passed impressed one with some sort of an idea of the importance of the great Sierra Buttes mine, with its force of two hundred and eighty employees. Neither of the ladies had ever seen a quartz-mill, and this one with its eighty stamps and powerful machinery impressed them with awe. There are three distinct mills, where the "wheels go 'round" unceasingly, day and night; beside these, are the immense boarding-house, the private cottages of the leading employees, the blacksmith and carpenter shops, the telegraph office, refining rooms, etc.—all forming in themselves a village of unusual bustle and activity. For grandeur of scenery, the Yosemite itself is hardly superior. Along the wide vista where the Yuba flows, the eye wanders, tracing the shades, from the deep heath-purple of the nearer mountains to the hazy, opal tints of those far away. There is an indescribable veil hung over it all, such as no painter could ever reproduce. What a contrast to this dim, shadowy picture of a mist-wrapt river-cañon is that of the bare, rocky Buttes, towering directly above, seeming to look down with a serene scorn on animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms—most of all on the multitudinous toil of the mine!

The first mill they entered was reached by a hilly route not wholly free from dampness, and the explorers found themselves in a dark, noisy basement, where only gigantic wheels with their massive belts revolved eternally. There was not much to see there, so they ascended a short flight of steps to the upper floor, where sixteen "stamps" danced up and down as lightly as though their weight was five ounces instead of one thousand pounds each. As the quartz was crushed by the iron jaws of a machine whose insatiable appetite for bowlders was wonderful to see, the ground rock was passed on to a lower inclined plane, where men with shovels continually fed the "stamps." From the "stamps" the powdered quartz passed through openings curtained with a flapping piece of cloth to save

the small particles, then through the tiny sluice-boxes, down the pipes, down the hillside to the last process. This last process is by means of a Mexican invention, an *arasta*, more than a dozen of which revolve in their beds in the creek. They are large, wheel-like machines, kept in motion by water power, and the fine, almost invisible particles of gold are saved by adherence to the rocks bedded in the sides and center of the machine, the revolving grinder being composed also of rock. It is a rude invention, but one that is very valuable to this immensely wealthy corporation. After passing through a succession of *arastas*, the sand is deposited on the hillside, where it accumulates from year to year, looking like a great snow-bank, and is at length "worked over" with profit.

The two other mills differ only in that they are larger; one containing twenty-four, the other forty, stamps.

"We will go up-stairs, and see them bring up a car-load of rock on this railroad patterned after the Mount Washington one," said the Humorist.

They went up. The small car, whose capacity for rock did not exceed one ton, was drawn up from the bottom of the mountain by an endless chain, on the principle of the dummy-cars on the San Francisco hills.

The roar of water and machinery followed the carriage as it drove briskly away over the white, dusty roads. It was a long and slow, but by no means a tiresome, drive up the steep, winding road which led to the nearest approach to the summits of the Buttes. The scenery was like an ever-changing panorama —now showing the blue, far-off mountains crested with snow, and surrounded by their dark green footstools, the nearer hills; now changing from the wild and grand to the quiet picture of a clear cascade falling over the rocks and moss of a little ravine which shut one in from other sights.

There was no such thing as monotony in these regions, and as they approached what was called Whitney's Camp, a timber-felling point where they had been directed to hitch their horses and "foot it" up to the peak, a novel sight met their eyes.

"Do drive through that snow-bank, please," said the Artist; "it will be something to relate as a summer adventure."

"This is nothing to what you will see at the summit," said the Humorist, as he turned out of the road and crunched through a drift some two or three feet deep.

The Artist was satisfied for the time being. But presently, as a new impulse seized her:

"I want to get out and walk," she said, "and gather some of those lovely wild flowers. This is spring-time in the heart of summer."

So she and the Critic alighted, and the carriage jolted on over the rocky apology for a road. The Critic lighted a cigar and pensively sauntered along, pausing to gather flowers and ferns.

The Camp was reached, and the horses allowed to rest for a while. If a more desolate place could be found than that rude, log-cabined, pine-treed spot, Dickens would have to describe it. He concocted some of the greatest scenes of dismal gloom that ever were in writing. But this was not gloomy. It was simply lonely—dreadfully and awfully lonely—in spite of the Chinaman in the log hut clearing away the refuse of the dinner left by the men, and their far-away ax-strokes which now and then echoed over the still hillside.

Armed with stout sticks, they proceeded to climb through thick brush, fallen timber, and deep snow-banks, to the top of the nearest Butte, stopping at sundry intervals to snowball each other and to slide down a declivity where the snow was some six or seven feet deep and frozen solid. They could almost fancy they were boys and girls again. The summit was attained, and on a throne of rocks the Artist took her seat, drew off her gloves, tossed back her hat, took out her sketch-book and pencil, and began an attack on the Buttes. There they were, right before her, rugged, gigantic, treeless, and rocky. She presently found herself alone; her companions had wandered off. But she was all the better satisfied in this

magnificent solitude. She forgot her picture, and, folding her hands, sat silently gazing at the continuous chain of lovely pictures. The Critic returned after a short absence, with his arms filled with great, pure, golden-torched lilies, whose odor was sweet almost to excess.

When the Buttes were sketched, also the distant, snow-crowned "Old Man Mountain," the party prepared to descend, for the evening was coming on and the air was chilling. Each shouldered one of the great, fragrant lilies as they returned to the carriage—the first step on the return journey from "above."

BUTTERCUPS.

Give me the secret of life universal:
  How does the earth, like a poet's ripe brain,
Bring forth the fruitage of fact and of fancy—
  Gnarled oaks and buttercups over the plain?

Whence the mysterious instinct that broodeth,
  Silent, immortal, through torpor and cold,
Till the sun tempts one more summer, green-bladed,
  Out from the tomb of the years in the mold?

Thus could I stand with my questions till doomsday,
  You, my sweet flowers, are heedless and mute;
Yes—though perchance the great All-soul of nature
  Bides just beneath in the soil at your root.

But I'm beginning to moralize gravely,
  Touching on themes that sage heads have perplexed;
Here will I pause—you are my inspiration,
  You the whole sermon as well as the text.

Yours unalloyed is the gladness of being;
  Tremble with rapture and spill on the ground
Sunshine by thimblefuls—each little chalice
  Lavish the infinite joy it has found.

Then, as the winds gently breathe from the distance,
  Scattering fragrance abroad as they pass—
Shallops on breast of the meadow at anchor—
  Ride the green, languorous billows of grass.

Little it matters what fate is ordaining;
  Children may wantonly pluck you in play;
Your fleeting span has been amply sufficient;
  You have been beautiful for a whole day.

Wilbur Larremore.

THE SEAT UNDER THE BEECHES.

I.

It was hot in Washington. The tar was stewing out of the asphalt pavements in little shiny puddles. Every night a miasma, lifting stealthily from the river-flats, enveloped the sleeping town. Save a few subordinate government officials, the blond element of the population had practically abandoned the Capital, leaving it in the possession of the African contingent.

As for myself, dull aches and fitful, feverish creeps warned my experience that the enemy—Malaria—was approaching, and would presently dominate the vicinage. And what, some ingenuous Californian may ask, is malaria? To shiver with heat and burn with cold; to be all prickly nerves and morbid antipathies; to become at once indifferent and exacting, apathetic and choleric, prostrate with lassitude while aggressively irascible; to be too demoralized to be courteous to your grandmother, too spiritless to cut off your July coupons, or even to appreciate their merit as engravings;—this is malaria. And whence is it, this baleful influence? From venomous vegetable or animal *feræ naturæ?* From a myriad of microscopic spores of toadstool or germs of hellebore that we imbibe with our breath, or a swarm of infinitesimal vampire-scorpions that mob us from without? If plant, is it evergreen or deciduous, annual or perennial, fungous or parasitic? If beast, is it biped or milliped, mammal or mollusk, stinger or biter, reasonable or rabid? Or, if not assignable to flora or fauna, may it not be form of devil, vexing us for our sins? Hardly; for pirate, peculator, and cad are punished no more sternly than the exemplary classes. Is it not rather a noxious exhalation from the political atmosphere—an emanation of the poison which the intrigues, frauds, and base ambitions that rendezvous at national capitals have infused into the air of the dwellers by the Potomac?

Listlessly, at my Bureau desk, I revolved these questions. I ought, of course, to have been anywhere else. But *chez* the Shakes, you neither do nor dare. As writes the author of "John Brent," "I was in that state when one needs an influence without himself to move him from his place." And while vainly essaying to pin to some plan involving action and flight, lo! to me enters a letter—a letter with the postmark "Knollridge."

Instantly a perfume as of herbs and flowers and cream-producing animals seemed to pervade the room. With an unwonted eagerness I opened and read, dwelling especially on these concluding words:

"As old age grows, I cherish more and more those early memories. Thus the son of my first and truest friend will be a most welcome guest. Indulge me, then, for a while, with your face and speech, so like his of forty years ago. Moreover, you must need a change. Do not I know Washington in midsummer! Come, then, and resuscitate your forces with us simple peasantry. Come and uncorrugate your brow, prematurely wrinkled with the cares of state. It is not to myself alone that I invoke you. Books without end and a few good pictures await your perusal and criticism. Also, a multitude of young people are gathered here. They recall the kaleidoscope that Sir David Brewster gave me in the year '18. They will refresh and amuse you, these pretty ones. But Nature no doubt is your true love, with whom you would oft commune alone. So, as a last and most moving inducement, I offer you our pride and boast—the Seat under the Beeches! Fontainebleau itself has no trees more majestic, and the site is the loveliest and most romantic in all this region. It is also the only point that commands a view at once of the distant sea and the mountains—and such a view! You shall have it quite to yourself; my years will not let me accompany you. Here, taking no thought of the hours, you shall lounge with your book, while the ozone of the hills oxygenates your blood and phosphorizes your brain. Here, off duty and unlimbered, you shall muse at will, till all things formal and official, which have been crowding your head, shall become of the slightest possible importance, and even the Revised Statutes shall be less to

you than a four-leafed clover. This is what you most need, my dear George—to be disencumbered of yourself. So, come to us at once. We will meet you at the station. *A voi di cuore.*

"JOHN YESTERWOOD."

Here was clearly my opportunity, nor did I hesitate. To notify my departure to an "acting" chief, to turn over duties and quinine flask to a pale-faced substitute, to hasten to my quarters and pack a portmanteau, was the work of the briefest possible period. A short hour found me ready and waiting where lines of rails most numerous, converging as they stretched on and away, invited to the Unknown, the Tonic, the Free.

The familiar "All aboard!" as we glided off, thrilled like music. It was the "*En voiture!*" the "*Im wagen!*" the "*Partenza-a-a!*" of French, German, Italian conductor, combined in one cheery and inspiring cry. I was leaving Grenoble for Voiron and the Grande Chartreuse. I was starting from Weimar for the Thüringerwald. I was about to climb from Pistoja to Porretta for an Appenine holiday.

Once fairly *en route*, I recalled all that I knew of my father's friend, with whom from time to time I had had correspondence, but whom I had not seen since I was a lad.

My father used to say that never was an American so like that most un-English of Englishmen, William Beckford, in temperament and capacity for experiences, as was John Yesterwood. Full of talent and promise, brave with youth and health, and possessed of a competence, he had entered upon his travels with a zest and an enthusiasm which seemed quite inexhaustible. His long-protracted absence disappointed those prudent friends who had anticipated for him a distinguished career at home. But he was not idle abroad; a man with his nature could not be; and whenever and wherever reported, he was always expending that marvelous energy of his in the cause of the People and on the side, or what seemed to be the side, of Justice and Right. In 1823 news came of his fighting with Bozzaris at Kerpenisi. Later, he was said to have helped the Poles expel Constantine and his Russians from Warsaw. In '36, and again in '37, he served as *aide-de-camp* with Espartero at Madrid. In '48 he threw his heart and force into the cause of young Italy. Taking part with the Milanese in the revolt against Austria and the rout of Radetsky, he stood soon after by Mazzini and his Roman republic, and then by Manin in Venice during the long siege. The repulse here disheartened him, but in France a republic had been initiated, and he came on presently to Paris to join fortunes with its friends. But he had no faith in the Prince-President; Bonaparte being to him a name even more detestable than Bourbon. At the *coup d'etât* he fought from one barricade to another till all was over. Then, indignant at seeing how tamely France succumbed to the imperial tyranny of treason and crime, he felt that the hour had arrived to seek again his native land. Meanwhile, he had had his first and only love episode, and had married a beautiful Sicilian, whose kindred had perished in the dungeons of Bomba.

Now at last returning, he found himself appreciated and popular. Soon (in spite of himself, for he had no taste for "politics") his State insisted on making him its Governor, and at the outset of the late war, he was representing it in Congress. Though then sixty-four years of age, it was for him a very simple thing to gird on a sword and lead troops to battle, and, throughout the long conflict, he was ever the freshest and youngest man in his command. He had also that quality, most rare among our military chiefs—initiative; and wherever so placed that he could design and execute his own movement or attack, his success was complete and signal. The war at an end, no name was more proudly repeated than his, and there was no public position to which he might not naturally and legitimately have laid claim. But his wife was now dead; he was approaching seventy, his life had been one of incessant activity, and the time had come for rest. So, retiring to his old family home, he gathered about him a household of daughters and nieces, and cheered by their youth and happiness, and by the society of many an old

friend, was, at the time of this writing, gliding tranquilly to old age.

Such was the gentleman who had invited me to Knollridge. I need scarcely say that I appreciated the honor, that I determined to be an eloquent listener in his presence, and that I proposed to absorb my full from his stores of varied knowledge and experience. Not over-gregarious of habit, my anticipations did not so much dwell upon the attractive young persons whom I was to meet as upon the charm of the country life and landscape, and that fascinating *seat under the beeches*, where I promised myself many a peaceful hour.

A ghastly night in a so-called "sleeping car," then a recent invention of the Evil One for the demoralizing of humanity, followed by the usual disreputable toilet, brought me betimes in the morning to a little country station in a wooded vale, where, as I stepped from the train, the pure air and sweet nature seemed to make me a gentleman again almost instanter.

"Chaise for Knollridge, sir! Carry-all for Knollridge, sir!. Pony-phaeton for Knollridge, sir! Donkey-cart for Knollridge, sir!"

Electrified, I saw before me some dozen bright-faced and charmingly upholstered young ladies, gesticulating with vehemence and smiles, and brandishing whips withal. It was the Knollridge manner of meeting you at the station.

Duly acknowledging the unexpected attention, I distributed my *impedimenta* among the divers charioteers, and deposited myself in the vehicle of the steadiest-looking of the gay bevy. This done, our cavalcade was presently ascending the hill in picturesque disorder; my companions shouting and laughing in the highest spirits, dropping things, stopping short, trotting, galloping, racing, barely not upsetting—all with that careless facility and absence of fatal casualty characteristic only of the young, the alert, and the elastic.

I need not describe the dashing and vivacious manner in which we drove up to the broad, vine-shaded piazza, where, in a frame of tendrils pendulous with leaflet and flower, sat the noble patriarch, surrounded by as many more young persons as I had already encountered. As he rose and took both my hands with words of welcome, greetings and felicitations were repeated by many musical voices, in the midst of which the announcement of breakfast summoned all within.

The morning was delightfully spent in the picture-gallery; my host, as he conducted me, interjecting many an agreeable reminiscence recalled by one work or another. Gathered from time to time, as he saw and fancied them while straying through Europe, the paintings in his collection represented a remarkable variety of scenes and creations. How did I ever take my eyes from that exquisite gauzy group by Greuze! How did I separate from that deep, rich wood with sheeny pool and cattle by Troyon; that torrent plunging in storm and lightning through that wild gorge by Achenbach; that rural, restful English homestead by Constable; that silvery sea with stately ships by Stanfield! Why did I not dwell longer on those princely heads by Lawrence and Graff and Ingres—those gem-like miniatures by Cosway and Isabey and Malbone! My friend's preferences had clearly been for landscape and for portraits. A striking representation of scenery in Java recalled a series of excursions by coast and mountain road, amid the luxuriant vegetation of that Dutch-Malay paradise. A view in the Cascade range induced him to describe his ascent of the snow dome of the peerless Tacoma. A vessel thrown upon a strange coast brought back his shipwreck off Taewan and episode among the Formosans. A head of Shamyl led to interesting recollections of that intrepid prophet-chief.

In the afternoon we adjourned to the library, and here the *memorabilia* which suggested themselves to my host were even richer and more instructive. The dark policy and measured momentum of Russia, Austria's heterogeneity, Prussia's passion for a *littorale*, the German morganatic marriages with the romance of the Countess of Meran,

the combined sagacity and daring of Cavour, the nobility of nature and brilliant statesmanship of our own Hamilton, the mystical genius of Swedenborg, the power and charm of the quatrains of Omar Khayyam—these and many other topics were touched by my friend with a point and spirit which left me in doubt whether I was being instructed or inspired.

Toward evening, as the family met upon the piazza, I perceived that some dozen young gentlemen had been added to our force. Gradually each of these took possession of a particular young lady, and marched her away into the right or left distance. Mr. Yesterwood remarked incidentally to me that these young people were considered to be "engaged"; adding of one of the gentlemen that he was a promising naturalist, of another that he was an enthusiastic astronomer, of another that he was a rising poet, of a fourth that he was a gallant lieutenant, and so on. The circumstance that so many pretty girls had been thus appropriated made me sensible, as I must confess, of a certain vague chagrin; but as my entertainer, under the suggestion of the moment, proceeded to speak at length of betrothal as a religious ceremony, of the Spozalizio in Italian art, the antiquity of engagement rings, etc., I disposed myself to listen, and quelled the mild regret.

But the day was passing, and, attentive as I was to my senior, the thought would still recur that I had not yet visited that promised *seat under the beeches*, with its charming surroundings and exceptional view. So, later, when my venerable host bade me good night and retired within, I strolled forth toward a clump of great trees discerned in the gray moonlight on a slope of the lawn.

"Just the hour," I said to myself, "for an enchanting outlook from the famous seat; for a vision to give peace to my sleep and grace to my dreams. Nothing could be in better taste than that moon half concealed by the feathery foliage, nothing more becoming to a landscape than this soft, luminous haze."

Eagerly I quickened my pace—but hark, voices! The seat was occupied.

It was the naturalist and his intended who had anticipated me.

"How charming," I heard him say, "to have been the prehistoric man and woman of the good old post-tertiary times!"

"O, but I should have been so afraid of the cave-lion and the woolly-haired rhinoceros," exclaimed the lady.

"We would have domesticated them, and the mammoth too. And then imagine our having a world all to ourselves!"

"But lovers always live in a world of their own, do they not, *mio caro?*"

There was a movement—they were going. Stepping aside from the path, I took a turn among the shrubbery. Returning after a brief interval, I again heard the murmur of conversation. Could I have been mistaken? No; the voices were different.

"To think that I have always dreamed of discovering a new star or nebula and having it named after me, and that my dream is now to be realized!"

"Don't be too sure of that. Besides, am I a star or a nebula?"

"*We* are a double star; like our neighbor Alpha Centauri, for instance, only closer together and enveloped in a light-blue nebula or pink photosphere of our own—"

"Which our love has wreathed about us?"

It were sacrilege to have awaited the answer. Disappointed, I betook myself to the library, and there, quite alone, skimmed languidly through one volume after another, till the tall hall clock sleepily sounded the midnight hour.

Again I sought the lawn. The promise of a perfect night had fulfilled itself. The full night was to the evening what glory is to glimmer; what a happily married woman is to an engaged young girl. "But why should I dwell upon engaged people? All such must now have disappeared from the scene. I shall have the night and the seat to myself." Thus communing, I approached the object of my desires. But again a voice—the voice of a poet reciting to his sweetheart:

"The moon is lovers' lamp and guide,
And when she shines at eventide,
Deep in their dream may lovers stray—
She will not let them lose their way.

"The moon looks down on many a pair
Of lovers—love is everywhere!
But peering through the leafy bowers,
She finds no love so sweet as ours.

"And she is conscious of our bliss,
Has heard our vow, has seen our kiss,
Our plots and plans she knows full well,
But she will never, *never* tell!"

I fled silently like a criminal. What right had I to a confidence denied to the world and imparted only to its satellite? To linger were treason; even now how could I look the moon in the face again?

My sleep that night was troubled, and, waking early, I sought the open air, assured that at this hour I should be alone. It was the sacred instant of dawn. The perfect moment of freshness and repose was still unbroken, while from far away in the east came a flush of light like a grateful surprise. "How rarely beautiful at such a time," I thought, "must be the scene at the beeches! How glorious, seated there, to watch the magnifying day!"

Again I drew near the desired goal. But what sound was that! The early bird quavering half awake its morning song? No, a human accent—that of a girl parting in tears from her lover.

"Dearest, *do* take care of yourself, and keep away from danger, and guns, and cannon-balls, and battles, and all such dreadful things, for *my* sake!"

"I will, dearest, so far as is consistent with Duty; but the talisman of your love shall be ever present to charm away peril and deflect the course of the projectiles. Besides, a shot or shell can always be avoided by a rapid calculation of the equation of its trajectory. Readily estimating its diameter and the angle of departure, you allow something for windage, balloting, the force of gravity, and the resistance of the air (in the ratio of the square of the velocity), and a trifle more for the rotation of the earth—and you have it. The trajectory is, in fact, nothing in the world but an expotential curve with two asymptotes; and I will send you my "Benton," and you shall amuse yourself with tracing parabolas, and integrating differential equations while I am away. As for battles, they are only play to us military men. The bands strike up, the artillery bangs away, the colors are let fly, and with cheers and pæans you charge your platoon at the enemy. Suppose an accident. Ten to one you wake up the next day in good order in a cozy hospital, to find sisters of charity mixing you champagne cobblers and spreading your toast with apricot jam, and a brigadier's commission for 'gallant and meritorious service' awaiting your acceptance."

The brave young fellow, I saw, was doing his best to console his *fiancée;* but I knew, from experiences of my own, that a full hour is no more than enough thoroughly to console a young lady under the circumstances; and as I now remembered having heard, the evening before, that the lieutenant was to depart in a six-o'clock train to join his regiment, I had every reason to believe that the seat would not be vacated for a very considerable space of time. So, ignominiously perhaps, but probably wisely, I went back to bed.

I will not bore the reader by detailing my further attempts to gain the coveted position. Effort toward the unattainable is always a sad and dreary business. Let it suffice to record that at every endeavor I found myself forestalled by some one of the divers pairs of lovers, who, in the occupancy of the favorite resting place, seemed by a kind of tacit agreement to succeed each other in an irregular order from early morning till late at night. At the end of two weeks I bade adieu to my kind host and to the army of the betrothed, some dozen of whom accompanied me to the station, and so departed from Knollridge without having once sat under the shade of the beeches or enjoyed the famous view.

II.

The next summer found me again honored with an invitation from Mr. Yesterwood.

An escort of young ladies, somewhat fewer in number than before, by reason of sundry marriages during the winter holidays, met me as at first at the station, and again conducted me, at the peril of my life, to the hospitable mansion.

This time I came resolved to sit on that seat or perish in the venture; but—must I confess it?—I, the mature, the sagacious man of the world, was on every occasion, as before, foiled by these sentimental courting couples. After a succession, indeed, of unsuccessful strategic movements, I became sensible of the absurdity of my continuing to prowl about with a view to circumvent these philandering youngsters, and gravely concluded that it would be both ridiculous and unmanly to pursue the quest farther. So I abandoned it altogether.

Thus baffled and beaten, I found that I no longer properly enjoyed the original reflections and rare experiences lavished upon me by Mr. Yesterwood. Nor, reader and student though I was, did the manifold treasures of literature and art with which I was surrounded avail to command my thought or occupy my soul. Something appeared to be wanting to the harmony of my being: what, I could not explain. Certainly so slight a circumstance as the disappointment about the *seat* was scarcely adequate to account for the incompleteness and unrest of which I was now conscious.

Even at this period, however, I remained fully faithful to one source of refined enjoyment—my daily repasts. Despite mental uneasiness, I appreciated as freshly as ever the high art which thrice a day expressed itself in an appetizing variety of admirably prepared food and drink, served with elegance and discrimination. And here I may note a circumstance which impressed me on my first visit, but now struck me with especial emphasis. It was that this large establishment of daughters, cousins, lovers, guests, and servants was administered, and perfectly, by a single person, a niece of my host. This lady, who could scarcely have been older than thirty, ordered and regulated everything—marketed, kept the accounts, counseled with the farmer, instructed the gardener, directed the domestics, put up the preserves, housekept in general and in detail. All this without tumult, jar, or confusion. No raucous voices, slammings of doors, or breakings of crocks assailed the ear. A tranquilizing presence pervaded the mansion and made of it a "home of ancient peace." A discipline to which all yielded, but which none perceived, governed the household. You were conscious of agreeable results, knew that your wants were provided for and your tastes gratified, but the agencies and processes were not obtruded.

The lady whom I now discovered to be the inspirer of this perfected system, and whom Mr. Yesterwood never addressed by her first name, as he did the rest, but always as "Niece," not only ordered the *ménage*, but dispensed its charities, received callers, and assumed the responsibility of the family visiting-list and correspondence. These duties she accomplished with the same grace and dignity which she displayed when at the head of the table she deftly blended the constituents of our morning or evening beverage, or drew the plenished ladle from the copious tureen. But except here we rarely saw her during the day.

As to the viands which she caused to be served for our refection at Knollridge—of these I cannot speak with adequate admiration. All were most excellent, many were marvels. In my travels I had partaken of dishes prepared in their supremest agony of invention by some of the most noted master-*chefs* of the period, had studied and thought much upon the subject of the *physiologie du goût*, and as to the theory, if not the practice, of the *cuisine*, had become to my friends an authority and a guide. And I say —and saying it I weigh my words—that not Carême nor Soyer nor Francatelli composed, nor Brillat-Savarin commemorated, repasts more astutely conceived or skillfully constructed, more appropriate to season, occasion, or character of guests, more satisfactory either to an educated appetite or a refined taste, than those that signalized the dinner hour at Knollridge. And the com-

bination of carved and polished mahogany, antique silver, cut-glass, and rare porcelain could scarcely have been surpassed in castle or chateau of the old world. Indeed, the most choice had probably once adorned the *salons* and dining-halls of royal and princely personages, whom revolution, that *bête noir* of the ornamental classes, had summarily dispensed with as anachronisms.

Such was the housekeeping, thus illustrated was the economy, of the lady whom I then knew only as "Niece"—*the* niece *par excellence.* Peerless expert, all that she then was she still is and more! But I am anticipating. It is enough now to say that as daily I noted and enjoyed the results of her skill, her thought, and her care, I came gradually to admire and to honor herself. Thus it happened that when, at the end of my visit, I took leave of the household, it was to "Niece" that I made my special and most respectful adieus.

III.

A year has passed, and for a third time I find myself at Knollridge. Why was it that during the night journey my dreams and visions had been of marriage, and of myself as a marrying man? Methought I had taken my bath in Kallirrhoe water, and, erect in a new *biga*, was driving my bride, arrayed in an embroidered *chiton* and veil of Amargos muslin, to the door of my dwelling, where my mother stood awaiting us, holding on high burning torches. The scene changed: our sheep had been sacrificed, our wedding-cake had been cooked by the vestal virgins, and I was taking home my spouse, a distaff and spindle in her hands, her hair divided with the point of a spear, and the yellow *flammeum* veiling her face. A third vision: borne in a *norimon*, mid the dancing lights of many-colored lanterns, my bride, veiled in the white silk which was one day to compose her shroud, had been escorted to my house by the family procession. Silently and motionless, I had received her silent. Silently had we drunk our fill of *saké* out of the two-spouted kettle.

Why these imaginings, quite outside as they were of my usual vein? Were they suggested by the fact that I was on my way to a very nest and nucleus of lovers, where betrothal and marriage were the industries of the inhabitants? Or were they prompted by reflections upon the homelessness and misery of my then mode of existence—abiding as I did amid the gorgeous squalor and indigestible splendor of a "first-class" hotel? Was it not the horror of a longer continuance of such a *status* that impelled me to dwell upon the only remedy—to imagine myself bringing to a veritable home a female companion, as yet veiled, but who, in the atmosphere of love and sentiment which I was about to penetrate, could scarcely fail to be revealed to me?

But whatever may have been the inciting cause of these meditations, the fact remains that, before I arrived at Knollridge, I had concentrated my faculties upon a momentous final problem. Did I desire even more intensely than ever to occupy *the seat under the beeches?* Undoubtedly. Did I also desire to emancipate myself from the disreputable conditions of a bachelor existence? This, also, most certainly. And might not the one achievement be somehow involved in the other? If the seat, as my researches had indicated, was forbidden to gentlemen unaccompanied by ladies, might I not gain it by assuming a plural capacity? And in thus gaining it, would I not gain more—a future? It was in mentally responding to this giant conundrum that I fell into a placid doze, and so, for once, got the better of the Fiend by actually sleeping in a "sleeping car."

It was evening. A perfectly composed dinner had stimulated my forces while tranquilizing my soul. On the lawn the air was soft and persuasive. The birds were whistling the Swedish wedding march by way of good night. The last locust was droning a drowzy hum. Strolling sedately toward the beeches, I felt that I had rarely assisted at a more successful sunset.

But why, with my experience of the past, was I again wending in this direction? Had

the vision of a lady—clearly the Niece—in the path before me anything to do with my forward movement? Probably; for I now remember that I was presently at her side. I remember, also, that I offered her my arm, and that she took it. Further than this, I know that in a few minutes more, and as if it were the simplest and most natural thing in the world, we were sitting together on the Seat under the Beeches!

"And was the view so fine?" a practical reader may inquire. Really, my friend, I have quite forgotten. Ask my wife.

W. Winthrop.

CHILD-LIFE AMONG THE CALIFORNIA FOOT-HILLS.

I HAVE often heard persons on this coast regret that their children could never have such pleasant memories of childish pleasures as were possessed by themselves: memories of hours spent in coasting down the New England hills, skating on frozen ponds, riding behind the jingling sleigh-bells; memories of "maple-sugar time," when merry boys and girls turned the hot sirup on the snow, and eagerly waited for its cooling; memories of chestnutting and blue-berrying, and the thousand other delightful things that make up the happiness of a New England child. But children, East or West, have merry little hearts that find much pleasure in their surroundings, and I doubt if any persons have happier remembrances than those who have passed their childish years in this State.

It is my good fortune to belong to this number, and the place most clearly recalled by me is a little mining town among the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevada, in Amador County. The town is of more importance at present than formerly, for there is now a railroad connecting it with Sacramento, but at that time it seemed to me a wonderful place. It was built on two sides of a small creek—a very mysterious little stream to childish minds, for it did such queer things. In summer-time it would dwindle down to a mere thread, winding along under the blazing sun, and of no consequence at all to children, except as it kept alive the great red and yellow lilies that grew out of the hot, white sand near its bank.

But in winter-time or early spring, such a change as the little stream showed! It was small no longer, but widened out until it stretched from the live-oaks on the bank on one side to the house-yards on the bluff on the other. And then, when the snow melted in the far-away mountains down came the floods.

Well do I remember being awakened in the night by the sound of logs being dashed violently against the house, and hurrying out of bed to look from the window at the great flood of dark waters surrounding the building, stretching away as far as I could see, and rushing in a swift, powerful tide past the front piazza, carrying along with it great beams of wood, broken branches of trees, and splintered boards, all on their journey toward the Sacramento River.

Little did it matter to me that in the upper end of the town there were people astir in all the houses, dreading lest the foundations of their homes should give way at any moment, and they and all their possessions be swept down by the mass of rushing waters; that all communication between the two sides of the town was stopped by the carrying away of the bridge connecting them; that men were already struggling in the waves that would perhaps beat out their lives; that our own house was in danger. Children do not realize the extent of peril in such times, and I regarded all the excitement as a new variety of extremely interesting play, especially the part in which a portion of one of our floors was taken up, and all haste was made by my father and some one else, whom I very indistinctly re-

member, to reach down and throw up from below some of our firewood that was rapidly being carried away by the flood that swept in at one cellar window and out at the other. Indeed, I remember this very flood with especial gratitude, from the very agreeable circumstance that a turnip, washed out probably from somebody's garden, came floating down the tide directly to our back-door, where it was discovered and fished out, and afterwards, much to my delight, it appeared, mashed and buttered, beside my plate at supper that night. I have never eaten such a turnip since. Its flavor was enhanced by the fascination of its having come from some unknown quarter, through unimaginable perils, up to our very own door.

After many weeks the flood subsided, and a new suspension bridge was built across the creek, that was now a very meek-looking stream indeed. This new bridge was an iron one, and I recollect it very distinctly, for it was the greatest bugbear of my life, as I had to cross it on my journeys for milk. No matter how carefully I began to traverse that bridge, even if I walked on tiptoe, the wires all heard me and began to shake and quiver, until, by the time I had reached the central portion of the bridge, the whole structure would be dancing and trembling at such a rate that I was certain it would fall this time and precipitate me into the creek far below. Many a time have I stood in the center of that bridge, and lifted up my voice and wept at the fate momently expected, much to the amusement of certain pitiless boys who were sure to discover me, and jump up and down on the bridge in hopes of increasing my terrors.

Warned by the flood, my father had a large levee built all around our block. The levee was many months in construction, and was about six feet wide and four or five feet high, of earth faced with boards. I remember how the next flood swept by us, but it could not rush through the levee, much as it tried. However, the water soaked through the ground, and our cellar was covered to the depth of about three feet. So we children had our flood, after all, and we enjoyed it thoroughly; for here was a ready-made sea, and all that was needed was vessels and oars. Tubs and broomsticks supplied these, and we sailed about from one apple-shelf to another, from Baldwin Gulf to Pippin Point, and from Bellflower Bay to Greening Strait—the latter a place of much danger, situated between the foot of the stairs and the opposite apple-shelf, and so narrow as to hardly admit of the passage of our tubs. I have since floated, on a summer's day, on the waters of a blue lake among the New Hampshire hills; I have taken a brisk trip down Boston Harbor when the wind blew out the white sails and the little waves danced in the sun; I have watched from the deck of a great steamer the receding shores of Long Island Sound;—but the best voyages of all were those made in the tubs on the sea down cellar.

Numbers of the "Digger" Indians, as they were called, frequently visited our house. I can remember seeing some motley group, consisting of a man, a couple of squaws, and a papoose, ascending the steps that scaled the levee, and appearing at our door with a demand for watermelons. There was no use in refusing the requests of these Indians, as we discovered to our cost, for if they were not granted the visitors disappeared, merely to return in the night and carry off many more melons than they would have eaten in the day-time. If given permission, the man would go off to our field, choose his melons, and bring them back to the house, where the company would sit down around the pump and begin their feast—the papoose having before this been unfastened from his mother's back, and, still strapped into his frame, placed up against the house, where he blinked his black eyes at the exploits of the others. Having finished their repast, the party would rise, the mother would again strap on her burden, and away they would go, leaving the scene of their banquet strewn with broken rinds and pieces of watermelon. Again and again were these visits repeated throughout the summer.

Some of the Indians were to be hired as

washer-women in default of other more satisfactory servants. A few of the men, even, condescended to such employment. I remember one in particular, named Tom, who used to come at regular intervals to our house to wash. He was unreliable, however, having a taste for the white man's fire-water.

These Indians burned their dead, as do other California tribes. Often, on still, moonlight summer nights, we could plainly hear, borne on the quiet air from the camp miles away, the wailing of these Indians over some one of the tribe that was being cremated; and the next day perhaps some Indian would come to town having his face streaked with the ashes of his dead friend.

Nor were these the only uncivilized beings who were to be seen. On one of the hills just outside the town were the camps of the Chinese miners, near which I remember to have seen with delight, one day, a real Chinese woman trying to walk on her little feet. These camps were chiefly to be valued, in my estimation, as the source whence came a peculiar kind of brown-sugar candy, much relished by children. The only other noteworthy things were the large hats, fringed round the brim with beads, which were worn by the Chinese.

In the spring-time the hills about the town were aglow with wild flowers. Such brilliant colors, such massing of shades, such a bewildering variety of blossoms! There were great patches, gorgeous with the royal purple of the larkspurs and the lighter blue and white sweet-peas, mingled with the golden poppies, and long hillsides covered with yellow wild pansies. How the fields flashed with red and orange and purple, as the wind ruffled their surface! Of what use was it to tell me not to wet my feet by going into the long grass in the morning, but to wait until it was dry, when there, close before me, gleamed such treasures? So, as a consequence of my misdoings, I often paid penance by sitting before the fire for a half-hour after one of my wanderings. One of the places for pansies was in the woods back of our little church upon the hill, from whence I could look across at the mining flume and ditch opposite, and farther on at the little grave-yard, which was connected with the death of one of my playmates—my first experience with that dread mystery that mingles some time or other with the memories of all children, East or West. Then, too, farther out on the hills, were the manzanita bushes, famous for their red berries, which tasted as no other berries ever can. And then—O joyful discovery!—there once in a while was to be found on the hills, down among the dry grass of summer, a veritable horned-toad, with spines standing out sharp and bristling over his head and sides.

Of course, a climate so hot as that of the foot-hills could not fail to produce good fruit; and I remember the fig-trees, into whose branches I used to climb from the levee, and from which I used to pick the purple fruit. Then there were great plum-trees, which, at certain seasons, almost broke their own branches with the accumulated weight of plums; and there were huge peaches and pears, sweet with the warmth of summer. In fact, I considered my home a perfect one, and the idea of its ever being taken away had never occurred, until one day when I saw a sight that frightened me.

At this time there was a good deal of trouble about the Arroyo Seco grant. I knew nothing about it, being a mere child at the time; but I remember one day looking out at the road far back of our house and seeing, filing along on horseback, a large band of soldiers. Where were they going? I watched and saw them come to the house of one of our nearest neighbors, a kind old man whom I knew very well, and whom, with his wife, I used to visit occasionally. I watched the movements of the soldiers with dismay, until, overcome with terror, I rushed into the house to find my mother and get some explanation of the probable fate of my old friend. Was he to be shot? Would the wicked soldiers come and kill us next? But my mother told me that our neighbor had not properly bought his land, and that the soldiers would make him either pay or give up his possessions. But this information merely increased my terror. Would not the

soldiers come to our house and drive us away from our pretty home, too? No assurance to the contrary could entirely calm my mind. Although I was told that my father had bought the Arroyo Seco title to his land, yet I felt uneasy. Nor were my fears at all diminished by the appearance of the agent of the Spanish claim at our house at dinner a few days afterwards. He was a tall, dark man, and I can distinctly remember how very much afraid of him I was. I know my fears did not pass away until he left, when, finding he had really done us no harm, I immediately forgot all about him, and became once more jubilant over the beauty around me. It is strange how few disagreeable things will be remembered by people who look back at childhood's occurrences. It seems to be natural for us to forget almost all those things that annoyed us, and to remember so many pleasant ones that our childhood, whether spent East or West, seems to us the happiest one that could ever have been lived.

Mary E. Bamford.

BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS.

Beyond the mountains—ah! beyond
  How fair in fancy gleams
The valley with its spreading fields,
  The glint of winding streams!
Beyond the purple mountain's height
  Stray all our happy dreams.

We sit beneath the moaning pine,
  By waves that pass our door;
We say, this scene is fair, and yet
  We sigh for something more;
And long to pass with eager feet
  The far-off mountains o'er.

At eve the night bird faintly sings,
  In murmurs sweet and low;
The new moon's slender crescent gives
  The sky a tender glow.
How fair the stars, how warm the wind,
  How soft the river's flow!

But there, where longing fancy flies,
  And wayward hearts still turn,
A deeper music charms the soul,
  The red stars brighter burn;
And laughing streams go leaping down
  From nooks o'erhung with fern.

When heavy clouds above us roll,
  Blue skies are over there;
When storm-winds fret around our eaves,
  There zephyrs whisper fair.
Beyond the mountains—ah! beyond
  Love fills the sunny air.

E. C. G.

LA CIUDAD DE LA REYNA DE LOS ANGELES.—II.

To the eastern tourist entering by the Southern Pacific road, Los Angeles is a perpetual surprise. That great connecting thoroughfare, the Southern Pacific railway, traverses for hundreds of miles a barren, desolate country, not wholly uninteresting, but far from attractive. The ride is tedious and dusty, the broad sands of the Colorado Desert finally weary the eye, and the traveler looks forward eagerly to the garden of the gods that he is told to expect on the other side of that nearing range of mountains.

The mountains are crossed, through the grand natural roadway of the Sierra Gorgonia Pass, and—as if one had stepped through a door from a poverty-stricken room into another furnished like a palace—the train is passing through a rolling expanse of verdure, free from rocks, or even cobble-stones; past broad grain fields and thrifty corn patches; past smooth hillsides covered with sheep. Downward the train goes, past the old Mission of San Gabriel with its weather-beaten walls, yet sturdily upholding a modern roof, until the level sweep of the Los Angeles valley is reached, and the clustering habitations ahead show where the once frail offshoot of the decayed Mission triumphantly stands. The old-time Porciuncula River, now dividing the main city from its pleasant suburb—East Los Angeles—is crossed, and the train halts at the busy station one mile from the heart of the city. Even now, when one can scarcely be said to have seen anything of Los Angeles, he is charmed with the luxurious vegetation and with the softness of the air.

The original settlement of the Spaniards lies between the station and the American town, little changed since the days of Mexican rule, except that the ruthless mark of time is upon the large, low, adobe buildings. Most of the houses, however, are in a habitable condition, and here the native element of the city is congregated. The narrow, dirty streets have a sleepy, semi-deserted air, that is strikingly in contrast to the bustling Anglican portion of the town. It is as if a slice of Mexico and a slice of the United States were set side by side where the eye can study the peculiarities of each at one and the same time, and it gives Los Angeles an unusual and unique interest. The plaza, around which were arranged the homes of the twelve original families, is a pretty spot, covered with ornamental trees and semi-tropical shrubs and flowers; like the older streets, it is of no such liberal size as public parks or streets laid out nowadays. A portion of the Mexican town has been converted to the uses of the inevitable Chinaman. Wherever there are houses and people, you also find "John." The old adobe buildings, rented or owned by the Chinamen, are reconstructed in their interiors so as to furnish accommodations for a large number of persons in an astonishingly small space. An apartment the size of an ordinary stateroom in an ocean steamer is considered ample for the occupancy of a dozen—indeed, one may almost say an unlimited number of Chinamen. Tier after tier of rude berths line the walls; in the majority of cases, no window admits the light of day or serves to purify the opium-laden atmosphere; it is, therefore, not a matter of surprise that such buildings, after being monopolized by the Chinese, are totally unfit for occupation by any other race, and must remain in the hands of their Celestial tenants, or else be destroyed to make room for new structures. Almost the entire laundry work of the town is done by Chinamen, and the "washee-houses" are permitted to stand outside the limits of "Chinatown," at various points about the city. But the line of demarkation between the old town—commonly called Sonora—and the new is very distinct. From the plaza westward, the features are unmistakably those of a rapidly growing American

city. Here there are no defined limits. With a vast amount of available space, the city is spreading itself almost like magic over the level valley, and up the hillsides, and upon the heights. From these heights there is an unparalleled view of the beautiful town nestled amid a wealth of perennially green foliage, of the wide orchards and vineyards stretching far out toward the sea, dotted with villas and farm-houses, and of the fertile fields and pastures. On clear days, the ocean itself may be discerned, with the bold outline of Catalina Island; and a fitting background to the picture is formed by spurs of the Coast Range, the Sierra Madre Mountains (or San Gabriel—both names are in use) to the north, and the Sierra Santa Monica range to the west. It is to this partially sheltered situation, and to its nearness to the ocean, that Los Angeles owes its notably mild and equable climate. The force of the westerly and northwesterly winds—which are the rough winds of the Pacific coast—is broken by the peculiar trend of the mountains; and the heat of the sun—which in summer is excessive—is counteracted by the cool sea breeze that blows every afternoon. The winters are never severe, and the summers are far more endurable than those of the Atlantic coast, since the atmosphere is less damp, and a higher degree of heat may be endured without discomfort than in the heavier air east of the Rocky Mountains. Moreover, the nights—elsewhere the worst part of hot weather—are invariably cool and pleasant here, even after the warmest day. A pair of blankets is essential the year round, and one awakes from sleep refreshed for the new day. The mean temperature for the month of January has been given at 52°, and for the month of July at 75°. What with these figures, which bear comparison favorably with those of any health resort now known in the world, and the varied surface of mountain and seashore, lowlands and *mesa*, in "semi-tropic California," from which to select one's individual desideratum, there seems every justification for the claims of the region as a sanitarium. Until recently, this country has been somewhat difficult of access, but the newly opened transcontinental route has brought it within a few days' journey of any point of the East.

Prior to the advent of the Southern Pacific railway, in 1876, the growth of Los Angeles was very slow. In 1871, the population of the entire county, which contains an area of over three million acres, was but sixteen thousand. The census of 1880 gave eleven thousand as the population of the city, a year and a half later it was estimated at fourteen thousand, and to-day at twenty-two thousand. An activity unprecedented in its history has prevailed since the beginning of the year 1882. Strangers have flocked to the place from all quarters, in such numbers that adequate accommodations could scarcely be provided. Hotels and lodging-houses have been crowded to their utmost capacity, and have been forced to reject many applicants for admittance. Every private house has been brought into requisition, many being made to do duty for several families. Rents have increased fifty per cent., notwithstanding that as many as twelve hundred houses were built last year, and quite as many are being erected this year. It is not infrequently the case that a house is engaged by some anxious *pater-familias* as soon as the lumber of which it is to be constructed is hauled to the ground; and there is an equal scarcity of places for business. The construction of stores and offices has kept pace with the growth of residences, and the business portion of the town is fast assuming a substantial aspect. There has been a very noticeable progressive movement in religious affairs, and the various denominations are providing themselves with handsome buildings. The fine cathedral of St. Vibiana, consecrated in 1876, is the largest house of worship in the State, with the exception of that built not long since by the Jesuits in San Francisco, and the Mexican church, "Our Lady of the Angels." This church was founded in 1826, and contains some well-preserved oil-paintings of the saints and Biblical scenes. The city employs over forty teachers in the public

schools, at salaries ranging from seven hundred to eighteen hundred dollars per annum, and sends to its schools two thousand pupils; there are besides several private schools and kindergartens, a Roman Catholic college, and a large school kept by the Sisters of Charity. The University of Southern California is situated on the western outskirts of the city, and is in a highly prosperous condition, though only in the third year of its work. A branch of the San Jose State Normal School, in a sightly position upon the brow of a hill, was opened in August, 1882, with one hundred pupils. Los Angeles County is the third on the list of State appropriations for schools, receiving from that source last year $96,-679.99. In addition to this fund, $61,241.-05 were derived from the county, city, and special taxes. Ten per cent. of the State fund is by law devoted to the purchase of books and apparatus for each school district, so that even a remote mountain district possesses a constantly enlarging library. There are about eighty schools in Los Angeles County at present, exclusive of those in the city. Los Angeles is well supplied with newspapers; the Spanish, French, and German nationalities are represented by weekly journals, and there are several English daily and weekly publications. Four good-sized and well-furnished rooms are devoted to the uses of a public library. The stock of books is less than four thousand, but what is lacking in quantity is made up in quality, the selection being unusually admirable.

Los Angeles is a city of especial beauty in the very general appearance of refinement, thrift, and even luxury in its homes; not merely because of a large number of well-to-do dwellings, but because of the custom of surrounding every one, rich or poor, with beautiful gardens. The long rows of bare tenement houses, or of monotonous, if palatial, swell fronts, that are so common in eastern cities, are not seen in Los Angeles; instead, even in the heart of the city, are detached homes, each with its own lawn and flower-garden. In these, numberless varieties of flowers bloom throughout the year. Pets of eastern green-houses fearlessly rear their heads in the freedom of the out-door atmosphere, and grow to gigantic proportions. It is not uncommon to see an aspiring geranium climbing to the roof of a cottage, a heliotrope spreading its fragrant blossoms over a bay-window, or a rose or honeysuckle making a perfect screen of the trellis of a veranda. These roses!—whether sturdy tree or vine, they are perfection, in their great variety, their exquisite shades of color, and their profusion of bloom. They are everywhere, even in the season when all vegetation is blighted in Eastern States; and much is the enthusiasm of strangers over them, and over the rows, sometimes forty or fifty feet in length, of stately callas, loaded with white blossoms. Nearly every yard is surrounded by a thrifty hedge, sometimes of geraniums, generally of closely cut Monterey cypress; and various sorts of evergreen and ornamental trees and shrubs are a general feature of these pretty gardens. The lawns are perennially green and carefully tended; the streets are, along much of their course, lined with the rapidly growing pepper-tree, whose red berries against the vivid green of its graceful foliage are a pretty feature; or with the tall, bluish eucalyptus. The heavily freighted orange and lemon trees mingle their green and gold with the other trees in most of the yards. It is not necessary to seek the open country for a view of the orchards whose fame has gone far abroad; they lie hither and yon, here but a small inclosure, there a generous tract, within the confines of the city itself; others are in the suburbs, and still others out in the valley.

The city is one great garden, six miles square—a proof of the capabilities of this southern soil (a loose, sandy loam, with occasional patches of adobe) when assisted by an abundant use of water. An apparently barren, worthless spot soon blooms out under irrigation. The supply requisite to maintain this luxuriance of verdure is obtained from the Los Angeles River by a system of ditches, or *zanjas*, and is considered ample for a city of much greater size than Los Angeles is at present, if carefully husbanded and judiciously distributed. The present system

of open ditches and wooden flumes, however, is liable to much leakage of the precious fluid, and demands continual repairs. The loose, sandy soil, too, absorbs a large proportion of the stream in the ditches before it reaches its destination. Doubtless iron pipes will erelong be substituted for these *zanjas.* The city controls all the water of the river. That devoted to irrigation is taken out of the stream by two small canals (one for the city proper, and one for East Los Angeles), from which the *zanjas* proceed. The main ditches are three feet by two in dimensions, and the others are two feet by one. The charge for individual use of the water in summer is fifty cents by the hour, two dollars by the day, or one dollar and twenty-five cents if taken at night. The rates are fifty per cent. lower during the rainy season. Parties wishing to obtain the water must make application at the *zanjero's* office at the last of each month; he will then apportion a certain day and hour to each applicant, and furnish a ticket entitling the possessor to the privilege decreed. The *zanjero*, or water commissioner, has six deputies in summer, when the greatest amount of irrigation is required, and three in winter; and ticket holders receive the water from one of these deputies at their own connecting-gate, which when not in use is kept fastened by a stout padlock. Two water companies also furnish water to the city for domestic purposes: one from the river, some ten or twelve miles above the irrigating canals; the other from a *cienega*, or marsh, of thirteen acres, near by. There are also several natural and artificial reservoirs used by the city for the storage of water during the rainy season.

The sanitary condition of Los Angeles, however good it may be, is in spite of its seweragesy stem, which is only beginning to be attended to. Nevertheless, for a city that is a popular resort for invalids, the death-rates are not great. There is some malaria along the river-bottom, but scarcely enough to be worthy of comment; while epidemics are virtually unknown; sun-strokes or thunder and lightning are out of the question. A climate which averages two hundred and forty sunny days in the year, and permits one to spend a large share of his time out of doors, cannot but have a favorable effect upon the system of most human beings. The percentage of deaths for the year 1882 was 16.57 to the thousand inhabitants, and notwithstanding the fact that this ratio was largely increased by the decease of transient boarders; the births registered for that period of time were in nearly the same proportion.

The amount of business transacted in the post-office is a good criterion by which to estimate the importance of a town. A glance at the figures of this office for two or three years past reveals a sturdy and promising growth. For the quarter ending March 30, 1881, the net profit to the government was $5,595.97; for the same period of time in the following year it was $7,051.14; and for that of this year it was $8,447.27, the total receipts for three months being $10,636.57.

As in most towns on the Pacific coast, there is a lack of manufactories in Los Angeles, and much urgency toward their establishment on the part of the local journals. There is said to be an inexhaustible supply of petroleum, covering two hundred thousand acres of land, in Los Angeles County and the adjoining county of Ventura, which would furnish the requisite fuel for manufacturing purposes; and it is estimated that there are fifty important industries not yet represented in this section. The gas with which the city has been lighted is generated from asphaltum obtained from beds a few miles distant, but its yellow glimmer is now cast into the shade by the more brilliant bluish blaze of Edison incandescent lights, which first threw their rays over the city on New-Year's eve, 1883. Seven masts, one hundred and fifty feet in height, are stationed in conspicuous positions—five in the main town, one in East Los Angeles, and one at Boyle Heights, a pleasant suburb near the County Hospital. Two of these masts are of eight-thousand-candle power, and the remaining five are six-thousand-candle power. The illumination, though an improvement on

gas, especially on cloudy or foggy nights, when it best reveals its power, is not satisfactorily complete, more masts being needed.

Eight miles from Los Angeles, and in sight of the old Mission, where the Padres planted the first orange-trees and vines raised in Southern California, is Pasadena, a model village devoted to the culture of all varieties of semi-tropical products. Pasadena is a second Riverside—a place where liberal expenditure and thorough cultivation have been combined with great natural attractions; it will soon be connected with the city by a narrow-gauge railway. Beyond Pasadena, perched on a shelf of land at the very base of the San Gabriel Mountains, is the Sierra Madre Villa—the most popular resort in the vicinity of Los Angeles, commanding one of the most charming views in the world. The broad San Gabriel valley, with its wealth of orchards and vineyards, its grain fields and handsome villas (for here are the estates of many gentlemen of means), its historic Mission and quaint adobe town of San Gabriel, stretches for twenty miles to the sea; and there are few fairer spots in the universe. Santa Monica, a little town on the seacoast, is becoming a very popular watering-place. During the heated term it is crowded with pleasure-seeking Los Angeleños, and every Sunday the year round the trains which run to the place are obliged to put on extra cars to accommodate those who spend their one day of rest on the beach.

The "City of the Angels" is, indeed, fast assuming metropolitan airs. It aspires to become the capital of a new State that shall be parted from the parent body by the natural division of the Tehachapi Mountains, and comprise all of semi-tropic California—a region differing in many respects from that to the north of the barrier of hills. It behooves us to inquire whether there is anything in the surroundings of the ambitious little city to justify its expectations. Before Los Angeles can develop any advantageous commerce or coast trade, she must control a railway to her port of San Pedro, and be independent of the monopoly hitherto exercised by the Southern Pacific Railway Company. The rates on freight for the short distance between the port and the town are one-half those charged from San Francisco to San Pedro. But the country contiguous to Los Angeles, though given over in early days to immense herds of cattle and horses, is eminently adapted to agricultural purposes, and is rapidly becoming settled by farmers. Unless the land is irrigated or naturally moist, the state of the crops depends upon the annual rainfall. This, a dozen years ago, averaged eighteen inches, but the amount is now less. Last year, which was termed a "dry" one, the fall was something over ten inches, and about "half crops" were produced. This year the fall was greater, but it came too late to properly nourish the early-planted grain; and the later-sown, which gave promise of an abundant yield, has been greatly damaged by a succession of drying northwesterly winds, so that another failure is anticipated, contrary to the usual order of things; for it is seldom that an unfavorable year is not followed by a bountifully blessed one. Discouraging as these conditions are to farmers, the state of the county is better than might be supposed. The blighted grain will make an abundance of hay; the orchards and vineyards, being universally irrigated, are not affected by the dispensations of the heavens; and every year the acreage planted to trees and vines is greater. Unquestionably, the culture of fruit is destined to become the chief industry of Southern California, and will bring this favored section into marked prominence. Already there are raised a wide range of products of both the temperate and semi-tropical zones, attaining a superior degree of excellence. Side by side, one finds the orange, lemon, lime, apple, peach, pear, pomegranate, nectarine, apricot, fig, plum, prune, olive, walnut, almond, and other choice varieties of fruit; while the raisins are attracting favorable notice in the Eastern States, and the native wine is sent to Europe in large quantities, and returned labeled as the choicest of exports from the Mediterranean shore. While one must wait eight or

ten years for the profits of an orange orchard, a vineyard begins to yield returns in three years. The number of vines planted last year is largely in excess of the number of fruit trees. It is believed that there is no danger of flooding the market with either raisins or wine, since the regions where these can be produced are so limited in extent. There were reported to be in bearing in the county, in 1882, fruit trees as follows: Orange, 450,125; lemon, 48,350; peach, 38,175; apple, 64,380; olive, 4,000; quince, 3,100; pear, 23,640; walnut, 33,000; plum, 8,335; almond, 3,000; fig, 10,225. The number of acres bearing grapes was 11,440. The value of the fruit crop of 1881 was $950,000, and the aggregate for 1882 must have been considerably larger. There were produced in the same year 11,700,000 bushels of wheat, 1,267,500 bushels of corn (Los Angeles is the third corn-growing county in the State), 28,250 tons of hay, 7,000 tons of potatoes, 220,000 pounds of butter, 855,450 pounds of cheese, 3,550,670 pounds of wool, and 275,000 pounds of honey; 3,100,000 gallons of wine, 145,000 gallons of brandy, and 7,000 barrels of beer were made. The production for 1882 was probably increased by thirty per cent. I regret that I am unable to obtain statistics for the last year. There are six wineries in the county, one of which is the largest in the world. 4,800,000 new vines were planted in 1882, and large tracts of land have been plowed this spring for additional vineyards.

Further details are not needful to show that the country is one of exceeding promise; and that Los Angeles, as the commercial center of so productive a region, has before it a bright future. Tributary villages are fast springing up at intervals of a few miles, which enhance the business prosperity of the city. Land is held at high figures, yet the rates do not prevent a great number of real estate transfers. Doubtless there would be more settlers of limited means if prices were brought within their reach; but land agents are as thick as "bees in clover," and, like the bees, appear to be having a good time of it. The County Recorder reports the number of deeds filed for record in the month of April as 581; consideration, $1,098,833.56. The number of mortgages was 127, amounting to $178,822.58, and the amount of fees received during the month was $1,909.25. Parties who purchased land a few years ago, when such investment seemed unprofitable, are reaping a harvest now. For instance, a tract of one hundred and forty-one lots, in the vicinity of the normal school, was sold for $1,500 to a gentleman who has since realized $43,000 from less than the amount of land purchased. In another portion of the city, sixteen lots were bought, in 1867, for $55. Their fortunate owner has sold ten of the number for $8,000, having six yet remaining. The old days of *dolce far niente*, non-progressive existence, have vanished, never to return.

Clara Spalding Brown.

KING COPHETUA'S WIFE.

CHAPTER IX.

"What had I been, lost love, if you had loved me?
A woman, smiling as the smiling May,
As gay of heart as birds that carol gayly
Their sweet young songs to usher in the day.

"Like the soft dusk I would have veiled your harshness
With tendernesses that were not your due—
Your very faults had blossomed into virtues
Had you known how to love me and be true."

Slowly the spring went by, the changeful weather of March gave place to the warmer days and mild showers of April, and these, in turn, gradually yielded to the settled sunshine, the pale, sweet flowers, and the jubilant bird-songs that proclaimed the arrival of May. It was on an afternoon of delightful beauty that, returning from a brisk walk out towards Cambridge, I found a brief note awaiting me. The small square of

stained paper lies before me now, for I have never found courage to destroy it. And these are the words it contains, evidently written by a trembling hand, and most hastily:

FRANK: Will you come to me at once, please? I am forced to call some one to counsel me, and you are the only friend to whom I dare turn, or upon whose friendship I can make this demand. To tell you that I *need* you, and *instantly*, will; I am sure, bring you here without delay.

MADGE BARRAS.

Then I felt that the end had come, and stood looking blankly at the note in my hand, with a train of emotions passing like a whirlwind through my frame. Regret, fear, hope—which stood forth most prominently? which possessed me most strongly as I hurried over to the house that had held so much pleasure for me in days now gone by? Ah! I know not; but as I went up the steps, it was fear that grasped my heart with a firm hand, and sent trembling thrills of distressful anxiety over me. After a minute I rang the bell, and Madge herself came to the door. She did not smile, her face was calm and cold—cold as the hand she placed in mine. We passed into the small parlor and sat down.

"I wrote for you to come, Frank, because I am about to leave this house, and you can tell me what I must do concerning some business matters in connection with my going."

"To leave the house?" I repeated.

"Yes"—still with that frigid air of composure. "Neil has gone away from me. We had an outspoken talk last night, and I told him truthfully that I could not, would not, endure longer the worriment his actions caused me; that this thing could not go on further. He has been wholly unlike his old self for a good while, and I have honestly tried as hard as I could to stand his willful and erratic movements, but my strength in that direction has given out. I will not"—her voice shook a trifle—"I *cannot*, enter into the details of the conversation; but when I came down this morning I found that he had packed his trunks and gone, leaving a letter for me, in which he said that the house was at my disposal; that all the money I could need would be supplied me by his agent; and that, as the cause of my unhappiness would be removed by his absence, he hoped I might be very happy. And he added, that, for himself, he did not ever expect to come back to distress me. I shall leave here at once, go to New York, and prepare to return to the concert-stage in the fall. At least I can support myself, as I used to do before he came to me." She broke down.

"Oh, how could he have wound himself about my life and love so firmly and forsake me now? I do not care for men and women, and what they think; my only thought is to get away from here as speedily as possible. I shall close the house, give the keys to Mr. Savary, who is my husband's business man—and yours, too, I believe. Whatever valuable ornaments Neil gave me I shall also leave with him. Nothing that is of any intrinsic worth goes out of this house with me. It would break my heart to speak of this to you, and to do these things, if Neil had not broken it already by taking his love from me.

"I shall ask you to advise me in regard to some minor affairs that must be looked after, and I have written Mrs. Jaquith (who told me to come there if ever I needed a place of refuge) that I am so situated now I must take her at her word and go to her. She has a kind and loving heart, and will, I know, help me in my strange and painful position. Somehow I seem to be talking of another person from myself; I cannot realize that it is I who am thrown off like a cast-off garment. Why did he come to me? Why could I not have been left to work and struggle on in my profession? I was at least independent of any one's love, and of late years I have leaned entirely upon Neil's affection—it was my all; and now that it is taken from me, I am fallen indeed."

Just then, and before I could venture any words of cold comfort, little May Barras came running in with a glad cry of, "Auntie, auntie, see, I have brought some violets to

you." And Madge, with a low, sobbing moan, took the child in her arms and held her close against her breast, while she still kept up the mournful wailing sound that was more sad than weeping would have been. May was frightened at last, and struggled to get down; Madge put her away on the instant, and turned to me with passionate despair.

"You see, I have not the power to hold the love even of a child: this baby, whom I have petted and caressed from day to day, cured of her lisp and loved—this pretty, pampered child turns from me. Perhaps, O, perhaps, if God had given a child to me it might have held Neil's love for me. But no, no: I should not have prized a love like that; I wanted it all for myself. It would have been worthless to me unless won and kept for me by my own self."

The violets that May had brought in were lying scattered over the floor, and the child busied herself in picking them up, and, all unheeded by Madge and myself, ran from the room.

I did my best to calm Madge, talked over with her the details of her next movement. It was all in vain that I tried to persuade her to not leave Neil's house. She cared nothing for what the gossipers around might say, and showed herself resolute and determined in the arrangements she had planned for herself.

It was dusk before I started to go, and as I stood drawing on my gloves in the vestibule, Neil's brother Maurice came in so quickly that he ran violently against me. Madge went back into the reception-room, and Maurice put both his hands upon my arms and asked:

"What in the name of common sense is going on here? Mabel came hurrying home with a sorry story about Madge that we could understand nothing of, except that 'Auntie was crying,' and squeezed her so that she hurt her; and when I was coming out a letter from Neil was brought to me that was more perplexing even than the child's report. *What* is it?"

I sent him in to Madge; and, feeling that it was not for me to witness their meeting, was about to go down the steps when Maurice came back and said earnestly:

"Remember, Frank, that I shall stand by Madge whatever the trouble is. I love my brother, but Madge shall not be left alone; and the world must be shown that whatever fault there is does not rest with her."

"Then," I said—"then you will advise her about and act for her in the two or three small matters that I was to have attended to, will you?"

"Yes, in everything. She must leave everything to me. But there will be nothing to do if Neil is really going abroad, as he writes me. Madge is to stay on here, and—But good by, I must go in and try to understand it all."

The next evening Maurice came to see me.

"Madge is with us for the present," he said, "although I had a hard fight to get her consent to such an arrangement. But it is better so for her and for us. She will have a chance to rest, and to make further plans for herself. We want her to stay there until Neil regains his reason, but she is bent upon going to New York, and preparing for singing in public next season. There is no use in arguing with her now, but we shall do all that we can by and by to persuade her to give up the notion."

"Let her go," I answered him—"let her go. Don't you see that the woman must have some outlet for her pent-up, wounded love, pride, and passion? And what will help her so much as singing and working? Employing all of her time in study and practice, she will not have to sit and brood over what has taken place. Let her go, and she will come out of this thing a thousand times stronger and better in every way. But you told me Neil was to go abroad; Madge did not speak of it: is it true?"

"True? Yes." Oh, if Neil could have heard the unspeakable scorn in his brother's voice! "He did not say anything of where he was going in the letter he left for his wife; but he wrote me that he should sail for England at once, and that he had been

making his preparations for two or three days."

"For England?—because Mrs. Beldon is there, I suppose," I broke in harshly. "The fool! I thank God that Harry is with his sister, for his influence will do something towards keeping these two foolish creatures apart."

I saw that this thought of Neil and Mrs. Beldon both being in England at the same time had not occurred to Maurice, for he turned a trifle red in the face, and moved uneasily in his chair.

"But about Madge," he said, at length. "I think that both the children are a comfort to her, yet she clings most tenderly to my boy Neil, and I fancy it is because he is named for his uncle. What clinging, faithful creatures women are—some of them! I believe now that if her husband were to come back and treat her with the least show of love, she would pour out all the devotion of her heart upon him again, after the manner of the alabaster box of ointment that the woman poured upon the head of Jesus. My wife says that she cannot understand this loving fidelity Madge shows under the insult of Neil's leaving her, and I doubt if many women could. What do you think, Frank, about Neil's returning? Will he come back to his wife repentant at the last, or not?"

"I do not know. I am not sure that I have given the matter much thought, and perhaps it does not concern me anyway. He has placed himself under a ban socially, and I should think that pride, if he has any left, would militate against his returning to his old home and associates. But I give him up now entirely as a problem that I cannot solve, and am quite ready to be told of any sort of freak on his part. Besides, Maurice, I do not allow my thoughts to dwell on the subject; I have my own burdens to carry, and they are wofully heavy ones. So I shut my heart as much against the troubles of other persons as possible. Selfishness, my friend, is the only sure entrance to the roadway of ease."

"Then my brother must have found his way into that pleasant path, and no doubt will keep steadfast therein. I must be going. Will you come over to the house with me, and see my wife and Madge? They will be glad to see you, I know; and you have neglected us a good deal of late. Come, it is a fine night for the walk."

"Thank you, not to-night; but I will call to-morrow morning instead, if you please."

So Maurice went away, and the next morning I found myself at the foot of the stairs leading up to his front door. I entered the pleasant house, and was shown straight into the morning-room, where Mrs. Barras and Madge were sitting with the two children playing near them. The little Mabel found her way speedily into my lap, and looked anxiously through my pockets in quest of the chocolate drops that I had been accustomed to keep on hand during our stay in the country the summer before.

"Why, Uncle Frank, you haven't any candy now! Didn't you bring any at all?"

"No, pet, I forgot the candy this time; but I will send it up in the afternoon for you and Neil both."

"But that isn't *now*, Uncle Frank. I like my good things right off, but we always have to wait for those; it's only the bad things that come all at once, and lots of them, too."

"Don't you mind her, Uncle Frank," little Neil interrupted; "don't mind her, she's always grumbling. Uncle Neil used to give her a dollar every week just for chocolate-creams, and she wasn't satisfied then. What made Uncle Neil go away, Auntie Madge?"

"He went because he wanted to, Neil. You ought not to find fault with Mabel, for she always shares her candy with you; and you know how fond you are of chocolate-creams, dear." Madge gave no vocal evidence of the strain that was upon her. "Yes, Mabel, we do have to wait for the good things sometimes—we grown persons as well as you children. But we are all the better for waiting, I have no doubt, and think how much more we enjoy the pleasantnesses when they come. Besides, are you

not a little ungrateful to Uncle Frank since he has promised that you shall have the sweets by and by?"

The child put her arms about my neck and whispered the inquiry: "Am I, Uncle Frank? I didn't mean to be, if you'll *really* and *truly* send Peter up with them this afternoon." And then she left me to go to her aunt, upon whose lap she crept, cuddling against her breast, while the boy Neil stood beside the chair smoothing Mrs. Barras's cheek, and now and then stooping to whisper some loving words into her ear.

I staid only a little longer, and Madge, as she bade me good by, said: "I shall leave for New York in a few days now, Frank, but will let you know as soon as I have decided on the day. Maurice has kindly offered to go on with me and leave me at Mrs. Jaquith's house. And, by the way, Mrs. Jaquith has telegraphed me to come there at once, and that letters from both her and Adam are on the way. So I am quite free to go to her, you see."

When I reached home, I found a letter from Harry. There were descriptions of persons and things, of English society and general outside gossip. Then he went on to say:

"I played here in London last night, and with good success. Everything passed off delightfully, my nerves were well under control, and the audience (which was an exceptionally cultivated and famous one) was good enough to be pleased—enough even to satisfy me. Beulah seems well and happy, although she is leading a somewhat quiet and retired life. She worries unnecessarily over my lack of health, and devotes much more time to careful attention to my real or imaginary wants than she does to her own enjoyment. She says that she does not like English society, and makes Hugh's rather recent death an excuse for refusing invitations, of which we have an absurd amount.

"Write to me at once, and tell me all about Neil Barras and his wife. Remember that you cannot tell me too much: every little movement on his part or hers will be of interest to me. Do not conceal anything, out of fear that I shall be pained. Tell me *all.*

"I have just picked up a book with the autograph of rare Ben Jonson on the title-page, and you shall have the small, antique volume if you will come after it, or if you will be very good and send me the first copy of your new book. I inclose a pen that Dickens is said to have used, which, with your *penchant* for such things, will, I know, be of value to you.

"Adieu. We go next week into the English country. I play twice more before we leave London. Write to me, and concerning *everything.*"

I sat down at once and wrote a long letter full of detail, and with a careful account of all that had happened since he went away, and added:

"As Neil Barras when he left his wife sailed for England, you will doubtless have seen him long before this reaches you, and I know that all will be well while you are there to face him with your disapproval of his action. It seems strange for me, as an outsider, to be so much mixed up with the affair, and I should be glad to be well out of it. But Neil was once my dearest friend, and my feeble heart leans pathetically towards him even now. Madge I pity, and would help if I could; but there my hands are bound. You, my dear boy, have a large share in the stock of my affections, and your sister and her connection with this upheaval in the Barras family I am naturally interested in because of you, of them, and of Mrs. Beldon. So how can I withdraw myself from the party trouble?

"I cannot, as things are now, go to Europe, although I want the book you promised me. But perhaps I can earn it by my long letter, and an early copy of the novel of mine you asked for, and which will be issued very soon."

I was still sitting over my dinner-table when Madge came in, and throwing off her silken wrap, sat down opposite me.

"I could not talk freely and openly with you this morning, so came over for a bit of conversation this evening, Frank; and now that I am here, I do not know what to say. The two letters Mrs. Jaquith promised me came directly after you left, and they were very warm-hearted and loving. Mr. Jaquith offers to come on for me—isn't it thoughtful in him?—but I think that Maurice might perhaps feel hurt, after he has tendered his own company as my escort; and he has been so kind and attentive—both he and his wife—in every way, that, aside from my personal preference to having him take me on, I should not like to decline the very brotherly offer in order to accept this from Mr. Jaquith.

"Do you know, I seem to be burning up with an excited desire to get back to my

old public life, and, as I have always practiced conscientiously and regularly, I think it will not be hard to regain my old vocal standard. See how frivolous I am! I seem to have put everything away from me but my work. I have never sung in public in this country, and, as a natural sequence, want to succeed here. I held a very good place as a singer in Europe, but was held back somewhat then by my invalid mother; and now that I am quite free and have only my own health and study to look after, am full of hope for my future as a concert-singer."

"You will succeed, of course, Madge," I answered her. "How could you fail with your ability and all you have to spur you on to achievement? I want to be at the first concert you give, and you must let me supply your roses for that occasion. *En passant*, you may be cramped for money—I speak plainly, as an old and privileged friend; You would not hesitate to ask me for money, would you? I should be happy to be your banker, or to do anything that would make your road easier. Tell me truly, will you honestly let me know if I can be of the least use to you? Will you promise to treat me as a brother, and let me do for you just those things that a brother would and could do? Answer me *honestly*."

"Yes, Frank, I promise you this readily enough. It will be a great deal to me to know that I can depend upon you, and turn to you always. Maurice kindly (a cold word to use for such affectionate thoughtfulness) offered me the use of his purse, and I found that in order to avoid touching my husband's money I must borrow from some one, so I took Maurice at his word, after he and his dear wife had urged the acceptance of the offer upon me, and made me feel as if it would be a favor to them. "But I only *borrowed*, mind you, and would not have taken the check if they had not finally consented to my repaying it. I want to be as independent as my unhappy situation will permit. But I am more than grateful to you for your kindness; and, although my heart will not let me tell you how deeply grateful I am, you will believe and understand, I am sure, that I am none the less appreciative."

"I understand. When will you start for New York?" Madge had risen to go, and was drawing her circular about her. "What day and at what hour? I may at least go down to see you off."

"I shall go to-morrow; but, forgive me, you had better not come to the train. Just now while my heart is sore it pains me to have you near when I am doing that which Neil's going away forces me to do; and leaving Boston, notwithstanding I am anxious—most nervously anxious—to begin my work, is a trial to me. I will write to you from New York, and you shall hear all that I accomplish or think of attempting." She laid her hand on mine. "You will forgive this in me, will you not? I have lost a little of my old self, and am very selfish and bitter at times. Again, forgive me, and be the same true friend and helper always that you have been in the past to Neil and me.

"Good by; and if you think of me at all, let it be leniently and with a gracious overlooking of my faults. Once more, good by."

She went out and got into Maurice's carriage, which was waiting at the door, and drove off; while I—I went back to my lonely study, and if a tear or two rolled down my cheeks, was it from childishness or something more blamable?

CHAPTER X.

"In thy long, lonely times, poor aching heart,
When days are slow, and silent nights are sad,
Take cheer, weak heart, remember and be glad,
For some one loved thee.

"God knows thy days are desolate, poor heart!
As thou dost sit alone, and dumbly wait
For what comes not, or comes, alas! too late;
But some one loved thee."

"You will like to hear that Mrs. Barras is studying diligently and practicing with a good deal of *verve* and interest. I only fear that she will do too much, and break down during the summer. Professor Batise pronounces himself delighted with her voice, and promises her all sorts of pleasant successes.

She signed a contract yesterday that will carry her through the season without any great care to herself, and we, as you will be, are very glad for her. We are enjoying her visit exceedingly, and it makes my mother's daily life, with such a charming companion, extremely pleasant; she never tires of hearing Mrs. Barras sing, and we form a very happy family.

"I have taken it into my head to sail for Europe next week, and am sorry not to see you before I go. But I cannot get to Boston, and scarcely dare ask you to come on here, for you must be busy over that new book, which I should like to read on my voyage across. If you have any message to send to Harry, let me have it, as I shall in all probability see him soon after landing."

This is an extract from a letter that I received from Adam Jaquith one June morning, and I had a quiet smile to myself in thinking that he and Neil would be likely to meet in Mrs. Beldon's parlor.

I sent a uniquely bound copy of my book to Harry; and, though I could have very well gone to New York to see Adam before he sailed, restrained the impulse, remembering the words with which Madge had parted from me.

Maurice and his wife had left for their summer home in Ellenwood, and although they brought their heaviest batteries of persuasion to bear upon me in the way of accompanying them, I had stood out against the varied and attractive inducements, and had decided to remain in Boston through the summer. For, after all, the dear old city wears its most gracious smiles and puts on its most becoming robes during the warm weather. To be sure, one's friends—or the larger part of them—go away and leave him desolate socially. But, if he chooses, there are many things he can accomplish with less effort than in the winter. For the merry birds chirp outside the study windows, and the sudden showers of rain are sweet and eloquent in a city. Then the street bands come and quarter themselves beneath the window, and the lively strains of operatic airs, or the melodious and well-timed air of a waltz, pours into the room, bearing its own welcome on its throbbing chords.

Surely some of these things give a delight almost equal to that we find in the country or at the seaside; and all the while we can pursue an uninterrupted routine of study, for the libraries are open and have fewer visitors, and therefore give us what we are apt to sometimes lose in the crowded social season.

Besides, at that time I needed work—active, toilsome, mental occupation—that would fill my mind and drive other and absorbing thoughts out of it, and, too, quiet my fitful nerves.

And the summer passed by—the brilliant, blue-eyed summer, breathing as she went warm, perfumed breaths over all humanity; while her languorous grace left traces of its sensuous beauty everywhere; color, fragrance, and melody combined to fill the senses with all they could desire in their separate ways.

Letters came regularly from Harry, and finally one that was a surprise to me.

"We are at Etretat, as you see by the dating of this letter; and it is gay enough here, but tiresome. For women have nothing to do but dress and flirt and promenade, and both my sister and myself find it very wearying. Beulah mingles so little with society people now that the sight of this constant gayety annoys her. But she is not in good health, and the physicians ordered her here to stay until she regains her strength.

"We were at Monte Carlo last week, and whom do you think came to call upon us? Adam Jaquith! He has followed us sedulously ever since, and is a constant attendant upon my sister. I find him fine and gentlemanly; he is as good to me as though I were a child whom he felt it incumbent upon him to pet because of the infant's physical frailty, although I am really stronger than when we left London. Mr. Barras, after three decided snubs, took the hint and left us at Paris. I did not see him to speak with until the day he went away, then he called and sent up his card to me with a penciled request that I would consent to see him. We had a spirited contest; he was obstinate and I was obdurate, and we told each other an unlimited and unqualified amount of truth. At length he got very angry and departed.

"The best thing about our small battle was that we were in my sister's parlor, and she—being in the next room—had an uninterrupted hearing of the whole, much to her enjoyment.

"You—I am very open with you—would hardly recognize my sister by her manner since we left America. There is a great change in her somehow, and she has acquired an astonishing amount of dig-

nity and reserve that I cannot in honesty attribute entirely to Hugh's death.

"I shall play here once in the parlors of the hotel, and we are to leave in two or three weeks for Vienna and Berlin. I wrote you fully of my concerts at Paris, did I not? The audience were delightful, and have raised much hope in me for good fortune at Berlin and elsewhere. I do not know whether we shall get into Hungary or not; it will depend largely upon Beulah. She is not fond of life in Germany or Hungary, although I would not have you think that she is morose and uncompanionable. She is devoted to me, and seems to care for nothing outside of my physical wants and progress in music. Here comes Jaquith again, and I must close, as I promised my sister to appear on the scene always when he comes to call."

Singularly enough, with the next European mail came a brief note from Neil.

"I do not date my letter nor give you an address, as I have no wish to hear from Boston. I see by American papers that my wife is to sing upon the stage next season, and under her married name. What business has she to do this? I provided ample means for her support, and it is an insult to my honor and husbandly courtesy that she does such a thing. What will those who know me think? Naturally, that I have left her with no tangible way of living except by her labors. You may tell her what I think of this, and also that if she will take another name, or drop mine and use the one she bore when I married her, I will make no trouble for her in the matter."

I was amused, notwithstanding my indignation, noticing that he said he did not want to hear from *Boston*, and I wondered how he would like to hear from *New York*.

Saying to myself, "I carry no more messages from man to wife, and never again interfere in this matter," I thrust the sheet of thin, foreign paper into the blaze of the alcohol lamp on my cigar-stand, and watched the letter burst into flame and drop in ashes, that the breeze, coming through an open window, scattered lightly on the floor. And then I began work again; and the days—some bright and sunny, fragrant with flowers and cheered by pleasant companionship; others dark with rain and trembling with thunder-bursts—passed by so quickly I could not realize that they were flying from me to never come back; and so lightly departing they left hardly a trace of their presence on my life.

In the early autumn (that was almost like summer) a letter from Madge brought me tickets to the first concert she was to give, and I went on at once. I reached New York the day before that of the concert, and made a call upon Mrs. Jaquith in the morning. I did not know whether I should see Mrs. Barras or not, but after Mrs. Jaquith had been alone with me for a half-hour (during which I resolutely refrained from asking anything whatever concerning her guest), the door opened, and Madge came into the room. She had changed somewhat, her face was thinner than usual, and even the Jacqueminot roses on her corsage gave no color to her cheeks. But the cold, repellant manner that came to her when Neil first went away had given place to the old cordial grace, coupled, it may be, with a bit more of reserve than I had observed when I first met her. She was elated with the prospect of her concert, and we three talked much of her music.

"Yes," said Mrs. Jaquith, "it has been a great comfort to have Mrs. Barras here with me, for I have had the benefit and pleasure of her rehearsing, and I am so carried away by music that very often I have forgotten to worry and distress myself over Adam (for I generally am in a nervous state of excitability until I hear that he has landed on the other side). We mothers are foolish women, Mr. Eldridge, and that is why it is a consolation to have Mrs. Barras here as a sort of daughter."

"I could not have been much of a consolation, Mrs. Jaquith," said Madge, as she trifled with the lace and bows of ribbon on her morning dress; "for I have been a very selfish guest, and have confined myself almost wholly to practicing the scales in the morning for a couple of hours or so, and occupying the same length of time in the afternoon with concert-pieces. But I have been faithful to my duty, have I not, god-mother?" and she turned towards Mrs. Jaquith.

"You certainly have, my child, and it has done you good in many ways; *that* I am sure of."

Madge got up from her chair and crossed the room, the pale cashmere and white lace of her dress rubbing my boots as she passed. I left my chair and followed her.

"What kind of roses shall I have sent up to you, please, for the concert, Madge?—shall they be red or white or yellow?"

"*Souvenirs*, if you will be so kind, Frank. I love their delicate color and perfume, and perhaps the word '*souvenir*' may have something to do with my fondness for them, although *my* remembrances are not all as sweet as the roses are. And I wanted to ask if you knew anything of Neil's whereabouts. Is he in Europe? and is Mrs. Beldon there?"

"I had a note from Neil a while ago—an ungracious sort of note, that was neither dated nor headed in any way. He is still in Europe, but not with Mrs. Beldon, for she has snubbed him and sent him off."

"Impossible!"

"Not only possible, but true. Mrs. Beldon will not let him approach her again. You may feel satisfied concerning that. She is a widow now, and does not look at things as she did when Hugh Beldon was alive. She has had much real goodness beneath the frivolity and careless air she has borne, I do not doubt."

"Oh, but she took Neil away from me—my husband, my all; I can never forget that in her."

"My dear"—Mrs. Jaquith put her arms around the waist of the younger woman—"you have exerted yourself too much; besides, it is time you began practice. Mr. Eldridge will excuse you, I know."

So I returned the old-timed courtesy that Mrs. Jaquith made, and pressed the hand Madge held out; then I passed from the house, not to see Mrs. Barras again until the night of her appearance as a public singer.

James Berry Bensel.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

SUNSHINE FOUND.

THE wind with keen intention hies
From whitening sea to darkening land;
A whispering crest of brown spray flies
From every somber dune of sand.

I leave the fog-enveloped shore,
To look for land where sunlight beams;
The rolling cloud divides before,
And lets the sunshine through in streams
That gild the dusty road ahead;
And lo! like charm and change in dreams,
The gloom behind is rosy red;
The very mist that chilled me so
Reflects the cheery afterglow.

PIONEER SKETCHES.—I. THE OLD LASSEN TRAIL.

WITH what vividness the imagination dwells on the terrible pictures that have been drawn of the sufferings of the Donner party, as the eye rests on a few rude cabins near the shores of Donner Lake, in a narrow valley low down on the eastern slope of the Sierras! We can only form a very inadequate conception, however, of the difficulties of that route over the icy mountain barriers when, to-day, seated in the comfortable cars of the Central Pacific, we are whirled in a few hours from the neighborhood of the Donner tragedy to luxurious cities and a land of summer at the foot of the mountain's western declivity. A truer estimate of these difficulties may be obtained by a horseback ride over another of the routes of pioneer immigration, which traverses a region of the Sierras that has since remained in its almost primitive tracklessness—the old Lassen trail.

The old pioneer guide and explorer, Peter Lassen—by birth a Dane, by occupation a blacksmith—came to our country in his twenty-ninth year, and after staying a few months in eastern cities, moved West and settled in Missouri. In the spring of 1839, when he had lived there about ten years, he started to cross the Rocky Mountains, and after the usual vicissitudes, arrived in October of the same year at the Dalles. He wintered in Oregon, and then came thence by water to California, where in 1842 we find him possessor of a band of mules, and ranching his stock near by, while he worked at his trade for Captain Sutter.

In the summer of 1843, while still employed thus, Lassen, with General John Bidwell and James Bruheim, pursued a party of emigrants on their way to Oregon, to recover some stolen animals. They overtook them near Red Bluff, after a journey along the Sacramento, which gave them an opportunity to see the rich alluvial character of the country. Pleased with the region, Lassen applied, on his return, to Governor Micheltorena for a grant of land near the mouth of Deer Creek; this he obtained, and early the following spring built thereon a fort, the first white settlement in California north of Marysville. This grant, now the possession of ex-Governor Stanford, soon became the best known and most important point in northern California. It was here Fremont recruited his party for several months in the spring of 1846, before starting for Oregon. It was to this place, too, that Lieutenant Gillespie came a few days later, with the letter of secret instructions from our Government to Fremont; and he was hence conducted by Lassen to the camp of the "Pathfinder," which they reached on the night of an attack by the Modocs. In obedience to this message, Fremont returned to California; and so was begun that course of events which gave the State to our Government.

In 1848, after the discovery of gold, wishing probably to divert a portion of the immigration to his place from the usual route by the way of the Humboldt and Truckee rivers, Lassen with one companion started to lay out a new road into the upper end of the Sacramento Valley. They reached the Humboldt, and induced a party with twelve wagons to try the new route. But instead of turning off near Rabbit Hole Springs and going through Honey Lake Valley, as they should have done, the party followed an earlier road that went to Oregon, as far as the head waters of Pitt River, and thence down a divide in the mountains until they struck their proper course near the Big Meadows in Plumas County, where, unable to proceed farther, they stopped to recruit their stock and supplies. Here they were overtaken by a party of Oregonians on their way to the gold-fields, and with their aid all reached Lassen's ranch late in the autumn in safety. In 1849–50 a large part of the immigration took this route, and many who

came late in the fall had a sad experience in the snow which blocked the mountain passes. One party was snowed in without provisions, and a government relief party was hurriedly sent to its assistance when word of its precarious condition reached the valley. They found the emigrants in the snow on Pitt River, out of food and suffering with the scurvy; and on the 1st of December fifty families were brought into Lassen's ranch, much of the latter part of their journey having been through a blinding snow-storm. With the generosity of the true frontiersman, Lassen invited them to slay and eat of his flocks, and recruit their exhausted animals in his pastures, and assisted them in every way in his power, knowing well they could make no reparation. His conduct contrasted pleasantly with that of some others, who unscrupulously fleeced the travel-worn new-comers by almost every device in their power short of a more honorable, open highway robbery.

Says the late History of Plumas, Lassen, and Sierra Counties: "The experience of those who had departed from the regular trail in 1849 to try Lassen's road became generally known in the State; and two or three years later, when many Californians were returning again to this State, having gone home for their families, it was almost as much as a man's life was worth to endeavor to seduce emigrants from the old route and attempt any of the new passes and cut-offs."

The writer has often traveled Lassen's old trail. Leaving the Sacramento Valley on the south side of Mill Creek, it leads up the crest of a long, ascending ridge or spur of volcanic formation. During the tertiary period, these mountains poured forth from volcano and fissure a deluge of molten lava and volcanic mud. In flood after flood, filling every depression, it poured through gorge and defile, and spreading over the western slope, formed one vast inclined plane, extending from north of Battle Creek to Feather River. Torrent and glacier have since scored this throughout with a venation of dark, deep cañons and ravines, so that to-day it presents a succession of brown, bare, rugged ridges, shallow of soil, strewn with irregular lava fragments, and bearing a scanty growth of gnarled and twisted digger-pines, oaks, and chaparral, that have a lichen-like appearance and seem in perfect harmony with their surroundings. Consistent throughout, nature has toned all in dull, monotonous colors. The crimson is like iron rust, and the green is as though clouded with dust. There are, however, certain elements of picturesqueness. Along the water-courses grow lighter, brighter cotton-woods and balm-of-Gileads corded with convolvulus, and we often see crag, tree, and vine beautifully twisted together. Dusty and destitute of water in summer, and miry and storm-swept during the rainy season, these hills are yet, in the awakening spring, the dreamer's paradise. Then the sky is of the divinest blue, the weather is warm and pleasant, and the air is soft, with a peculiar and subtle influence toward languor. The trees are all in leaf, every bush is covered with flowers, and every plant is in bloom. This, however, is the winter pasture of thousands of sheep, and the weather-stained hovels of the herders are the only human habitations seen along the route.

Some twenty years ago, several citizens of Tehama made an attempt at constructing a wagon road here. They were unsuccessful in opening the way to travel, and nothing has since been done in that direction. Except for the work then done, however, this lower portion of the trail would be for wheeled vehicles absolutely impassable. As it is, only hunting parties ever travel it with wagons, and they never attempt going thus farther than to Steep Hollow — a rough, rocky place, where one feels a thrill of danger as he rides along on a sure-footed horse. The ridge is, notwithstanding, well adapted for constructing, at a small expense, a good road of easy, uninterrupted ascent. Water, however, would be scarce through the summer season, for there are only three or four small brackish springs available between the valley and pine timber.

Scattered along the way, one sees first a strap or band of iron, next a wagon-axle or

tire, and finally the remains of entire wagons —mute reminders that the journey here was, for those travel-wearied land-mariners, no holiday excursion. Not so sad these, however, as the small circle of stones at Tenmile Hollow that marks the last resting place of one whom death overtook just, it must have seemed, as he was on the brink of the realization of his golden hopes.

A few years since, this whole region was the hunting-ground of the Mill Creek or Nosea tribe of Indians. They built their *wickiups* by every spring and stream, and their evening fires glared within every habitable cavern. Doubtless, the warriors fancied their tribe the most numerous, thieving, blood-thirsty, and redoubtable on earth, and the Mohalies hushed their papooses with thrilling strains on this inspiring theme. But a strange race trailed down this ridge, and settled in the valley below.

> "Between the white man and the red
> There lies no neutral, half-way ground."

Wrong begets wrong, and vengeance calls down vengeance; steel is not less hard when tempered, polished, and sharpened; nor was the white men's conduct in their dealings together ever more lenient than their red brothers. Of course the pale faces' herds would wander into these fastnesses, and nothing more likely than that the red man should kill and eat of them. Such depredations passed not unpunished. The mustering, the surprise, the fray, and the triumph but give zest to the stirring life of the border, and the rifle ever meted to these savages swift retaliation. It could not be otherwise than that the innocent suffered with the guilty. In return, the Mill Creeks, instigated partly by the worst Indians of other tribes, and at times no doubt by renegade whites, made raids along the borders of the valley, burning houses and ravishing, murdering, and mutilating women and children. After such inroads, Hi. Good, Sandy Young, and a few kindred spirits would track them to these wilds, often sleeping hid amid crags and bushes by day, and looking for their fires at night, until, with the morning light, the rifle's report and the leaden bullet gave first intimation of danger to the Indians. At one time Good destroyed sixty scalps which he had taken in these various expeditions. It was long unsafe for any but armed parties to travel through their country, and occasionally some solitary traveler who attempted to pass over this trail would never be heard of again.

The once numerous tribe is now almost extinct. For years past, only at intervals have hunters and stock-men caught glimpses of some unkempt, half-naked, beast-like creatures hiding like wild animals from their approach. About a year ago, on several different occasions, two or three of these Indians at a time came to the home of Mr. Turner, on a tributary branch of the Antelope. Two young squaws first came, who seemed to explain by signs that they had left the Indians because one had killed a babe of the eldest girl lest its cries should discover them to the whites. Many kindly disposed persons sent these girls clothing and provisions. Others afterwards came in. They showed their camp in a rough, unfrequented part of the cañon, and it seemed they desired peaceable intercourse with the whites. Some reckless fellows who lived in these hills, learning all this, armed themselves and attempted to surprise them in their home. Failing in this, they set fire to their really comfortable quarters, and these, with their utensils, bedding, and winter store of wild oats, acorns, etc., were all consumed. Seeing no Indians, the bravoes fired a fusillade at surrounding rocks and bushes, and retired, says one, "all covered with glory."

The two squaws at Mr. Turner's, on attempting to rejoin their people shortly afterwards, were tracked by some of the same men to a cave and captured; after being held captive some time they were taken to Red Bluff. The authorities there provided them with a prison cell over one night, and in the morning turned them loose to "shift" for themselves. The younger, a mere girl, died a few months after. The other, we believe, is now on a government reservation.

A few months since, a ragged, dirty, half-clad, very old man and woman, scarred and crippled and bent with age, their heads covered with sunburnt clay and their faces smeared with tar, along with two other younger men of somewhat similar appearance, came to Buck's Flat, and after uneasily staying a few hours, stole away. These are the last of the Mill Creeks. They had with them no weapons, and they understood no English. They gave a small sum of money to the proprietor of the place, and although apparently regarding the whites with suspicion, seemed friendly in all their intentions.

A retributive fate scarcely less complete than this tribe's has been that of their old-time foes, nearly all of whom have met deaths by violence.

It was at one time a popular belief that this tribe had a large treasure somewhere secreted in these hills. As it was their custom, however, to burn or bury everything of value owned by the deceased along the with the body, this could never have been true. Indeed, Good and a comrade once found three twenty-dollar gold pieces in the ashes of one of their funeral pyres.

Several of the old smoke-stained caverns once inhabited by the Indians are within sight of our course. Lying in one of these—the dark, overhanging rock coated above with smoke, a bed of bone-strewn dirt and ashes for the floor, a screen of trees and bushes in front, and Nature lowering dark, wild, untilled around—one lets, fancy fly to the heart of Asia, and picture there, away back in time, a simian group similarly surrounded, clustering, half-pleased, half-terrified, around the warmth of a blazing pile of fagots which they had in some way succeeded for the first time in kindling; and there, we surmise, began to differentiate the ape and man.

Eighteen miles of dreary foot-hill travel, and the soil deepens, the stunted trees give place to a larger and more attractive growth, and the spirit gives a bound of exhilaration which seems shared even by the brutes as we shortly enter the belt of coniferous trees which cover these mountains in one great continuous wood. One who has never visited these forests gathers from description but a vague conception of their beauty, strength, and grandeur. Magnificent shafts six and eight feet thick, towering often two or three hundred feet in perfect symmetry, and decked with delicate, dark-hued drapery, interspersed with tall oaks, form a cool, deep, and silent grove. Just within the skirts of the pine timber is the humble abode of an old hunter, one of the companions of Hi. Good. The view from the cabin is inspiring. One looks over wrinkled ridges and craggy gorges, the valley with its belts of timber and breadth of plain, and the long line of the round-topped Coast Range, from snow-mantled Shasta in the north to far beyond the jagged peaks of the Marysville buttes in the south—the whole landscape outspread like an enormous chart.

Let a man come from the ways of settled life and the sight of "man's inhumanity to man," of the poor losing all independent thought or higher feeling, and of the rich craving for more gain until "only the ledger lives," and then breathe this pure air fragrant with the breath of the pines, and drink of these cool and shaded springs that seem the realization of that fount in search of which Ponce de Leon threaded the miasmatic canebrakes of Florida in vain; let him listen to the birds and running waters, the rifle ringing through the cliff-hung forest glades, and the wind in the pines; let him watch the heaps of cloud that mold themselves to the shape of the mountains they rest on, or float like ships on a deep sea of sky, the vapor curtains that trail refreshing showers, and the storm-dragons that creep up the cañons; let him see the sun set and evening creep weirdly up out of the abysses until night and darkness reign, and only the black silhouette of a sleeping world is faintly outlined on a tintless sky, until at length the moon rises above snow-marbled mountain ranks, and streams through leafy arches, pine colonnades, and rocky galleries down upon silvery reaches of water—a wild, transmuting luster; —and he will cease to wonder that man is a born hunter and gravitates to this careless life of nature and freedom.

A mile beyond the cabin, in a hollow near Burnt Corral, are two old boat-gunwales that Lassen had hewn out, and close by, the remains of an old emigrant wagon. The rapping of the woodpecker, the sharp cry of the jay, and the mournful note of the dove are now the only sounds to break the stillness of the woods. Along the ridge above here are often jutting ledges of shelly rock (phonolite), looking somewhat like slate but without the fine lamination; these are apparently of an earlier formation than most of the hills below. The rims, or edges, marking the successive stages of the later lava floods now form long lines of castellated ledges along the sides of the cañons, corresponding in height and inclination along opposite walls, and broken and cut entirely through by the side ravines.

Here truly is "Nature's volcanic amphitheater." Piled in close juxtaposition are many varieties of igneous rock, in one place appearing firm and like granite, in another porous and like slag from a furnace; here a slightly cemented bed of ashes, mud, and scoria, and there a hard conglomeration of lava-imbedded fragments of older rocks. Now crystalline and columnar, and again viscid or wax-like, often metamorphic, graduating by insensible degrees into one another, and varying endlessly in color and superposition, they present here a fine field for the study of this branch of geology, and for much careful scientific examination.

Throughout this section, north of Butte Creek and its tributaries, no gold mines that pay for the working appear to have yet been discovered. The bottoms of the cañons in most places are not yet worn through the layer of lava, and where they are, generally only sandstone has been reached. Now, it is well known to geologists that the quartz veins of California never come up through either sandstone or lava. It is further known that placer mines are only found over those surfaces where there are quartz outcroppings, except in locations to which gold has been washed by river channels sometimes now extinct. Thus, while the cañon of Butte Creek next to the Sacramento Valley is only through the volcanic rocks down to an underlying stratum of sandstone, higher up it is through slate and other rocks of the period of quartz veins, the outcroppings of which thereabouts abound. From this higher and earlier formation the gold has been carried over the sandstone by the rivers of the present period and of a period preceding the lava, and deposited by the sorting power of water in their channels. I am somewhat extensively acquainted with the water basins of Deer Creek, Mill Creek, and Battle Creek, and where the lava blanket of the country has been cut through, the top of ancient hills destitute of any old river-beds usually appears to have been reached. Towards the sources of these streams I have never seen any quartz outcroppings *bearing gold*, and not one well-defined lead has ever been thereabout discovered. Gold collects so that in all new mining districts almost fabulous sums are at first obtained. And surely, in a country like this, so cut up by ravines, if gold were present there would at least be some in the channels; yet here localities are scarce where any "prospects" can be found, not to speak of extensive diggings worth the working; and the wonder is, that if they exist here in a district so accessible, those "dragons of the prime," the old miners, should have left them so long undiscovered. Still, parties are frequently endeavoring to create mining excitements in these localities, since it is one of the respectable pursuits of citizens of our country to involve eastern or other capital in schemes for the opening of worthless mines—all for the purpose, no doubt, that the successful schemers may ennoble their characters by resisting every temptation thereby presented to fatten and enrich themselves on the spoil. This is one of the modes of mining on which our courts have never placed an injunction, and there is no efficient moral tone to censure it. We forget that our State everywhere offers openings for the profitable employment of labor and capital, and that such proceedings will eventually discourage investment in honest enterprise. The public often knowingly countenances and furthers these operations,

usually from some such consideration as that it is only outside capital that will thus become distributed in their neighborhood, and that it is better that ninety-nine of these victimizing schemes should be successful than that one legitimate industry should suffer. It is trite to speak of the excitement of mining; that it possesses the fascination without the evil of gambling; that it is a species of lottery in which tickets are bought to draw on the earth's hidden treasures, and the like. We will presume, too, every person's money is his own to invest as he pleases; but our eastern brothers and English cousins may rest assured that in stock-jobbing operations the dice are always loaded.

The Deer Creek mines in the cañon of that name are two or three miles from Burnt Corral. Here an ancient ridge, or perhaps rather a succession of ridges, of slate, running about parallel with the general course of the present mountain chain, has been crossed by the trough of the cañon. Quartz seams and decomposed quartz are found to some extent here, and several beds of gravel project from beneath the volcanic rock. In one mining excavation here the lava plate has been undermined and its edge broken off in blocks as large as a cabin. Below the slate ridges, the creek flows a short distance over a bed of sandstone, and then continues again over the lava until it reaches the valley. Above, it is uninterruptedly over lava to the very source. Here a Boston company has constructed ten or twelve miles of road to connect with the Humboldt road. They have built a water-power sawmill, and sawed lumber and constructed nearly four miles of flume to bring the waters of Deer Creek on to the mines. The flume is six feet wide by four high, and winds through one of the roughest portions of the cañon. Now it runs in the cool shadow of rocks and trees, and now is carried above their tops. In one place it crosses a ravine one hundred and fifty feet above its bed. In another it rounds a crag overhanging the torrent boil ing two hundred feet below; while above, a precipitous ascent of bare cliffs and *talus* of nearly a thousand feet is crowned by a long, black, perpendicular ledge of columnar basalt two or three hundred feet high. At the head of the flume, between two lava ledges, not more than forty feet apart, a very substantial dam, perhaps twenty feet high, has been constructed across the stream. Above this dam, in a dark setting of rocks, is a little clear, placid, gem-like mirror of water. The work all seems done in good faith, and much method is shown throughout. It is a question whether the mines warrant being opened in this manner. But were the cañon located in the lavaless East, it would as a tourists' resort outrival Niagara or the White Mountains.

Very beautiful are the mountain waters. Conifers, mountain-maple, balm-of-Gilead, wild nutmeg, bayou, black and live oak, commingle, and with huge crags form a lordly avenue for the wildly winding stream below. This, cold, clear, and capricious, with a thousand lights and shadows, now moves dreamily along beneath mossy ledges and green gloom of wood, with circling pool and eddy, and now dashes off among rocks and bowlders—a fierce, white, tumultuous torrent. Everywhere, too, rills hid by ferns and rushes come stealing in like baby Undines.

Along the trail above Burnt Corral, the forests grow denser, and our horses' footsteps are muffled by mountain carpet and a cushion of pine leaves. There is at times something peculiarly mournful in wandering alone in these silent woods. I know not whether it is the stillness broken only by the calls of the wild creatures, or the vastness and unchangeableness of nature in contrast with the ephemeral littleness of man, or the associations of the past; perhaps it is only the pain that always tinges our most intense pleasures—the ominous misgiving that the happy moments are going fast and never will return.

The ridge is for the most part narrower than some others that have already been nearly stripped of timber. There are here, however, no bald, chemisal summits rising above the forest zone, as elsewhere, but all is wooded to the very peak with the finest of timber. Many excellent sawmill sites

abound, but I have been told the Sierra Flume and Lumber Company have secured titles to the most desirable. We pass successively Bluff Camp, The Narrows, and Lost Camp, about a mile between each, and count the remains of four entire wagons beside the way, within a distance of as many miles. At Lost Camp, in 1849, a Mr. Burrows and wife, and one other man, doubtful of their way, left their outfit in camp while they went ahead to find the route. Returning, they found the Indians had visited the camp and robbed them of their little all. Taking their tracks in the snow, they followed them into Deer Creek cañon and killed two, not only recovering their own provisions, but capturing more. How the savages probably looked on this may be inferred from an observation once made to me by a Big Meadow Indian. He said that, while the members of a train that in an early day were encamped near the big springs in that valley were all out fishing, a kinsman of his, passing the wagons, saw a plate of biscuits and took a few. Some of the members of the train, shortly after returning and missing them, followed and shot the Indian; and he pathetically concluded, "It was a pretty small thing to kill a man for—just for taking a little bread." Yet, although the Indians could not know it, in both instances doubtless that little was well-nigh their all.

Apropos of the appellation "Lost"—it has been bestowed upon more than one locality along the route, as Lost Corral, Lost Creek, and so on, each recurringly suggestive of that hideous terror that shadowed the way. To immigrants delayed by the circuitous course until after the winter storms had commenced, the mountain passes were at times a veiled wilderness of wooded ridges. Sun, moon, and surrounding landmarks were shut out by a mottled screen that dropped a white folding over brush, rocks, fallen timber, and all the markings of their then miry course; and the snow-cumbered forest became an intricate maze, overspreading oozy marshes, rough ridges, and wild ravines that lay between them and the El Dorado of their hopes—the valley of the Sacramento. I was myself once so bewildered here in a winter storm, that after wandering in a circle until I came upon my own tracks, I took them for those of some other traveler until long and careful scrutiny showed my mistake.

Lassen once narrowly escaped being hung by emigrants for leading them astray. Many versions are given of this story. It appears that when he went out to meet the emigrants, he passed through Big Meadows, but did not see the valley of Mountain Meadows. On his return, he discovered this valley, mistook it for Big Meadows, and turned west, which would have been the proper course from Big Meadows; and thus he became utterly lost in the region of the Black Buttes. Suspecting him of treachery, the emigrants placed him under guard. They had even run two wagons together so that their tongues were raised, like the letter A without its cross, thus forming a rude gallows; but fortunately proceedings were here stayed by the return of two of the party who had been exploring the country, and who reported having seen the Big Meadows from a neighboring elevation.

In some five miles' travel from Lost Camp, at an elevation of about six thousand feet, we reach the summit. The ascent is so gradual that a stranger might be unable to tell where the crest was passed. The trail winds at times along the verge of Mill Creek Cañon, and again is deep hidden in timbered flats and hollows. Some old blazes, sticks set occasionally against the trunks of trees, a few small piles of rocks, and the broken parts of old emigrant wagons placed so as to attract attention, are the only markings of the path. For the first time along the trail, we have from the summit a magnificent view of the dark form of Mt. Lassen, that, flecked with great patches of eternal snow, towers above a billowy sea of surrounding mountains in cold and silent sublimity.

Most savages avoid wintry peaks, and look upon them with a kind of mystery and dread. In a sort of vague way they, like the Greeks, relegate to the cloud-capped pinnacles the habitation of their god. And

do not mountain wilds and barrens retain a sway over enlightened man also? The Titanic forces, here more than elsewhere displayed, inspire a terror and a sense of nature's peculiar indifference here to human welfare or suffering. Yet it is not merely terror, but a sublimer awe, that the mountains inspire in him; on the silent summits still linger the footprints of Deity—not in rock or snow, but in the beauty, grandeur, and eternity there enthroned. There with his poets he stands, "enrapt, transfused," until the mighty vision outrolled, though still visible, vanishes, and he bows to the invisible alone. The mountains and the unmeasurable enter the soul and abide there. Intuition may be simply an inability to understand but the one view; our best knowledge of the existence of a God may be our utter powerlessness to conceive how all beauty and order and our conscious selves sprang into being except through his agency. Yet, reflecting on the terrible convulsions through which these glorious mountains have been ultimately wrought out, it seems easier to discern something like a parallel toward a higher destiny of our race; and often amid the sentinel peaks a more subtle influence "whispers to the worlds of space, in the deep night, that all is well."

About the summit a great variety of trappean rocks are noticed, phonolite, perhaps, being predominant; but this gives place, some six miles farther along, to a ridge of volcanic ash and cinders. The eastern slope is no more precipitous than that on the west. The trail leads along a terrace of the ridge dividing Mill Creek and Deer Creek, on the side next the latter. It crosses a succession of flat ridges and ravines with sparkling streams. Many excellent sawmill sites abound. The time cannot be far distant when long "V" flumes will carry lumber through the mountain gorges from here to the valley, and the noise of the lumber manufactories will resound throughout these woods. We pass several little grassy spots, and twelve miles from the summit reach Deer Creek Meadows, the property of the Sierra Flume and Lumber Company.

Here a really romantic valley, with fresh grassy meads pleasantly diversified with clumps of tamarack, balm-of-Gilead, and quaking aspen, and encircled by deep evergreen forests, nestles in the embrace of the snowy mountains. Deer Creek forks in the lower part, and the branches wind through the valley, their banks fringed with sedge and willows, and their waters alive with trout. The early emigrants here encamped and mowed hay to feed their stock on their journey across the summit. Their old wagon-tracks over the sward are still plainly visible. An old log cabin is the only habitation of the place.

It is customary with stock-men to range their flocks and herds in the Sacramento Valley and along the foothills during the winter, and to drive them into the mountains for summer pasturage. In some little valley they build a cabin, stable, and corral, and fence a small pasture for their work-horses; and here, with rifle and fishing-tackle, and a few magazines, sensational journals, and some local paper for reading matter, they lounge the summer away, occasionally moistening their crust of existence by "getting on a tear" at some country groggery.

A passable wagon road leads from here to the Big Meadows, fourteen miles distant. This follows the old Lassen trail only part of the way, but both cross a volcanic table made up of a series of flat, heavily timbered ridges, and lead into that valley.

The Big Meadows form one of the most delightful valleys throughout the Sierra Nevada range of mountains. It is situated along the west branch of the north fork of Feather River, has an elevation of four thousand five hundred feet, and is about twenty miles in length by four or five in breadth. The chief industry is dairying, and here are some of the best dairy farms in California. It is also one of the favorite pleasure resorts of our State, and is visited every summer by large numbers of people who come for health and for the many advantages the neighborhood affords for recreation. A local climate has here vouchsafed throughout the long, hot, hazy, and sickly

summer of the lower valleys a season soft, balmy, and healthy, like the pleasantest part of spring; and a richer largess of colors is given to the fields and foliage. Monotones are an excellent foil in music, but they soon tire. Yet we must account in part for the lively charm of these mountain valleys, with their pied meadows and deciduous vegetation, by concluding that the evergreens are the monotones in this grand refrain of nature. The conifers have nevertheless a vast range, many varieties, and manifold adaptations: growing now about the temperate middle zone in noble polystyles stately and beautiful; then, in sheltered higher localities, crowding straight, tall, slender shafts into dense, damp canebrakes; again, at still greater altitudes, clinging scattered over the bleak mountain sides, with rock-grasping roots and uncouth, blast-wrenched trunks and branches; and at last, on the edge of vegetation, in little, dwarfed, running shrubs of centuries' growth, they hide amid moss and lichens.

The way the mountain valleys were formed is apparent. They are always along some stream, so situated as to arrest part of the material brought from the highlands above. The lake beneath impending cliffs, the lakelet with surrounding interval of marsh and meadow, and the meadow-marsh represent three different stages in their growth.

Several wagon roads enter the Big Meadows from different parts of the Sacramento Valley, and as many more leave it for various points in the mountains beyond. One of these very nearly follows Lassen's old route from Pitt River; but as my intention was only to view the abandoned portion of this trail, I will stop here.

I may glance, however, at the differences the trail might have made in the early development of the State. To do so the more readily, I shall again refer to the history before mentioned. In 1852 Cyrus Noble laid out a new route connecting with this near the Big Meadows, thence leading through the pass called after him, crossing Honey Lake Valley, and connecting again with the Old Lassen or Oregon trail at Black Rock. He induced a small party of emigrants to try this route, and clearly demonstrated that it possessed superior advantages in the matter of feed and water, as well as being shorter than any other. For a number of years thereafter, the road was traveled quite extensively. Had Lassen followed this route instead of the circuitous one by Pitt River, and thus its advantages been shown at that time instead of the disadvantages of the long, difficult trail he selected, the great bulk of overland travel to California would have passed this way instead of following the Truckee and Carson trails; and a considerable town must have sprung up somewhere near where Vina now stands. "As it was, however, the experience of those who trusted themselves to the Lassen road in 1849 had the effect of throwing all so-called cut-offs into disfavor, and the great tide of immigration still surged along the old trails." In 1853, the War Department sent out several exploring expeditions to examine the various routes across the continent, for the purpose of ascertaining which was the most feasible for a transcontinental railroad. One of these, under Lieutenant E. G. Beckwith, in 1854, passed down the Lassen trail, and his report, embodying his observations and conclusions, was submitted to Congress by the Secretary of War, and is to be found in the "Pacific Railroad Reports, Volume 2." When the railroad was built the interests of invested capital dictated that it should be another route than this; and through the building by like interests of other wagon roads, this soon came into disuse.

But has the route a future? The great expense of keeping in repair the snow-sheds along the Central Pacific, which would to a great extent be obviated by a railroad through this pass, would seem to imply that such a road may eventually be built; while the comparatively small expense with which the old wagon road might be reopened and kept up, the great timber interests along the route that would be thus served, the advantages such a road would be to stock-men, and the far greater availability of this route than any other for winter communication across the mountains, all seem to reply in the affirmative.

Oscar F. Martin

WHY?

"PLEASE, lady, would you let us pick some of them figs?"

"What figs?"

"Them what grows up on the hill long side of the creek."

"Figs?" Ethel Sherwood repeated interrogatively. "I did not know that there was an orchard on the creek."

"No, lady, 'tisn't a orchard what I mean, only but two fig-trees as grows in the manzanita copse."

"Wait a moment." And Ethel disappeared into the adjoining room, reappearing, however, almost instantly with the requested permission. "Yes, child," she said, "you are welcome to what fruit is there; but how did you happen to find these trees?"

"We has seen them this long while, on our way to the village," was the reply.

"Have you never picked any of this fruit?"

"No, lady."

"Why not?"

"'Cause they wasn't ripe yet."

Ethel could not but laugh at this *naive* confession—though at the same time she was impressed by the genuine honesty which the girl had manifested in asking for that which she might have had for the taking, and no one be the wiser.

"Do you always pass by this house on your way to the village?" she asked.

"No, lady; I follow long side of the creek most times."

"Then why did you come so far out of your way to-day?"

"'Cause I wanted to ask about them figs. They was 'most ripe now."

Miss Sherwood studied the girl's face curiously for a moment, then asked her name.

"Annette," she answered simply.

"Annette what?"

"Annette Klein."

"Are you German?"

"Yes, lady. Leastways, the father is German, but the mother is French. But us doesn't speak neither language, 'cept sometimes."

"Who do you mean by us?" Ethel asked, smilingly.

"The childrens," was the answer. "There is eight."

"What do you speak?"

"The English."

This was said with such an air of conscious pride as to completely upset Ethel's gravity. In spite of herself, she laughed outright—suppressing her merriment almost instantly, however, lest it might be misconstrued by the object of it, who perchance was sensitive. A cursory glance into Annette's face relieved her apprehensions on this score; for evidently her whole attention was elsewhere absorbed, judging from her eyes, which were riveted upon the piano. Unconsciously Ethel had been fingering the keys whilst talking, and now mechanically played a few bars of a familiar air, casually watching the girl's face the while: which afforded a curious study certainly, but one which baffled Miss Sherwood's skill in reading the human face divine. Surprise, bewilderment, delight, were collectively and individually manifested in the girl's countenance; but what had called forth these several expressions? Evidently her hand was the magnet. Was it the diamond on her finger which had attracted Annette's attention, possibly her cupidity? This supposition was confirmed by her next remark.

"Please, lady"—this in a tone of entreaty—"may I touch it, just once?"

Ethel was disappointed. But what could be the child's motive in wanting to touch the stone? She assuredly was not so simple as to suppose that she could abstract it thus. She would see. So watching her narrowly, she extended her hand, resting it on the edge of the piano, and answered:

"Yes."

What, then, was her surprise when An-

nette came forward, and with stiff precision arranged her brown, toil-stained fingers on the snowy keys.

A moment's pause, followed by a wailing discord, and the look of eager expectancy changed to one of ludicrous terror.

"Have I broke it? It didn't sound not like that when you touched it."

Never had Ethel been more amused, but the child's distress was so unfeigned that instead of yielding to the inclination to laugh, she hastened to reassure her by playing a simple melody, which had the effect of satisfying her that she had done no damage. While the music continued, she stood as though spellbound; but when the strain died away, she exclaimed, with a look of piteous entreaty:

"How does you do it, lady? Why can't I do it?"

Why, indeed? The question involved too long an explanation; Ethel preferred to answer it by asking another.

"Did you ever see a piano before, Annette?"

"Is that a piano?"

"Yes."

"The same thing what makes music in the *Faterland?*"

"The same thing."

"No, lady, I never has seen one 'fore. Sometimes I has heard music in the village, but I was outside and they was in, and the music didn't sound not the same like that at all."

"Ethel, sing for her," Mrs. Sherwood called from the adjoining room, where sitting at the sewing-machine she had overheard the conversation between her daughter and the strange little visitor.

"What shall I sing, mother?"

"Something bright," replied her mother. Ethel turned over the leaves of a music-book that lay on the stand by her side; but never had she found it so difficult to make a selection. One song was too sentimental, another too sad, a third too classical—all alike beyond the comprehension of the untutored listener, who was regarding her in grave silence.

At last she found one that suited her. "The very thing!" she decided. A joyous prelude, followed by a burst of sunshine, which seemed to Annette to fill the whole room with its radiance. She knew not what was this "Merry Zingara" about which the lady was singing, but she knew that it was something or somebody who spent all the long day in the greenwood with the birds and flowers; and as she listened, somehow she too felt glad, as though a sunbeam had crept out of the Zingara's life into her own, and the gladness showed itself in the blue eyes, which grew large with wonderment.

"Thank you, lady," she said, as the last note melted away as a bubble bursting in the air; "you sing more prettier nor the birds." Such a tribute might ardent worshiper have offered at the shrine of the "Swedish Nightingale." It brought a flush of pleasure into Ethel's face; for the first time in her life she was at a loss for an answer.

Annette could have staid there all day, feasting her eyes on the lady, she was so pretty—prettier even than Christina, prettier than any one she had ever seen; for all the people she knew, excepting Christina, had such a faded-out look, like the ugly calico dresses they wore. Whether this beauty lay in form or feature or dress, Annette did not know; but her gaze dwelt longest upon the last, seeing which, Ethel smilingly asked:

"What are you looking at now, Annette?"

The girl heaved a great sigh as she answered:

"Please, lady, I was looking at your dress. I was thinking—"

"Well," said her hostess kindly, "of what were you thinking?"

"I was thinking," continued Annette, "that you must have another one more prettier still, 'cause you wouldn't wear your Sunday dress on a work-day, and at home too, 'tisn't likely."

Here was genuine pathos. Such logic could only have been acquired from actual experience. But of this the little reasoner was as utterly unconscious as of the fact that in her simple words she had betrayed how ut-

terly barren of the beautiful was her own work-a-day world.

"Does this dress seem so very beautiful to you, child?" Ethel asked, glancing at the buff muslin, which with its simple adornment—a bunch of scarlet geraniums worn at the belt—had elicited such a burst of unequivocal admiration as had never been vouchsafed her most exquisite toilet by accomplished courtier.

"Yes, lady," the child answered. "It makes me think of a corn field where poppies is growing."

"By Jove! That is not a bad simile!"

With a smiling gesture Ethel waved aside the speaker, who had incautiously advanced upon the scene from behind the curtain where he had been ensconced, an amused and interested auditor. It was too late. With the discovery of the gentleman's presence, Annette lost all volubility. Instantly she subsided into an awkward peasant, whose entire attention was directed to the most intricate and least graceful arrangment possible of her hands and feet.

Spite of all Ethel's efforts, she could not make her talk. The girl evidently wished to effect her escape, but did not know how; and her interlocutor did not feel disposed to help her just yet.

Suddenly a thought struck her.

"Annette, would you like a pretty dress?"

"No, lady," was the unexpected reply, spoken in a tone of stolid indifference.

"Why not?"

"'Cause the mother would give it to Christina."

"Who is Christina? And why should the mother give to her what belongs to you?"

"Christina is the sister what's next to me. And when she came, the mother gave her my cradle, what the grandfather made with his own hands for me; and since then everything is no more mine, but Christina's."

"But how was it when six other babies came?" asked Ethel.

"It didn't make no difference to Christina," Annette answered, "'cause she was always the most prettiest of all." Here she interrupted herself, saying: "I must go, lady, 'cause there's the cows to be milked and lots of more things to do 'fore dark; and the days is never just long enough to do every bit what's to be done."

"Very well, Annette. Stop in and see me the next time you come in to town. Meantime, take as many figs as you want."

"I thank you kindly, lady." And not ungracefully the girl bowed herself out.

As the door closed behind her, Ralph Minturn said to his betrothed:

"In the name of wonder, where did you pick that *rara avis?*"

"You know as much about her as I do," was the reply; "neither of us ever having laid eyes upon her until a few moments ago."

"Is she a neighbor of yours?"

"I suppose so; but really I forgot to ask her where she lives."

"That is unfortunate," said Minturn; "for if the remaining seven prove as original as she, it would he a good scheme to call on 'the mother.'"

"On what pretext, may I ask?"

"O, anything," laughingly answered he. "Sociability or charitability, if I may be allowed to use the expression."

Whereupon Ethel laughed in turn. "It is perfectly obvious, Ralph," said she, "that you have never lived in Napa Valley, or you would not have offered either of the above suggestions. You may call on your butcher's wife with impunity, provided he be a subject of Uncle Sam, born like yourself under the stars and stripes; but these Americanized foreigners resent, as impertinent condescension, a call from one between whom and themselves there exists no social equality. The same rule holds good with charitability, as you call it. The Fruit and Flower Mission would die here of inertia in less than a week. I will never forget my first experience with this class. During my Cousin Eva's last illness she spoke very frequently of a motherless child who lived in the village. Her father was a day-laborer, whose irregular earnings scarce sufficed to keep his own body and soul together, much less support a family of six babies, of whom Mina, who was just eleven.

was the eldest. Being the only girl, the entire charge of the household devolved upon her, which means that she was cook, housekeeper, nurse, seamstress, etc.—the etc. constituting no inconsiderable part of her duties. After Eva's death I carried a number of her dresses, as unostentatiously as possible, to Mina's father, telling him whose they were and why I had brought them. The man not only refused them, but insolently requested that henceforth I would keep my old clothes for beggars."

"Was your first experience your last as well?" Minturn asked, with some curiosity.

"Yes and no," was the ambiguous reply.

"What do you mean by that?" he said.

"That I changed my tactics, leaving the highways and byways to those who were possessed of more animal magnetism than has fallen to my share."

Her lover, looking into the soft brown eyes upraised to him, thought that whatever else might be lacking in her organization, it certainly was not animal magnetism. But he did not argue the point, returning instead to the original discussion.

"Well," said he, "since neither a card-case nor credentials from the Fruit and Flower Mission will gain us access into the bosom of Annette's family, we will have recourse to stratagem. I am *au fait* at expedients."

"Yes?" said Ethel, questioningly.

Whereupon he proceeded to unfold his scheme.

"In the course of a morning ramble we'll follow 'long side of the creek,' ma belle, keeping a lookout on the mountain tops, where I shrewdly suspect is perched the eyrie which has turned out this strange bird."

"And then?" quoth Ethel.

"And then," reiterated Minturn, "as weary travelers, we will ask for a glass of water, after the approved fashion."

"It having been impossible to have quenched our thirst when 'long side of the creek'! Fine expedient, Ralph! A few more such masterly strokes will make of you an accomplished diplomat."

"Don't be sarcastic, Ethel. Sarcasm is unbecoming to the gentler sex."

"How unfortunate!" Ethel gravely answered; "since in their hands only this valuable weapon can be preserved from rust and decay. Any more suggestions, Ralph?"

"Yes: we'll substitute milk for water, unless in accordance with the eternal fitness of things your ladyship may deem it expedient to milk the cows on the wayside."

A few days later the pair, duly equipped with gun and sketching materials, sauntered leisurely through the vineyard, stopping here and there to gather the tempting fruit; in substituting one delicious variety for another, they strewed their pathway with refuse which would have graced a royal banquet, or better yet, have fed a handful of the countless thousands to whom a single grape would have been a drop of nectar. But there was not a shadow in the pathway of these two, so richly endowed on this glorious autumn morning, to suggest to them that this bright world through which they were so joyously passing contained aught of sorrow or suffering. Everything, everywhere, as far as the eye could reach, bespoke peace and plenty. The golden stubble told of the garnered grain, as the emerald vineyard of the coming vintage. What wonder, then, that the gladness reflected from hill and dale left its radiant impress on the faces of those whose lives, too, were rounding into completeness! And it was better so: yes, far better; for these moments of blissful ecstasy are rare, at best. Into some lives they come not at all. Why? God knows.

With one accord they paused upon a thickly wooded knoll at the head of the cañon to look down upon the valley nestling lovingly in the arms of the Coast Range. Neither spoke the thoughts which came upon each "like a deep flood": of what use? When heart speaks to heart, lips may well be silent. But as they turned their faces toward the creek, which lay at the foot of the knoll on the other side, Minturn put his arm around the beautiful girl, who in rapt

silence stood beside him, and imprinted upon her brow a kiss so solemn, so tender, as to bring into her eyes the tears that for pure joy had some moments since welled into her heart, and she turned her face from him that he might not see them fall.

A few steps farther brought them upon the bank of the stream, when instantly the spell was broken which had held them in thrall. The dancing waters laughed at sentiment, and so now did Ethel.

"'Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever'

"—ever, I go on forever—ever, I go on forever," burst from her lips with merry glee, and she repeated the refrain until in laughing protest Ralph said:

"Well, don't, I implore you, unless you want me to represent the men who go."

"Ralph," said she, suddenly breaking off in the middle of her song; "what do you say to following up the stream to-day to its head? I want you to see what an incomparably beautiful spot it is up there, with its natural grotto festooned with mosses and lichens. The banks on either side are overgrown with immense brakes; while in the center of the stream, a few feet removed from the grotto, is a bush of creamy and rose-tinted azalias. But come, what's the use of describing to you what you can see for yourself?"

"Come," she repeated, with pretty imperiousness, as Minturn, by way of answer, threw himself nonchalantly on the leaf-strewn bank.

"With pleasure, sweetheart, but not to-day." And he stretched out his hand to draw her down by his side, an invitation which she completely ignored.

"Why not to-day?" she said.

"Come sit down by me and I will tell you. It isn't comfortable for a man to have to look up to the woman to whom he is talking."

"O, isn't it? What an uncomfortable life you will lead with me!"

"I haven't a doubt of it; but swear off in hot weather, won't you? Take my advice: don't mount your pedestal to-day, for it is confoundedly hard to get down when once one is up."

As his lady-love secretly concurred in this opinion, she yielded the point while she could do it gracefully, and then, woman-like, covered her defeat by ignoring her concession.

"Why not to-day?" she repeated.

Minturn took a cigar out of his pocket, lighted it, puffed a few wreaths of smoke into the air, and then answered:

"Because—"

"You are infringing on a copyright," she protested. "Woman has secured the patent on that reason."

"Permit me to finish the sentence, my dear. I was about to say, because we came out in quest of the eyrie, and with your gracious permission, I propose to find it."

A cloud passed over Ethel's face.

"Ralph," she said, "what is your object in seeking these people? What are they to you, or you to them, that you should intrude upon their privacy?"

"To them," he replied, "I am nothing, not even a name. To me, they are material out of which I may chance to carve something worthy of your acceptance."

Seeing Ethel's puzzled expression, he said:

"You do not understand me apparently?"

"No."

"Listen, then," and he fondly clasped in his the hand that wore his ring. "Though I have won in California the highest prize within man's reach, I won it incidentally, for it was another object which brought me over the Sierra. I am a collector of curios, not antiques and fossils, to be labeled and locked away in a cabinet; nor yet of costly *faience*, too valuable to be handled. But of living, breathing specimens—clippings, as it were, from human nature. Of these I have already gathered a most miscellaneous collection—jewels in the rough. Some day—not distant, I trust—I shall sort and classify my treasures. Many of them will doubtless be consigned to the waste-basket, but others I will polish with infinite care, and set them with all the skill I may."

Seeing that she understood him now,

he continued, in a somewhat less fanciful vein: "The rarest of these gems have come from your own Golden State, Ethel. This land is teeming with literary lore. This one little valley alone would produce countless treasure if one knew exactly how to reach it. Such a strange blending of nationalities, elsewhere opposed, of characters naturally diverse—of rich and poor, high and low—and such contrarieties withal, I have never elsewhere seen, and I have traveled through most of the civilized countries indicated on the map. Where else than in California could one stumble across a maiden, verging upon womanhood, I should judge, who, living within a few miles of a fashionable summer resort, had yet never seen a piano? One who could rival a gentleman of the old school in pretty speeches, though murdering the Queen's English in the shaping of them?"

"But did you observe," Ethel interrupted, "how exceedingly quaint was her manner of expressing herself? Her pronunciation was singularly pure. The foreign accent relieved the barbarous construction from a suspicion of coarseness."

"True," assented Ralph; "which incongruity only goes to substantiate my former assertion."

"If you desire a picture of incongruities," Ethel presently remarked, "I will furnish you with one shortly, which will provide you with more material than you can utilize in a lifetime. One day, the latter part of this month, the Vine-growers' Association purpose giving a picnic, and father, as a member of the Association, has offered them for the occasion our grove, also the upper floor of the wine-cellar, which last will make a fine ball-room. The affair will undoubtedly bring together such a strange concourse of people as one does not often chance to see."

And so they talked on, gradually branching off into generalities, topics foreign to themselves or their surroundings, though interwoven with such sweet personalities as would forever sanctify to those engaged therein the hour and place wherein the conversation occurred.

Hours later they reached their destination—the little vine-covered, white-washed cottage, implanted, as Minturn had surmised, on the mountain side, though rather nearer the summit than he had either anticipated or desired. But for these additional steps he, at least, felt duly compensated when his companion innocently said:

"I would give anything for a glass of water!"

"Why did you not quench your thirst when 'long side of the creek'?" he asked with affected concern, a sally which provoked from his lady-love a merry laugh, that said more plainly than words, "Checkmated." They had left the creek so long since that it looked to them now like a thread of silver.

"I'll wager that's the most prettiest Christina. Nor is she ugly, either, by George!" He pointed to a window overhung with a wild grape-vine, within which scarlet and gold framework stood at an ironing-table, with uprolled sleeves, a young girl of fourteen years or thereabouts, whose rosy cheeks, bright blue eyes, and long, flaxen braids bore unmistakable evidence of her German origin.

"She is pretty," Ethel assented, "but entirely commonplace—no material worth collecting there, Ralph." Further comment was interrupted by the approach of a woman of most pronounced aspect, whose every feature seemed to have been created merely as a foil to another; strong lines bringing into greater prominence the weaker parts. Her manner presented such an odd mixture of French vivacity and German stolidity as to baffle conjecture concerning her nationality—a matter not to be determined, either, by her speech. She accosted the strangers in a *patois* almost unintelligible to them—or to any one, in fact, who had not hailed from her own border-land; to any one else alike untranslatable and unpronounceable. But if she could not speak English, she at least understood it; for she conducted her guests to the living-room, which seemed to be at once parlor, kitchen, and nursery, and ministered to their needs with such cordial alacrity as would have done honor to a Southern planter.

Ethel evinced a little embarrassment under the staring scrutiny of what seemed to her an infinite number of eyes, for from every door and window and out of every corner started up as if by magic tow-haired children. But Ralph, nothing daunted—with the well-bred ease that never under any possible circumstance deserted him—talked to "the mother," who answered him for the most part by signs, which, however, went far towards interpreting a language that was neither French nor German nor yet English, but which had in it enough of each to become gradually intelligible to her visitors.

He told her of her own dear native land, through which he had recently passed, and for which she still pined even as on that day, now sixteen years gone by, when she, a bride, had helped her husband to plant the first stake in these western mountains, which had ever since been their home. And as he talked, the tears streamed down the weather-stained face, and the faded, toil-dimmed eye grew bright again with a luster so new and strange that the children crept nearer and yet nearer to gaze with open-mouthed astonishment at the unwonted spectacle.

And still the stranger talked on, now and then interrupting himself to ask the name of one or another of the little girls who, clustering around the mother, eyed him askance. The sudden cessation of hammering, which in an adjoining shed had until now kept time to his voice, caused Minturn to look in the direction from whence the sound had proceeded. In the open doorway stood Annette—the same, and yet transformed. The little pinched face, tanned a dull, ugly brown, was the identical one which he had watched so curiously from behind the curtain, only it looked darker yet by contrast with Christina's fresh complexion. But the hair! Whence came all that wealth of beautiful hair? He remembered now she had worn a sun-bonnet, and so had hidden it. What a glorious color it was—unmistakably red, but of a shade to have plunged even Titian in despair, because of the utter impossibility of catching just that indefinable tint. The pins which had fastened it had, unperceived, slipped out as she bent over her work, and the waving masses now fell over her like a mantle, almost covering the tiny form that seemed years younger than the face to which it belonged.

He looked at Ethel. She caught the glance and answered it by another. Then involuntarily they both turned their eyes again upon the figure in the doorway. And it was because of this *red hair* that "everything is no more mine, but Christina's," in contrast with whose flaxen locks Annette was virtually the "ugly duckling"; though not so to the little ones to whom she was—well, she was Annette, and that meant everything, as was apparent to the visitors already; for the instant her presence among them was observed, they flocked around her like bees about a flowering madroña, asking eagerly in stage whispers, "Is't the bu'ful lady, Annette? Is the prince come?" The low-spoken reply was lost, as also the whispered though animated discussion which followed. But of the latter the subject, at least, was not hard to conjecture, for with a nod of assent to the importunate children Annette noiselessly approached Ethel—bare feet fall as lightly on carpetless boards as sandaled ones on velvet—saying shyly:

"Will you sing, lady, for the mother and the childrens?"

Ethel could not refuse such a request, but she wished that Annette had not made it. For some unaccountable reason she felt ridiculously nervous at the mere thought of singing before this uncultured audience, whose only standard of comparison was the birds.

She turned to Ralph.

"What shall I sing?" she said, in a low, tremulous voice.

He smiled at her visible nervousness, but otherwise did not notice it. Then, after a moment's consideration, he suggested:

"La Marseillaise."

She sang it, and with such effect as neither of them had anticipated.

The first lines awakened in the French woman's memory but an indistinct impression—a vague reminiscence of something pertaining to a past which time and the stern realities of the present had faded into a dream. But when the rich, melodious voice of the singer swelled into the grand chorus—

> "Aux armes, citoyens
> Formez vos bataillons!"—

the mist cleared. No German stolidity now. She sprang to her feet, and with wildest enthusiasm piped in with her shrill, unmusical voice:

"Marchons, marchons" — beating time the while with hands and feet. And then the children began to clap too, not because, like "the mother," they were fired by patriotism, but simply because the mother clapped; and the applause was taken up with unabated zeal with each chorus, though the children more than once, in their frantic delight, introduced it into the middle of the verses, under the impression that the right moment had come—an interruption which did not disconcert Ethel, however; on the contrary, it afforded her such inspiration as she had never drawn from the complimentary hush of delighted connoisseurs. In this noisy glee all in the room participated save two: Annette, who stood with hands clasped and eyes uplifted to the face of the beautiful lady—an involuntary attitude of unconscious adoration; and Minturn, whose gaze was steadfastly fixed upon Annette.

The evening shadows were fast enveloping the valley when they had made the descent of the mountain; but what a pleasant day it had been!

After this there were frequent visits to the eyrie. It was not so very far, after all, when they did not tarry too long on the creek. And even if it were, they were amply repaid for the exertion by the unfeigned delight which these visits afforded—delight manifested by each individual member of the humble household. And no wonder: for mam'selle sang such beautiful songs, and m'sieur told them wondrous tales—"dream-stories," Annette called them, because she said she could dream them over again in the daytime, when she was making the grape-boxes. So she explained to him the meaning of the term which the children had adopted in contradistinction to those other stories which he told the mother.

"Were you making grape-boxes the first time we came here?" he asked.

"Yes, m'sieur." And she led him into the shed and showed him how she bound together with strips of hide the rough boards. Strange work this for a girl, he mused; but she did not seem to realize it, so he said nothing. And after a time he became used to seeing a girl doing a man's work, for in this household there were only girls. The father was a miner in an adjoining county, and only came home on Saturday nights. So the hoeing and plowing and pruning of the little vineyard was done by those of the eight sisters who were old enough to gird on the heavy and unnatural harness; while the mother's hands were more than full of the household and nursery cares incidental to such a large family. Nor was this all: the grapes had to be gathered and delivered down in the valley, whither Annette conveyed them in a rude sled of very insufficient capacity. And the vegetables and butter must be carried into the village, and the groceries received in exchange be transported up the mountain. Then, moreover, there were the cows to be looked after, to say nothing of the horse, which, though an ugly, ungainly animal, was their most valuable possession, because the most indispensable.

Ah! ye women who clamor for the right to do man's work, try it in the open field, under the blazing sun or the biting frost of a Napa sky. And then, when your whole physical nature succumbs to the trial, seek the refuge of your womanhood, trusting that in incapacitating you from doing man's labor, your Creator had other work for you, the plan of which may be revealed by the very civilization which has as yet but developed your mighty needs. But these mountaineers had never heard of "woman suffrage," and so worked on, alike indifferent to the triumph of having so far overcome female incapacity or the degradation of having been

forced into a sphere for which nature had not designed them; and besides, they were German peasants, therefore, without distinction of sex, "hewers of wood and drawers of water."

Most of the outdoor work fell upon Annette, for Christina helped the mother in the house. She preferred to work under shelter, because it didn't spoil her white skin, which would have been a pity, since it was so pretty. And really there was no need of her looking outside for work; for what with the cooking and washing and tending babies, there was plenty to keep her busy all the time, and the mother too. Truth to tell, she had not much time for idleness; seeing which the mother commended her, and wondered why Annette never found time to help in the house.

M'sieur could have enlightened her on this subject; but he did not, for he had fallen into a habit lately of studying Annette in silence, reserving his impressions for his own uses. And Annette herself? Well, she had never talked much, and now was only a little more silent and dreamy: that was all—a difference that passed unnoticed in a Babel of tongues.

The day of the Viticultural picnic arrived. The grove, that yesterday one might have fancied the realm of satyr and wood-nymph, so mystical was the soughing of the pines in the surrounding silence, to-day presents a curious and fantastic spectacle. Master and man, mistress and maid, Gentile and Jew—representatives not only from county and town, but indirectly from everywhere—all here met together in nature's grand amphitheater, in glad accord, united for the nonce by one common bond. To-morrow matters will adjust themselves, when old and established relations must be resumed; but what of that? For to-day, at least, distinction betwixt the tiller of the soil and the owner thereof is swept away. Fragments of humanity, man and his fellow-man—all linked together by the delicate tendrils of the vine into one common brotherhood. Too frail a thread this to bind together such incongruous materials; but it will hold for to-day, and for a longer time one would not desire it.

Leaning against a magnificent madroña, Minturn took in the details of this picture. Inadvertently his eye singled out Ethel, the suavity of whose manner did much toward reconciling elements naturally at variance. "How gracefully she adapts herself to the exigencies of any society into which she happens to be thrown!" he thought. At that moment she beckoned to him, and together they went into the wine-cellar, the upper floor of which had been arranged for dancing. The huge tanks and casks had been removed to another floor, to await there the supplies so soon to be poured into them, leaving a clear space, broken only by the pillars, consisting of pine trunks, which supported the arched roof of the vast building, the stone walls of which shut out the heated atmosphere, and made dancing as pleasant on this suffocating day as in December. The sunshine crept in through the narrow windows, but it was tempered by the evergreens which hung in graceful festoons from every available space, further decoration consisting of a truly magnificent display of bunting. Over foreign and native born waved alike the American flag.

As Ethel was in demand, and he did not care to take part himself in the first dance now forming, Minturn took refuge in a window-seat, whence he could obtain an excellent view of a scene whose every feature was interesting. He experienced as unfeigned delight in the conglomeration of color and costume as in the bits of glass which, when a boy, he had seen through a kaleidoscope. Had there been nothing else to have enjoyed, the costumes of the dancers would alone have afforded him infinite entertainment, presenting as they did such diversity of material and style as would set at rest forever any question which might by chance arise as to American independence—in point of dress.

Here was Madame Le Monde from the White Sulphur, who, in daintiest Parisienne toilet, was discussing with Mr. X——,

a prominent county gentleman, the product of the vine, as the subject best adapted to the occasion if not to her capacity. And there, in a robe of many colors, was the village belle, doling out her favors with the caprice of a favored princess. Having finally made her selection of the gallant swains who beset her, she spread a handkerchief upon each of her own shoulders, whereupon her partner placed his hands, and *vice versa*, only in his case the handkerchiefs were omitted; and so they whirled out of Minturn's sight, the world forgetting, though scarce by the world forgot.

Their departure brought compensation, however, for within the range of his present vision was a young girl standing obviously alone, though in the midst of the gay throng. He left the window niche.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Annette?" he said, as he gained her side.

The girl started confusedly, hearing her name so unexpectedly spoken; but recovering herself almost immediately, she answered simply:

"Yes, m'sieur." But it was an enjoyment which few girls would have recognized as such.

"Why aren't you dancing?" he asked.

"'Cause nobody did never ask *me*."

The unconscious emphasis on the pronoun appealed irresistibly to m'sieur; but he hesitated a moment. Would his dancing with her expose the girl to remark. How absurd!—of course not. Anyhow, he could dance afterwards with Christina, and may be, some of the village girls. That would make matters all right. So he said courteously:

"Will you dance with me, Annette?"

And without waiting for the reply, which he read in the half-frightened, half-longing look in her eyes, he put his arm around her waist, and before she had time to speak, was guiding her in and out among the dancers. Annette had never danced a step before in her life; but from her French mother she had inherited graceful agility, and her ear was strangely attuned to music—may be that was because she had learned to count the beats in every pulse of nature. But be that as it may, long before the waltz ended, her step was in accord with her partner's; and he, looking down into her face, now tinged with a faint color, was surprised to find her growing pretty. Was it due to the pale green muslin she wore? (Ethel's gift, who, by the bye, had fortified Annette's claim to it by giving one to Christina at the same time.) Possibly. But to whatever the change was attributable, it was manifest to more than one. To Annette's surprise and bewilderment, she suddenly found herself a belle. A girl with whom the tall, handsome stranger had danced must be worth dancing with. So argued the village youths, and thereupon each begged to be allowed the same pleasure. Annette danced with one after another, but from first to last her face never lost its serious gravity, unless her eye chanced, as happened now and then, to meet Minturn's, when the color deepened in her dark cheek and an unconscious smile wreathed the mouth.

He saw this, and so did Ethel, who had also seen the dreamy expression in the girl's eyes, and knew with woman's unerring perception that the increasing prettiness was from within, not from without. And so when she could speak to her betrothed unobserved, she said to him:

"Beware how you study that girl, Ralph, or you may find a broken heart among your curios."

He took her hand in his, and said:

"Do you doubt my love for you, Ethel?"

"No; I was not thinking of myself, but of Annette."

"Then do you doubt my honor as a gentleman?"

"No," she again replied; "but I do doubt your knowledge of woman nature."

He smiled reassuringly, and said, "You are a little goose to suppose that every woman will succumb to the same charm that attracted you, whatever that may be"; then in a more serious tone added, "I was not jesting, dear, when I told you that I was collecting curios. One day I hope to produce a sketch of Annette, which will be valuable as a character-study."

Ethel was not half satisfied; but this was not the hour nor the place to discuss the question. So she merely answered, "I do not approve of such a study"; and she left him to his own cogitations.

He did not ask Annette for another dance; but Annette had danced with him every time—by proxy.

Ethel did not recur to the subject, either that day or afterwards. Neither did she ask where he spent those hours when he was not with her; for she could not spare as much time now for their long walks as formerly. There were numberless matters requiring her personal supervision; she must leave nothing undone, for when she became Ralph Minturn's wife she would enter upon a new world, between which and her present home stretched thousands of miles; and that hour was drawing very near at hand.

And so again and again Ralph's horse turned into the bridle-path leading from the White Sulphur, where he was staying, up the mountain side, where there was fine hunting he was told. And Annette dreamed over by day and by night the stories which he told her while she was at her work, which she never discontinued on his account. They were not such stories as he invented for the amusement of the children; those he told her were of real human beings, who had truly lived their lives. Sometimes he read to her from such authors as appealed most forcibly to her passionate love of the beautiful. One day he mechanically read aloud a passage which he thought entirely beyond her comprehension, and was astonished at her comment upon it, which though simple and quaint, yet betrayed a keen appreciation of the subject. He laid aside the book, and said half laughingly:

"You ought to write a book yourself, Annette."

She looked up from the box into which she was picking grapes, and answered:

"I couldn't write a book, 'cause I don't know just enough of the English; and then besides, I don't think it would be just right."

"Why not?" he asked curiously.

"Because," she said, in her strange simplicity, "the birds and the flowers and the clouds talk to me, not like they talk to other peoples, and I guess it's for the reason why that they know I won't tell what they tells me."

"How do you know that they do not tell other people the same thing?" he asked.

"'Cause others don't love them not half so well as me," she answered.

"But, Annette," he said, wonderingly—this self-imposed bond of silence between nature and herself was such a very peculiar idea—"how do you know that nature"—but he had to explain this more fully; she could not understand the abstract term—"the birds and flowers, I mean—do not want you to tell what they say?"

She hesitated a little, then said:

"If you was to tell me something you loved"—she meant a cherished thought—"and I was to tell it to Christina, and her laughed, would you want me to tell her another time? Anyhow"—she interrupted herself with a long-drawn sigh—"I wouldn't want to."

Clearly Annette has been "casting pearls before swine," and, wiser than most people, has profited by experience, mused her interrogator. After a while he said:

"Will you tell me what all these things say to you. I do not think they will mind, for I love them, too, and so would not think of laughing."

"Yes," she replied, after a slight pause, during which she looked into his face with a fixed intensity that disturbed him in spite of himself; "I will tell you."

Ethel's warning rung in his ears: "Beware how you study that girl, Ralph, or you may find a broken heart among your curios."

"Pshaw!" he muttered to himself; "she is a mere child—too young to dream of such things." Thus he stilled the wee small voice, while he fathomed yet deeper into this strange nature. He lifted the veil which divided the dual life of the girl before him, and penetrated into that mysterious other half—the inner consciousness which never before had been unlocked to human gaze. By means of the magical divining-rod, of

which he had in some way become possessed, he brought to light the manifold treasure with which, by way of compensation, nature had sought to indemnify the maiden for the exceeding paucity of other gifts. She unsuspectingly revealed to him the tender confidences of the birds and flowers and clouds, which, by the light of poetry, she transformed into music, art, and heaven—and he betrayed her trust; for he stole the "something she loved"—not to laugh at it himself, but to scatter it broadcast over a cold, realistic world.

He wondered, as he rode away, why an All-wise Creator should have sown such precious seed in a soil which could produce no fruit. Why he should have placed a creature in such close communion with nature, and yet deny to her the gift, or rather the enlightenment, necessary for the elucidation of her mysterious voice. For the same reason, probably, that he plants rare flowers in hidden nooks, allowing them to bud and blossom and die unperceived by man, whose sordid nature might perchance be ennobled by their purifying influence. And why this?

"She is as sweet and undefiled," he mused, "as the wild rose that she loves so well." But who would pluck for his own the wild rose, however sweet, when he might have the glorious Jacqueminot? Not Ralph Minturn, certainly.

It was well, for even had he preferred the wild rose, he had already made his choice, and must abide by it—not that he would have had it otherwise if he could; and yet—

With a fascination inexplicable to himself, he continued his subtle analysis, regardless of the fact that in so doing he was tearing away, one by one, the petals of the poor little flower, which was not and never could be his, that he might fathom the mystery of its secret depths. But, from beginning to end, not a word, not a whisper, had been uttered which might not have been spoken in the presence of his betrothed wife; for he was a gentleman, as he said to himself with conscious pride.

Why, then, since his conscience so freely exonerated him, did he approach the cottage with such visible hesitation, when, on his wedding eve, he came to say farewell? As he entered the main room, a casual glance discovered them all there assembled. For this he was glad. Of course he had but a moment to spare, so hurriedly taking leave of the mother and the little ones, he turned to say good by to Annette. She had vanished. It was better so. No one observed her absence, so he made no comment upon it. "You will all be at the wedding?" he said. The next moment he was gone.

As Minturn led his bride from the altar on the following morning, he felt the arm laid within his own tremble convulsively. With tender glance, he questioningly sought her eyes, but they were fixed upon a childish figure standing within the shadow of the vestibule, whose heaving chest alone bore evidence that it was a creature of flesh and blood, and not the motionless statue she seemed. The face was as rigid and gray as though carven in stone.

A cursory glance—there was no time for more—had revealed to both husband and wife that which could not be obliterated by the forthcoming years.

And Annette? Well, she simply went on with the old life, which, to all intents and purposes, had suffered no change. The only ostensible difference was that the child had suddenly developed into a woman. Further than this, the world could not penetrate. For the woman closed and fastened securely with bolts and bars the door of that inner sanctuary, from whence the child had drawn the supplies wherewith her barren life had been enriched. The birds sought refuge from the cold by moving down into the warm valley; the flowers went to sleep, and the clouds were for the most part black these days. But it mattered not, for she did not care to talk to them now. Why?—because they had withdrawn their confidence in revenge for her betrayal of them? Annette laughed—a harsh, discordant laugh it was—at thought of her silly superstition. Alas! they were

birds and flowers and clouds now—nothing more.

A year after this, Ralph Minturn, radiant with success, placed in his wife's hands the book which had crowned him with laurels.

She read it through, uttering never a word of praise or blame, until the last leaf was turned, then said:

"The picture is true to life, and exquisitely framed, but it is too much after the style of Parrhasius to suit my taste."

His voice trembled with anger, as he said scornfully:

"Does that thorn still rankle?"

For a moment intense silence filled the room, then in a low, self-contained voice, his wife answered him:

"Yes; the thorn does rankle, but not in the sense which you have chosen to imply. The light of your triumph is born of the shadow that fell across our path on our wedding morn. The stony despair which you and I both saw indelibly stamped on that young face, and which we understood better even than did she herself, is the thorn implanted in my heart."

He left the room without a word; but when they met again, later in the day, there was exchanged between them a silent kiss—the kiss of peace.

Thus for the third and last time the subject was put away. She would not judge him; for God alone knows why one life must needs be cast into shadow that another might thereby be brought into bold relief. Only this do *we* know: that light and shade are alike essential to the completion of that grand picture, "The Resurrection Morn"; when every tiny mosaic will be fitted by the Master's hand into the especial place for which he designed it. Then, if not till then, we will know why some of the stones were made dark and others light; some with jagged edge and others smooth.

S. R. Heath.

FELICE NOTTE.

"A HAPPY night!" I heard you say
In the old, sweet Italian way;
But as your foot went up the stair
The north wind swept the branches bare.

You did not think that careless word
So many memories would have stirred;
You could not know what storms had passed
Above me since I heard it last.

In vain might snow-winds rage and rave,
I felt no chill that midnight gave;
But in the lovely Tuscan land
Of song and bloom I seemed to stand.

Again I saw the sunset burn
Upon Carrara's peaks, and turn
The mist to golden dust, that lay
Along the Arno's winding way.

Each palace-front flashed back the glow,
The bells of Florence sounded low;
And the last beam of parting day
Long lingered on Fiesole.

Then how, from Bellosguardo's hill,
The nightingales the dusk would thrill;
While from the garden's darkening close
Came scents of lily and of rose.

What starlight from the haunted tower!
What moonrise from the olive-bower!
And when the moon was overhead,
"*Felice Notte,*" softly said.

O, happy nights of joyous days,
In sunny lands by pleasant ways!
I wake to find the hearth grown cold,
My life grown bare, my heart grown old.

Yet still, sweet friend, your words may be
A blessed prophecy to me,
That at the end of all my pain,
A happy night may come again.

O, then, when life is burning low,
And death-winds call my soul to go,
May some kind voice, from earth's dim shore,
"*Felice notte!*" breathe once more.

E. D. R Bianciardi.

CURRENT COMMENT.

AT the annual meeting of the alumni of the State University, held at Berkeley on the 29th of May, a series of statistics was read that throws some very curious light on the choice of occupations among the graduates of the institution. The two most significant points were that the only course of study which is directly used in after life by any large proportion of its graduates is the "classical"—that is, the traditional A. B. course; and that the majority of all the graduates—"scientific," "literary," and "classical"—turn to the study and profession of law.

The first of these generalizations is somewhat conventional, being founded on the tradition that the occupations directly looked toward by the classical training are the three professions, law, medicine, and theology. In point of fact, the classical training can hardly be said to prepare "directly" for any occupation, in the same sense in which our engineering course prepares directly for surveying. The fair distinction to make is probably that the classical training, as far as it prepares "directly" for anything, may be said to do so for any profession which makes larger demands for a wide range of general knowledge and for flexible mental facility than for exhaustive mastery of a single subject, or for technical skill. Any such distinction as that it looks naturally to those callings which make some technical use of the Latin and Greek languages is foolish and obsolete. In the first place, there is no occupation (outside of scholarship, such as historical or linguistic research) that makes technical use of any but the merest smattering of these languages—less grammar than a year in a high school would teach, and a certain amount of vocabulary. And in the second place, the best modern A. B. courses do not make any specialty of these two languages, nor do their graduates possess any more profound acquaintance with Latin and Greek than with science, literature, history, or philosophy; their only specialty is that they have no specialty; it would be as rational to consider a Bachelor of Arts specially trained or commerce on account of the arithmetic that underlay his mathematics as for the law on account of the knowledge of Latin terminology that underlay his Latin reading. But judged either according to the amount of Latin used or according to the general character of the training required, it is evident that the callings of teaching, journalism, literature, or politics are more directly dependent upon the classical training than that of medicine. Even the greater part of what is known as "business" would appear to be more directly dependent on general training than on chemical, mechanical, or so forth. However, conventional though the discrimination is by which is determined the proportion of Bachelors of Arts engaged in professions for which they were directly fitted, to remake it according to the lines we have suggested would only increase the preponderance in the same direction; for the number of teachers alone among Californian graduates is far greater than the number of doctors, and there are several in journalism, politics, and literature.

IT is to be noted that the ones among our students who have followed out most closely the intention of their college study are the ones whose intention included additional professional study; for the natural demand of the general training is that it shall be followed by special. In a community of short cuts, possessed with desire for rapid achievement at any cost, one would expect the converse to be true; one would expect to see numbers entering upon the seven years' road and quitting it disheartened, instead of seeing many who had started to reach a profession by a four years' road shifting over into the longer path. The fact seems to be that, even at seventeen years old or thereabouts, few start in for seven years' work without counting the cost; and that many start in to prepare themselves for a technical occupation by a four years' course with too sanguine an idea of what can be acquired in four years. Every college student experiences much defining and modifying of his ideas as to the amount of learning four years can give; and the chances are that the one who maps out for himself the longer work has the more correct prevision, and is therefore less liable to change of plan. Again: the student of the traditional course is entering a path far better trodden by fathers, uncles, teachers, than he of the technical courses, and has every facility for a clearer foresight and more accurate planning.

WE must not, however, attach too much significance to these indications of the statistical point we have been considering. The second one that we quoted has a very important bearing on the first. The fact that our graduates have so generally rushed into law—law to the neglect of all other occupations—has been the chief factor in keeping classical graduates to their intention, and making scientific graduates desert theirs. The Californian bar has evidently found room for a large number of young lawyers, and the possibility of great prizes, both in money and reputation, in that profession have been exceedingly tempting to our young men. The existence of the law school—a more pleasant and convenient resource for the unoccupied than any other of the professional schools—has had much to do with the tendency of our graduates to the law. There remains, however, much in it not quite accounted for by these obvious considerations, and it is a rather curious social fact, worth some further observation.

MUSIC AND DRAMA.

Madam Modjeska.

CRITICISM stammers before this peerless actress, and if we take pen and paper with the object of making some record of her appearance, it is with the full consciousness that the only true enshrinement of her genius must be in the memories of those who had eyes to behold and intellect to apprehend what she revealed. She is as far beyond record as genius is above rule. Her interpretations of drama, like those of music at the hands of Liszt or Rubinstein, thrill one with the sense of a power scarcely inferior to that which created the works themselves. We must therefore be content with chronicling a few impressions which will be as far from depicting the true Modjeska as the pale and meager words of description are from the visible warmth and abundance of life.

During the four weeks of her engagement she appeared in seven characters, and we saw her in them all: *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *Rosalind*, *Frou-Frou*, *Viola*, *Camille*, *Marie Stuart*, and *Juliet*. The dominant quality in her interpretation of every one of these varied roles was her intense spirituality. In quantity of intellect she surpasses every actress but Ristori that has ever visited California, and there are but two or three in the world that can be named beside her. Let us hasten to add that by intellect we mean something very much higher than mere understanding. In the leading actor at another theater we have lately had a very good example of the powers of mere understanding when applied to drama. Mr. Barrett is an artist of exceptional ability, thoroughly versed in the routine of his craft, and able to count upon the certain effect of his knowledge of artistic rules. But his is scarcely the art that conceals art, nor are his interpretations the offsprings of that sympathetic imagination which gives to an assumed character the accent, glance, and gesture of life itself. Mr. Barrett is hopelessly stagey; but Madam Modjeska, ample, lavish, inexhaustible, full of the sweet surprises and perplexities of real life, suggests in every role a character greater than the phases she reveals. A woman that responds with the spontaneity of a highly sensitive organism to every shade of emotion, she yet never ceases to make us feel the subjection of her feelings to a high intellectual purpose. It is this fusion of intellect and emotion, one of the surest marks of genius, which spiritualizes everything she does. Who, before Modjeska, ever made love like *Adrienne* when she welcomes the *Count de Saxe* upon his return from Russia? It is love like this that most men dream of; with such a woman they would cheerfully stand up against the world. And what a charm did this same thorough-bred air of the true gentlewoman lend to her *Rosalind!* There is much in the diction of "As You Like It" which makes it difficult for a modern audience to follow the play; and when to this was added a slightly foreign accent, it is not surprising that the conceits, the quick repartees, the quaint diction, became even more elusive than usual, causing people unfamiliar with Shakspere to go away without understanding upon what the plot turned. For us, however, especially on a second hearing, these drawbacks had little meaning; and the tender pathos of the early scenes, as well as the charming banter with *Orlando*, left nothing to be desired. Perhaps in no role was the elevating power of Madam Modjeska's imagination so noticeable as in *Camille*. It is the essential quality of that character, which few of its numerous interpreters have ever perceived, that it combines in one and the same person fate and its victim. *Camille* is her own destroyer, and Modjeska's many subtle ways of emphasizing this point were marked by the highest genius. The interview with *Armand's* father, when in spite of her despair she resolves to sacrifice herself, was permeated with a sense of impending doom that had about it a touch of Greek tragedy. How quickly it was laughed away in the face of the lover she is leaving forever!

As we have alluded to Madam Modjeska's accent, it behooves us to say how small a thing it is in her dramatic equipment. It is marvelous that, learning English only seven years ago, she should find so few stumbling-blocks in our irregular speech. She rarely mispronounces a word; her unfamiliarity shows itself rather in occasional strange inflections, and in a singular inability at unexpected moments to speak some simple sentence in the manner of one to whom the words are native. But these are matters hardly worth chronicling, when we remember that in everything pertaining to elocutionary art Madam Modjeska towers into the clouds above every one of her English-speaking company. As companies go, it is not a poor one. It is better than the support Booth is accustomed to, quite as good as Irving's company in London was three years ago, and it has played long enough with Modjeska to make a better showing than the local talent of California would have done in its place. The fact remains, that, with the exception perhaps of Mr. Owen and Miss Drew, the members of the company do not include among their talents the most rudimentary knowledge of elocution. The leading actor, Mr. Barrymore, mouths insufferably. For the most commonplace sentiments, he draws upon his tragic music-box, and apparently looks upon the seat of all emotion as no deeper than

the throat. He will make a better actor when he ceases to attempt to make his larynx do the work of his brain. It was therefore always a welcome relief to hear Modjeska's voice again. At all supreme moments, whether of tenderness or of anger, of dignity or of weakness, she never failed of her aim. Notably in the declamatory role of *Marie Stuart*, her denunciation of the House of Lords and her scathing interview with *Elizabeth* were splendid examples of elocutionary power.

For the rest, no account, however meager, of Madam Modjeska's appearance can omit to mention how charmingly the spiritual qualities of her interpretations were seconded by plastic elements of pose and gesture, as well as by true picturesqueness of costume. We shall not soon forget the buoyancy of her entrance, all in white, in *Marie Stuart*, when her first taste of liberty in the forest fills her with new life, and at every step the gossamer drapery on her shoulders dilates with the air, until her whole person seems tremulously expansive with the glad spirit within. Nothing could have been finer than her bearing throughout this play; it was queenly without pomposity, dignified without constraint. We shall remember, too, many a charming picture of which Modjeska's *Rosalind* is the center; her attitude when the wrestling-match is over and she goes away love-smitten; her seat on the tree-trunk in Arden. Indeed, we should have to return to every scene of every play before we could exhaust the pictures she has left us. In the quiet elegance of her costumes she showed the same high breeding as in everything else. It is to be hoped her audiences took to heart the lesson that a lady who dresses richly need not necessarily appear like a walking advertisement of her pocket-book and her dressmaker.

For the last night of her engagement in San Francisco, Madam Modjeska chose to appear as *Juliet*. Though she will always be young in the memories of those who have had the good fortune to see her, it was a happy thought to bid us farewell in the person of this youngest heroine. With golden hair, in a simple, girlish, rose-colored gown, she looked not a day over eighteen. When we beheld the girlish outbursts, the sweet ingenuousness, the thousand charming ways of maidenhood by which she vivified her role, we could not but wish she might be young forever, in order to set before men her high types of womanhood from generation to generation.

Mr. Barrett's Plays.

MR. BARRETT deserves the thanks of all playgoers. He has rendered them two exceptional services. He has proved, in the first place, that it is possible for plays to come from an American source and still have something of the coherence and dignity of true drama. He has shown, in the second place, that in spite of the temptations of the "star" system, an actor nowadays may still have artistic conscience enough to drill his company into something like harmonious unity. No two plays seen here for years have aroused more discussion than "Yorick's Love" and "Francesca da Rimini." Each owes something to a foreign source. The first, indeed, lays no claim to being anything but an adaptation from the Spanish; and the second deals with a subject which has tempted so many hands since Dante's day that one hesitates, before comparing it with the work of others, to say how much of its excellence belongs to Mr. Boker. For compactness of construction, rapidity of movement, and sustained intensity of interest, few modern plays can be compared with "Yorick's Love." We are not of those who think the play gains anything by its more or less successful imitation of the quaintness of Elizabethan diction. The realism that gives us the costumes of the past is sufficient; beyond that, we would have as little as possible stand between the human interest of the drama and the audience's apprehension. But this touch of antiquarianism could not impair the vigor and occasional touches of pure poetry which should give "Yorick's Love" a long lease of life. "Francesca" is a drama of another order of construction. It lacks compactness, and is rather a succession of episodes than a coherent organism. The action of the characters upon one another, also, does not always follow from motives that will bear the test of probability. The fool, *Pepe*, is a great convenience to the dramatist in the elaboration of his plot. But what could be more unnatural than that such a man should be permitted to make a butt of *Lanciotto's* deformity? Among gentlemen or among peasants, we have never heard that an inevitable physical defect was an accepted theme of ridicule. Still less would it be permitted to be so in the case of a man like *Lanciotto*, who, as a general at the head of an army, had proved his manhood by showing himself the only true fighter and bulwark of his native city. But of course, unless *Pepe* were permitted to insult *Lanciotto* and receive a blow in return, there would be no plausible way of accounting for the fool's subsequent diabolical interest in the ruin of his master's happiness; and we must therefore put up with an improbability for the sake of the convenience of the playwright. But we almost forget these blemishes in the presence of the many fine touches that heighten the character of *Lanciotto;* and Mr. Barrett never appeared to better advantage than in his rendering of them. His burst of happiness on hearing *Francesca* declare she will be his wife in spite of what he is had the accent of true feeling, and contrasted strangely with the more artificial tones of the earlier scene in which he denounces the rival house of Rimini. Much of the pleasure of the piece resulted, as we have said, from the unusual level of excellence attained by the company as a whole. They have been well trained to make the most of themselves, and they give one a high opinion of the sincerity of Mr. Barrett's artistic purposes.

The Thomas Concerts.

San Francisco has always been a liberal patron of music, and the mere announcement that a conductor of the national and international reputation of Mr. Theodore Thomas was about to come here with his orchestra called forth subscriptions that secured beforehand a large financial profit to his enterprise. This was all the more creditable from the fact that the expense incurred was heavy beyond precedent. Nobody had ever before attempted to transport a band of fifty musicians, together with half a dozen expensive singers and a noted pianist, across the continent in the expectation that the receipts from seven concerts within six days would justify the attempt. But Mr. Thomas has met with a success that is likely to induce him to repeat his visit. Five of the seven concerts have taken place at this writing. The attendance has probably been very little short of three thousand at each concert; and the newspapers, if they have not shown much critical understanding, have yet lacked nothing in the zeal with which they have stimulated public interest.

The programmes were not particularly novel or severe. With the exception of more than half the music of the Wagner night, there were only two or three numbers in the whole "festival" that had not been repeatedly attempted here before. As for severity, Mr. Thomas has never committed the imprudence of being too far in advance of the tastes of a large audience; and while his programmes have been filled with the names of composers of the first rank, the selections have been confined for the most part to the simpler expressions of their authors' power. To this remark there were, of course, many notable exceptions; but it is no exaggeration to say that in point of severity the Thomas programmes were exceeded by those of the Homeier concerts two years ago. We are not, however, of those who imagine that the excellence of a concert depends upon either its novelty or its severity; and it goes without saying that in the essential matter of performance Mr. Thomas surpassed in accuracy, precision, and attack, in delicacy of *pianissimo* effects, in the wave-like march of his long-gathering *crescendos*, in the singing quality of tone he exacts from his instruments, in the simultaneous combination of effects as different as *staccato* and *legato*, everything heretofore attempted by orchestras in California. Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, Mendelssohn's Overture to Midsummer Night's Dream, and Wagner's Prelude to Lohengrin, were delightful examples of an absolutely faithful rendition of the effect intended; and in the more complex pieces of instrumentation, such as Liszt's Preludes and Berlioz's Invocation from the Damnation of Faust, the ease with which every sound-tint in these rich mosaics of tone-colors was set in place was fairly astonishing.

Having said this much in praise of the concerts, candor compels us to add that, by reason of three serious drawbacks, they fell far short of being a complete artistic success. The small number of performers, the enormous size of the hall, and the entire want of proportion between the orchestra and the huge chorus were disadvantages which the technical merits of accurate interpretation could not counterbalance. It was, in the first place, not Thomas's orchestra that we heard, but less than one-half of his orchestra. There were but fifty men all told—thirty-one strings, including the harp, and nineteen instruments divided between wood, brass, and kettle-drum. When the services of additional instruments, such as the tuba, bass-drum, cymbals, or xylophone, were required, men were taken from the strings for this purpose. Now an orchestra in which the strings bear this proportion to the wood and brass may give a very satisfactory rendering of any music in the world except that which is the product of the last fifty years. But the last fifty years have witnessed this important advance in instrumentation: that, whereas in music up till Beethoven's death the wood and brass were principally used to fill out the harmonies, while the melody was given to the strings, in modern works the melody itself is constantly given either to the wood or the brass, while the strings supply appropriate figuration. Therefore, as the quantity of sound produced by wood or brass is vastly in excess of that of the strings, there must be such a proportion between the number of strings and that of all other instruments that when a theme is sounded, for example, on a blaring trombone the accompanying figure of the strings shall not be drowned. Nobody understands this better than Mr. Thomas; and his orchestra at the Philharmonic concerts in New York, arranged with special reference to the adequate rendering of modern works, bears the enormous (but not excessive) proportion of eighty strings to twenty-five of all other instruments. The absence of any similar proportion in the orchestra at these concerts resulted in a misplaced emphasis, which simply distorted many important works. If people imagine, for example, they heard the works of Wagner interpreted in the manner of the composer, we can assure them they were very much mistaken. In the selections from The Nibelung's Ring, parts for the wood and brass stood out like grotesque excrescences, and but for previous hearings of the same work at Bayreuth, Munich, and Vienna, the simultaneous passages for the strings could have been but dimly suspected.

This same want of proportion was frequently noticeable between the orchestra and the chorus. We Americans are such great admirers of mere size, that it is commonly regarded as sufficient to say that the chorus consisted of so many hundred. Thanks to the training of Mr. Loring and a certain diffusion of vocal culture among us, this chorus had other merits than that of size. Its size, indeed, was its greatest drawback. So long as the function of the orchestra is confined to repeating the harmonies that are sung by the

chorus, we can perhaps put up with the orchestra being completely drowned in a greater volume of voices. But it frequently happens in modern works that the composer divides his melody, and in order to diminish the difficulties of singing, gives only a portion of it to the singers and the balance to the instruments. This, it will be remembered, is the case in the hunting chorus of Der Freischütz, where the effect is the same as though the entire melody were sung. A similar division occurs in the chorus of the second act of Tannhäuser; but the fact that the heavy chorus entirely silenced the orchestral part marred the effect, and prevented the work in its completeness from being heard.

If the concerts suffered from lack of proportion in the orchestra and want of balance between orchestra and chorus, a no less hurtful drawback was the immense space in which the sound of the fifty instruments was ingulfed. For want of a hall large enough to be remunerative, it was necessary to hold the concerts in the Mechanics' Pavilion; and although the manager showed great ingenuity in adapting that barn-like structure to the needs of music, it was impossible, either by partitions separating the main hall from the wings, or by the gigantic sounding-board extending from side to side above the stage, to accomplish more than a feeble result. The little orchestra was dwarfed by the immensity of the place. In the third of the hall nearest the stage, or in the balcony above, it was possible to get some sense of volume, though even there one felt a lack of focus. But in all other parts of the building the music was painfully diluted. It was like listening to an orchestra on an open prairie. Instead of filling one with its strength and richness, the sound came pale with the fatigue of travel. Now, volume is as distinct an element in musical pleasure as is quality. Without it, indeed, the full emotional effect of music cannot be produced. It is not enough that sound should reach the ear and be audible: the hearer must be possessed by it without the need of pricking his ears into perpetual alertness. At these concerts, however, the dissipation of sound was so great, that even works which the orchestra, in spite of its size, could have rendered most impressively in a smaller hall failed to produce their full effect. The singers suffered from the same cause. Only two of them—Mrs. Cole and Mr. Remmertz—had strength of voice enough to cope with the space. It was a pity that Mr. Remmertz had not also a corresponding freshness and pleasing quality of voice. Mrs. Cole has a contralto voice of uncommon strength, richness, and compass, and her manner of using it displayed a power of sustaining the even quality of tones which awoke a pleasure like that of notes melting into each other without loss of tone on the violoncello and gave us the most distinct vocal enjoyment of the festival. It is the absence of this same power of sustaining the evenness of tone, and the substitution for it of a disagreeable *vibrato*, which is the most serious drawback to the sweetness and dexterity of Miss Thursby's light soprano.

It would be idle, in the face of all these disadvantages, to suppose that the Thomas Concerts have done much to increase the love of music among us. Though the audiences were models of attention, it was plain that their attitude was one of respect rather than love towards what they heard. There was little enthusiasm; and there can be no doubt the effect upon all but a small number was to confirm the popular superstition that there is something cold and repellant in classical music. Not till Mr. Thomas returns to us with an orchestra proportionate to the space it has to fill will the full effect of his great qualities as a conductor be revealed.

Alfred A. Wheeler.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.[1]

THOSE who have longest been familiar with the name and works of the subject of this volume will be they who will take it up with the most eager anticipations. As a poet of brilliant humor and elegant pathos, as the Autocrat, Professor, and Poet of the Breakfast Table, as the writer of two novels, as the scientist who has taught more than one generation in the Harvard Medical School, and as a writer of many brilliant essays upon various scientific subjects, Dr. Holmes has a name and acceptance surpassed by no literary man of the time. Whatever subject he has touched he has adorned, and if he has not shown himself to be great in any department in which he has appeared, his work has always made him conspicuous by its excellence, and he has left richer every phase of literature or science to which he has made any contribution. It is almost fifty years since his name first attracted public attention; and continuously since then, and more and more, his unceasing activity in various departments of thought has reminded the world of the many resources of his wit and his cultivated intelligence. Of such a man, the most important and interesting per-

[1] Oliver Wendell Holmes: Poet, Litterateur, Scientist. By William Sloane Kennedy. Boston: S. E. Casino & Company. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

sonal facts become matter of common knowledge. While the effusions of his intelligence give no indication of declining powers, the world accepts with gratitude the gifts of his speech and pen, and somehow comes to know the most that there is of special interest concerning him, without the aid of any professional biographer. This will all come to the consciousness of those most and longest the readers of the writings of Dr. Holmes, when they turn the leaves of this book and seek with friendly eagerness for something concerning its subject, which will make them more familiar with his person and mind and heart. The most that this volume tells can as well be gathered by the reader of Dr. Holmes's works from the works themselves. The author anticipates the reader's possible disappointment by telling him in a prefatory note that the book does not profess to be a biography, but that "it is designed to serve as a treasury of information concerning the ancestry, childhood, college life, professional and literary career, and social surroundings of him of whom it treats, as well as to furnish a careful, critical study of his works."

From the exceedingly meager exposition of facts of every kind touching the subject and all his environment outside of his published works—what they contain or indicate—it would seem as if Mr. Kennedy had been left mostly to the resources of his own genius, and that whatever other data he had to make use of, he had not at his command the memory of his subject, which must be crammed with multitudes of incidents, and which, when he shall himself choose to tell them, will lead the stranger and seeker after wisdom into better knowledge of the growth and development of his character and genius, and show them more completely all the knowable sides of the man himself. If there is any exception to this lack of aid from him, whom some may consider the victim of the sketcher's pen, it is apparently in the matter of family derivation. In this matter, generally, however, the interest seems to be the reverse of that in the equine family. The foal gets his value from the noble strain of his pedigree, and that is asked about before the test of the animal is made. In human kind we put man first to the test, and when he himself has proven his value, only a secondary interest arises as to his ancestry. There are but few exceptions to the more than usual complaisance, if not real contempt, with which ordinary mortals look upon descendants of famed people, when those descendants are themselves but people of ordinary abilities. At the same time, when one has shown himself of better parts and more varied and greater talents than we, we are a bit pleased to believe that great abilities apparently can descend to a later generation. For although there are a few cases of this sort which may be cited as exceptions, the rule seems to be, from our every-day experience, exactly the reverse. The son of what great man was ever as great as himself? And how many great men have there been whose immediate derivation was not from persons of not apparently great abilities? Experience seems to give so much disappointment to all our hopes concerning the children of persons of genius, that it would seem as if we were justified in concluding that, when in the line of descent from men and women of unusual minds there come forth in the course of several generations offspring of extraordinary intellect, these new-born persons of genius are indebted therefor, not to their greatly famed ancestors, but to the new blood that has come into their ancestry from those whose names in the preceding generations have somehow found no places upon the family tree—the unknown and the inglorious to whom there came no fame, possibly because there came in their careers no opportunities nor exigencies which demanded the use or display of their possible talents.

As if to show himself justified in writing a volume concerning a living man, which, whatever of mild and becoming censure he might appear to indulge in, would probably contain some eulogy—otherwise the book would have no reason for being—the writer prefaces his prefatory note with the printed expression of Dr. Holmes, that "it is an ungenerous silence which leaves all the fair words of honestly earned praise to the writer of obituary notices and the marble-worker." Is it fair to believe that Mr. Kennedy has interpreted this phrase in a way friendly to the Doctor's vanity, and so has accepted it as a pleasant invitation extended to whatever admiring and appreciative friend might have the leisure and the kindness to write of him a book of praise? Whether it is so or not, the author has in the beginning complied with what seemed to him the satisfactions of the Doctor's fractional family pride—fractional, because not impartial and universal. He says, in describing the characteristics of his subject, that Dr. Holmes has a large egotism; and of "one feature" of his writings he says that "the vanity of it is so deliciously apparent that one would simply allude to it and pass over it in silence did it not occupy so very conspicuous a place." Therefore, it would seem, he has devoted the first chapter to running up the trunk of the family tree and out along those lines of ancestry which he makes terminate with a name of some reputation, and moral and intellectual worth. We learn that Dr. Holmes's mother's great-grandmother wrote a volume of verses, which seem not to have preserved her name as a poet. This great-great-grandmother's father was a governor, and her husband's father was a like dignitary. When we get back to these colonial governors, we are six steps removed from the subject of this volume. On that plane, there are at least sixty-four ancestors—since our ancestors double at each remove—to each of whom he may fairly be said to be indebted for one undivided sixty-fourth part of his derivation. Such an arithmetical view of one's derivation may greatly tend to show the thinning of the richest blood

that flows in aristocratic veins, but does it not have a tendency to make us stand upon our own virtues rather than lean upon what is but a name or an epitaph? It seems to us that human worth is individual, and is largely the result of individual expression of mind and character. Family pride, in all its absurd proportions, was within the conclusion of Solomon that "all is vanity." It is certain that illustrious ancestors are not necessary to the achievement or greatness of any one, for most of those who attain eminence are the first of their name who have attained it. We therefore think that any considerable space in this book need not have been given to the recitation of ancestral names, for Dr. Holmes needs no display of illustrious ancestors to compel our honor. In the light of his own genius, family pride seems ridiculous, for not one of those ancestors was his peer in intellect or acquirements.

Most of the rest of the volume is familiar to all readers of Dr. Holmes's works, for they have read it there. The author does not claim credit for having written a biography, but he has put into the book, evidently, all the facts of which he had knowledge. He has described Cambridge, the place of his birth and the home of his childhood and youth; he has given an interesting account of bits of his life and companionship while a student at Harvard, and has touched meagerly enough upon his career as physician and as Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the Harvard Medical School, for a period of thirty-five years. All the rest is of what Dr. Holmes has done as poet, litterateur, and scientist, and Mr. Kennedy's judgment upon the value of what he has done. The value of the judgment will differ in every reader's mind with the maturity of his own judgment, and his familiarity with the works of the author who is the subject of the criticism. For those who are familiar with the works, the book, as it calls for agreement or disagreement in matters of opinion, is of very doubtful worth; for those to whom the name and works of Dr. Holmes are still wholly or mostly unknown, if there are any such among intelligent readers, it will be useful as a guide, and may incite them to know works that one cannot in these days very well afford to be unfamiliar with.

It is doubtful whether the somewhat free way in which the author has expressed himself concerning some of Dr. Holmes's works, and some of his personal characteristics, will be received with any considerable intellectual hospitality by Dr. Holmes himself; and whether the Doctor will not turn to the quotation which Mr. Kennedy has made use of as his justification, and with a twinkling eye ask if this book is a compliance with the infolded wish. Will he not prefer the "ungenerous silence which leaves all the fair words of honestly earned praise to the writer of obituary notices," to that utterance of them so mingled with condemnation that all his character will seem out of harmony and all his life seem out of tune? For Mr. Kennedy mingles the bitter of disapproval with the sweet of approval so fully, that a conclusion of great admiration for this subject would not seem to follow. "As a treasury of practical philosophy and observation, the 'Professor' [of the Breakfast Table] is a valuable and readable book; but as a story or narrative, it is a failure." Did any one ever before look upon that series of papers as intended primarily to be considered a story? "The everlasting boarders appear on the stage again, as lifeless and characterless as ever. The style is turgid and frothy and wearisome." A treasury of practical philosophy and observation turgid and frothy and wearisome! "Simplicity and the calmness of a great nature is what the reader comes to long for"!

Of his two novels, "Elsie Venner" and "The Guardian Angel," this condemnatory eulogist says: "Of the technical qualifications of the professional novel-wright, Holmes has not wherewith to furnish forth even a third-rate genius; there are twenty and one novelists now living who would laugh to scorn the threadbare conventionalism of his plots, notwithstanding their few thrilling dramatic incidents." And if Mr. Kennedy should name his score of gentlemen who write novels by line and rule, in the "professional" method, mathematically true to the theory of novel-writing, we should have the names of authors whose novels have not a tithe of the immortality which has brought these already safely over more than two decades, to the eager and happy eyes of the children of those who first took delight in those unprofessional novels. But the sweet counteracts the bitter thus: "But in spite of their deficiencies, the stories hold us fascinated to the end." Fascinated by a novelist without the "technical qualifications of the professional novel-wright"! Then, let the professional novel-wright kneel at the feet of this one, the strength of whose novels is said to lie in "their shrewd, psychological analysis of character, and in their wealth of practical philosophy."

Yet, the tone of reproof and criticism will modify the otherwise rather fulsome tone of the monograph, and it may be will be of service in obtaining for Mr. Kennedy himself a reputation for independence and honest criticism, which possibly were included in the object which he had in view, in writing a volume about the person and works of another man.

If this work was a voluntary tribute, a labor of love and admiration on the part of the writer, it seems to us that we may safely predict that Mr. Kennedy is waiting and watching the sands in Dr. Holmes's glass, anxious and certain to supplement the work which he has issued by a real biography, which he expressly says this is not. We do not read this book or Dr. Holmes or human nature aright, if Dr. Holmes does not feel—as Lord Brougham, knowing that his Life would be added by Lord Campbell to those of the Lord Chancellors—that this anticipation adds, indeed, another pang to death.

Mrs. Carlyle's Letters.[1]

"LET the wise beware of too great readiness at explanation: it multiplies the sources of mistake," says George Eliot; and Mr. Carlyle has afforded a melancholy proof of her wisdom. For these books (the present one of his wife's letters and the Reminiscences), partly given to the world no doubt from a savage impulse of truthfulness—since biographies the world would undoubtedly have, let them be true ones, distressingly true ones—were also, no doubt, in part prompted by the craving of a solitary nature to break through that solitude both in his own behalf and his wife's, and be understood and sympathized with by posterity at least. Some such impulse probably inspires most autobiography. And as in the case of the Reminiscences, so it is with Mrs. Carlyle's letters: by this unreserved taking of the world into the confidence of her secret soul, he has only insured that, instead of being understood by few or none, she shall be misunderstood by many. So far out of the ordinary was Jane Welsh's nature, that a decorous showing of select portions of her traits and sayings and doings to the majority of people would have saved her much misjudgment. For one thing, simple as is the act of imagination required to realize that these expressions of opinion, feeling, character, were not written to be placed between covers and in print, but in all the freedom of correspondence with friends who could be counted on to understand every shade of burlesque, there are few whose imagination will prove equal to that justice. In point of fact, it is doubtful if the private—the *most* private—correspondence of any brilliant, willful, proud woman could be found more free from what is really ungentle than Mrs. Carlyle's. Yet many women who write sharper criticism of their neighbors and acquaintance every week than Mrs. Carlyle did, will be prejudiced against her incisiveness, as shown in these letters; just as many a husband who speaks his mind daily to his wife with as much energy of intention as Mr. Carlyle, though less vigor of language, has no scruple in denouncing Carlyle as a brute to his wife. It may, however, be taken for granted that any of us who visit any husband and wife that have in common a keen insight and a pleasure in observing human nature will be talked over ruthlessly in private, made to contribute to their fund of anecdotes, allusions, and by-words—in general, regarded as part of the world's provision for their entertainment. Nothing is more unreasonable than to be surprised, when their letters get into print, at discovering this. Indeed, there has been something childish in the surprise the public has shown at learning that Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle had, between themselves, these unceremonious views of their acquaintance.

The good reader objects, too, to the occasional touches of vigor in language, beyond what is generally allowed to the feminine pen. But to fancy that an unceremonious reference to the devil, or the like, could seem very strong to a woman whose daily exemplar was Mr. Carlyle is under-rating the force of association. In fact, we incline to think it quite the right thing that the companion of that wielder of thunder should have been able to talk in what was near enough his own dialect to be companionable, and far enough from it to be original.

In the quibbling over these minor things, the more valuable point—the character of the woman displayed in these letters—will be in danger of being neglected. No appreciative person can fail to see, if he dwells upon it, the picture of one of the most remarkable of women. Nothing could be neater than W. E. Forster's exclamation on hearing some points of her ancestry, that now he understood: a cross between John Knox and a gypsy accounted for her perfectly. To us also the woman revealed by these letters seems very fairly described as a cross between John Knox and a gypsy. The passionately willful, fervid, defiant Jeannie Welsh, whose uncompromising sincerity must have been always the strong point of sympathy between her and Carlyle; the impulsive, reckless creature who was known in her faded middle age as Jeannie Welsh come back to visit her childhood's home, because no other woman would have climbed the seven-foot graveyard fence that way, and who, at the age of fifty-two, excited by the grandeur of a wild spot, started enthusiastically to climb a dangerous precipice; the ardently loving, soft-hearted woman, so easily moved to tears and sympathy, so constantly a refuge for people in trouble, so tenaciously affectionate to those whose kindness and worth touched her, and yet constantly correcting her own soft-heartedness by her keen, sarcastic Scotch sense; the resolute soldier in the sordid warfare that her life shriveled mainly into, showing herself—for all her wildness and willfulness and her perfectly distinct comprehension of what was due to her and what would be agreeable to her—nevertheless able to bear herself creditably and to the very utmost of her great ability in the vocation that had turned out vastly harder than she bargained for;—what could epitomize her better than the "cross between John Knox and a gypsy"?

The external trials of her life will probably seem much sorer to English women than to American—the one maid-servant, the frequent work with her own hands, the economies. Counting out these and the influence of physical pain and feebleness, especially the frightful sleeplessness, it is probable the stout of nerve will find no compromise between believing that she had really no cause for unhappiness, and believing that her relations with her husband were unhappy. Indeed, one must needs know something of physical sensibility to be able to appreciate the one long misery of nervous irritability and excessive sensitiveness, that seem to almost make up the life of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. As to

[1] Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle. Prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle. Edited by J. A. Froude. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

the further point of her relations with her husband, it is one that will be dwelt upon by the curious and unappreciative so much, that will draw frivolous curiosity and receive commonplace constructions so especially, that one dislikes to touch upon it. For the first half and more of her married life, it is only a deficient sense of humor that will find anything but a playful and affectionate—though at the same time keen-sighted—rallying in her complaints of her "man of genius"; the hardships of her own lot she accepts with spirit, and the affectionate clinging to him in her letters is no less evident than the fullness of understanding between them in things large and small, which filled their intercourse with little common jokes and stories, and warranted her in relating every household incident. That for some years her letters to him become colder, and her tone about his failings bitter, is unquestionable: and the reasons thereof are, it seems to us, too easy for the sympathetic to trace to need our dwelling on; while for the unsympathetic to meddle with these intensely personal elements in the lives of two other human beings cannot but seem—though it is Carlyle's own act to make all this public—an impropriety and impertinence. Except that every feeling in the deep waters of the temperament of both husband and wife was transmuted into its most tragically intense form, their life was exactly that of hundreds of couples who will criticise them, forgetting, or never having conceived, how intensified every flaw in their own harmony would look under such a lime-light as these most terribly truthful letters. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the book is Carlyle's unequaled frankness or obtuseness in preparing it for publication without the withholding of a sentence of the many that had so keen a lash for himself. It is an intensely sad book—saddest of all because of the hardening and growing cold that is evident in her; not merely because the troubles of her own life embittered her—her unchanging affection for her nearest friends counteracted that in the long run—but because she all along implicitly adopted her husband's views, and the growing hardness in these evidently did her no good. It is certain that Carlyle was the cause of much of the unhappiness of his wife's life; yet he was not to so great an extent as the hasty are apt to think the responsible cause. His life was likewise unhappy; and though he sacrificed his wife as well as himself to his work, the decrying of that work that has been set in fashion by the reaction against him personally is unreasonable. The work was really great, if not in all the ways that he and his admirers once believed. And as long as the world is full of wives who have to live much such a life as Mrs. Carlyle, and without the justification of genius in their husbands, it seems only rational in us to look on these two great, fervent, and tragic lives with both admiration and sympathy, and not to try to measure them too closely by our foot-rules of behavior.

Wealth-Creation.[1]

THE essays on economic subjects that have from time to time appeared from the pen of Augustus Mongredien are now followed up by a book, which he calls *Wealth-Creation*. The author is one of the few men practically engaged in commercial matters who have ever taken up the study of economic questions in a comprehensive spirit. As is wisely remarked in the introduction, actual experience in commerce is often a hindrance to impartial economic views, as—even apart from the bias of individual interest, which may conflict with the public good—it accustoms one to looking at a limited range of results. When a man of this class, however, does arrive at far-reaching observation and impartial reasoning, his familiarity with the actual phenomena of barter gives him an advantage over more scholarly men in the matter of simplicity and practical suggestions. Political economy is becoming more and more a concrete and applied science, as the present volume illustrates in a marked degree. The school of economists who insisted so strenuously upon political economy as a pure science, limited to the observation of social forces whose operation could not be altered, was itself a reaction and an invaluable protest against the crude and meddlesome policy of a still earlier time; but it went too far in the doctrine of unalterable laws of trade—or rather, in the practical deductions from this doctrine—and justified some of the distrust with which it has been regarded, by confusing simple facts with words, and by too abstract generalizations. The newer and more sensible economy regards the ameliorating of evils and bettering of society as a legitimate and leading purpose, and investigates laws of trade as a means to this, not as the end of the science. Thus it becomes an ally, or even department, of what is called "Social Science," but regarded rather as a practical inquiry into the rational improvement of the race than as a pure science. Mr. Mongredien's political economy is eminently in this modern spirit, and does not hesitate to take into account the factors of sentiment, of public spirit, of benevolence, in calculating his causes and effects. He even writes with ardor and in the missionary spirit; from which one is not to infer that he is not sound and hard-headed in his conclusions. They are in all main points in accord with the best judgment of all sound economists, and are clearly put and well sustained—though there is no special originality in them.

The Freedom of Faith.[2]

WITHOUT being in the least an epoch-making book, the collection of sermons printed under

[1] Wealth-Creation. By Augustus Mongredien. New York, London, and Paris: Cassell, Petter & Galpin. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[2] The Freedom of Faith. By Theodore F. Munger. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

the title of *The Freedom of Faith* is an important one, which we should like to do our part toward making widely read. It represents more fairly than anything we have seen the most intelligent, healthy, and rational thought of the evangelical church in this country. It does not seem to us altogether correct to call a "New Theology" the increase in freedom of interpretation and in distaste for mysticism and dogma, showing itself among the most intelligent men in an educated profession. A temperate spirit and rationalizing habit of mind in theology is becoming the property, not merely of leaders of thought, like Robertson and Bushnell, but of followers and interpreters like Mr. Munger: that is really the substance of the so-called "movement." The sermons in question, without being copies of any one, still contain nothing especially new; they present the theology of the best school of liberal orthodoxy intelligently and clearly to the average listener. They deal much with the scientific side of religious questions: not in the Joseph Cook fashion, by attempts to demolish the masters of science with their own weapons, but by the far more rational method of carrying back the arena of argument into the region of mystery where there is no possible clashing between liberal religion and liberal science. In order to fall back to this safe ground, certain minor points have to be conceded, and these Mr. Munger cheerfully concedes—or rather, waives. They are, it is true, points over which theology has fought sharply—verbal inspiration; the mystical construction of the doctrine of the Trinity; the commercial view of the Atonement: but they are all points that can be yielded without losing rank on the extreme edge of orthodoxy. For the rest, the sermons are consistently sensible, manly, earnest, yet unsentimental—except, perhaps, for a slight sentimentality of diction difficult to avoid in pulpit-speech.

Briefer Notice.

It is seldom that a book comes to the reviewer's table of which he can speak with so unqualified commendation as of the "manual of suggestions for beginners in literature," *Authors and Publishers*,[1] recently issued by G. P. Putnam's Sons. Nothing could be clearer or more to the purpose than the explanation of the arrangements and relations between authors and publishers, of the practical processes of manufacturing, advertising, and distributing books, and like matters. We recommend every literary aspirant who reads this notice to secure to himself either a copy or at least a careful reading of *Authors and Publishers*. It is full of quotable things—too many for us to find it possible to select one or two. The information in it is what the very persons who have most need of it are habitually and conspicuously without.——One always expects something at least graceful and pleasant from Mr. Aldrich, but the volume of travel sketches just published, *From Ponkapog to Pesth*,[2] is even more perfect in its sort than one takes for granted beforehand. It is better as sketch-writing than his novels as fiction, and only less good than his verse. A very pleasant element in it is that, more than any other European traveler we remember to have met in print, he unites a full appreciation of foreign countries and a capacity of candid comparison, with a perfectly cheerful and loyal Americanism. He is a traveler neither of the American-eagle nor of the Europeanized sort, and the intelligence, liberality, insight, and reasonableness that lie at the root of these sketches, light though they are, make them something more than merely entertaining.——The autobiography of *James Nasmyth*[3] ought certainly to be inspiring to young men of mechanical aspirations, so completely pervaded with happy activity is the whole record. It is curious enough to turn from the history of lives like Carlyle's, passed in the higher regions of mental activity, to such histories as this, with their illustration of the cheerful influence upon mind and nerve of intelligent activity, applied to the purely material world. "Very busy and happy," is in effect the writer's constant description of his condition. His smooth and successful career as inventor and artificer flowed in the most instructively natural manner from his Scotch "gumption," and his habit of faithful work, joined to the peculiar combination of intellectual curiosity, artistic faculty, and manual dexterity that an ancestry of artists and architects produced. One of the most instructive things in his life is the argument it supplies against the popular conception that the men who succeed in practical callings are the ones who are obtuse toward all knowledge except their special lines. It is another illustration that the qualities which produce success are in the main the same, whether decided—by circumstance or temperament—in the direction of scholarship or of machinery.——*The Housekeepers' Year-Book*[4] is not a book of recipes, but a combination—compact and handy, too—of housekeeping account book and suggestions about marketing and taking care of a house; not to speak of the verse and prose "sentiments" that adorn each page. It is really admirably well arranged for the account keeping, and the collection of suggestions contains much that a housewife will find useful.——*The Golden Chersonese*[5] continues the account already given to the public of the author's travels, beginning where "Unbeaten Tracks in Japan" ended, and carrying her through her

[1] Authors and Publishers. A Manual of Suggestions for Beginners in Literature. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

[2] From Ponkapog to Pesth. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[3] James Nasmyth, Engineer. An Autobiography. Edited by Samuel Smiles. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[4] The Housekeepers' Year-Book. By Helen Campbell. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1883.

[5] The Golden Chersonese, and the Way Thither. By Isabella L. Bird (Mrs. Bishop). New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

journeyings in China and the Malay peninsula. In China she visited only Hongkong and Canton, indulging her fancy for the unexplored no further than by visits to Chinese jails and court-rooms. In the Malay peninsula, on the contrary, she pushed as far as European could go; was on one occasion for days the only European in the district to which she had penetrated, on another occasion took an all-day journey on elephant-back with only native escort, and still again an all-night journey up a jungle stream probably never before rowed up by Europeans—an experience which she enjoyed immensely. Accordingly, it is the Malaysian travels that give the book its name; the Chinese part is dismissed in smaller type as "The Way Thither." Miss Bird—or rather, as she now is, Mrs. Bishop—has no great literary gift; but her enthusiasm and her appreciation of all her experiences go far to make up the lack.——*Books, and How to Use Them*[1] is intended as a manual of advice for the young, but it is not at all well adapted to that purpose. Although it has pages of the soundest advice, most effectively stated, there is a great deal in the book that young people would not take in the right sense, and would be more hurt than helped by. The author appears to be a librarian: had he been a teacher he would have written differently. We do not mean that he gives any wrong advice; but he assumes a comprehension of the subject on the part of his readers such as they could only have after they had already learned what he undertakes to teach them. For instance, the average young person who reads this book will draw from it the idea that he may read dime novels as much as he chooses, while he waits for his taste for Emerson to develop. The judicious older reader will see that such is not at all the intention of the author. We should be very slow to put the manual into the hands of any young person of our acquaintance: we should be very glad to put it into the hands of any wise teacher, who would read extracts from it, and urge them upon his pupils with great advantage. The chapter on the use of libraries is unmixedly good and practical.——The second number of the pamphlet edition of French comedies, under the series title of *Théâtre Contemporain*,[2] includes two very brief ones, *Vent d' Ouest*, and *La Soupière*, both by Ernest d' Hervilly. The third is *La Grammaire*, by Eugène Labiche.——The third annual issue of the Illustrated Supplementary Catalogue[3] to the exhibition of the National Academy of Design contains ninety illustrations; most of them fac-simile photo-engravings from sketches drawn from the pictures by the artists themselves. Aided by preliminary knowledge of the style and coloring of the artist, these pictorial jottings help the absentee to a very fair conception of the exhibition; regarded as pictures themselves, they are nothing. ——A much more elaborate affair is the illustrated catalogue[4] of the French Salon, republished in New York from the original edition. It contains about three hundred reproductions from original designs of the artists, accompanied by no letter-press. There is evident a very great superiority in reproduction in this catalogue, as compared with the American one. The illustrations vary in merit, but, on the whole, are not merely a fair indication to the habitué of the Salon, unable to be present there, of what is to be seen this year, but are of a good deal of pictorial value in themselves. Both catalogues are interesting as indicating the range of subjects chosen by the artists. In the New York School of Design landscape has a more decided preponderance than in the Salon; and—in the choice of subjects merely, speaking without reference to handling—there is far more ideality and sentiment in the French work. It is gratifying—remembering what the catalogues of French exhibitions have often been—to find a very small minority of ghastly, bloody, voluptuous, or otherwise sensational subjects in this catalogue, and a great prevalence of elevated feeling and pure taste.——It is noticeable that within a few years there has been a marked increase in the number of books treating of general political and social economical topics. It is discovered that politics is more than a matter of polemics; that it means a knowledge of the growth and structure of governments—thus involving the scientific study of history; and also, what is perhaps of more practical moment, a careful study of the functions of government, and hence of its limitations and duties. The appearance of works of the kind of the *American Citizens' Manual*[5] is a sign that there is a demand for sound instruction in those elementary things about our national and state systems which so many ought to know, but which comparatively so few do know. Mr. Ford treats in a very clear, untechnical way of the provisions in the two systems for the protection of personal and property rights; also of the powers vested in the Federal Government touching war, foreign relations, commerce, naturalizations, the post-office, Indians, public lands, and patent and copyright laws. Under the head of the functions of the State governments, he furnishes interesting discussions replete with all the latest information about corporations, education, charitable institutions, and immigration; and the concluding chapter, on State Finances,

[1] Books, and How to Use Them. By J. C. Van Dyke. New York: Fords, Howard & Hulbert. 1883.

[2] Théâter Contemporain. No. 2: Vent d' Ouest; La Soupière. Par M. Ernest d' Hervilly. No. 3: La Grammaire. Par Eugène Labiche. William R. Jenkins, Editeur. New York: F. W. Christern. Boston: Carl Schoenhof.

[3] Illustrated Art Notes. 1883. Fifty-eighth Spring Exhibition National Academy of Design, New York. By Charles M. Kurtz. New York, London, and Paris: Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

[4] Catalogue Illustré du Salon. Publié sous la Direction de F. G. Dumas. New York: J. W. Bouton.

[5] The American Citizens' Manual. Part II. The Functions of Governments, State and Federal. By Washington C. Ford. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

is equally full and valuable. The object of the book is not to furnish original discussion, but rather to put before the average reader, in a plain, succinct style, the outlines of the different subjects; and as far as it goes, the work is well done. It is a work which can be cordially commended to all who desire in a brief compass a clear statement of governmental functions. ——*The Cruise of the Canoe Club*[1] is a bright and well-written little story for boys, of the adventures of four lads who try their first cruise, after the hap-hazard manner of lads, on the most difficult waters of their region. They succeed in following through many difficulties the route nearly as they had mapped it out, and at last reach home with the loss of one canoe and with one of their members disabled, and of course vote that they have had a splendid time and will go again the next year. The book is prettily illustrated—as was to be expected, since it is reprinted from "Harper's Young People."

WAGNER AT HOME.

[The following letter was sent last summer from Bayreuth to a member of the writer's family in San Francisco. Written without thought of publication, it records the impressions of the writer with a frankness which gives them a peculiar value; and in view of the lamented death of the great master, it is believed that this vivid personal account of him may now be printed without indecorum.]

BAYREUTH, August 25, 1882.

I have seen and shaken hands with the great Wagner. I will give you the whole story. Yesterday afternoon I left the hotel about three o'clock, and after a ten minutes' walk, arrived at "Wahnfried," Wagner's villa. I sent in my card and Wheeler's letter by the servant, and after waiting a few minutes Wagner's little boy, Siegfried, appeared, and said that his father asked if I would be kind enough to call in the evening at half-past eight. Little Siegfried is an intelligent boy with a high, pale forehead and large blue eyes, by no means strong-looking, as precocious children never are. I shook the little fellow by the hand, saying I should be delighted to return.

It was a long time to wait, but of course the appointed hour came at last, and I set out again for "Wahnfried." This time there was no occasion to ring for admittance—the door was wide open, and through the half-closed curtains I saw a gay assemblage of men and women, brightly dressed and talking merrily. I made my entrance into the gorgeous reception-room, which serves also as a library when social duties cease. Siegfried notified his mother of my presence, and immediately she came forward to receive me with all the grace and dignified cordiality of a queen. Madam Wagner is a tall, extremely handsome woman, with abundant gray hair thrown flowingly back from her forehead and caught in the usual knot behind. She is slender, or, I should say, *svelte*, and has something in common with Sarah Bernhardt in her appearance, only with a much more imposing presence. She greeted me fluently in English, and then introduced me to one of her daughters. She came again to me in order to present me to her father. For the moment my senses were too much scattered to realize who and what her father was, and it was only when I approached him that all hesitation as to his greatness fled; for I found myself, for the first time in my life, face to face with Liszt! As you can well imagine, my profoundest bow accompanied Madam Wagner's introductory words—"Mr. Parrott of San Francisco." Liszt made a low utterance of agreeable surprise, and began to speak of the many artists who had visited San Francisco, and we had a short conversation on the subject as well as my French would permit. I could not realize that I was in the presence of one whose name had been foremost in the ranks of musical men of genius for so many years; whose music had so entranced us all; whose Second Rhapsody had so taxed the rusty *technique* of our little orchestra at home; whose proficiency at the piano still stands unrivaled after long years of triumph; and I gazed, overpowered by the greatness before me.

Liszt is not a tall man—a man, rather, of medium height. The one conspicuous part of him is his head; it is really all one sees of his person. His countenance is very large and heavy—in fact, it struck me as being extremely so. His face is certainly not handsome, but expressive and genial. Three very prominent and obtrusive warts tend still less to render it comely. His eyes are so set in as to be hardly visible. His nose is a very noticeable feature, as is shown in his familiar picture we all have seen for years. His mouth is large, but the lips are thin and well spread. Over this strange countenance falls on either side, from a part in the middle, the straight, sleek hair, now almost white, but very plentiful. It is cut off at right angles a few inches above the shoulders, just as his picture represents. His dress is decidedly clerical, and his air is so much that of a priest that I felt impelled at times to call him "Mon Père." His appearance is not particularly neat, and over his whole person, face, and form there is that dusty, musty indistinctness com-

[1] The Cruise of the Canoe Club. By W. L. Alden. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

mon both to old leather volumes and inveterate snuff-takers. So much for Liszt's person. As to his voice and manner of speaking, I can simply say they are charming; perhaps a little *distrait* in talking, but of course I was not the one to rivet his whole attention, nor was I so egotistic as to expect it. In fact, the *accueil* he gave me was far more genial than I should have looked forward to.

On the presentation of others to this great *maestro* I withdrew and remained some time apart, gazing upon the scene, watching the enraptured women, and examining the bric-à-brac, draperies, and antiquities about the room, not unapprehensive the while over the tardy appearance of him whom I most longed to see—Richard Wagner. With that charming solicitude for her guests which I little expected to find in so marked a degree in my admired hostess, Madam Wagner again introduced me to an Englishmen and his daughter—I forget the name—and with them I conversed rapturously on, of, and about Wagner and his art-principles. The old gentleman was one of those confiding characters so often met with, and he confessed to me, almost in a whisper, that he had heard "The Mastersingers of Nuremberg" seventeen times, and that his friends began to think him crazy; that, in fact, he was audacious enough to admire "Rienzi," "Tannhäuser," and "Lohengrin." His daughter was one of the more advanced Wagnerians. She founded her admiration upon "Tristan and Isolde," the most Wagnerian perhaps of Wagner's operas, and I may say, one of incomparable beauty. Next came the Nibelung Trilogy, and now "Parsifal."

My old English friend became of some use to me after all, for Hans Richter, the great Wagnerian leader, and one of Germany's best conductors, had during our conversation entered the room. Often had M—— and I enjoyed his operas and concerts in London, and basked in the rich tone and color of his orchestra. My old Englishman introduced me to Richter. Richter speaks but little English. We talked a few seconds about the music in London. I then asked him for some information about orchestras in general, and his London one in particular. Why, for instance, he had placed his horns with his bassoons, instead of with the rest of the brass, which is commonly done. "Oh," he said, "my orchestra was *so* small, I thought they would be heard to best advantage where I placed them—that was all." "So small," thought I—his orchestra must have numbered over a hundred men; and our little orchestra of barely fifty at home! Ah, me! ah, me! Through Hans Richter I made the acquaintance of the chorus-master of "Parsifal." I shall pass him by, as he was not particularly remarkable.

Where is Wagner all this time? I think I hear you ask. That is just the question I asked Hans Richter, as the great master had not yet put in an appearance. Richter pointed to an adjoining apartment, adorned with marble statues of Wagner's heroes and heroines, and said he saw him there as he passed through. I immediately started in the direction named, and at the very threshold my eyes fell on Richard Wagner. I say, purposely, *fell* on Richard Wagner; for oh, how our ideals tumble with a crash before the stern reality! How prone we are to invest the person of a genius with a presence befitting the immensity and power of his mind! Must he not possess the high stature of dignity and command, with countenance calm and mobile, with eye flashing the bright, creative light within the unfurrowed brow, which we know exists there? In the natural order of things, given a great genius whose face alone is familiar, in its calmest aspect and enhanced in power by overanxious artists, and is it not to be expected that the fired imagination will supply the deficit of person and form on a scale in keeping with the revealed countenance? So our minds are cruelly led to build their ideals, which invariably fall, "never to rise again."

Therefore it was that I drew your attention to the expression, "fell on," for so my eyes literally did when they beheld Richard Wagner's small, diminutive form. I could have wished it any one's presence but his. But no, the familiar face, so well known, which had hung in our concert-hall giant-like in its proportions, was set upon the shoulders of the master reduced—ah! sadly reduced in its dimensions—to suit the small form which nature—unhappily not my imagination—had wrought to support it. When my eyes "fell on" him, he was dancing about and talking excitedly, much to the enjoyment of a group of young girls who clustered around him. He seemed to have given himself completely up to frivolity and enjoyment (after his own fashion) of kissing all and everybody who came in his way, young and pretty women especially. His little, full stomach, Punch-like in shape, was clothed in a white waistcoat, and was borne about by two very short and excessively bow-shaped legs. On his feet he wore two alpaca shoes. You cannot imagine how this affected me. The consoling thought, however, remained, never to be impaired: henceforth let us judge of Wagner by his works, by the powerful and immense genius he there displays, not from what he appears in real life.

Once or twice his quick but not very visible eye caught sight of me, and seemed to stamp me as one unknown to him. I took up a position where I could best be introduced to him, and next, by chance, to the old Englishman and his daughter on one side and the celebrated Frau Materna, the Wagnerian singer, on the other. Madam Wagner presented me to him. "Ah! San Francisco," he said, as he shook me by the hand. Then quickly, "Ich kann nicht Englisch." But I knew he spoke French, so said something, I know not what, in that language. One cannot say much under such circumstances. The daughter of the old Englishman beside me assured him of the success of his operas in London last season. Wagner

responded, not without a little shade of sarcasm in his reply, "Qu' est-ce que ça me fait?" His operas there, you must know, were a financial failure, not owing to a want of appreciation and patronage, but to bad management and dishonesty. A very young American girl was next presented, who blushingly offered her hand. On being told she had come all the way from America to see him, he answered more originally than elegantly or considerately for the girl's feelings: "Vous auriez pu tomber dans l'eau." And repeating again, "Ich kann nicht Englisch," he grasped Materna by the hand, kissed her fervently on the mouth, and suddenly jerked her arm in his and walked off to show her something. Frau Materna is a huge woman, so little Wagner was lost to sight.

I staid but a few moments more, then left "Wahnfried" to return to M—— and impart my impressions. I soon became reconciled to the remembrance of Wagner's diminutive size; and the thought of having spoken to so great and so admired a genius, to have exchanged a few words with Liszt, and to have beheld the sweet smile of Madam Wagner, will remain with me all my life, a subject often to be dwelt upon with pleasure. As for "Parsifal," that is a prolific subject for another letter. I have seen it once, and intend witnessing it again twice. The last occasion of its presentation will, I have no doubt, be memorable. I am very lucky in being able to be present at it next Tuesday. I have no room for incidental news. Bayreuth is very full, but we were fortunate in securing a large apartment. The hotel proprietor thought that after seeing "Parsifal" once we ought to go—a strange proceeding on his part, but which came to nothing, thanks to my servant, Grymer, who set things aright. "Nous y sommes, nous y restons!"

John Parrott, Jun'r.

OUTCROPPINGS.

A Summer Longing.

FAR from the hurrying strife,
  Swift let me flee.
Under the willow wands,
  Peace meet with me!
Fan me, O sycamore!
Soothe me, thou river shore!
Bear me on—out and o'er—
  O'er the blue sea;
Where the white mists extend
  Welcome to me;
Where the pure mountain air
Solves all hurrying care—
  There would I flee.
O, 'neath the willow wands,
  Peace meet with me.

Margaret A. Brooks.

How I saw the Comet.

MY household consists of three members, Jennett, Cute, and myself. To the small world who know us, I am the mistress, Jennett the maid, and Cute is only a dog. But this is only another instance where things are not what they seem; for I long since learned the fact that no matter how thoroughly I propose, it is Jennett who disposes; and to those who call Cute only a dog, I could prove that she is brave, strong, generous, and true; that she remembers, reflects, and reasons; has a sense of humor, is susceptible to flattery, and has a conscience that tells her when she does wrong; and, in short, has all the virtues of the human race without its vices. If that is to be only a dog, then let us choose dogs for our friends.

When Jennett came to me several years ago, she was a tall, quiet, meek-faced Scotch woman, with a bashful, almost deprecating manner; so deferential that she rarely made a remark. Her replies to questions were of a tentative character, as though she would endeavor to find out what answer would best please. Her remarks were and are generally in character like those of Mr. F.'s aunt in "Little Dorritt," but wholly devoid of the explosive venom with which that lady flavored hers. Jennett is just as reverential in manner to-day, has just as little appearance of possessing that most womanly of all qualities, a will, as ever. She transports her tall person from one place to another with short, nipping steps. If she sits down, it is in an apologetic manner, as though she would ask the chair to pardon the liberty. If she eats, it is a constant source of wonder that anything larger than a pea can get into the small aperture she permits her lips to form. Dr. Holmes himself, even if he permitted himself "to be as funny as he can," would utterly fail in relaxing those lips. The nearest approach to anything like levity is a peculiar clucking sound in her throat and an extra pucker of her mouth, as though she would protest against taking the liberty of smiling. After this comes one of her remarks; as, for instance, "Eggs is riz." Having launched this remark, she will fade from the room with an expression on her face that would lead one to believe she had added to the scientific knowledge of the world. She is, I am certain, a lineal descendant of Caleb Balderstone. Caleb was not more devoted and loyal to Ravenswood than is Jennett to me. In her opinion, the sun rises that I may have light, or sets because I would sleep. To her, all the appointments of my small, plain home are palatial; and she would resent as a personal insult the slightest ap-

proach to disobedience to my orders in any one. And yet this creature rules me with an inexorable will. She thwarts my designs in the most innocent but effectual manner. I explain my wishes, and she consents cheerfully to their execution, and then does just as she pleases; and when I reproach her, she always contrives to make me feel myself a monster of ingratitude. Jennett's greatest triumphs are achieved upon those rare occasions when she listens to my emphatic demands for literal obedience. She will unexpectedly obey me in a way to put me to utter rout; and yet I never saw the faintest gleam of triumph in her eyes.

When I asked Jennett to call me at four A. M., it was not because of any great desire to see the comet; but rather because I was tired of saying "No" to the army of people who asked me if I had seen it, wondered that I did not see it, hinted that it was my duty to see it, and looked as though they had an opinion of those who did not see it. To be able to say "Yes" when asked the inevitable question, and then change the subject, I was induced to give the unhappy order.

As the comet itself was of minor importance, it naturally faded from my mind; and when I was aroused from a sound sleep into the blackest darkness by a knocking at my door, I was greatly startled. It was a particularly ominous knocking: not the cheerful rat-tat-tat of one who seeks to enter, or would communicate some pleasant news; but solemn, slow, and constantly repeated, like that which brought terror to the guilty hearts of Lady Macbeth and her lord. As soon as I could collect myself sufficiently to do so, I started for the door to learn what dire misfortune awaited announcement. In my search for that door I had a conflict with every article of furniture in the room. First the bed-post had the best of the argument; and in endeavoring to escape from that, I fell over a hassock, which maliciously tripped me head first into a conveniently located foot-bath filled with water. In struggling to my feet, I staggered against a table and knocked it down. My satisfaction over that victory was mitigated when I reflected that the inkstand had been filled a few hours before. All this time the same dull knocking. Pausing to collect myself, I said, "Now this will not do"; and having ascertained my bearings, I again started for the door. My next feat was only a foot and one sharp needle. The lounge presented a convenient resting place, upon which I could repose while extracting the needle. Now Jennett has a pleasant habit of converting adjacent objects into pin-cushions. Jennett had been darning stockings while seated on that lounge, and my stay was brief but full of woe.

I once caught a mosquito; and that door-knob was finally captured. I removed the patent burglar-proof cage that surrounded the key, and at length the door was opened. There stood Jennett, robed in the "brief garments of the night," a tall, peaked cap on her head, but perched rakishly on one side, candle in hand, and her finger speculatively tapping her chin, come to say, in a slow, measured way:

"The comet, ma'm."

I looked at her speechless. Was she mad?

She repeated in the same indifferent manner, "The comet, ma'm."

Suddenly I remembered, and said: "O, yes; well, can you see it?

"No, ma'm; it is very foggy."

Shades of Papa Meagles and Tattycoram, what could five and twenty do in such a case? Millions would not suffice. I closed the door and quietly crept into bed. This was one of Jennett's literally obedient days, and this is how I saw the comet.

L.

Fourth of July, 1848, at San Jose del Cabo, de San Lucas.

DURING the summer of 1848, Company D of Colonel Stevenson's regiment of New York volunteers garrisoned the Mexican town of San Jose, upon the Gulf of California. The writer is under the impression that Lieutenant George A. Pendleton was at that date in command, in consequence of the arrest of Captain Naglee, by order of Colonel R. B. Mason, commanding the department of California, upon charges of shooting, without authority, prisoners of war.

As the Fourth of July approached, the members of the command felt that something must be done to celebrate the anniversary appropriately. The men, the majority of whom were under twenty-one years old, decided upon having a fandango. That was about the only amusement or entertainment possible in that remote place, and was one which they knew would meet the approval of the señoritas, of whom the town could boast a goodly number. The place chosen for the assemblage was about a mile and a half from the Quartel, and permission was obtained for all hands and the cook (the usual guard excepted) to remain outside the sentry line all night if so inclined. Each participant paid into the general fund "quatro 'rials," to cover expenses. Three Mexicans were engaged as musicians, the post baker was induced to provide a good supply of cake (a luxury little known to the Mexican population), cordials were provided for the gentler sex, and mescal for the *hombres.*

At that period of the year the days were extremely warm, consequently the "exercises" were delayed until an early hour of the evening. With the setting of the sun, our boys, in small squads, strolled across the Arroyo towards the rendezvous, situated about midway between the town and the Gulf. In due time the señoritas also put in their appearance. Many of the male Mexicans hovered around in the gloom, while those more friendly disposed joined in the festivities. The volunteers were indifferent to the feelings of the unfriendly Mexicans, being them-

selves in sufficient number to repel any assault. They had brought their bayonets with them, suspended to their sides, while some had also pistols. This precaution was a necessity, and no doubt cooled the ardor of the enemy; at least, no occasion arose for their use. The boys enjoyed the evening dance to their full satisfaction, and often afterwards, while they sat at their camp-fires in the gold-diggings, the evening entertainment in the lower country was related.

Over thirty-four years have passed since that frolic, and the majority of those present have long since gone to their last rest. William S. Johnson, James A. Gray, Joseph Sims, Carl Lipp, James Harron, Charles Rosseau, John B. Phillips, Alpheus Young, and George W. Tombs are still residents of this State; while John Wolfe, Alden W. James, George A. Corgan, John A. Chandler, Francis D. Clark, and Jacob W. Norris are residents of the Atlantic States. Of the dead, we recall to memory the genial spirits, Aaron Lyons, Harry Wilson, Hank Judson, Jack Warrington, John W. Moore, and Charley Ogle. Six nobler comrades it was never the lot of man to associate with; and to this day their memory is ever green to their living comrades of the early Californian days.

Monterey.

From Camp.

HAVE you been camping yourself this summer? If so, I take this glimpse back, or you may send it back, rather. I don't flatter myself I can take the mountains into the city to you if you have lately seen them in their native wilds. Neither do I think I can perfume your office with this odorous air—woodsy, half resinous, half aromatic—if it is already fragrant with evergreen boughs, ferns, or laurel of your own importation. But if you have *not* been out of the city, if you've been pinned to your desk, even a second-hand glimpse of the wildwood will be worth having.

Was ever music sweeter than the little brook's? Music grander there may be in the roar of the tempest, the thunder of the waterfall; but music sweeter—none. It sounds in our ears by night as by day, and gives tone and current to our dreams. Strange that this narrow mountain stream should have in the center so deep a channel—over a man's head. Just below camp it grows suddenly shallow, and the waters ripple over the stony bottom like miniature rapids. That is where our music is furnished. Just here, opposite the hammocks and tents, the water is voiceless and smooth. Never was clearer water. It is Mirror Lake on a small scale. In an hour or two, when the sun is still lower behind that mountain, there will be the loveliest reflections. Not the whole mountain: it is too high and the stream is too narrow. But all the rocky base will be reproduced so clearly that you can hardly tell where reality ends or the shadow begins. Nature in a strange freak leveled off this little spot, and gave us this lovely bank and the trees overhanging the water; but on the other side she brought her steep mountain down to the very edge of the water. Many a struggle has she had with the Titan elder of this peaceful stream. Every particle of earth has been worn from her mountain as high as the waters could reach. And above the high-water mark the rocks are all bare, as if the rain-clouds had conspired to wash half the mountain side into the vortex below. What a wild place this must be in winter! Look directly above at the drift in that tree. One can hardly believe such a volume of water swept over this spot. These alders must have been partly submerged. If we could swing a hammock between this tree and that twenty feet higher, what a grand place to come in the winter just after a storm! Imagine the wild chaos around us. No wonder those huge rocks over there are deep seamed and jagged and furrowed.

There is the shadow slowly creeping over the water. Very soon it will cover the creek and bring those rocks to our feet. There is so little wind that the reflection is perfect. It is a study for an artist. All neutral tints, and yet vivid. The least touch of bright color or foliage would spoil the effect. These low-branching boughs make a beautiful frame for the picture.

If any one had told me there was so wild and beautiful a spot near San Francisco, I could hardly have believed it. One always thinks of these picturesque places as away off in the Cascades or Sierras. But this Coast Range has almost as many, and brings them almost to our doors.

THE

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DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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GUPPY'S DAUGHTER.

"THAR comes Old Guppy—Butcher Guppy. Camps over yan in the gulch with his family. Live like dogs, the hull caboodle. Ye won't set eyes on a slouchier crowd between Redding Bar and Klamath."

My host, who was one of the best-known pioneers of the pretty mining village of northern California to which a trip for business and pleasure had called me, emptied his brier-wood pipe on the flat stone that served as a doorstep to his cabin, and walked slowly down the path to the gate, which sagged quite to the ground on its leather hinges. I thrust a handful of letters and papers into my pocket, and hurried out from the pleasant shade of the grape-vine arbor extending from the house to the well. The loungers in front of the saloon opposite took their hands out of their pockets, hitched their tilted chairs back to a more scientific angle, and turned fishy eyes in the same direction. The blacksmith suspended his task of putting new steel points on a worn-out pick, and stood massively in the doorway, shading his face with a red and hairy hand. Even the boys picking apples in the tree-tops in the orchard by the gleaming mountain river saw the nearing cloud of dust, heard faint shouts from beneath it, knocked off work, and began to speculate as to who or what was approaching, for they could hardly see through the bushes massed along the road. Doubtless the children droning over their books in the brown school-house standing on the bed-rock of an exhausted gravel mine looked furtively out of the windows, and reported to their companions by look and sign. Everybody at the Bar knew that "Old Guppy" was coming.

Down the sloping trail rode a man and a boy, driving a drove of twenty-five or thirty grunting and contrary-minded hogs. Their horses were the shabbiest of mustangs. The man with his high cheek-bones, Indian expression of stolidity, long grizzled locks, cap of fox skin, an old shot-gun laid across his knee, and the boy with his tow-colored hair and prematurely old expression, seemed to belong to the traditional backwoods of a hundred years ago. They kept their unruly charges well together, and rode through the town with averted faces, hardly casting a glance to left or right.

"Guppy, what's pork worth?" shouted a sandy-haired, bare-legged urchin who sat by the roadside dabbling with hands and feet in the soft brick-red dust.

The boy on horseback struck viciously at

A REDDING BAR PIONEER.

went on, soon disappearing with their attendant dust-cloud over a pine-covered ridge towards the west.

"Guppy's a queerosity," said the chatty pioneer. "Buys his hogs and cattle on the coast. Drives 'em here an' there, an' makes money every trip. Never spends any. Has it in bank. That's all right. Nobody's down on him for not gamblin', nor settin' 'em up for the boys. But look how he lives." Here the usually good-natured pioneer grew excited. "You go a matter of fifteen miles right north of here, an' you'll come on a little cañon, heading out kinder circular. It's the breshiest place you ever set eyes on. Bresh all across the bottom an' up the mountain side, so you can walk on the top o' the scrub-oak an' hazel bushes an' manzanita, an' stuff of that sort. It's the all-fired wildest, forsaken section that lies outdoors. The only way up thar is along a trail by the crick, an' it's so high in winter that unless you know just how ter take the ford, whar to strike in, an' how ter bear, an' whar ter come out, down you go thirty mile into the Klamath, like a bowlder in a flume. An' that's whar Guppy keeps his family. Been thar five or six years. Packs in his grub, cuts wild hay on the flat, an' the crowd live in a tent—that boy, an' two or three grown-up girls, an' several smaller children, an' their mother. None of them ever wear shoes, an' as little else as they can help; an' the women-folks shoot deer an' other game. Once the dogs treed a California lion, an' one of the girls—Sal, they call her—tuk a rifle an' walked up clost ter the tree an' dropped him the first shot."

him with the long whip he carried, but the urchin rolled down the low bank and under a friendly bush, just in time to escape the stinging rawhide-tipped lash. Neither father nor son spoke a word, but they looked at the townspeople with undisguised animosity, and

The old pioneer walked back to his cabin door, sat down, and began filling his pipe.

"Redding Bar and the Guppy family do

not seem to be on very good terms," I said, remembering how different the scene of a few minutes before was from the usual free-hearted, genial good-will of mining camps.

"No, I guess not," was the reply. "There's sarcumstances, sich as missin' calves an' hogs—not that we accuse nobody. But my wife's sorry for the girls. The biggest one, Dosy, came over to our town an' said she were goin' ter school last summer, an' had found a place ter stop at. Trustee Ryan raised objections, but Jack Mason and me voted them down. So the girl came. But land! there couldn't no one do a thing with her. She didn't know but just how to read them Webster spellin'-book stories, an' she swore like a trooper; an' at recess one day squared off with her fists to whip the girl that spelled her down. She staid two days, an' it couldn't be stood nohow. So I saw Mason, an' we both dropped in on Ryan, tellin' him we were not strenoos as regarded the Guppy question. An' while we was a-talkin' it over in Billy's saloon 'cross the way, school let out, an' down the street comes Dosy, with ten or a dozen boys hootin' after her. She ketches up a five-pound rock, flung it right in among them, grabs up another and scatters the crowd, an' marches sassily out of sight. The next afternoon we went up to school an' told her not to come any more. All at once she stood up in her seat an' said, very slow like:

"'I hate you all. I hate your infernal town. I'll come back some night and burn your old houses.' Then she caught up her books, making a big racket, and flung out of the door, kicking over three or four of the dinner-pails in the entry. An' she went along the hillside so as not to go through the town, an' took the straight trail for home, though it was three o'clock in the afternoon and fifteen hard miles to go. But my boy John he comes across the hill cattle-hunting an hour later, an' seen her settin' on a log, cryin', an' pullin' out the leaves of her reader an' throwin' them off in the bushes. When she see him, she stood up, an' dropped her books on the log, an' started on along the trail. John called after her ter get the books, but she whirled round an' yelled out, 'Think I want them things any more?' And nobody ever saw her over here again."

GUPPY'S DAUGHTER.

The pioneer drew a long breath, relapsed into silence, lit his pipe, carried a rawhide-bottomed chair from the kitchen to the shady end of the porch, and there resigned himself to unexpressed meditations on the varieties of human life and character.

It was a curious story he had told. The mountain world about us was forty miles from a railroad, and primitive enough in many of its ways; but fifteen miles deeper in the wilderness were the true mountaineers, relapsing into newspaperless barbarism. I looked down on the broad, dark river flowing past red cliffs that crumbled fast under the attacks of hydraulic miners, rushing in gleaming foam over the bar where adventurous Major Redding and his Indians had washed out gold in 1852, and hewing for itself year by year a wider gateway to the sea through the limestone barriers of the mountains towards the west.

Two or three days were passed in this breezy summer-land; but one morning I was riding along a narrow mountain trail five miles or so north of the mining village. The ascent was steep and long, and I took an illustrated magazine from my saddle-bags and glanced over its contents, letting the reins lie on my horse's neck. Coming upon a wayside spring under a clump of junipers, I dismounted, laid the magazine down on a flat rock, flung the bridle-rein over a bough, and knelt in boyish haste for a drink. The tiny pool was a luxuriance of reflected leaves and bloom, giving one a joyous feeling merely to look into its depths, and the clear, cold water seemed to taste of spicy roots and fragrant herbs.

A few minutes later I rose, and the scene had changed. A little gust of wind was lifting the leaves of the magazine, giving rapid glimpses of faces and landscapes. Only a few feet distant, leaning forward and peering through the evergreen boughs, sat a young girl, looking intently on the fluttering pictures. She must have been sitting there in obscurity as I rode up. Only the upper portion of her body could be seen as her weight massed the thick boughs darkly across. Her face was round, full, and fair, not noticeably freckled; the light-colored hair was drawn back and fastened with a ribbon. She seemed about fifteen or sixteen years old, but large and strong for her age, and the dress she wore was of some coarse red material, plainly made, with little attempt at ornament.

She was, as I have said, looking at the magazine with an expression of intense curiosity, and slowly reached out a hand as if to take it, crouching forward and pressing back the boughs with her other hand; the gesture and movement were the perfection of unconscious grace and strength. The thought came to me that perhaps this mountain girl was one of "the Guppy family," and also the fear that she might seize the coveted treasure and escape without a word.

"Would you like to have it for your own?" I asked as quietly as possible.

She started and looked at me with doubt and surprise, and settled back a little farther behind the branches, gloomily knitting her brows, and evidently making up her mind on the subject.

"Mister, yes, I would. Them's purty picturs."

Rising, she stepped partly out from her concealment, setting one bare and soiled foot on the trail, and taking the magazine into a shapely hand disfigured by long and totally neglected finger-nails.

"I don't see sech things," she remarked, with an explanatory air. "Pap says it's all truck. I tol' him onct ter fotch me a book with picturs. But he never did."

"Your father is Mr. Guppy?"

"They don't call him that. It's 'Ol' Gupp,' most like, an' 'Hog-driver Gupp.' They don't put handles on names round here."

"How far is it to where your parents live?"

"It's a good ten mile, stranger, an' a mighty rough trail."

"I should think your mother would feel uneasy about you sometimes if you go so far from camp."

She laughed, shrugged her shapely shoulders, set her arms akimbo, and stepped fairly out into the path.

"The ol' woman? She wouldn't mind ef she didn't see me for a week at a time, ef she had terbacca ter smoke, an' coffee ter drink, an' Bob to keep wood for her fire. Mam says I ken whip my weight in wildcats, an' needn't be afraid of anything in the mountains."

As she turned in addressing me, I now noticed that she carried a well-worn army revolver hanging in a buckskin thong at her waist. A large, ill-favored deer-hound came sliding and creeping out of the underbrush that thickly clothed the hillside, and displayed some symptoms of early hostilities.

"You, Jake!" cried the girl, and catching up a fragment of rock speedily reduced him into abject submission, and he crouched at her feet. Evidently this young woman could take care of herself.

Faint but clear, floating down from far up the brush-covered mountain, came a wild call, sweet, deep, and strange beyond the power of language to describe. The girl started, listened, and replied in the same rich, weird, and far-reaching strain, her chest heaving, her throat swelling, her eyes flashing, her figure poised and trembling with a picturesque awakening.

"That's my sister. She wants me. I'm goin'."

I hunted in my saddle-bags and found another illustrated magazine for her. She nodded with a "Thank ye, mister," and slipped into the chaparral and undergrowth that lined the roadside. The hound followed, and I heard the rattle of the slaty pebbles under their feet as they climbed, but the bushes grew too closely to allow even a glimpse of her red dress. Occasionally a tremulous quiver in the boughs, as she caught hold of them to assist her ascent, showed her sinuous course as she threaded her way onward. Half-way up the mountain there must have been more open spaces, for, looking back as I rode on, I caught glimpses of her climbing over projecting masses of rock. "Old Guppy's daughter" had returned to her wilderness.

I thought of the two girls, sitting beneath the pines that clothed the summit of that mountain barrier which overlooked three counties, and revealed a wide region from the peaks of Shasta and Lassen to the redwood belt of Humboldt—sitting on that vast and lonely height and trying to understand the strange new world dimly revealed in the pictures and articles of the magazines I had given them. As I rode on for hours without encountering any human being, the sense of their isolation grew stronger and stronger. They seemed lost in the firs and pines, like children shipwrecked in mid-Atlantic.

Charles Howard Shinn.

AUGUST.

Barren and tawny now the hillsides lie,
Like flanks of sleeping lions, huge and lean;
In all the view there hardly can be seen
A living thing to rest the weary eye.
Gone are the April blooms, the brooks are dry
That chattered then in every small ravine,
And to the slopes that wore a robe of green
But phantom grasses cling. Yet, ere we sigh
That all is mournful, let us well explore
The windings of the cañons. Hiding here
We find a wealth of beauty, fairy dells
Where ferns and flowers grow and brooklets pour.
For, though with summer drought the world is drear,
There yet are nooks where happy spring-time dwells.

Charles S. Greene.

THE DRAMA IN DREAM-LAND.

It is from the seaward window of the United States Legation in Honolulu that I have of late cast a pathetic eye. The "tear of sympathy" may not flow as freely in recent literature as was its custom in the age of more reverent readers and writers; but there is something in the forlorn beauty of the wilderness over against the Legation that conjures the obsolete globule above referred to, and I shed it fearlessly and not without reason.

Upon the diagonal corners of the street stands the new hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, smelling of bricks and mortar; over the way is a tenement where plain board and lodging entice the stranger under a disguise of fresh paint; —these are both innovations necessary, no doubt, to the requirements of a progressive age; but the occasion of my present solicitude is a vacant corner lot, trimly fenced, wherein two rows of once stately palms now struggle with decay and the unpruned parasites that fatten on it.

It is a weird garden, where Flora and Thespis once held friendly rivalry. What a jumble of botanical *débris* and histrionic rubbish now litters the arena flanked by forlorn palms! Out of it all I doubt if the sentimental scavenger would be able to pick any relic more substantial than the airy dagger of Macbeth; but upon points so slight as this hang imperishable memories: hence follow these reminiscences of the late Royal Hawaiian Theater.

Well nigh a score of years ago I was lounging at Whitney's bookstore in Honolulu; it was at that time a kind of Hawaiian Forum, with a post-office on one side of the room and a semiphore on the roof. Dull work in those days, waiting for the gaunt arms of the semiphore to swing about, uttering cabalistical prophecies—"No sail from day to day." No steamers then to stain the brilliant sky with trailing smoke; the mail-days depended entirely upon the state of the wind and the tide.

I was weary of fumbling the shop-worn books, of listening or trying not to listen to the roar of the rollers on the reef; wofully weary of the tepid monotony that offered not even an excuse for irritation.

Upon this mood entered a slender but well-proportioned gentleman, clad in white linen raiment, spotless and well starched; there was something about him which would have caused the most casual observer to give him a second glance—a mannerism and an air that distinguished him. A profes-fessional, probably, thought I; an eccentric, undoubtedly. I was not surprised when, upon the entrance of a common friend a few moments later, I was made acquainted with Mr. Proteus, proprietor and manager of the Royal Hawaiian Theater, likewise government botanist and professor of many branches of art both sacred and profane. Mr. Proteus bowed somewhat in the manner of a French dancing-master, and shuddered slightly upon being shaken by the hand; at a latter date he requested me never to repeat a formality which he could not but consider quite unnecessary in general and in most cases highly objectionable.

After having cautiously exchanged a few languid commonplaces, Mr. Proteus invited me to visit his Temple of the Muses. Nothing could have pleased me better. I regarded him as a godsend, and we at once repaired to the theater, threading the blazing streets together under a huge umbrella of dazzling whiteness, held jauntily by my new-found friend.

I like theaters; I dote on dingy tinsel and stucco which in a flash of light is transformed into brilliant beauty; and the odor, the unmistakable odor, of stale foot-lights and thick coats of distemper; the suggestive confusion of flats and wings and flies; the

picturesque bric-a-brac of the property-room; the trap-doors, the slides, the groves, the stuffy dressing-rooms, and the stray play-bills pasted here and there in memory of gala-nights in the past. Of all the theaters that I have known, this was the most theatrical, because the most unreal; it was like a make-believe theater, wherein everything was done for the fun of it; a kind of child's toy theater grown up, and full of grown-up players, who, by an enchantment which was the sole right of this house, became like children the moment they set foot upon that stage; and their people and players were as happy and careless as children so long as one stone of that play-house stood upon another.

We turned into Alakea Street, a pastoral lane in those day; the grass was parted down the middle of it by a trail of dust; strange trees waved blossoming branches over us. I looked up: in the midst of a beautiful garden stood a quaint, old-fashioned building; but for its surroundings I might easily have mistaken it for a primitive, puritanical, New England village meeting-house; long windows, of the kind that slide down into a third of their natural height, were opened to the breeze; great dragon-flies sailed in and out at leisure.

The theater fronted upon a street more traveled and more pretentious than the one we entered, and from that street a flight of steps led to a door which might have opened into the choir-loft if this had really been a meeting-house; but as it was nothing of the sort, the door at the top of the stairs admitted you without a moment's notice to the dress-circle; bees and butterflies lounged about it; every winged thing had the *entrée* of this establishment.

With Proteus I approached the stage door; tufts of long grass trailed over the three broad wooden steps before the mysterious portal; luxuriant creepers festooned the casement; small lizards, shining with metallic luster, slid into the crevices as we drew near. A faint delicious fragrance was wafted from the garden, where a native lad with spouting hose in hand was showering a broad-leafed plant, upon which the falling water boomed like a drum; it was the only sound that broke the soothing silence.

Proteus produced a key, and with a flourish applied it to the lock; the door swung in upon the stage (no dingy and irregular passage intervened)—the cozy stage flooded with sunshine, and from which the mimic scenes had been swept back against the wall, and the space filled to the proscenium with trapeze, rings, bars, and spring-boards; in brief, the theater had been transformed into a gymnasium between two dramatic seasons.

The body of the house was in its normal condition—the pit filled with rude benches; a piano under the foot-lights (it usually comprised the orchestra); thin partitions, about shoulder-high, separated the two ends of the dress-circle, and the spaces were known as boxes. A half-dozen real kings and queens had witnessed the lives and deaths of player kings and queens from these queer little cubby-holes.

Folding doors thrown wide open in the rear of the stage admitted us to the green-room—a pretty parlor well furnished with bachelor comforts. The large center-table was covered with a rich Turkish tapestry; on it stood an antique astral lamp with a depressed globe and a tall, slender stem; handsome mirrors, resting upon carved and gilded consoles, extended to the ceiling; statuettes and vases stood before them; lounges, Chinese reclining-chairs, and ottomans encumbered the floor; a valuable oil-painting which had a look of age hung over the piano; on the latter stood two deep, bell-shaped globes of glass that protected wax tapers from the tropical drafts; a double window, which was ever open to the trade-wind, was thickly screened by vines. On one side of this exceptional green-room (it was in reality the boudoir of the erratic Proteus) was a curtained arch, and within it the sleeping apartment of him who had for years made the theater his home. On the other side of the room was a bath supplied with a flowing stream of fresh, cool mountain water. Beneath the stage were all the kitchen wares that heart or stomach could desire. And thus was the drama nourished

in Dream-land before the antipodes had lost their reserve.

Proteus was an extremist in all things, capable of likes and dislikes as violent as they were sudden and unaccountable; we became fast friends at once, and it was my custom to lounge under the window in the green-room hour after hour, while he talked of the vicissitudes in his extraordinary career, or related episodes in the dramatic history of his house—a history which dated back to 1848; some of these were romantic, some humorous or grotesque, but all were alike of interest to me.

Honolulu has long been visited by musical and dramatic celebrities, for they are a nomadic tribe. As early as 1850, Steve Massett—"Jeems Pipes of Pipesville"—was concertizing here, and again in 1878. In 1855 Kate Hayes gave concerts at three dollars per ticket; Lola Montez and Madame Ristori have visited this capital, but not professionally. In 1852 Edwin Booth played in that very theater, and for a time lived in it, after the manner of Proteus; among those who have followed him are Charles Mathews, Herr Bandmann, Walter Montgomery, Madame Marie Duret, Signor and Signora Bianchi, Signor Orlandini, Madame Agatha States, Madame Eliza Biscaccianti, Madame Josephine d'Ormy, J. C. Williamson and Maggie Moore, Professor Anderson, "The Wizard of the North," Madam Anna Bishop in 1857 and 1868, Ilma di Murska, the Carrandinis, the Zavistowskis, Charlie Backus, Joe Murphy, Billy Emerson, etc. As for panoramas, magicians, glass-blowers, and the like, their number and variety are confounding.

The experiences of these clever people while here must have been delightful to most of them; though the professional who touches for a few hours or a few days only at this tropical oasis in the sea-desert on his way to or from Australia will hardly realize the sentimental sadness of those who have gone down into the Pacific to astonish the natives, and have found it no easy task to get over the reef again at the close of a disastrous season. The hospitality of the hospitable people is not always equal to such an emergency; but there are those who have returned again to Dream-land, and who have longed for it ever since they first discovered that play-acting is not all work—in one theater, at least.

That marvelously young old man, the late Charles Mathews, who certainly had a right to be world-weary if any one has, out of the fullness of his heart wrote the following on his famous tour of the world in 1873–74:

"At Honolulu, one of the loveliest little spots upon earth"—he was fresh from the gorgeous East when he wrote that—from the Indies, luminous in honor of the visit of the Prince of Wales—"I acted one night by command and in the presence of His Majesty Kamehameha V., King of the Sandwich Islands—not Hoky Poky Wanky Fun, as erroneously reported; and a memorable night it was.

"I found the theater—to use a technical expression—crammed to suffocation, which merely means very full; though, from the state of the thermometer on this occasion, suffocation wasn't so incorrect a description as usual.

"A really elegant-looking audience; tickets ten shillings each; evening dresses, uniforms of every cut and country; chiefesses and ladies of every tinge in dresses of every color; flowers and jewels in profusion, satin playbills, fans going, windows and doors all open, an outside staircase leading straight into the dress-circle, without check-taker or money-taker.

"Kanaka women in the garden below selling bananas and peanuts by the glare of flaming torches on a sultry, tropical moonlight night.

"The whole thing was like nothing but a midsummer night's dream.

"And was it nothing to see a whole pit full of Kanakas, black, brown, and whity-brown, till lately cannibals, showing their teeth, and enjoying 'Patter *versus* Clatter' as much as a few years ago they would have enjoyed the roasting of a missionary or the baking of a baby?

"It was certainly a page in one's life never to be forgotten."

Let me add that Mr. Mathews is more amusing than authentic; cannibalism is unknown in the annals of the Hawaiian kingdom; if there has been any human roasting done in this domain, it has been done since the arrival of the American missionaries.

That little play-house was in its day thronged by audiences attracted by very dissimilar entertainments; anything from five acts and a prologue of melo-drama to a troupe of trained poodles was sure to transform the grassy lane into a bazaar of fruit-sellers, and the box-office under the stairs into a bedlam of chattering natives. One heard almost as well outside as within the building; the high windows were down from the top, because air was precious and scarce; banana leaves fluttered like cambric curtains before them; if a familiar air was struck upon the piano in the orchestra, the Kanakas lying in the grass under the garden fence took up the refrain and hummed it softly and sweetly; the music ceased, the play began, the listeners in the street, seeing no part of the stage—little, in fact, save the lamplight streaming through the waving banana leaves—busied themselves with talk; they buzzed like swarming bees, they laughed like careless children, they echoed the applause of the spectators, and amused themselves mightily. Meanwhile, the royal family was enjoying the play in the most natural and unpretentious fashion. Perhaps it was an abbreviated version of a Shaksperian tragedy primitively played by a limited company; or it may have been the garden scene from "Romeo and Juliet," wherein Juliet leaned from a balcony embowered with palms and ferns transplanted from the garden for this night only, and making a picture of surpassing beauty.

Everybody in that house knew everybody else; a solitary stranger would have been at once discovered and scrutinized. It was like a social gathering, where, indeed, "carriages may be ordered at 10.30"; but most of the participants walked home. Who would not have walked home through streets that are like garden paths very much exaggerated; where the melodious Kanaka seeks in vain to outsing the tireless cricket, and both of them are overcome by the lugubrious double-bass of the sea?

But to Proteus once more: when social dinners ceased to attract, when the boarding-house grew tedious and the Chinese restaurant became a burden, he repaired to the cool basement under the stage, a kind of culinary laboratory, such as amateurs in cookery delight in, and there he prepared the daintiest dishes, and we often partook of them in Crusoe-like seclusion. Could anything be jollier? Sweetmeats and semi-solitude, and the Kanaka with his sprinkler to turn on a tropical shower at the shortest notice. This youth was a shining example of the ingenuousness of his race; he had orders to water the plants at certain hours daily; and one day we found him in the garden under an umbrella, playing the hose in opposition to a heavy rain-storm. His fidelity established him permanently in his master's favor.

Many strange characters found shelter under that roof: Thespian waifs thrown upon the mosquito shore, who, perhaps, rested for a time, and then set sail again; prodigal circus boys, disabled and useless, deserted by their fellows, here bided their time, basking in the hot sunshine, feeding on the locusts and wild honey of idleness, and at last, falling in with some troupe of strolling athletes, have dashed again into the glittering ring with new life, a new name, and a new blaze of spangles; the sadness of many a twilight in Honolulu has been intensified by the melancholy picking of the banjo in the hands of some dejected minstrel. All these conditions touched us similarly. Reclining in the restful silence of that room, it was our wont to philosophize over glasses of lemonade—nothing stronger than this, for Proteus was of singularly temperate appetites; and there I learned much of those whom I knew not personally, and saw much of some whom I might elsewhere have never met.

One day he said to me: "You like music; come with me and you shall hear such as is not often heard." We passed down the pretty lane upon which the stage door

opened, and approached the sea; almost upon the edge of it, and within sound of the ripples that lapped lazily the coral frontage of the esplanade, we turned into a bakery and inquired for the baker's lady. She was momentarily expected. We were shown into an upper room scantily furnished, and from a frail balcony that looked unable to support us we watched the coming of a portly female in a short frock, whose gait was masculine, and her tastes likewise, for she was smoking a large and handsomely colored meerschaum; a huge dog, dripping sea water at every step, walked demurely by her side. Recognizing Proteus, who stood somewhat in fear of her, for she was bulky and boisterous, she hailed him with a shout of welcome that might have been heard a block away.

This was Madame Josephine d'Ormy, whose operatic career began—in America—long ago in Castle Garden, and ended disastrously in San Francisco. Her adventures by land and sea—she was once shipwrecked — will not be dwelt on here. Enough that she laid aside her pipe, saluted Proteus with an emphasis that raised him a full foot from the floor, and learning that I was from San Francisco, she embraced me with emotion; she could not speak of that city without sobbing. Placing herself at an instrument—it looked like an aboriginal melodeon—the legs of which were so feeble that the body of it was lashed with hempen cord to rings screwed into the floor, she sang, out of a heart that seemed utterly broken, a song which was like the cry of a lost soul.

Tears jetted from her eyes and splashed upon her ample bosom; the instrument quaked under her vigorous pumping of the pedals; it was a question whether to laugh or to weep—a hysterical moment—but the case she speedily settled by burying her face in her apron and trumpeting sonorously; upon which, bursting into a hilarious ditty, she reiterated with hoarse "ha, ha's," that ended in shrieks of merriment, "We'll laugh the blues away!"—and we did.

This extraordinary woman, whose voice, in spite of years of dissipation, had even to the end a charm of its own, came to her death in San Francisco at the hands of a brute who was living upon the wages she drew for playing the piano in a beer-cellar.

Then there was Madame Marie Duret, who, having outlived the popularity of her once famous "Jack Sheppard," would doubtless have ended her days in Dream-land chaperoning the amateurs, and doubtless braving the foot-lights herself at intervals, for she was well preserved. But alas! there was a flaw in the amenities, and she fled to worse luck. She went to California, fighting poverty and paralysis with an energy and good nature for which she was scarcely rewarded. A mere handful of friends, and most of those recent ones, saw her decently interred.

And mad, marvelous Walter Montgomery, with his sensational suicide in the first quarter of a honey-moon. He used to ride a prancing horse in Honolulu, a horse that was a whole circus in itself, and scatter handfuls of small coin to and fro just for the fun of seeing the little natives scramble for it.

And Madame Biscaccianti—poor soul! the thorn was never from the breast of that nightingale. After the bitterest sorrows mingled with the brilliantest triumphs, does she, I wonder, find comfortable obscurity in Italy a compensation for all her sufferings?

Proteus himself had, perhaps, the most uncommon history of all. This he related one evening when we were in the happiest mood; there was a panorama dragging its slow length along before an audience attracted, no doubt, as much by the promise of numerous and costly gifts, of a sum total far outstripping the receipts of the house, as by the highly colored pictorial progress of Bunyan's famous Pilgrim. We had been lounging in the royal box, and, growing weary of the entertainment, especially weary of a barrel-organ thatp layed at the heels of Christian through all his tribulation, we repaired to the green-room, and somehow fell to talking of individual progress, and of the pack we each of

us must carry through storm and shine. Proteus evidently began his story without premeditation; it was not a flowing narrative; there were spurts of revelation interrupted at intervals by the strains of the barrel-organ, from which there was no escape. Later, I was able to follow the thread of it, joining it here and there, for he himself had become interested, and he had frequent recourse to a diary which he had stenographed after his own fashion, and the key of which no one but he possessed.

He was of New England parentage, born in 1826; as a youth, was delicate and effeminate; was gifted with many accomplishments, sketched well, sang well, played upon several instruments, and was, withal, an uncommon linguist. He was a great lover of nature. His knowledge was varied and very accurate; he was an authority upon most subjects which interested him at all, was a botanist of repute, had a smattering of many sciences, and was correct as far as he went in them.

He lost his father in infancy, and his training was left to tutors; he was a highly imaginative dreamer, and romantic in the extreme; for this reason, and having never known a father's will, he left home in his youth, and was for some years a wanderer, seeking, it was thought, an elder brother, who had long since disappeared. He was in California in early days, in Hawaii, Australia, and Tahiti; the love of adventure grew upon him; he learned to adapt himself to all circumstances. Though not handsome, he was well proportioned and possessed of much muscular grace. He traveled for a time with a circus, learned to balance himself on a globe, to throw double-summersaults, and to do daring trapeze-flights in the peak of the tent. Growing weary of this, and having already known and become enamored of Hawaii, he returned to the islands, secured the Royal Hawaiian Theater, and began life anew. His collection of botanical plants surrounding the theater was exceptionally rich and a source of profit to him; but the theater was his hobby, and he rode it to the last.

Nothing seemed quite impossible to him upon the stage; anything from light comedy to eccentric character parts was in his line; the prima donna in burlesque opera was a favorite assumption; nor did he, out of the love of his art, disdain to dance the wench-dance in a minstrel show; he had even a circus of his own; but his off hours were employed in his garden or with pupils whom he instructed in music, dancing, fencing, boxing, gymnastics, and I know not what else.

On one occasion he took with him to California a troupe of Hawaiian *hula hula* dancers, the only ones who have gone abroad professionally, and his experiences with these people, whose language he had made his own, and with whom he was in full sympathy, would fill a volume. Their singular superstitions; the sacrifices of pig and fowl which he had at times to permit them to make in order to appease their wrathful gods; the gypsy life they led in the interior of the State, where, apart from the settlements, they would camp by a stream in some cañon and live for a little while the life of their beloved islands; the insults they received in the up-country towns from the civilized whites, who like wild beasts fell upon them, and finally succeeded in demoralizing and disbanding the troupe;—these episodes he was fond of enlarging upon, and his fascinating narrative was enlivened with much highly original and humorous detail.

Through all his vicissitudes he preserved a refinement which was remarked by all who knew him. He was the intimate of the late King Lunalillo I. and of many Hawaiians of rank; he had danced in the royal set at court-balls; was a member and correspondent of several scientific societies; a man of the most eccentric description; greatly loved by a few, intensely disliked by many, and perhaps fully understood by no one. He had learned to hate the world, and at times to irritate himself very much over it; doubtless he had cause.

My last night in the little theater was the pleasantest of all. The play was over; during its action great ruby-eyed moths with

scarlet spots like blood-drops on their wings flew through the windows and dove headlong into the foot-lights, where they suffered martyrdom, and eventually died to slow music; and then the rain came and beat upon that house, and it leaked; but umbrellas were not prohibited; the shower was soon over; we shook our locks like spaniels, and laughed again; and it was all very tropical.

Late in the night Proteus and I were supping in the green-room, when he told me in a stage whisper how night after night, when the place was as black as a tomb, he had heard a light footfall, a softly creaking floor, and a mysterious movement of the furniture; how twice a dark figure stood by his bedside with fixed eyes, like the ghost of Banquo; there was enough moonlight in the room to reveal the outline of this figure, and to shine dimly through it as through folds of crape. And often there were voices whispering audibly, and it was as if the disembodied had returned to play their parts again before a spectral audience come from the graves of the past; and he was sure to hear at intervals, above the ghostly ranting, the soft patter of applause—"Like that," said Proteus, starting from his chair, as a puff of wind extinguished the lamp and left us in awful darkness. We listened. I heard it, or thought I heard it; and though a gentle rain was falling, I rushed out of the place bristling like a porcupine.

Once more I look from the seaward window of the Legation upon the field where, in days long gone, so many histrionic honors were won. In the midst of it that itinerant phenomenon, "the celebrated armless lady," has for the moment pitched her tent; presently, no doubt, the corner lot will be absorbed by that ever-increasing caravansary, the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, and a series of semi-detached villas for the accommodation of its guests will spring up under the palms.

Were the old theater still standing, the leafy lattice of the green-room would be directly opposite; I might, in such a case, by stretching forth my hands, part the vines and look once more into the haunted chamber. Perhaps he would be sitting there in pajamas and slippers, his elbows resting on the arms of his chair, his face buried in his hands as was his wont when his monologue ran dreamily into the past. Perhaps there would come those pauses, so grateful even in the most interesting discourse, when we said nothing, and forgot that there was silence until it was emphasized by the shudder of leaves that twinkled in the fitful summer gale.

But no! The long silence, unbroken evermore, has come to him, and there is little left to tell of a tale that ended tragically.

I often wondered what fate was in reserve for Proteus; in the eternal fitness of things a climax seemed inevitable; yet the few bits of tattered and mildewed scenery leaning against the fence, the weights of the drop-curtain, like cannon balls, half buried in the grass, and the bier over which Hamlet and Laertes were wont to mouth—now standing in the midst of an unrecognizable heap or rubbish—are not less heeded than is the memory of one who was a distinguished character in his time.

He fell upon evil days, was hurried out of the kingdom to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune; contumely, humiliation, abject poverty—these were his companions in an exile which he endured with heroic fortitude. At last he found asylum in his native town, but not the one he would have chosen, nor the one of which he was deserving; yet that he was grateful for even this much is evident from the tenor of a letter which I received from him in his last days. He writes:

"If you could see and know how restricted my present life is, you would realize how more than welcome your letter was. . . . .

"In your reference to the past, my mind went with you, as it has often done without you, back to the pleasant hours we have spent together. Often in my loneliness I recur to them, with the same gratitude that a traveler feels when he recalls to mental view the oases that softened the weariness of the desert.

"I hope I am as thankful as I should be for the power of memory; in the present darkness I have many bright pictures of the past to look upon: these are my consolation.

"I have to be, as the Hebrews term it, in 'a several house'; I am in a large, well-heated, well-ventilated upper room with a southeasterly aspect; I see no one but the physicians, the superintendent, and my especial attendant.

"In this seclusion from the world in which I have seen so much variety, you may well believe I have leisure for thought and retrospection. How many experiences I would love to live over again! how many I would gladly efface from the records of memory!

"In the vacuity of my present condition I long for occupation, but my misfortune precludes the hope of it. Only one thing is certain: I must try to be content, and give an example of resignation if I can do no other good.

"I have gone through this sorrowful detail because you requested it, and I regret to give you the pain of reading it. . . . . Write when you will; a letter from you will bring with it a sense of the light which I have once known—now gone forever."

Of course I wrote again—on the instant; but before my letter had reached that melancholy house the telegraph had flashed the news of his ignoble death throughout the continent. For Proteus was none other than he who, through the irony of fate, came to be known as "The Salem Leper."

Whether he was or was not a leper is a question upon which the doctors disagree; but I know that his life for two years before he found shelter in the almshouse of his native town was of the most agonizing description. Perfidious gossip hunted him down; vile slander drove him from door to door; his imagination peopled the air with foes; and even the few true and tried friends who stood by him found it difficult at times to persuade him that they were not spies upon him.

O death, where is thy sting! So it seems that even in Dream-land the drama is not all a delusion, and that in one case, at least, the reality was more cruel than the grave.

Charles Warren Stoddard.

THE FRONTIER PROSPECTOR.

When we consider that but a generation ago all the vast territory lying west of the Missouri River was essentially a sealed book, the enormous results which have been achieved by labor and enterprise in that section of the United States seem almost incomprehensible. Towards 1848 and 1849 California became prominent, but not until 1857 and 1858 was that region brought into notice which now is comprised in the Centennial State. Isolated explorations had been made; venturesome hunters, traders, and prospectors had penetrated into unknown regions; but the Indian still remained in undisturbed possession of territory which to-day yields golden returns. Terrible sufferings were endured and hardships were experienced, the recital of which might well blanch the cheek of many a stout-hearted man. No fear of bodily suffering, no menace of an agonizing death at the hands of savage enemies, could daunt those men to whom we owe the rapid development of our extreme western States and Territories. They prepared the path which others followed; they cleared away the obstacles which would have paralyzed less indomitable hearts;—and what has been their reward? The soil which they were the first to tread shelters their bones, and the march of progress has passed over their graves, scarcely sparing the time to bestow a handful of earth.

Although so large a portion of the country has been explored, even now there remain fresh fields for the pick and shovel of the

prospector. His life, his manner of working, and his character is so unique, that to an observer it must be full of interest. Even his language, graphic and forcible, has a certain charm. Indeed, among all people where labor for the daily bread is carried on beyond the reach of daylight, a specific set of terms and expressions has developed itself. It would puzzle a philological scholar to hold converse with the Cornish or German miner; and in like manner the intercourse with our western prospectors and miners cannot but increase the vocabulary of an English-speaking stranger.

As soon as the snows begin to melt, the prospector becomes restless. Watching the weather with much anxiety, he turns over in his mind the various attractions offered by different localities. Wherever the most recent discoveries of precious metals have been made, there he longs to be. Some one may have stumbled across a fragment of rich or promising ore, and by some mysterious system of telegraphy the most vividly colored reports from the latest "El Dorado" have spread among the prospecting fraternity.

Who does not remember the "San Juan excitement" in Colorado during 1874? About twenty years ago a man named Baker led a small party into that country, then still several hundred miles removed from the nearest point of settlement. Their examinations seemed to promise untold wealth. The following year Baker, at the head of more than sixty men, repeated the trip. Amid the greatest hardships, suffering from cold and hunger, the courageous band, though greatly reduced in numbers, finally reached the land of promise, some to perish miserably at the hand of hostile Indians, others to die of starvation in a region which is but a labyrinthine maze of mountains. Only a mere handful of men barely escaped with their lives, and eventually reached inhabited places after months of toilsome wandering. Crazed by hunger, blinded by snow, and worn to skeletons by the frightful sufferings which they had had to endure, separated from one another by suspicious fear, these few survivors staggered into the homes of settlers nearly two years after their hopeful start, bringing tidings of the ill-fated expedition. Not until 1874, after the conclusion of the Ute treaty, was the San Juan country again prospected. To-day, the sight of flourishing towns, active smelting works, and the presence of several thousand miners testify to the foundation which Baker had for his sanguine hopes. And at the present time, while Apaches and their allies are carrying stealthy murder and open warfare through the southern Territories, the prospector is nevertheless exploring their mountains, his pick in one hand, his rifle in the other. Though he may die, though the result of his labors may never be known, there are others to take his place, others who will escape with their lives and proclaim the existence of metallic wealth now lying barren.

When the prospector has decided upon the locality which shall be the scene of action during the coming season, the necessary preparations for the trip—i. e., "outfitting"—are taken in hand. The quiet assurance with which a man whose sole possessions consist in a pick, a pan, and a rifle will tell you in the Black Hills that he is going to Arizona next week is somewhat staggering; but he does it. If absolutely "dead-broke," he will get his meager supplies on credit, and start on his journey of hundreds of miles with a light heart and an equally light pack. Flour, bacon, blankets, gold-pan and frying-pan, pick, shovel, and a few smaller articles, besides the necessary weapons, complete the outfit of this forerunner of civilization. Should "wealth" be at his command, he will invest it in a *burro*. Packing everything but rifle, pistol, and knife upon the back of his patient animal, he is ready to set out. If possible, he will have found a "pard," that the long journey may be enlivened by the interchange of opinions, and also that he may have assistance in case of danger or necessity. So strong is the ruling passion, that long before the promised land is reached every rock and bowlder encountered on the road is subjected to inspection. With a critical eye the discoverer will exam-

ine the specimen which he has chipped off, and finally puts it carefully into his pocket, only to make room for the next one he finds.

For the purpose of fully appreciating the methods of work and the indestructible elasticity of spirit which forms a prominent feature of the prospector's character, we may accompany him on one of his trips. Our friend Joseph, popularly known as "Grizzly Joe," has found a congenial partner in "Dutch Billy," and the two have agreed to "chance it" as "pards" during the summer. Joe owes his *soubriquet* to an interesting but little profitable interview with a bear; while Billy, originally from Virginia, must thank his yellow hair and blue eyes for his distinguishing appellation. Both are experienced prospectors, both have done their share towards developing the resources of the country, and both are as poor now as they ever were. Ebb and flood in the condition of their finances have just taken one more turn, and we find them high and dry at a very low ebb-tide. With their *burros* ahead of them, they cheerfully trudge along the road, full of hope, and intent upon every thing that bears the semblance of ore. A professor of geological science might learn many new facts from their conversation as they pass over various beds and strata—facts new not only to him, but new in the fullest sense of the word. Every prospector has his "theory." He explains admirably not only the genesis and present position of rocks and of the mountain ranges which he crosses, but he knows where the gold and silver must originally have come from. From his experience, gained by laborious observation, and liberally aided by an inventive imagination, he has built up a little earth of his own, and it is wonderful to see the tenacity with which he adheres to its structure.

Certain rocks he recognizes, and he knows whether there is any probability of their containing metalliferous deposits. His classification is somewhat comprehensive, but it answers his purpose. When he arrives at the end of his knowledge, he makes up his mind that the mysterious specimen in question must be porphyry. Porphyry is to him what the soul is to the physiologist. Whatever cannot be demonstrated by scalpel and hammer is referred to soul and porphyry. No true prospector will ever admit that any occurrence within his domain should be beyond his powers of explanation. His earth is constructed on a certain definite plan, and if anything should happen to disagree therewith, it can only be a local disturbance of no importance. He knows that during the period of original chaos and general mixture of all matter, the heaviest metals must have sunk to the bottom, while the lighter ones remained nearer the top. When he finds silver on high mountains, his theory is proved, and gold is sure to be lower down. Should the case be reversed, then nothing is more plausible than that some convenient "volcanic eruption" has interfered with the natural order of things. A professional geologist, harassed by doubts and uncertainties, must regard with envy the precision and positiveness of a prospector's explanations.

As our friends approach the newly discovered district, the object of their present ambition, they frequently branch off from the beaten path. The area of the favored region may be greater than is expected, and it behooves them to allow no chance for exploration to escape. Joe plunges into the heavy timber, while Dutch climbs a neighboring peak to prospect its rocky slopes. Every creek which Joe encounters is carefully examined; sand and gravel are "panned" and searched for "colors." Forcing his way through dense underbrush and over fallen timber, Joe has much trouble to keep his laden *burro* in a good humor. Animals of this kind have a certain firmness of character suspiciously bordering on obstinacy. One peculiarity of a *burro* is his frequently misplaced thirst for knowledge. Should any moral or other suasion be used to urge him forward, it immediately occurs to his sagacious mind that there must be some reason for such undue haste. Whatever this reason may be, it must certainly affect the interests of the *burro* as well as those of the master. It is eminently proper, therefore, that he

should stop and attempt a solution of the motives that prompt such ill-advised exertion. This trait of reflective tendencies is especially noticeable when a creek is to be crossed. Joe, in consequence of long experience, is equal to the emergency. It is a matter of but little exertion for him deliberately to pick up his four-legged companion, pack and all, and throw him across the creek. A measure so peremptory cuts short the train of thought, and the *burro* meanders on with complacent mien, keeping a sharp lookout for the next obstacle which might furnish food for pensive contemplation.

Down in the valley the two partners meet at nightfall. A fire is started, biscuits are baked in the frying-pan, bacon is toasted on forked sticks, and after the frugal repast, when the pipes are lighted, they compare notes on the observations made during the day.

"I say, pard," remarks Joe, "these diggings have a kind of a favorable look. The country is nothing but porphyry, to be sure, but I got four colors to the pan several times to-day."

"Good for you," answers Dutch. "But I can't see where in thunder the stuff comes from, for I haven't seen a ledge all day big enough to let a frog jump over."

"Well, pard, I guess we'll try the gulches a trifle to-morrow; perhaps we can make some kind of a strike. Maybe we can stake a few gulch claims and keep 'em, if the deestrict don't pan out."

Before long a narrow ravine is found, where a small stream is seen rushing over bowlders and rocks. Upon examination, the gravel which has accumulated lower down proves to contain gold, and our discoverers immediately set to work. After panning for some time, small "cradles" are rudely constructed with the aid of hatchet, knife, and fresh deer-skin, and the process of gold-washing begins. As the sun sets behind the most distant mountain, they "clear up," and find that each one has a knife-point full of the glittering yellow scales. In value it amounts to about two dollars apiece. Strange as it may appear, these men will labor hard from sunrise until darkness compels them to cease, they will undergo the greatest hardships and live upon the poorest fare, rather than work for others, where as miners they could readily earn four dollars a day. Independence of action and movement is worth more to them than greater financial prosperity and bodily comforts. A brief period of work, however, convinces them that the gulch has not "panned out" sufficiently well, and once more they start upon their tour. Though it is claimed that the new district far surpasses all heretofore discovered in richness and in accessibility of the precious metals, they meet with more than one prospector returning from it, on whose face "disgust" is written with unmistakable letters.

"Hello, stranger!" Joe hails a dilapidated-looking specimen, whose back is turned to the "deestrict," and who is trying to get away from it with all possible speed; "hello, stranger, I say; been up to the new mines?"

"You bet," is the laconic but expressive reply, while the stranger glances sorrowfully at the holes which constitute the main portion of his boots.

"Let's have your candid opinion of the chances a fellow has there, stranger."

"Chances? I never seen none there. There may have been some, but they're mighty well corralled by this time. There ain't no chance there to make wages. Anyway, I don't think the whole deestrict is worth a continental. Got any baccy to lend, Cap'n?" is the decided and somewhat discouraging opinion delivered.

"You're kind o' down on your luck; but never mind, stranger, you'll strike it yet if you stick to it," is the balm coupled with a supply of "baccy" which Joe benevolently administers to the crest-fallen fortune-seeker.

More than once our friends receive the same information, but nothing can swerve them from their course. Within a couple of days' journey of the new camp, Dutch finds a remarkable-looking piece of "float." It has evidently rolled down, together with other rocks, from a steep mountain slope, and he must endeavor to find its original

position. The specimen is pronounced by Joe to be quartz—good-looking quartz, in fact—an indication of much promise. Somewhat excited by the prospect, camp is immediately made permanent by tying the *burros*. Search for the ledge from which this fragment must have broken is commenced without delay. At last it is found, high up on the mountain side, on an almost vertical rock-face. There the yellowish streak is prominently set off by the dark gray color of the surrounding rock. Although at first it would appear as if no living creature unless supplied with wings could ever succeed in extracting the ore, our prospectors are not to be daunted by trifles such as these. They will find some method of getting there—by driving a tunnel into the vein, which will serve the double purpose of taking out ore, and preparing for themselves an abiding place entirely to their taste.

While examining the specimens which have been broken off the ledge, Joe mysteriously remarks:

"Look here, pard, bless me if I don't think we've struck platinum at last. There's nothing I know of has this queer gray look to it; so it must be platinum."

Joe's knowledge and wisdom are above being questioned, so Dutch has no alternative, even had he felt the desire, but to agree with him. Platinum, then, it is decided to be—the metal which above all others excites the imagination of prospectors. In the evening it is decided that Dutch shall take a sample of the ore to the new camp and have it assayed. Joe is too old a prospector to waste his time on a lode before he knows whether its ore is of any value. So far as gulch mining is concerned, his own opinion is entirely sufficient; but with ore, it is a different matter. Early in the morning Dutch sets out with the sample, well guarded in a piece of an old stocking, and Joe's emphatic suggestion sounding in his ears:

"Be sure, pard, and tell the professor to test it for platinum."

During his partner's absence, Joe dutifully builds the monuments and puts up the notice required by law. He is somewhat puzzled about a name to bestow upon the newly found treasure. As he sits by his lonely fire in the evening, he sees, shadowed in the curling smoke of his pipe, visions of days long gone by. He sees a frail, fair-haired child trustfully nestling in his lap, while he tells her stories of his wild, roving life, keeping back with unconscious care all mention that could trouble the innocent mind. But once has he been back to his eastern home since he left it in '49, and it was after that brief period of quiet enjoyment that his return to wilderness and danger seemed hard. His delicate niece had twined herself about his heart, and though now she is gone, her memory still lives with him. "Little Annie" shall be the name.

Dutch, upon his return, brings with him an assayer's certificate and good news. There it is, sure enough: thirty-two ounces of gold and nine ounces of silver to the ton. Naturally, the joy over such unusual returns causes Joe to forget his platinum. Now the work is taken in hand most vigorously. Early and late the two men labor, and soon they come to the conclusion that they own a well-defined vein containing untold wealth. Many are the projects which the two discuss during their short rest in the evening. Isolated from all human intercourse, their attention is naturally directed towards making premature disposition of the fortune now evidently within their grasp.

"Joe," inquires Dutch one evening while smoking—"Joe, how much would you take for your chances in that ledge right now?"

"Pard, I'll tell you," is the reply; "if any man was to offer me fifty thousand dollars in new bank-notes—the kind they make in Washington, not the dirty stuff we get out here once in a while—pard, I tell you, I wouldn't take it for my share in that mine."

"No, I don't think I shouldn't neither," gravely assents the other; "but I must say, if I had fifty thousand dollars, I'd like to swell it round East for a spell, driving a four-in-hand of white mules. Wouldn't them city folks learn something?"

"Dutch, my pard, if you don't know any better than to hang your heart on four white

mules, I'm sorry for you. I'd go to Paris and buy three or four of their picter-galleries, and have a good time looking 'em over."

"Well, Joe, you with your book-larnin' may be sooted with that sort o' thing, but I don't hanker much after picters and books. Once in a while I like to look at the Bible, 'cause there's some mighty good points in it; elsewise, I don't care much for no reading but a novel."

"That's due to a natural defect in your education, Dutch," his partner rejoins with much dignity; "if your mind was well developed, you'd appreciate art and science, and such like. However, let's turn in."

Several suspicious circumstances are noticed by Joe in connection with the "Little Annie." She (all ore-veins are feminine) does not open up properly, and at some places looks distressingly like pinching out. Both men still work hard, but anxiety has taken the place of assurance. Their fears are well grounded, for one day they find beyond a question that the two walls inclosing the vein are coming together; the ore is at an end. Dutch has been much exercised for the past few days, and has found vent for his feelings in rather forcible language. Now he stands speechless, contemplating the closing walls, the shroud of their hopes, with an expression of mingled astonishment and grief.

"Dutch, I want to ask you a question," Joe breaks in upon the mournful silence: "I want to know why you blasphemed like a heathen a while ago, and now, when matters are still worse with this gash-vein, you haven't a word to say?"

"Pard, I'm sorry, but I can't do the case justice."

"Well," says Joe, "all there is to it is, the Little Annie's gone"; and adds to himself, "Gone, just like the other little Annie."

A few days suffice for the spirits bowed by this misfortune to recover, and our prospectors are again ready to push forward. Disappointment to them is rather a spur than otherwise. The season is gradually advancing, and they must find something to reward them for their labor. "Stakes are pulled up," their camp is abandoned, and they soon reach the new mining settlement. Here the country is too densely populated for them. Three or four hundred people scattered over the same number of square miles do not leave sufficient elbow-room. Our typical prospector wants unlimited area at his command. After he has "made a strike," then may come who will. Beyond the boundaries of the present district there may be a chance, within it there is none; and so they plod on, after replenishing their modest store of supplies. Reaching a locality near the borders of an Indian Reservation, the appearance of pony tracks and other "Indian signs" warn them to proceed no farther. Systematically, the gulches and mountain slopes are prospected, disappointment succeeds hope, but with unwearying patience they continue their work. Fortune at last smiles upon them. They discover a permanent lode, not so rich as the first, but easy of access. Most appropriately they name it the "Last Chance." Meanwhile, the neighboring camp has acquired a reputation, and its incipient mines have become marketable. Agents of eastern capitalists are buying up mining properties, and wealth abounds in the camp. Joe and his "pard" succeed in selling their claim for a few thousand dollars, retaining a quarter-interest. For years they have toiled, and the total sum obtained would spread but thinly over the many days of arduous labor and privation; but at last they are provided for, and we will leave them with Joe's parting injunction to Dutch:

"Dutch, old pard, take care of your money; make it last out the winter, and next spring we'll start for another trip."

Never at rest so long as rheumatism and other effects of exposure do not chain him to his cabin, the prospector can find no pleasure in a quiet life. The little money he may gain by the hardest kind of labor and by personal risk he freely parts with. Any one in need, any one calling upon his sympathy, may have whatever he can possibly spare. If prudent, he will lay aside a sum sufficiently large to equip him for the next

season; if not, he will trust to luck and his credit for the few necessaries he requires.

Year after year he is exposed to the inclemency of the weather, to dangers from Indian hostility or treachery, and to the accidents of sickness incident to the life he leads. At last the weary frame can no longer maintain itself, the machine is worn out, and before his time the prospector lies down to die, "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." If he have a partner his bones will find a resting place within the soil he loved; if not, the wolves and the birds of the air will quarrel over all that is left of an active, hardy man.

The people of this land owe a debt of gratitude to the intrepid prospector whose hatchet blazes the first trail which eventually becomes the highway for traffic and enterprise. Though as a citizen he may have but little worth when confined within a town, though his bank account may correspond with the holes in his garments, yet he has a mission to fulfill—one upon which depends the rapid growth of national industries and wealth—and he uncomplainingly fulfills it. Rarely does he reap the reward of his privations and sufferings, but coming generations will recognize the faithfulness of his services; they will give honor to whom honor is due, and certainly none more fully merit it than these pioneers who sacrifice comfort, home—aye, their lives—in opening a roadway for the progress of culture and civilization.

F. M. Endlich.

JUST A WILLFUL GIRL.

"It is really too shabby; I ought not to wear it, had I? I ought not to go."

"Dear, you look so pretty and so dainty in it, what can one say? I'm sorry, but—"

"O, well, if you like it; perhaps it's only that I have worn it so many times; the lace is mended in ever so many places; it's really such an old friend, Esther, that I am tired of it, and must get a new one somewhere."

"Tessy, Tessy, I can't bear to hear you talk like that, not even in jest." The pale, sweet face of the elder sister had grown paler still. There was a pained look in the soft eyes, and her breath came quick. "If you want a new dress there is some money, some silver, laid away in the box there—but we can get along—and you must use it."

She stopped; it seemed that the crowding tears would not let her go farther. Her voice gave out.

"Esther"—and the pretty young girl took that pale, quivering face in her two slim hands—"you thought I was in earnest? You thought I could take that money? You could think so badly as that of me? No, I will never joke again. I will be always in dead earnest. I have noticed before now that I get into a great deal of trouble because of my foolish habit of joking. And now—now kiss me."

Was not that sad-faced, gentle lady, with the tears not yet quite vanished from her own eyes, proud and glad to touch with a soft caress the round cheek turned so prettily towards her?

"You know your pretty way of joking makes one of my greatest pleasures," she said; "and I am a foolish old woman; but if you want the dress—"

"Willst du mir nicht einen kuss geben?" called a clear voice from the open window. Both women turned; a pleasant face—blonde, with a blonde beard, and pleasant blue eyes, smiling from under thick waves of curling fair hair—was peering in at them.

"O, Joseph, is it you?" two voices spoke together. This smiling apparition, Mr. Joseph Muller, held out a dewy knot of flowers; all green leaves, white buds, and tiny tendrils. Their exquisite fragrance filled the room.

"It is my contribution," he said, flushing behind the curtain that he pushed back with

one hand. "I got them as I came along, at Floyd's."

"Ah, ah! how beautiful! how can we thank you, Joseph? O, why was I not born a flower, just a white rose like this? Then I should not have to trouble about a new dress. Now, Miss Esther Payne."

The blue eyes of the young man had been from the first fixed on this slim, fair flower-bud of a girl, who was hovering over his gift in an ecstasy of delight. The eyes flashed now with pleasure, as she took a spray of buds from the bunch and turned to her sister.

"You may put these right there, if you please—there, in that bunch of curls over my forehead—so: that improves the matter."

"She has been fretting about her dress," explained Miss Payne to the young man in the window.

"Her dress? Why, what is the matter with it?" he asked, opening his eyes wide.

"It is old, and it is old fashioned, and it is ugly," explained Tessy, with emphasis.

"Why, I was just thinking how pretty it is, and I wondered if you had made it new for the occasion," remarked that stupid young man. "All that green color with the white, just like an apple leaf and a bud; I thought you must be a flower-bud yourself unfolding."

Miss Payne smiled, but Therese made a dainty face.

"The lace is mended all over; but then, it's real lace—real Mechlin," she observed, bewildering her masculine admirer with grave technicalities.

Happily, he only saw the face, the brown hair ruffling on the forehead, the lovely eyes that laughed at him, the low, sweet voice that patronized him.

"O Blume, weisse Blume!" he repeated rapturously.

"Please don't talk in that awkward German," cried out Tessy, pettishly. "It only makes me think of my school-lessons, and I can't understand it, either. How can I tell whether you are laughing at me or paying me a compliment."

The young man laughed. "O Blüme!" he repeated—"O flower! I was paying you a compliment; a just tribute."

"And the other—when you first came?"

Joseph blushed and fidgeted.

"That—O, that was just nonsense; I must ask you to pardon it," he stammered.

The grave, soft eyes of Miss Payne looked at him as if they would say she had no fear he would say there to them aught that would be displeasing. She glanced at his dress, and then said doubtfully:

"Were you going to the Park—were you on your way?"

Joseph shrugged his shoulders, smiling.

"I shall go presently. But I shall wait till the brass band and the speech-making are over. I don't wish to be deafened and disgusted at the same time."

Both of the women laughed at his unmistakable look of distaste. Therese nodded at him over her shoulder, her little white straw hat with its blue-bells and snow-drops making a shadow for her eyes to smile out of into his.

"O, querulous musician! I wonder that a young man who has such an ear for discord can't make better music of his own, especially when he is the owner of, besides the ear, a genuine Paganini violin. There, I have got some of that southernwood on me, and if they smell me in advance they will think a whole village Sunday-school is coming. Good by, good by."

The two young people went away in opposite paths, and Miss Payne, left alone, sat for a long time in the little room in the lowering sunshine, silent, her hands folded in her lap. She was silent, but not quite sad; at least, her smile was stronger than her tears, and held its place on her placid mouth. For it was Tessy she was thinking of, the pretty, young, brown-haired maiden between whom and utter loneliness and helplessness in a hard world only her own frail life stood. Nay: her own frail life and—Joseph. For Joseph loved the charming, home-sweet Tessy: Esther was sure of that. But Tessy? Ah! she was the "weisse Blume," truly—the white flower about which the swan might

circle forever, singing its plaintive song till it should die.

"I wish—O I wish"—and Esther clasped her hands together with nervous force—"I wish Tessy could love him. I could die happy then."

The large tears rose and fell.

"Surely, a girl's heart is not so hard to win—if one knows the way."

And the trouble was, that Joseph did not "know the way." He was good, he was gentle and kind; he would flush and stammer when the merry little maid asked him but to do something for her; then he would rush and stumble over his own feet a dozen times in the effort to obey her—and Tessy would laugh at him.

"'Willst du mir nicht einen kuss geben?' I think," said Esther to herself—"I think if Joseph would say that to her some day *in earnest*, and claim the kiss and take it as his right, he might win my little Therese."

But just here the trouble was. Joseph was afraid. His great love for the pure young girl, the "white flower" of his song, made him a coward; but it was a noble cowardice, and might go far to help him some day to high, heroic deeds.

It was late when Tessy returned. Miss Payne had been sitting gloomily alone in the room where shaded lamplight and flooding moonlight, pouring through open window and door, made the place a bower of golden dusk.

Tossing aside her hat and little white shawl, Tessy flung herself on the floor at her sister's feet. Esther placed a loving hand on the soft, brown, curling love-locks veiling that bright head.

"Did you have a happy day, my Tessy?"

"O, yes," was the answer, given with magnificent indifference.

"And—and was Joseph there?"

"Josef—you mean old Josef, the band-master—of course he was there. How could there be a brass band without old Josef to lead it?" replied again Miss Tessy.

Miss Esther Payne touched with a finger of gentle reproof the naughty lips of this naughty speaker.

"Did you think I should inquire after such a person as that?"

"O, then you meant our friend Joseph—the one who makes quotations in German to show that he is learned. Yes, certainly, he was there; but I did not see very much of him."

"But why?" And now Miss Payne's face grew grave, her voice fell. "But why, my Tessy? Surely—"

"O, I don't know." Tessy stretched up two slender white hands, clasping them indolently above her head. "You see, Esther, when he first made his appearance on the scene we had left the grounds. Most of us girls were in the big pavilion getting our tea at the tables. And that horrid Nelly Marchmont was there, and Joseph stopped at her table, and stayed there a long time."

"Well, what then?" Tessy had paused in her recital, and was lying half kneeling, her soft flushed cheek resting on her sister's arm. She smiled a little gravely when Esther spoke.

"What then? O, nothing but this: first, I suppose I should not have minded it, but I got a hateful fancy that it was only because of her dress that he lingered by her; that he was ashamed to be seen with me."

"Tessy!"

"O, I know it was mean of me; but she was dressed beautifully. She is dark, you know—*dark;* and she was all in black tissue, with broad bands of gold on her arms and waist and in her hair. It was very becoming to her, and I suppose Joseph paid her compliments in German."

"Child"—and Miss Payne pinched with a smile the little pearl-pink ear.

"Well, at all events, he couldn't call her his 'weisse Blume'—his white flower—could he?" quoth Miss Therese, triumphantly. She sat up and rested her chin on her arm to begin again.

"And so when he at last began to make his way across—meaning to speak to me—I was engaged to dance with Henry Wistar. I really hadn't time to waste on Joseph. They—the other Josef was playing my favorite music."

The witch stopped and began to hum one of Gounod's delicious airs.

"And I really didn't see him."

"O, Tessy! how could you do so?—and Joseph is so kind." There were tears ready to break through the tremble of Esther's pained voice.

"Kind!" broke in Miss Tessy, indignantly. "I don't know what your ideas are; but I call it far from kind in him to snub me so. And after all, I don't think he would have minded it so much—so very much—but a slight shower came up while we were dancing, and we all rushed back to the pavilion."

Here Miss Tessy paused again. A dimpling smile stole into her round rose cheek.

"There was a little spot of marshy ground in the path, and the rain had made it worse. So when we came to that—you see I had on my light shoes—Henry threw down his coat, and nothing to do but I must walk over it. And when I looked up, just as we entered the pavilion, what an expression there was on Joseph's face! I do believe he was swearing to himself—in German."

Esther was silent, with a pained fear at her heart. What could she say? How could she chide this beautiful young creature, who was so dear, so winsome, so worthy of love—of a good man's best love? How could she help and not hurt?

"Well!" exclaimed Theresa, authoritatively, growing tired of the silence.

"My dear," said Esther, timidly, "don't you think, with me, that Mr. Wistar's attention was a little out of place; that it was—conspicuous?"

Miss Tessy vouchsafed no reply to this.

"Don't you think, dear, you might have reached the pavilion safely, as the others did, simply by walking on the bare ground?"

"I am tired and sleepy; I must go to bed," said Tessy, suddenly getting up.

Then she glanced at Esther's face.

"Smile!" she commanded. "Do you think I am going to say good night to such eyes as those? Smile—at once!"

The grieved look melted swiftly into tears. With loving arms twined around each other's neck, the two sisters cried silently. But their good-night kiss was the sweeter for those tears.

In the quiet days that followed—perhaps because they were living nearer together, more in sympathy with each other—these two sisters noticed, Esther that Tessy was more than usually silent, that under her joyous laugh shone the glimmer of crowding tears; but Tessy that Esther grew more thin and wan, that her strength seemed to be consumed as by some eating fire.

One evening, Esther, in her chair, drew Tessy to her. The young girl came and knelt by her side in the old familiar way, the pretty bronze-brown love-locks ruffling over her lap, the white arms softly upthrown.

"Dear," said the elder sister in a low voice, "you never sing for me now."

"No," answered Tessy, slowly. "It must be—I don't know why—unless—I don't think of it."

"You did not once wait to think of it, Tessy. You sang because you must."

"Yes, that does make a difference, to feel the music in one. When a bird is being cooked and eaten I suppose it does not feel like singing."

"What in the world do you mean, child?"

"Mean? Nothing: I never mean anything; that is why I get into so much trouble."

The girl spoke in a mocking way, but a moment after she began more seriously:

"Do you know, Esther, I was reading this morning the old story of the knightly lover who had a beautiful bird that his lady coveted. He was very poor, but he would not sell his bird. But one day the princess sent a message that she was coming to dine with him, and as he had nothing in his larder fit for so dainty a lady, he bade his cook kill the bird and serve it."

Here Tessy paused a moment, for a sound as of tears was in her voice. She put her hand over her eyes.

"It is such a tender story, Esther, I can't tell it as it ought to be told; but the young knight must have sat and looked at her—can't you fancy it?—while she sat at his table and ate his frugal dinner—and then—she

said she would love him—be his own true princess—if he would give her his bird."

"Well," said Esther, smiling, "the princess did get the bird in one way if not in another. And I wonder if the young knight quite loved her when he saw her eating it!"

"O, you hard-hearted woman!" cried Tessy. "But I thought of that, too."

Then rising with a quick change of manner, she said: "I wonder if Joseph would contribute his beloved violin to make a fire for me if I were freezing."

Esther began to understand.

The next day Miss Payne was not so well. She was lying on the sofa in the little parlor, when Tessy came and knelt by her, and took her two hands. The girl had a strange, sad feeling, as if she were lost in a wood, with no one to show her the way out.

"I don't know what to do for you," she sobbed. "You are getting worse, Esther; what is it? Shall I send for some one? O, why does not Joseph—"

She stopped suddenly, but Esther heard, and the next day a message found its way to that young man, who answered in person.

He walked straight up to Esther's chair when he came in.

"I did not know you were ill," he said; and oh, the sense of comfort, of rest, that the invalid felt when she heard his voice—when she looked into his clear eyes! "Is it anything serious? I am so sorry."

Esther smiled gently; but he grew grave with a startled fear when he saw the change in her.

"It is not painful—only a little troublesome; and I should not mind it so much, but Tessy frets over me."

Joseph looked for the first time at Tessy, who was sitting apart by the window. She barely glanced up as he spoke, but there was a bright red flush in her cheek. And her eyes—how soft and appealing they were as they looked at him so briefly! Perhaps he had been unnecessarily harsh with her; she was so young—just a slip of a girl, a white flower unfolding.

Presently Tessy slipped from the room.

"Come closer, Joseph," began Miss Payne, nervously clasping and unclasping her hands; "I have but a moment, and I wished to say to you—perhaps I am meddling—I am sick and have many fancies—but, Joseph, if I were a young man, loving a shy, half-frightened girl, I should say to myself—I should always say to myself this truth: 'A faint heart never won fair lady.'"

Joseph looked at her; his face turned red and then white, and then he burst out into a curious, hysterical laugh.

"God bless you, Miss Payne. I believe you are the best woman in the world," he said earnestly. He kissed her hand; how cold it was! how wan and sad and tired she looked! but—not a meddler: no.

When Joseph took his leave, as he walked along the hall he heard behind a door half open the notes of a piano and a low voice singing—Tessy's voice. Joseph hesitated a moment, then plucking up courage, repeating to himself with a queer little smile the words, "faint heart never won fair lady," he pushed the door open and went in.

Tessy was there alone, playing and singing softly to herself. She jumped up when she saw who her visitor was.

"Stay," he said quickly; "I did not come to disturb you; I came to listen."

Tessy stopped and stood silent, with bent face.

"Won't you sing me one song?" he pleaded.

But Tessy turned away, and began to gather up her scattered music-sheets.

"I can't sing in German," she answered coldly. "My songs are all simple ones. They are only English songs, not worth listening to."

He looked at her, hesitated once more for the last time, then took a step forward.

"Why do you treat me in this cold way, Tessy?" he burst out. "Have I offended you in any way? What have I done?"

"You? No; it is nothing, only—only—"

And then it was all over, and Tessy was sobbing her grief and joy and resentment all out together on Joseph's shoulder.

He drew her thus close for a little space, and then he held her out at arm's length away from him.

"Willst du mir nicht einen kuss geben?" he said, laughing; and then Tessy lifted a flower-fair face and Joseph took his kiss.

"Liebchen," he whispered tenderly; and oh, the beauty of that old sweet German word as Joseph spoke it! "Liebchen, shall we tell Esther now?" Then he looked at her more closely.

"And you have got on the beloved white dress. You must always wear it, O weisse Blume."

Tessy laughed. "Come to Esther now," she said.

But alas! Esther was asleep.

Asleep, and her darling was safe.

Millie W. Carpenter.

VAQUERO TO HIS HORSE.

COME, the day is breaking, Jim;
  Saffron fading green and gray;
From the depths of cañons dim
  Comes the deer-hound's early bay.
Print the turf with fairy bound,
  Light of foot and swift of limb;
Flying deer nor following hound
  Can o'ertake you, Jim.

Purple skies the new day bind;
  Brooks creep low through purple shade;
Peaks approach and fall behind;
  Rivers near and splash and fade.
Mountains know no craggy steep,
  Rivers hold no current grim,
Treacherous sand, nor darksome deep,
  That can balk you, Jim.

On the hills the cattle wake,
  Sweet their low upon the morn;
Sweet the manzanitas shake
  Faintest fragrance to the dawn.
Than the warbling birds more sweet,
  Waking on each sun-tipped limb,
Is the beating of your feet
  On the trail-way, Jim.

Onward till the night shall fall
  Cool and tender o'er the land;
Passion-flowers drape her wall,
  And the porch where she will stand
Praying through night's flashing roofs
  For the moon's uprolling rim,
For the music of your hoofs,
  And our coming, Jim.

Virginia Peyton.

PIONEER SKETCHES.—II. AN EPISODE OF OLD MENDOCINO.

On the margin of a small stream in the old home of the Wylackies beyond the North Eel, some thirty miles from Camp Wright in northern California, stands a little log cabin nestling under the sheltering branches of a grove of oak-trees. It is as difficult of access as it is unpretending in appearance, for the tortuous mountain trail leading to it is narrow and steep. The country even now is but little known or traveled, except by some stray sheep-herder or hunter who adventures himself therein to gather together portions of a scattered flock or in search of game driven to it as a last resort. The surface is cut up at all angles by deep, narrow ravines and gulches, or short cañons, running in and out in all directions, with sides ragged and scraggy, often almost perpendicular, and covered in parts with nearly impenetrable chemisal and thick clumps of manzanita, verde, or grease-wood, growing here and there among gray moss-covered bowlders—*enfants perdus* in the wake of ancient glaciers—with small groves of scrub-oaks and madroñes among them.

The army trail to Camp Gaston—a deceiving *soupçon* of a right track leading to port amid thousands of sheep trails leading to perdition, each and every one better beaten than it—passes not very far from the cabin; and it frequently happens that army officers take their way by it across the mountains toward distant Hoopa, sensibly preferring romantic scenery from a mule's-back observatory, with nights *a la belle étoile*, to sea-sickness and unwilling round dances on the Pelican, with the sad sea waves of the lamb-like Humboldt bar as accompaniments. Should one of these, weary and travel-worn, come upon the cabin in an inadvertent divergence, his trouble in reaching it will be more than repaid in the pleasure his coming will give to the inmates of the little mountain home and in the true hospitality that he will receive from them.

The joyous shouts of dusky little children gamboling under the oaks or on the banks of the little streamlet, with the murmuring water-falls over moss-covered rocks overhung with drooping ferns, will herald his approach, and he will be met at the door—framed in morning-glories festooning with an interlaced wild grape-vine—with glad smiles and extended hands, by a tall, slender woman, in whose sweet, nut-brown face—despite its full Indian characteristics—the traces of great beauty still linger, though the once coal-black hair is already thickly streaked with gray. The longer the hungry subaltern, bewildered in scouting, or his no less lost senior on his way to investigate some military dereliction on the Trinity, tarries beneath the humble roof, the more the simple hearts it shelters will be pleased. The children will gather without fear at his knee and look up lovingly in his face, as if in an old friend's; for Um-wa, the gentle mother, has taught them to love the blue-clad soldier for the sake of the one who helped her in her need. For Um-wa, the fast-fading woman, the daughter of one of the last head chiefs of the ancient Nome-cults, who were the terror of Mendocino County before the whites came, has a history; and the homely shelter in the little nook at the foot of the snow-capped mountains is a haven of rest.

In early days—comparatively speaking, and viewed from a Californian standpoint—she had been foremost among the maidens of her people—now gone forever—in the beauty and grace of her savage nature: the brown rose of the Yollo-Bolles, or Snow-peaks. But she was not a flower without perfume: the perfume of the mountain wild flower was equaled by the virtue of its beauty, blooming unseen and unknown; for, despite Nordhoff's verdict on the Northern California Indians, they had then, as now, pure women among them. Until her seventeenth birthday, tallied by each succeeding

snow at the foot of Mount Wirt, the needle-like king of the West Yollo-Bolles, she had never seen a white man, although that part of northern California, from the bay of San Pablo to the head-waters of the Russian and Eel rivers and the estuaries of the coast, was already becoming rapidly settled by them; for the Wylackies were, unlike the neighboring Indians, a warlike, predatory tribe—whence their old appellation among the others from the Sacramento Valley to the sea, and from the Bay to the Oregon line, of "Nome-cults," or nation of warriors or fighting men; and the few white settlers in Round Valley—the Indian Ome-haut—some thirty miles to the south, had enough to do to secure their foothold in the territory of the Yukas without adventuring themselves in the Wylackie country.

"Old Tom Henley," the then superintendent of Indian affairs for the State, had located an Indian farm—the old Nome-cult—in the valley as a dependency or branch of the Nome-Lackee Indian Reservation in the foothills of the Sacramento Valley, in Tehama County; and an attempt, which had partially succeeded, was being made to gather thereon, as a well-cloaked land-grab, all the Indians in the vicinity. The Wylackies, however, kept aloof, and so far, part of the Yukas only, together with a few Nevadas brought from that territory by a man named Storms to act as a nucleus for the new establishment, had accepted the title of "unfortunate wards of the nation," with hard work and bad treatment as emoluments, and death by slow starvation or speedy bullets in prospective. A settlement, consisting of a solitary log shanty on the margin of a small stream, with a ruffian as occupant and an unlimited supply of ammunition as provisions, had been made in We-to-com, some twenty miles farther south, as an accessory to the land-grab in Round Valley, which, under the soothing name of Eden, was prospering rapidly, as far as killing the Yukas in the neighborhood was concerned; and civilization was advancing fast toward the sunny, wildoats-covered slopes of the home of the Wylackies beyond the North Eel.

As time went on, the settlers followed one another to their new-found home in an almost inaccessible wilderness, and clustered their land claims around and about the Indian Reservation, very much to the disgust of the originators of the scheme, in whose calculations the pre-emption of other squatter titles interfering with theirs did not enter. With them came others, known, in the expressive vernacular of the country and of the times, as "floaters"—men without fixed occupation or abodes, here to-day and somewhere else to-morrow. They came some as hunters, others as stock-herders, and, having no interests at stake, the life which they carried in their hands excepted, were not over-scrupulous in their intercourse with the Indians among whom they were living for the time being.

An outrage here and there by these men upon the so far unoffending aborigines soon fomented an animosity between the two races, with an aggressive progression, culminating at last in a process of extermination on the part of the whites, with an ineffectual attempt at resistance and retaliation every once in a while on the part of the Indian. This soon necessitated the presence of United States troops to preserve peace and order between the conflicting parties and to protect the Indians from the whites as much as the whites from the Indians, although the urgent call for aid was made by those who needed it least of all—the settlers.

But the protection conferred upon the natives by the *apparatus belli* of the general commonwealth—consisting in this instance of a small detachment from the Sixth Infantry—extended only within the narrow bounds of the Indian Reservation; and even there it was but nominal, owing to the conflicting interests, or rather prerogatives, of the civil, military, and interior branches of the body politic. Between the three, with the settlers as an auxiliary force, something like Blücher outflanking Grouchy at Waterloo, the poor Indians were fast becoming introduced to civilization by what seemed then, if not now, the only avenue open to savages—extermination. As if to complicate matters, or rath-

er expedite the process, the Executive of California, acting in conformity with certain representations made by part of the settlers —who, it appears, thought that cold lead, disease, and starvation were not sufficient without an organized final effort—had granted authority to raise a certain number of volunteers; and under these joint auspices the work was bravely approaching completion with logical precision.

Numbered among the whites at this juncture, and occupying a status between the "floater" and the respectable settler, was a man named Bland, a wild dare-devil of that class described by a well-known writer as belonging to the genus *emigrantes*, species *remigrantes*. He was characterized in the official reports of the army officers of the State as a lawless ruffian; he had, however (according to a few remaining settlers who knew him, and who say that, like his great prototype, he was not as black as he is painted), many good traits, which in less wild surroundings might have altogether redeemed his character. Brave to temerity, he went in and out, singly and at pleasure, among the Indians, not only in the valley, but also in the fastnesses of the surrounding mountains; although they swarmed in those days with wandering bands of natives, whose amity toward the whites was, to say the least, in the absence of any overt acts, questionable. He had more than once ventured alone with nothing but his trusty old rifle and perhaps a revolver or two on each side of his buckskin overalls, with a bowie-knife for an emergency, into the very midst of the more than half-hostile Wylackies. Among them, as well as among all the others, he had established for himself a reputation of reckless daring, if not merciless cruelty.

A story is told of him in illustration of his utter fearlessness toward Indians, as well as of the good humor and reckless jollity that his apologists dwell on. One day while hunting with a younger companion in the mountains —on the very one, in fact, that now bears his name and embalms it in undeserved immortality—they perceived some forty Yukas coming toward them on a narrow trail wending along a declivity on the side of a precipitous descent. They walked one behind the other in single file, from habit, as well as from the nature of the ground. They were out hunting also, or on some other expedition of greater or lesser import. Bland thought the occasion good to demonstrate for his young friend's admiration how easily he could manage Indians, and how utterly *sans peur* if not *sans reproche* he was besides. Unperceived by them, the white men placed themselves in hiding behind a thick, obligingly convenient evergreen, and as the foremost of the unsuspicious Indians came on his way toward them and neared the green screen, the sharp click of the hammers, as the whites cocked their rifles and brought them to bear, struck upon his ear, and looking up, the startled red-skin found himself covered at point-blank range, without the slightest prospect of a favorable trajectory, and unable to move for fear of being stopped by an unerring bullet.

Bland, with a demoniacal scowl upon his by no means handsome face, ordered him to advance singly, throw his bow and arrows down on the ground near the trail, and to go and squat down at some distance, with eyes to the front and at attention; the next was peremptorily ordered to go through the same manual without unnecessary delay, and so on to the last of the file, until all the bows and arrows were piled up high in one spot, and all the Indians sitting down in a row in another, with their mouths wide open in great astonishment, and in fear, too, for they knew the man they had to deal with.

Leaning upon his rifle, Bland gravely took off his faded old beaver, saluted them collectively with great impartiality, and after a few preliminary "hems" to clear his throat, began to expatiate at length upon the prowess of the whites, their desire to get along well with the Indians and to kill as few of them as possible, and upon the beauties and blessings of friendship and good-fellowship in general as well as in particular. It is presumable, as coming within the scope of probabilities, that his sermon was seasoned pretty often with expressions and sentiments

not quite orthodox, and perhaps irrelevant to the subject-matter; but be that fact as it may, it is certain that never did expounder, sacred or profane, have a more attentive or submissive audience—the Indians were afraid to wink. More than this, his companion, from whose Blandial reminiscences we have garnered this episode of the Missourian wolf in lamb's wool, is of opinion that had the congregation been well enough supplied with money, and had the faded old beaver of the *pro tempore* preacher been passed around for missionary purposes, he would have acquired a competence for life; for his audience, by this time half cramped to death, would have then and there robbed Peter to pay Paul. For two long hours, from firstly to sixteenthly, they stared at him, listening with unwilling ears but wide-open eyes to his well-rounded, high-sounding periods expressed half in upper-Missouri English and half in one or two Indian and nondescript dialects that none but a Missourian from Pike could have wholly understood; until, when his throat became so dry that he could keep on no longer, he condensed the essence of his peroration in a burst of eloquence and grandiloquent flourish, which might have been in modern Latin or sacred Sanscrit for all they knew to the contrary. Then, with a partonizing wave of the hand, he dismissed the compulsory congregation with an attempt at a mock blessing. The first proselyte was ordered to rise—which he did something after the fashion of Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years' sleep—take his bow and arrows from the pile, and go on his way rejoicing in the good words he had heard, with a parting admonition not to forget them in a hurry, for the precepts would fructify. Then another and another were bidden to do likewise, until the two white men only remained in the so quickly improvised open-air lecture-room.

Bland remained standing, watching silently until the last one had disappeared beyond the brow of the nearest acclivity—which they lost no time in doing—and then threw himself at full length upon the ground with a long, joyous laugh, so full of fun and so irresistibly catching in its nature, that his friend forgot for the time being his anxiety as to what ultimate designs the Indians may have had on the ground of so one-sided a practical joke, and could not but join in. When Bland rose from the ground, however, his face assumed a grave expression, and turning to his still laughing friend, he said slowly and earnestly:

"Well, Charley, it is all very well to laugh, but I doubt very much if those red-skins ever got such good advice before, and *for nothing;* and I begin to think that I have mistaken my vocation, for nature never intended me for a scalawag."

He was hunting one early summer day in the vicinity of the haunted Lah-met of the Nome-cults, now the Rocky Cañon of the whites, one of the most interesting natural features of Mendocino County, just below the present Humboldt trail near the Trinity line, and where the North Eel abruptly changes its course on its way to the sea from due south to due west. He came upon Um-wa, the Wylackie maiden, who had rambled away from the other women of her tribe while gathering the blossoms of the white clover which grows in patches among the wild oats on the banks of the stream, and who with her half-filled basket had lain down to rest for an hour, and had fallen asleep.

Bland had one spot paramount in weakness to all the others in his otherwise iron nature; he was very impressionable, especially as to women; the more so that at that time women of his own race, who might have had a refining and redeeming influence over him, were exceedingly scarce. In point of fact, as far as that part of Mendocino was concerned, it may be said that there were literally no white women. As he gazed upon the well-shaped Indian girl lying all unconscious of his eager scrutiny, with her head resting on her extended arm, and with lips half parted and smiling as if in a gentle and pleasing dream, he succumbed to her influence at once, and became, in one sense, the captive of his capture. His courtship was not shackled by restrictions attendant

upon affinities. The party of the first part was more than willing: that was enough according to the Blandial code, whose fundamental principle was "the right of the strongest"; and before sunset the poor Um-wa found herself enthroned and locked up securely in the hunter's cabin—the unwilling queen of the lowly abode and of an abhorred prince consort, who took good care to place his rifle and other weapons where she could not reach them.

Rough as the man was by nature and by circumstances, he was not altogether devoid of a dim knowledge of some of the amenities of life, and of the dues from man to woman, be she white, red, or black; although he was not given to splitting hairs on that or any other subject, even if he was already more than half madly in love. But his rude and almost half-shy courtesy toward the disconsolate Indian girl was of no avail, and his almost heart-broken captive would not be consoled. Watching her opportunity, she succeeded one night soon after in escaping from the cabin, despite the vigilance of her abductor. By doubling here and there upon her tracks in the chemisal, or hiding every once in a while behind some thick clump of verde or displaced bowlder, to evade her pursuer, she finally reached safely an outpost of the small detachment of regular soldiers occupying the valley. The officer in command was touched by her youth and beauty, as well as by the distressing circumstances of her case, which, after innumerable difficulties, she succeeded at last in making him understand, and sent her with an escort for protection to the Indian Reservation to await the arrival of some of her people to whom runners were dispatched the next morning.

But in the mean time, and before they could reach the place, Bland had ascertained her whereabouts. He came to the Reservation in broad daylight on some pretense or other, availed himself of the time when all the other Indians were congregated around the supervisor's storehouse awaiting the issue of their more than scanty pittance, and stole unperceived into the wigwam, or brush shanty temporarily assigned to the girl for shelter. With his handkerchief bound over her mouth to prevent her cries for help from being heard, he succeeded in reaching his cabin under the lee of the Blue Nose ridge, some miles from the valley, and poor, forlorn Um-wa, more than desolate, was placed under lock and key once more.

Deceived by her dumb sorrow, and laboring under the impression that she was becoming reconciled to her fate, which *he* did not think hard by any means, he relaxed his watchfulness by degrees. One day, while he was busy at something or other outside of the cabin with the door inadvertently left open, she flew out of it like an arrow from a bow, speeding through the grease-wood and wild laurel, until, faint, bleeding at all pores, and moaning like a stricken deer, she reached what had become to her a city of refuge—the Indian Reservation. A detail from the small garrison marched at once into the mountains to arrest Bland and bring him to account. But he had surmised this action on the part of the commander, and being thoroughly acquainted with the topography of the country, had hidden himself where he could not be found; and after an unsuccessful search, the soldiers returned to the post as they came—empty-handed.

For a few days the Wylackie girl enjoyed a period of comparative rest while awaiting the arrival of her people who were searching the mountains for her. They were expected the next morning, when late one dark night the indefatigable Bland, led on by a love which he could no longer resist, dashed in among the Yuka women with whom Um-wa had been placed; and before an alarm could be given he was on his horse with the again recaptured girl in his arms, and on his way toward the mountains.

The abduction, however, was immediately reported to the military, and pursuit made at once, and so earnestly that the rescuing party soon came up with Bland. To save himself from the indignant and by this time infuriated soldiers, he threw the persecuted girl from his saddle, and eventually succeed-

ed in making good his escape in the dark. Um-wa, fortunately unharmed by the fall, although fainting from fear and rough usage, was taken back to the Reservation.

But Bland had only escaped retribution for a time; forever within him, gnawing at his heart by day and by night, like a dark Nemesis hurrying him on to his doom, was the love that he could not conquer. For weeks and for months, in mountains and in valleys, sometimes among friends, oftener among foes, he wandered in search of her he could not find, and who had become dearer than life to him; sleeping at night in the hollow of trees, under the shelter of rocks, with the moans of the night wind and the hooting of owls around him to make darkness still drearier; brooding upon the memory of his lost love until daylight appeared; then onward again across mountains and streams—onward to his fate—onward, without intermission, to the atonement that he could not evade.

One evening just before sunset, weary and nearly famished, he came upon a large party of Wylackies under their head chief. They had hutted for the night in a small cove at the foot of the mountain which to this day is known by his name. He asked them for food. They were about to provide for his wants when Um-wa appeared. She was of the party, and had been gathering ferns for her temporary couch a little way up the creek in an angle of which the camp had been made. At the sight of her tormentor, she threw her armful on the ground, and sprung trembling, with a cry of fear, to her father's side. The long search was over; Bland was recognized, and the Wylackies were upon him.

He knew no law, but fear was also a stranger to his heart. He knew well that his last hour had come, and well he would know how to die. Bounding to his feet, with a scornful, half-muttered curse upon his lips, he drew his revolver, and every barrel told. Empty, he threw it in their faces, and clubbing his rifle, struck right and left, crushing with a dull thud through the brains of his foes.

On his knees at last, bleeding and faint, but dauntless as ever, his eye never flinched, his heart never quailed—he deserved to live. But numbers were against him; and succumbing for the last time, pinioned hand and foot, he was tied to the stake.

He knew no death-song; he only knew the love that brought him to his death, and to the last he gazed upon her face. Um-wa had never heard of the teachings of Christianity, and yet she knew its best lesson—"Forgiveness unto thine enemy." From chief to braves, from braves to chief, with clasped hands and eyes swimming in tears, she ran; but vain as her struggles had been among the white clover at the foot of the Lah-met spanning the North Eel, as vain were her entreaties and her prayers—and the death-dance of the Wylackies began.

The morning sun rose upon a deserted camp; the wild flowers bloomed as sweet and the song of the forest birds was as cheerful as before, but its first rays rested upon still glowing embers and the charred remains of human feet and hands.

Some time after this, Captain Jarboe, who had been commissioned by Governor Weller to civilize the Indians of Mendocino by bringing them against their will to encounter starvation on the Reservation, and who, in pursuance of this laudable object, was busily engaged with some forty volunteers in exterminating them all, came upon the spot. He was at the time searching the mountains for Bland, whose prolonged absence from his habitual haunts was beginning to trouble the settlers. For in those early days a white man counted for something among his kind, no matter what character he bore in the community.

In the middle of a little cove formed by the angle of a mountain streamlet intersecting with the Eel River, on the other side of the most prominent landmark of Round Valley, Bland Mountain, they found the remains of a fire, with a few white calcined bones showing among the darker wood-ashes. The ground all around bore the still distinguishable evidences of a desperate struggle, as if more than one life had been fought

for and lost amid the drooping ferns and trampled-down wild flowers. As Bland was never seen again, it was surmised that he had perished there in the tortures of the fiery stake, after gallantly defending himself to the last against overpowering numbers.

But after all these years, when home scenes of contentment and peace have nearly effaced the memory of strife and bloodshed among the Indians on the Reservation, as well as among the whites in their little village near by, the last of the nearly extinct Wylackies gives the romantic little dell with the babbling rivulet a wide berth in his hunt after the fast-disappearing game or on his fishing excursions. For often at night, when the moon shines bright, the shadowy forms of victim and executioners are dimly seen rehearsing the tragedy and expiation once more; and more than one belated and trembling Indian has heard wailings mingled with curses borne upon the night wind from among the ferns and willows, as awe-struck and silent he hastened toward home.

Among the old, musty records of General Clarke's administration of California affairs, at the military headquarters in San Francisco, is the following official letter. It is signed by an officer of the regular army, who in the old Mexican days had followed Scott over more than one field, and who in the late war between the States fell dead upon a Tennessee battle-field, gallantly charging a Union battery under the gray uniform, which, among all the flower of the South, covered no truer, braver, tenderer heart.

"I report the following for the information of the general commanding the department relative to military and Indian affairs in Round Valley: One Bland, a citizen, has undoubtedly been killed by the Indians. One of those who committed the murder, or rather who killed Bland in self-defense, I have as a prisoner, and shall turn him over to the civil authorities of this county; and should they decline to receive him, I shall send him to the Reservation at Mendocino.

"This Bland was a noted ruffian, who had committed many outrages upon unoffending Indians. He took a squaw from her people by force; she escaped from him and came to the Reservation; he came after her and carried her off. I sent a party to arrest him while I was in the valley, but he escaped, and the girl was placed on the Reservation again for safety. He afterwards came in at night and forcibly carried her off once more. Pursuit was made and the girl recaptured, but Bland escaped; and he has since been out in the mountains harassing and annoying the Indians, and following up this girl, until at last he has met with a well-merited death."

But the young Indian reported as arrested by the gallant old soldier was neither tried by the civil authorities of Mendocino County nor sent to the death-breeding corral at Mendocino City.

In these quieter days, in the little log shelter nestled under the snow-capped mountains, half-way between the Ome-haut and the sea, around the cheerful, well-stocked hearth, while the storm and the north wind shriek outside among the pines in the winter nights; or in the summer evening under the wide-spreading branches of the oaks, arching like an ægis of peace and protection above its humble roof, with the harvest-moon throwing a half-obscured yellow light over the Bland Mountain, and the rush of the waters of the Eel River rolling onward among the pre-Adamite bowlders on their way to the sea, deadened by the distance—the story of the death-fight among the ferns and wild flowers is sometimes told to earnest little faces clustering around the sweet-faced Indian mother with the dove-like eyes and the half-pensive smile upon the lips. The shy grace of former days in her slender form is half hidden by a neat calico print, and a white bit of collar is around the graceful neck. And that manly brown hand, as true as it is supple and strong, stroking lovingly the once coal-black hair already thickly streaked with gray, belongs to John, the smart hunter and thrifty sheep-owner, the tender husband and kind-hearted father despite his full Indian blood. The bullet-hole in his shoulder will remind him as long as he lives of that summer evening's avenging episode in the early days of Old Mendocino.

A. G. T.

CALIFORNIA CEREALS.—II.

After plowing is over, the land is generally ready for the seed. But if the soil has plowed up very rough, harrowing is sometimes necessary as a preliminary to sowing. Seed-time for winter-sowing lasts three months—December, January, and February—commencing often some time in November. But the sowing of land that lies fallow during the summer is done much earlier in the fall, before the first rains and while the ground is dry. It may be done at any time after harvest—say from August to October or November. The summer-fallow is thus ready for all the rains, and has a much longer season for growth. These are great advantages, especially in dry seasons and on the poorer lands. Mr. G. W. Colby says: "It makes little difference in the time of maturing of grain whether sown in October or March or April—giving us seven months of the year for seeding."

As a rule, poorest lands should be sown earliest. For on rich lands grain, if sown early, is in danger of making too rank a growth of straw, and thereby lodging and perishing. Wheat is sown first, then barley, then oats.

Grain is usually sown broadcast, by a sowing machine attached to a wagon, and operated by a chain connecting with the wagon wheel. Many farmers use drills, and to advantage. It is a somewhat slower and more expensive way, but on some if not most kinds of lands is the best.

Harrowing and cross-harrowing follow the sowing. Sometimes the soil requires a third harrowing. When the grain is about three inches high, the land is rolled. This process crushes the lumps, and leaves the surface more even for the header or reaper.

Harvesting is done almost entirely by machinery. When the grain is ripe, it is usually cut by headers. Of these, that known as the Haynes Improved seems to be a favorite in all quarters of the State. These machines are too familiar to every visitor of the country during harvest-time to need detailed description here. They consist of long frames armed at the front with reaping knives, and are pushed into the standing grain by horses fastened behind. Behind the knives, and parallel with them, revolves an endless draper of canvas, about four feet wide and elevated and ending in a spout at the side of the machine. A wagon carrying a large, hopper-shaped header-box, from fourteen to sixteen feet long and eight feet wide, and higher on one side than the other, accompanies the header, the lower side of the box being next the machine. The knives clip the stalks a few inches below the heads. The heads fall upon the draper, are carried up the incline through the spout, and are poured into the header-box.

Headers cut a swath of from eight to sixteen and even twenty-four feet wide. The usual width is twelve feet. The wider headers can be used only on large fields free from stumps, trees, and other obstructions. The number of horses used to propel the header varies from four to twelve. A header twelve feet wide, propelled by six good horses or mules, will cut about thirty acres per day. As soon as one header wagon is full, its place is supplied by another, while the loaded wagon is drawn to the stack or the threshing machine, as the case may be. The small farmers and those who cannot make a large outlay of capital on machinery and labor at any one time stack the headed grain, and thresh it afterwards from the stacks. There is of course no uniform rule as to the size of the stacks. Their contents are said roughly to vary from twelve hundred to thirty-five hundred bushels. Even some of the large farmers prefer the method of stacking from the headers, and threshing afterwards. Mr. Bidwell considers it preferable. It is more economical. When the

heading and threshing are done at the same time, the grain being carried directly from the header to the separator, the outlay for men, horses, and apparatus is very large. A separator which threshes from twelve hundred to sixteen hundred bushels per day requires three headers and nine wagons to keep it running. This represents from thirty to forty horses and nearly the same number of men. This method is much in use among the owners of large farms—say three thousand acres and over.

The transfer of grain from the header to the thresher necessarily involves waste, much of the grain being tossed over the sides of the header-boxes. When the transfer is from the header to stacks and from the stacks to the threshers, the loss is still greater, being augmented, for instance, by the grain left in the stack bottoms. These and other objections to this clumsy process, together with the disadvantage of employing so many men at once, have led to the invention of an ingenious machine, the working of which was described in article I.—the combined header and thresher. This machine was patented but a few years ago, by a firm in Stockton, California. Its cost is about $3,000. It is capable of cutting from twenty-five to forty acres per day, according to size. From sixteen to twenty-four animals are required. To run the machine the services of only four men are necessary—a driver, pilot, sack-sewer, and one to regulate the height of the knife. The cost of harvesting by this mode is one dollar per acre, and the cost by the old plan is from three to four dollars per acre. These machines are said to have given great satisfaction. However, I understand that the grain threshed by them is filled with dust, and rates low on this account. And on one occasion, riding about the farm of C. M. Stetson of Stanislaus, in the wake of one of these machines, I noticed that the ground passed over by the machine was considerably strewn with grain; and the straw coming out of the thresher-box was by no means free from a like indication of waste. The percentage of loss may be less than in the old method.

Instead of the header, the combined reaper and binder is coming considerably into use; and it possesses some very marked advantages over its clumsy predecessor. By this new machine the grain is cut near the ground, and instead of being tossed in loose stalks or heads into a header-box, it drops at intervals off the board of the reaper, neatly tied with stout cord into compact sheaves, which may be loaded into wagons and carried without great loss. One of the chief advantages of this machine over the header lies in the fact that, in order to successfully operate the latter, the grain must be thoroughly ripe. In this condition it is liable to waste. Mr. Bidwell states some of the advantages of this machine as follows: "With the combined reaper and binder there would be a saving in time, for harvest could be begun one or two weeks earlier, and before the hottest weather sets in; in other words, the harvest would sooner begin and sooner end. The grain is secured before dry enough to shell and waste; the straw, which is now generally wasted by burning, is saved; after the grain is in the dough, the sooner cut the better the quality of both grain and straw."

The threshing is done by separators, those known as the Pitt's Improved, manufactured at Buffalo, New York, the Russel Improved, manufactured in Ohio, and the Gold Medal being largely used. The amount threshed per day varies with the size of the machine from twelve hundred to three thousand bushels. From sixteen to twenty-one men are required.

The threshing machines are run by horse power or steam power, the latter being now almost universally used. The engines employed for this purpose burn wood or straw. Straw-burning engines have recently become very popular. On the plains where wood is scarce they possess of course a great advantage. It is said also that they are safer. On the other hand, it is claimed that wood-burners last longer, and keep up a more regular power.

G. W. Colby is authority for the following general statement as to the cost of labor:

Wages of the men vary according to the labor. In the winter months, while preparing the soil and seeding, very little if any labor commands over thirty dollars per month; while in the summer harvesting there is a graduated scale from one dollar and a half to four dollars per day. Hours of service, sunrise to sunset; which in the long summer days means in the fields from four A. M. to seven P. M.

While California climate and soil are so favorable to cereal culture, our farmers have nevertheless many difficulties to contend with. It is impossible to give a reliable estimate of the crop until it is actually sacked. Wet weather, over-rank growth, wild oats, may render a large percentage of wheat planted for grain unfit for anything but hay.

Mr. Bidwell says: "In regard to yield, no man can tell. The straw is generally heavy; but we have often learned by sad experience that straw is not wheat. The most promising grain may lodge and ruin; for lodging grain always fails to fill out and mature. The heaviest grain is always in most danger of lodging. Sometimes we think a field will yield forty bushels per acre; and so it would if it continued to stand. But if it lodge, we may get ten to fifteen bushels of shrunk wheat, or it may be a total loss. The wheat that I shall save and cut this year (1880) will average, I think, twenty-five bushels per acre. But very dry north winds, or rain and wind to lodge the grain, will diminish that estimate. In making such estimates, it is well to be careful, for my experience tells me that most persons overshoot the mark."

In 1880, John Boggs had four thousand acres planted in wheat, and estimated his yield at twenty-five bushels per acre. But two weeks of north winds reduced this estimate ten per cent.

As to the average yield per acre of the cereals, the following statements are of value:

In 1880, J. M. Mansfield in Napa County had twelve hundred acres in wheat, estimated to yield thirty-three and one-half bushels per acre; Dr. Glenn in Colusa had fifty thousand acres, estimated at less than twenty bushels per acre; C. H. Huffmann, of Merced had thirty-three hundred acres, averaging thirty bushels per acre. For that year, J. B. Lankersheim estimated his crop in Los Angeles County at twenty-five bushels per acre, some fields yielding forty bushels per acre, and others, sown late in February, perhaps fifteen bushels per acre. For this crop, plowing began on the 1st of November, 1879, before the rain, and on a loose loam that had been plowed before.

J. P. Raymond says, with regard to the yield in Salinas Valley: "The average yield of wheat and barley I am at a loss to know, it having been so different in different portions of the valley, owing principally to other causes than quality of soil. Leaving out that portion of the valley where there have been continual failures or partial failures from the unfortunate adoption of a system not at all adapted to the soil and climate of that portion referred to, our average would stand very high; say, for wheat, on the upland portion, from twelve to fifteen centals; and on the bottom-lands from fifteen to twenty centals for the different seasons, and on the most favored fields often as high as thirty centals. Our best barley lands are expected to annually yield thirty to thirty-five centals; frequently much exceeding that; while our upland barley fields are counted upon to give twenty to twenty-five centals. These figures may be taken as the usual average of the northern half of the valley, which seldom suffers from lack of moisture."

In early days the average yield was much greater than at present. In the winter of 1854–55, J. M. Mansfield planted in Napa Valley, in the virgin soil, three hundred acres of wheat and one hundred acres of barley. His yield was forty-one bushels of wheat and sixty-five bushels of barley per acre. He says: "I was among the few who were fortunate enough to secure machinery for harvesting and threshing grain; consequently I was called upon by my neighbors to assist them; and while my yield was about the average, I did cut and thresh by measurement seventy-six and one-half bushels of wheat and one hundred and ten bush-

els of barley to the acre. At that time this valley was no exception to all of the bay counties where grain was raised."

G. W. Colby writes: "In 1850, I had about two hundred acres of barley and wheat on the American River, Sacramento County. The seed cost thirteen cents per pound; the barley produced over ninety bushels per acre, the wheat only forty bushels. I sold the crop for seven and nine cents per pound. In 1851, I sowed wheat on the 17th of March that yielded over sixty bushels per acre."

This leads naturally to the consideration of the deterioration of the soil and the modes adopted to prevent its total exhaustion—a subject which is daily growing more important in our State. For a long time the great fertility exhibited by the soil in this State though cultivated many consecutive years almost convinced the farmers that its producing power was exhaustless. They have gradually been forced to the other view. Their experiences in this matter are best told by themselves.

On this subject John Bidwell says: "The best lands of California would be hard to surpass. Most writers would describe them as of 'inexhaustible fertility.' But there is no such thing as fertility that will endure without diminished production. That which is drawn from the soil must in some way be returned to it. I have seen good lands produce over seventy-three bushels of good clean wheat per acre, measured. I have seen even better wheat that we could not take time to measure. Some of these lands I have known to be cultivated continuously to cereals (wheat, barley, and oats) for twenty years. At first the average crop would be about forty-one bushels of wheat per acre. At last it was not more than fifteen bushels; the diminution having been gradual during the twenty years. Such practice, if continued, will lead, of course, to early exhaustion and ruin. California is a perfect Egypt for abundance. But we must give up the notion of 'inexhaustible fertility,' for there is no such thing in the sense that production will remain undiminished, no matter how much and how long cultivation and harvesting may go on. California agriculture is in the morning of its existence. Our climate and soil are peculiar. We have much—in fact, almost everything—to learn Can we begin too soon?"

I have above referred to the large yield per acre in Napa County in 1854–55, and the experience of J. M. Mansfield there at that time. From that date to 1860 wheat was planted after wheat in that county in each successive year. Mr. Mansfield says: "From 1860 the wheat produced showed a gradual falling off both in the yield and the weight per acre. From 1860 to 1865 there was such a marked change in this respect that producers were forced to inquire into the cause."

Dr. Glenn adds his testimony as to the deterioration of the soil. He says: "I have cultivated land for twelve successive years; have land that has been in cultivation twenty-seven years without being summer-fallowed, and has a crop on it this season (1880) that will average over twenty bushels per acre. Land does deteriorate: will lose, after having been cultivated from twenty to twenty-five years, fifty per cent. I think land like the piece mentioned above would have yielded in its virgin state fifty bushels per acre. The loss mentioned above resulted from the land being continually cultivated to wheat."

G. W. Colby says on this subject: "On black adobe and loamy bottom-lands subject to overflow occasionally I can perceive no diminution in production in thirty years of grain-raising. I have never had a failure, though very many about me have, owing generally to poor cultivation and sowing when the soil was not in proper condition. Our light soils want rest, pasturage, and summer-fallowing, and with *like* seasons, I see no material difference in production where cropped twenty-five and thirty years. I have river bottom-lands that have produced crops of wheat for twenty-six years successively, and have as large a crop this year (1880) as ever—over fifty bushels per acre. It is want of proper cultivation, frequent plowing,

thorough destruction of foul stuff before sowing, and frequent change of seed that lead to light crops; the fault is not in the soil."

Testimony similar to Mr. Colby's comes from J. B. Lankersheim with regard to Los Angeles County. He says: "In relation to deterioration of the soil, it is scarcely perceptible in this county. In fact, it is considered better to plant barley on new land, as the growth of wheat is too rank at first. Land that has been in barley eight and ten years shows no diminution in fertility. This is owing to the natural fertility of the soil, and to the fact that during seasons of light rainfall the crops are small and do not exhaust the soil. Occasionally a dry year allows the land to rest, and no doubt this prevents too rapid deterioration." It may be added that in this county pasturing sheep and stock on grain land for three or four months in the year is customary.

It will be noticed that where deterioration does not occur it is because of precautions taken against it, as in Mr. Colby's case; or where custom and climate act as preventives, as in Mr. Lankersheim's case.

Convinced of the fact of deterioration of land when cultivated continuously, the farmers have cast about for preventives and remedies. Many plans have been tried, among them the following: Plowing in the stubble; sleeping the land, farming half the year about; plowing in some suitable crop; rotation of crops; manuring; pasturing; chemical fertilizing; deep plowing; irrigation; summer-fallowing.

As to plowing in the stubble, J. M. Mansfield gives the following account: "Views (as to prevention and cure of deterioration) were interchanged by the farmers in different parts of the State, and the conclusion reached was that the deterioration of the soil was caused by the burning of the stubble, which was the universal practice in the State. From 1865 on, for several years, many of the producers plowed down their stubble. I was among the number. Instead of finding reief, the falling off continued until our yield was reduced from forty bushels to less than twenty to the acre.

"There were three reasons for abandoning the system of plowing down stubble: first, the stubble did not decompose, but remained to be turned up the next plowing; second, while it remained turned down it kept the soil in an open state, rendering it very susceptible to the drying winds we are more or less subject to; third, it permitted all the foul seeds to grow when turned to the surface. Burning destroyed these, at the same time leaving a light deposit of potash on the ground in an available form, which all our lands need."

Sleeping the land, farming half the year about, was tried by Mansfield and many others, commencing in 1870, after the failure of the plan of plowing in the stubble. This system was found to give relief to a limited extent; not sufficient, however, to warrant its continuance. Mr. Bidwell says of the plan of resting the land, that it "will last for a time, but not always; because it does not to any considerable extent return what has been taken away."

The plan of plowing in some suitable crop has been suggested and tried, not altogether with success, though much is yet hoped from it, as an auxiliary at least of other methods. Mr. Bidwell says: "On account of the dryness of the climate no crop has as yet been found to answer the purpose of turning under, like clover in the Atlantic States." J. P. Raymond says, speaking, however, of summer-fallow land: "When a fertilizer is required, I believe the most economical, and for our soil and climate (Salinas Valley) the best, will be the plowing in of some green crop, perhaps the volunteer grain."

Rotation of crops is practiced with great benefit. John Boggs says: "I find that an occasional crop of barley, or rotation from barley to wheat and then back to barley, is almost as good as summer-fallowing." Not only is the character of the cereal seed changed from year to year, but the land is rested at intervals from grain production altogether, and planted with some entirely different crop. Potatoes, for instance, leave land in a better condition for wheat.

Stable and barn-yard manures are of great benefit to the land, and are largely used.

Pasturing proves very effective in renewing the vigor of land. And for this reason ranching and dairying business may be carried on to great advantage as an adjunct to grain-raising. Mr. Bidwell says that pasturage (especially by sheep) is as good as summer-fallowing, and therefore in many places preferable to the latter. Sheep are turned into the field of stubble and straw, feed upon them and trample them down. In Los Angeles County, for instance, it is the custom to rent stubble fields for grazing stock, especially sheep, as long as three or four months in the fall of the year.

Chemical fertilizers are little known among our farmers. It is doubtful if they are needed at present to any great extent. Their value is recognized by the more enlightened producers, and their possible extensive introduction at no very distant day is admitted. Mr. Mansfield says: "Should the time come that our lands, now worth forty dollars per acre, reach a valuation of sixty or seventy-five dollars, then men farming will have to turn their attention to commercial fertilizers; and I am of the opinion the time is near at hand when by means of commercial manures all of our lands will be brought under cultivation, instead of one-half only as under the present system. While I make no claim to having kept up with the rapid progress of chemical science, my casual observation enables me to say this with a good degree of certainty." The introduction of fertilizers will be hastened and their use extended through the influence of Professor Hilgard of the Agricultural Department of the State University. With a view to the improvement of our agricultural practice in this respect, already series of scientific and practical experiments with commercial and chemical fertilizers have been made at Berkeley. The results of the experiments have been published by Professor Hilgard in various reports, which are available to all. Here may be found varied and valuable information on the practical utility of such fertilizers as bone meal, lime, gypsum, and ammonia sulphate.

Deep plowing is considered by some, but hardly with sufficient reason, to be a complete substitute for if not better than the use of fertilizers. When land begins to show signs of lessened productiveness, no doubt deeper plowing, bringing new soil into use, acts as a check upon the deterioration. But can deep plowing alone ever be more than a check merely? Mr. Bidwell's remarks on this subject commend themselves to reason. He says: "Like rest and irrigation, deep plowing is beneficial. It brings into use from a greater depth that which the soil contains. It invites from the atmosphere. But does it restore an equivalent for the wheat sent to Liverpool? The deeper the plowing the deeper will be the exhaustion in process of time, unless prevented by periodical overflows, as of the Nile, or by something else. This seems reasonable and to accord with experience."

Irrigation of grain lands is not entirely unknown in this State. In the San Joaquin Valley wheat is raised to some extent on irrigated lands. In Los Angeles County some barley is raised on similar lands. But irrigation is generally considered too expensive for grain.

The preventive and remedy for deterioration and exhaustion which has met with universal success is the practice of summer-fallowing. This consists in plowing the land in the early part of the year—say in March and April—after the winter sowing is over, and allowing it to rest until fall, sowing it before the rains—say from August to November. In this way a crop is raised but once in two years, and the land is allowed to rest; and the influence of the air and sun upon the upturned soil during its long exposure is beneficial.

I have referred above to the experiences of the Napa Valley farmers in seeking for some check to the deterioration of their land. After the plan of sleeping the land had proved unsatisfactory, summer-fallowing was adopted. Mr. Mansfield says: "In the last few years we have adopted the mode of

summer-fallowing and rotation of crops, by which system we were happy to find we were fast bringing our tired lands back to their virgin productiveness; and I am fully convinced that our farming lands will reach a much higher value, and that the latter system is the only successful one without the use of fertilizers."

John Boggs says: "The surest mode of cultivation is by summer-fallowing, and when that mode is adopted a failure of a fair crop from a drought in the Sacramento Valley is a thing unknown. I have land that I have cultivated in wheat for twenty years. I find that it deteriorates from constant cultivation in wheat, but summer-fallowing about every third year, and letting it rest, acts as a fertilizer; and by adopting that mode of cultivation, and resting the land, it soon recovers and produces about as well as when new."

John Finnell says: "When land gets poor or tired, summer-fallow is all that is required. We have summer-fallowed this season (1880) six thousand acres, which we have plowed the second time. We plow eight inches deep for summer-fallow; five inches deep for winter-sowing. We winter-sow the richest bottom-land and summer-fallow the second-class land. Summer-fallow will produce a good crop on the lightest land we have, and it also insures a crop in dry seasons. I lived where George C. Yount first settled in Napa Valley in 1836; he said he raised wheat about that time. I have the same land under cultivation. It still produces wheat and good crops."

Summer-fallowing is so effective in preserving the fertility of the soil that those who have adopted this plan from the first notice no deterioration. Mr. Mansfield says on this subject: "The two great valleys of the State for wheat and barley are the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Starting in later to farm the lands of those two valleys, they have adopted the unfailing mode of summer-fallowing; profiting by the experience of the early producers of the smaller valleys, I will say here that it is my experience that a man can afford to pay forty dollars per acre for land in either of the two valleys, Sacramento or San Joaquin, adopt the summer-fallow system, and make one per cent. per month on his investment, or twelve per cent. per annum, raising wheat at one and one-half cents per pound, or ninety cents per bushel."

C. H. Huffman of Merced has cultivated his land to wheat for eight years. He says that his land is increasing in productiveness, instead of deteriorating. He cultivates almost entirely by summer-fallowing. He says that the proper way to plow and have the land in good condition is to summer-fallow in the early part of winter, and cross-plow in the spring.

Summer-fallowing is very extensively practiced, and always with the best results. In 1880, upwards of two-thirds of the land in Colusa County was summer-fallowed. And generally the land in the Sacramento Valley away from the river cannot be successfully farmed except by this system. In other districts the need of summer-fallowing is recognized, but its use is prevented by circumstances. For instance, it is said that in Salinas Valley summer-fallowing is practiced very little if any, because of the refusal of the landlords to give leases longer than one year. On this point, Mr. Raymond says: "In summer-fallowing nothing has been done, owing, I think, to the fact that very nearly all that portion of the valley where it is most desirable to do so is owned in large tracts, the owners of which refuse to rent for a longer period than one year, and require rent for all the land plowed, whether it be seeded or not; thus they have to seed the land continuously to wheat; and they gather very indifferent crops where, I am confident, the very best of crops would have been obtained had a thorough system of summer-fallow been adopted.

"I remarked to one of the large ranch owners while riding through his grain fields some time ago, that his present system of renting and cultivating would soon break every tenant on his ranch, and that they in turn would break him. Either summer-fallow or irrigation *must* be adopted to make grain-raising a success in that portion of the valley."

Dr. Glenn makes the following practical remarks as to summer-fallowing: "Summer-fallowing is the most certain and reliable way to farm, depending, to a great extent, on class and kind of land. Rich, first-quality, and new land should be winter-plowed and sown; for if summer-fallowed, it grows entirely too rank, and would, in ordinary seasons, fall down." Touching the same subject, Mr. Bidwell says: "Adobe lands require to be summer-fallowed. Their soil is black, stiff, and (when wet) sticky, and therefore not available or profitable for winter-sowing."

I shall close this article with a few remarks on California wheat and flour from the miller's standpoint. I quote from a letter written by Starr & Co., of the Starr Mills, Vallejo: "Our wheat is much of the same nature as the fall or winter wheat of the Western States; but owing to the peculiarity of our climate it has the advantage of the Western States wheat by its remaining in a uniform condition throughout the year; while the western fall and winter at some times of the year is extremely dry, and at others is so damp and moist as to require artificial drying before it can be milled.

"Ours is always dry, and nearly always requires moistening before milling, or to properly prepare it for milling. It is not hard or flinty, like the western spring wheat, which is very flinty, and in grinding granulates only. Ours powders, and, properly milled, easily separates from the bran. It has been the custom in California, and is now on account of the dryness of our wheat, to moisten it before grinding—the moistening having the effect of toughening the bran and causing it to come away from the grain in flakes, instead of pulverizing as it passes through the stones; and when pulverized, it tends to discolor the flour. It can be milled without any or with but a very small proportion of the water now used under the new-process system of milling. This, however, has never, we believe, been adopted by any Californian mill, and has never to this date (May 27, 1880) been fully tested in the State, we think. And our wheat is not of a nature to require the adoption of this process, it being white and soft though dry.

"For shipping, it has the advantage of most of the wheat produced elsewhere; its dryness being a preservative quality, and usually causing it to come out of ships in good condition after long voyages. Our flour will undoubtedly keep longer, and stand the changes of climate incident to transportation by water better, than flour made from other than California wheat.

"The reduction of the grain to flour is easier and cheaper here than in other parts of the United States, owing to its being always in a uniform condition for milling and for foreign shipment. We think Californian flour and wheat are superior to those of the Eastern or Western States, or Oregon. Such experience as we have had and the information we have received lead us to believe that it will stand transportation better, and turn out at destination better, than other wheat and flour."

Mr. H. M. A. Miller of the same company tells of a case within his own knowledge where a sack of Californian flour was carried in the storeroom of a ship for two hundred and fifty days, on the voyage from San Francisco to Liverpool and return, and was at the close of the voyage in good condition, making excellent bread.

To bring this article down to the present date, I would state that during the past three years the large milling companies on this coast have been making extensive experiments with the so-called roller process, and are so much impressed with its workings, both as to the quality of flour produced and the decreased expense in connection therewith, that mill-stones are being largely set aside and rollers put in their place.

Joseph Hutchinson.

KING COPHETUA'S WIFE.

CHAPTER XI.

"Whose was the fault if she did not grow
Like a rose in the summer? Do you know?
Does a lily grow when its leaves are chilled?
Does it bloom when its root is winter-killed?"

A BRIGHT light streaming out into the vestibule from the hall; the murmur of voices that floated out with the warm air like the far-off sound of the ocean on a summer afternoon; the rustling of fans and draperies; and the varied effect of opera bonnets and those wonderfully gotten-up wraps that women usually know well how to wear so that they may be an adorning as well as comfortable addition to their toilets—this was the concert-hall.

I was acting as escort to Mrs. Jaquith. Maurice Barras and his wife had come on to their sister's American *début;* and, indeed, I met many of our Boston friends as we passed into the hall. Madge had started off before my carriage reached Mrs. Jaquith's, her brother-in-law and Mrs. Barras driving over with her. Our seats were directly in the center of the hall, and on reaching them, we found Maurice and his wife in possession of those next to us. As we seated ourselves, Maurice whispered to Mrs. Jaquith:

"I wish it were possible to have Ascot here to-night; he would play his very best, I am sure; and I think his companionship would take away some of the nervousness that Madge is full of. Poor child, she has not a friend with her, and though my wife wanted to stay in the anteroom, she fairly drove her out."

Then the concert began.

A fantasy by the choice orchestra; a tenor solo, which was as sweet as the single voice that rises in a foreign cathedral when a *Te Deum* is being sung, and that made me feel as if the notes were pouring into my soul; and I thought of those lines by the young English poet:

"Ave and Ave! and the music rolled
Along the carven wonder of the choir,
Thrilled canopy and spire,
Up till the echoes mingled with the song;
And now a boy's flute-note that rings
Shrill, sweet, and long.
Ave and Ave, louder and more loud
Rises the strain he sings,
Upon the angel's wings,
Right up to God."

A master of the piano came next on the programme, whose execution of some classic composition was very fine; but I think that the thoughts of all in our little party turned towards the delicate creator of music whose power we knew so well, and whose touch upon the instrument was as though the spirit within him was directing the placing of his fingers upon the keys, which seemed to love him even as he loved and believed in them. While to this man, it was merely a piano that he played upon, and that he had mastered the scholarly part of, but not the pure and spiritual.

Then Madge came out, facing the large audience that sat wondering who this woman could be and where she had sprung from. Professor This and Herr That vouched for her talent, and she was a guest of Mrs. Jaquith, to whose house it was so hard to obtain an invitation; therefore she must be Somebody; and the name of Barras carried its own weight, for those that bore it might gain entrance to any of the exclusive circles in conservative Boston.

And she stood there for a minute before she began to sing. In her plainly made dress, a present from Maurice, and over the brocade of its corsage, clambered the pale, sweet roses she had asked for, a quantity of the same hanging on their long leafy stems down over the skirt. Ah! they were my roses. I had touched them and hung over them before I sent them to her, and she was wearing them. My heart beat loud and

knocked against my breast, as if determined to find its way out and to her feet.

And when she sang—ah! when she sang, the melody filled the room with its own grand beauty. Again and again she was recalled, retiring each time with a slight bow, until the audience, determined that she should give another song, made such a demonstration that she came to the front of the stage and sang the simple little song whose words it seems to me no other one than Dinah Muloch could have written. There must have been tears in the eyes of every person in the hall as the pathetic sentences were carried by the sweet yet noble voice out to the world. I stood it very well until the stanza—

"I never was worthy of you, Douglas;
Not half worthy the like of you;
Now all men beside seem to me like shadows;
I love you, Douglas, tender and true."

And I choked up then, and could have cried like a baby, as I saw other men doing almost unconsciously; but I knew that if she were to see me break down her courage would give way and her voice fail her.

She sang once more at the close of the programme, and then the verses by Aldrich—the verses to which he has given the name of "Palabras Cariñosas." Beautiful as a newly plucked rose, and as full of feeling, notwithstanding their delicacy, as the passionate heart of a lover.

"Good night! I have to say good night
To such a host of peerless things!
Good night unto that fragile hand
All queenly with its weight of rings;
Good night to fond, uplifted eyes,
Good night to chestnut braids of hair,
Good night unto the perfect mouth
And all the sweetness nestled there—
The snowy hand detains me, then
I'll have to say good night again."

When we left the room after that, Mrs. Jaquith insisted upon our all coming to her house to congratulate Madge, and we went.

She had reached there before us, and was sitting idly in a large easy-chair, as if she had stopped for thought while lazily drawing off a glove. Her mind was over the ocean, and she did not hear us come in; perhaps the waves of memory drowned the sound of our footsteps.

Lightness and brightness came back to her as we gathered around her chair, and she took up the manner and quick, cheery badinage we used to find one of her distinctive characteristics.

I was standing over by the piano; it was very late, and I was thinking of leaving for my hotel, when Madge came up to me.

"What! thinking?—and gloomy thoughts at that? No, no, my dear friend, you must not be sad. Think how well I have kept up this evening; have I not done well? My heart is as numb as a gravestone, and I can laugh and be merry with the best of you. Your roses were beautiful, and I am grateful, as you know without my saying it. Why, smile, Frank; you make me feel as if you were very unhappy; what is the trouble?"

"Nothing; at least you would call it nothing if you knew what it really is. Perhaps it is because you sang that 'Douglas,' as much as anything."

"Yes, is it not a pathetic poem? But see, I can sing it over again without my voice breaking at all."

And she sat down at the piano and did sing the lovely song for me, and when she rose she said:

"Have I not learned to control myself? Something is gone out of me that will not come back, and I am not a heart-broken woman now. I belong to the world as you do, only in a smaller way, to be stared at by men and women, criticised, and talked about."

"Do not, do not, I beg of you—do not speak in this way. God Almighty knows that it is hard for me to see you who should be carefully kept and sheltered like a flower, not for all eyes to gaze upon, but for the few who can see the half-divine womanhood behind the beauty outside to approach and know. I say it pains my heart to see you in this position; but you make it doubly hard for me by talking as though the publicity of your career had already grown distasteful to you. Can you not drop the

singing? Will you not return to your home and—"

"Home? I have no home; that is gone from me. I have nothing left me but my friends. Not that I am ungrateful to or for them, nor that I do not love them for their goodness to me. But you know how well I loved and do love Neil. He is my world, my all."

"Do not talk any more, Madge; I must go away now, for you are tired. I will call again in the morning, for I leave in the afternoon for Boston."

I could not have heard her talk longer of being homeless while my home was so desolate. I suffered—ah! I suffered again the old agony I had tried to kill, but which was still alive and bitter. I walked up and down the streets, and I thought of what Harry had said the autumn before when we crossed the Public Gardens in Boston, and all seemed so prosperous and pleasant in Neil's family. I thought, too, of the lad who was so far away, and fading even as the flowers fade, gradually but surely going to his rest. He was suffering, besides his physical pain, the same great heart-ache that I was enduring. Then I went back to my hotel, thinking of this delicate boy who kept smothered in his heart the same love that I was trying so hard to smother myself. And I went to bed with the tears streaming down my cheeks.

And the next morning I went to see Madge. She was alone in the morning-room, and I had brought her a basket full of pinks—fresh, sweet pinks. She buried her face in the fragrant mass, and then said:

"How beautiful these are! They look up at me with such cheerful faces, and their spicy odor is delightful. You know how I love flowers, and are so kind to remember my love for them so often and so gracefully."

Mrs. Jaquith came into the room and stood by me while Madge put some of the white pinks at the throat of her kind friend, who sat down in a chair by the window, while Madge walked across the room. And after a few words with Mrs. Jaquith, I followed Madge, and stood watching her put the pinks into vases—watching her as I had done at my own house when she arranged the flowers for me before my small tea-party.

As we were talking, two cards were brought to Mrs. Jaquith. I saw her start and look suddenly at Madge; then came a movement of her lips—"Admit them."

I lost the thread of my conversation with Madge, and stood looking at the door; I did not know why, but a subtle feeling of foreboding ran over me, and I felt sure that whoever might be waiting in the reception-room had a direct influence upon my life or upon that of one dear to me.

It seemed a long time, although a minute could hardly have passed, before a lady dressed in deep mourning crossed the threshold, accompanied by a young man. Madge had looked up at me when I stopped talking, and her eyes followed the bent of mine. She must have seen Harry while the lady was saying a few low words to Mrs. Jaquith, for she exclaimed, "Harry Ascot!" and stepped forward to greet him; but, seeing the lady who had entered with him, drew back and stood near me, with one hand upon my arm—a steady hand in spite of the fact that as the lady threw back her veil it disclosed the face of Beulah Beldon. Harry stood in the background, and Mrs. Jaquith straightened herself up a bit with a peculiar *hauteur*, and Mrs. Beldon said:

"You will pardon me for calling upon you without an invitation to do so, Mrs. Jaquith."

Madge started to leave the room, but Harry came to her and whispered a few words in her ear, and his sister went on:

"We arrived from Europe early this morning, and I begged Harry to come here with me at once, for I have something to say to Mrs. Barras, if she will permit me to see her alone."

Madge drew herself away from the support of her arm. "You can have nothing to say to me, madam, that I should not wish my friends here to know. I think you can have nothing to say that will be agreeable to me; but if you feel that you have, I will listen now."

Mrs. Beldon came towards her, and Har-

ry brought a chair forward for Madge, which she declined with a wave of her hand and motioned for Mrs. Beldon to take it.

"Be seated yourself, please. If I am to tell my story in the presence of so many, it will be better that all are seated." It was the same sweet, fascinating voice we had always known as one of Beulah Beldon's charms—a voice that seemed to have caught some of its musical breadth from Harry's genius. Madge, as she sank into a chair, was still looking with a penetrating, riveted gaze at the woman who had so ruined her life. Harry had come up to me, and was sitting in his favorite position on the arm of my chair, and his sister, leaning lightly forward from a low sofa, began:

"I have not the slightest objection to saying in the presence of these your friends, Mrs. Barras, what I have to say. They are interested in your life and its sorrow, but not one of them more so than I, although you, naturally enough, will not believe me.

"I met your husband at a society hotel, and—here is my confession, which I make honestly, though to my shame—noticing his strength and manliness, his face, which appeared full of character and power, so different from the society men who had been following me about in an absurdly sentimental way, I went directly to work to attract him. Thoughtlessly, I swear, without looking forward to what might follow, I assure you.

"My husband (whom I married because he loved me, and was good and kind to me, and was always willing I should follow the bent of my own inclinations) ventured no remonstrance, showed no grievance at what I see now was unwomanly and untrue in me. Therefore, there was no obstruction there. It was a temptation that a woman like yourself cannot comprehend. Here was a man whom *every* woman could not bring to her feet; it would be a delight to draw him on and into a position that I did not believe he had ever been brought to.

"I saw at last what I had done. Mr. Eldridge spoke frankly to me of the evil I was bringing upon his friend, and his words, falling hot upon my already conscience-stricken heart, angered me, made me obstinate and cruel; and I spoke to him as I have been very sorry ever since that I did speak.

"So it went on, growing worse from day to day. Mr. Eldridge returned to Boston, and Mr. Barras left soon after. I had never seen you then—remember that. Mr. Barras pursued me; and if I were on my death-bed, and about to walk straight from here into the presence of angels, I should be ready to swear, as I swear now, that I tried to avoid him."

She was standing, in her excitement, and her voice lost none of its ringing clearness in the rapidity with which she spoke, making an impressive picture in her long sweeping garments of black and with her upraised hand.

"Some one—not I—telegraphed to your husband the news of Mr. Beldon's death. He came to New York and was very kind to me, very attentive; but his presence was an annoyance rather than a pleasure. After my brother and I had left for England, he followed us there—and, indeed, wherever we went through Europe, until Harry sent him away by confronting him with the strong, forcible truth.

"I have been guilty of drawing your husband from you, Mrs. Barras. I have been guilty of spoiling your life; and of much, much that I cannot talk about here. But, oh, believe me! I am guiltless of any intentional wrong—of doing a thing that I thought would rebound upon you. You will not believe me now: I could not expect it of you. Some day you will know that I speak the truth, and that I would do anything in my power to bring him back to you."

She paused, and putting her handkerchief to her eyes, fell back into a chair.

Then Madge rose up.

"You do not bring him back to me; you cannot give him again to me as he was when he loved me, and I alone could fill his cup of happiness. All that is gone out of my life—a woman's life. You must have known sometime, or you will sometime know what

that *is* in a woman's life; it leaves her nothing but the barrenness of existence; it leaves her hopeless and turned almost into stone."

Mrs. Beldon went up to her and put her arms around Madge's neck, and laying her shrouded head on her shoulder, wept bitterly and long. Madge suffered it—nay, even laid her own cheek against that of Beulah's and wept with her. Then she said, tenderly and firmly:

"I forgive you wholly, even as I hope to be forgiven for my many failings. We will be friends, if you please; it will be better so for us both; and some day he may come back to me."

Then Harry and I left the room, which Mrs. Jaquith had already quitted. I had a long talk with Harry; the boy had grown thinner and paler. I could not see how he had been enabled to fight disease, as he had fought it and conquered, for so long. He told me how changed his sister was; how this trouble had preyed upon her mind; and how, all the way across the ocean, she would gladly hail each new day that brought her nearer to Mrs. Barras.

We went again into the room where we had left them, and found the two women sitting together on a sofa, with closely clasped hands, and tears upon the face of each.

CHAPTER XII.

"Why, you can all bear me witness how I loved him: you used to laugh at me."

"O, my brave, sweet lad! how his angel eyes
Will gaze out over the ocean dim,
That reaches from here unto Paradise,
Till I set *my* sail and follow him."

Harry Ascot had engaged to give an organ-concert in Washington in November, for the benefit of a certain notable charity, and, agreeable to an old promise, I was to go to the capital with him, and, as a matter of course, to the concert.

We reached the city the night before that on which he was advertised to appear; and after dinner he sat down to the upright piano he had ordered for our sitting-room, and played with more brilliancy and powerful fingering than I had known him to do since his return from Europe; yet he steadily refused to improvise for me.

"I am 'on the bills' to improvise to-morrow night, you know, and must not wear out my fancy before then. Besides, a piano does not suit my mood in these days. I want an organ; then I can pour out all the longing of my heart, all its cries and pain. I can talk to you on an organ; on a piano I should be bound down to the commonplace."

I looked closely at him as he sat there in the bright light, and saw how transparent his hands had grown, how thin and sharp his nose. The heavy ring that he wore more than once slipped off his finger and fell on the keys of the instrument. And at last, with an angry gesture and exclamation, e threw the jeweled band of gold across the room, where it lay on the floor, with the baleful cat's-eye and glittering diamonds gleaming at me as I turned to find it.

"Let it lie!" he cried sharply to me, and his hands crashed out a discord. "Let it lie, I tell you! They say that a cat's-eye, if worn faithfully, brings good luck. Good luck! I wonder what that is. It would take God and the Devil together to set my tangled threads of life into the proper web and woof again."

And he turned back to his music, and chose out the wildest of compositions from the great masters for the rest of the evening.

As we were about to retire for the night, he came to me, and taking my hand, put upon my finger the ring that he had discarded.

"Wear it always, Frank—wear it always. I know your secret, even as you know mine; and let this ring be a reminder always that it is not to ourselves alone we owe faith, honor, and purity, but to the one we love. Remember always to be brave and true to yourself, my best of friends."

He would not let me go to his dressing-room with him the next night; and I went into the audience-room with a strange feeling, as of suffocation.

The church was crowded—thronged. I found a vacant place in the far corner of a gallery where I could watch the organ closely—and waited.

Eight o'clock came, the door to the organ-loft opened, and the performer of the evening passed to his place. The assembled hearers gave him a noisy greeting, but he neglected to acknowledge it. In a few minutes the first notes came pouring forth. Composition after composition was played, and the people forgot to applaud.

The latter part of the concert was to be of improvisations. He took these listening strangers into the country, as he had once taken Neil and Madge and me. Ah, so long ago it seemed!

He took the theme of "Othello," and revealed the grand tragedy in music, with all the power of expression that human thought could render.

I leaned far forward and wondered again and again at the strength in those delicate fingers, at the subtle intellect hidden behind the clear, childish eyes. The audience cheered him when he finished that great piece of work, yet he did not lift his eyes.

Then—ah, then!—he began to play again. I knew before he had struck a dozen chords that he was telling his whole life to these human beings, and they could not know it. His boyhood, full of rippling laughter and wonderment, his hopes, his dreams, his fears, and his failures. I knew and understood all that he made the instrument tell for him; and then he began talking to me. He gave thanks for me and for my friendship, he counseled me and encouraged me, and so plain was it all to me that I shrunk back against the wall, half expecting to see the mass of faces turned towards me. I could not think—if I thought at all—why they, cultured, musical persons, did not know what he was saying and to whom it was said. But they heard only the melody and sweetness, the weird, strange pathos; and when the music died away in a wild cry, as if he were asking to be taken from all these men and women and to be comforted and caressed, the audience gave him plaudit after plaudit, and then went out of the building.

I heard those about me comment on my boy's playing; all kinds of words were used expressive of admiration, and I hurried through the crowd and around to the minister's room, that had been given up to the organist's use. There stood my friend, receiving the compliments and congratulations of the managers of the affair and their friends. Cold, indifferent, uninterested, he stood there without a sign of fatigue or weakness after the efforts of the evening. But he turned to me with a quick smile of pleased relief, threw his fur-lined ulster about him, bowed hastily to the persons in the room, and taking my arm, passed rapidly to his carriage. Then he leaned back wearied and worn, and said:

"Did you understand, Frank, what the organ said to you for me?"

"Yes, laddie, every word. But you had better not talk now, you are tired out."

"No, not exactly tired; surely not tired by my playing, but weary of it all—the world, the struggle, and the sorrow of it."

When we reached the hotel he drank a glass of wine, and sat down to the piano, playing softly to himself in the unlighted sitting-room; and I thought, as I listened with my eyes shaded from the fire-light, that what he was playing was like a prayer—that he was talking to God.

I must have gone to sleep, for I started up suddenly to find that the fire had gone down in the grate, and that there was a silence in the room. I crossed quickly to the piano, put out my hand, and found that Harry had laid his head upon his folded arms and gone to sleep apparently, for he did not answer when I spoke to him. I took hold of his shoulder, but he did not stir. I put my hand gently under his chin and turned his face towards me; still he did not speak. His flesh was cold and wet, and my hand too was moist. I lighted a match and the gas. It was blood that was on my hand, blood upon the piano-keys—blood that had flowed from the mouth of my dear boy friend, who had died—the doctors said—painlessly and quietly from hemorrhage.

Then I knew that the last, the sweetest thing he had ever played was—as I had fancied—a prayer to God. The last offering of his genius was to him who gave it.

James Berry Bensel.

[CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

AVALON, THE PRECURSOR OF MARYLAND.

In the southwest of England, about midway between the cities of Bath and Taunton, are situated the ruins of the richest and most powerful abbey in the land. Surrounded by orchards of ruddy apples, from which it gets its name of Avalon, on the east looking towards the mountainous paths that lead up to old Sarum, and towards the west having a prospect of the famous Bristol Channel, the site chosen for the historic Abbey of Glastonbury is worthy of the cluster of famous names inseparably associated with its history. Within sight of this shrine, now desolate, dwelt, according to legend, Joseph of Arimathea and St. Patrick ; Lucius, the first Christian king of Britain, and King Arthur, his renowned successor ; here lived St. Augustine, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, and St. Dunstan, the primate who was unequaled by Richelieu, Ina and Edgar and Alfred, the greatest of England's early kings. In our day it is the favorite residence of England's greatest historian, whose "Norman Conquest" relates the story of its early renown and sore disasters. Long before the bishops of Durham had a place in history, the abbots of Avalon were sovereigns in their secluded isle; neither king nor bishop dare enter their abode without their permission. The hanging and quartering of the last abbot for his sturdy resistance to Henry VIII. brought destruction to the sacred shrine. Its glory has faded away. The ivy which now clings to the walls guarding the ashes of King Arthur and King Edgar would conceal from vulgar eyes these sacred ruins of departed grandeur.

Upon the shores of the new world there arose a new Avalon, the first fruits of Cabot's discovery; it was intended by its founder to fill in history the space formerly held by its great namesake. Its glory, however, soon passed away; its destruction was hastened, not as that of the shrine of St. Dunstan, by the hands of cruel men, but by those irresistible agents, the wind, the storm, and the flood.

During the reigns of the last of the Tudors and the first of the Stuarts, the people of England were in a constant fever of excitement in regard to the wonderful news continually pouring in from the distant East and West Indies. Sovereign and subject, noble and gentry, merchant and artisan, were equally anxious to know all that could be learned about the new lands, and to receive their share of the fabulous riches possessed by their inhabitants or stored away in their sacred buildings. Trading companies were formed, ships were fitted out for long voyages of discovery and of profit, and all classes of people, from prince to peasant, joined heartily in plans to gain wealth or fame. Emigrants from inland towns hurried to the seashore with their families and humble fortunes, ready and eager to brave the dangers of the deep to find homes and wealth in the El Dorados laved by the waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific. The ocean was dotted with white sails issuing from innumerable seaports of western Europe. Thousands of vessels were engaged in the conveyance of precious gems and metals and spices from the continent of Asia and the neighboring islands, and whole fleets visited the shores of America in search of gold and valuable products. The English and the Dutch East India Company and the Dutch West India Company were declaring enormous dividends, ranging from seventy-five to one hundred per cent. The Spanish, the French, the Dutch, and the English adventurers and settlers vied with each other for the right of erecting forts and factories along the south and east shores of Asia, and along the Atlantic coast from the peninsula of Florida to the large island of Newfoundland. The most surreptitious means were taken to secure the possession of new territory, and frequently a contest of words would lead to

a hard struggle on land and sea for disputed lands.

The extent of the mania for speculation is illustrated by the desperate attempts to establish colonies and trading posts upon the most inhospitable and dangerous shores, and also in the large fortunes sunk by individuals and by joint-stock companies; even the foggy, barren island of Newfoundland became the *locus* of many colonization schemes.

This large island, lying near the entrance of Hudson's Bay, was frequently visited by English pirates and fishing-vessels. Its interior was a sealed book to the fishermen residing along the shore; but as it lay on a parallel with England and Scandinavia, it was taken for granted its soil and climate were similar to that of these countries. The absence of information strengthened the imagination, and led to the circulation in England of highly exaggerated accounts of its fertile soil and salubrious climate.

Captain Hayes, second in command to the expedition under Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who visited Newfoundland in 1583, wrote an account of the expedition, describing in glowing terms the advantages to be gained the English nation by making permanent settlements on the island. The worthy captain had remained but a few weeks on the island, but, gifted with a vivid imagination and an eloquent pen, he saw many good things that his credulous readers looked for in vain. Had the captain been the agent of a land company, he could not have employed more forcible argument. His logic was peculiar, and because of its peculiarity was convincing to a large class of readers. He saw the island in the month of August, when the harvest was ripening, and so had a foundation upon which to build his warm narration.

"I grant that not in Newfoundland alone, but in Germany, Italy, and Afrike, even under the equinoctiall line, the mountaines are extreme cold and seeldome uncovered of snow, in their culme and highest tops; . . . . the cold cannot be so great as that in Swedland, much less in Muscovia or Russia; yet are the same countries very populous, and the rigor of cold is dispensed with by the commoditie of stoves, warme clothing, meats, and drinkes." Again he says: "The grasse and herbe doth fat sheepe in very short space, proved by English marchants which have carried sheepe thither for fresh victuell, and had them raised exceeding fat in lesse than three weeks." He concludes his cogent description by an appeal that would have been warmly seconded by Malthus: "We could not observe the hundredth part of creatures in those uninhabited lands; but these mentioned may induce us to glorifie the magnificent God, who hath superabundantly replenished the earth with creatures serving for the use of man, though man has not used the fift part of the same, which the more doth aggravate the fault and foolish slouth in many of our nation, chusing rather to live indirectly, and very miserably to live and die within this realme pestered with inhabitants, then to adventure as becommeth men, to obtaine an habitation in those remote lands, in which Nature very prodigally doth minister unto men's endeavours, and for art to worke upon."

The accounts given by writers of this class stirred the people, both the poor and the wealthy: the one seeking a home surrounded by luxuries unknown in England; the other a place for remunerative investment. Numerous trading posts, factories, and settlements were made; emigrants were secured, ships equipped, stores provided, towns were laid out, dwellings were built, ports erected, and government instituted. Preparations were made to settle the coasts and to advance gradually towards the interior. Hope ran high. The balmy weather of summer inspired the settlers with enthusiasm. The sound of the hammer blended with the song of the fisherman and the cheery words of the planter. But soon there came a nipping frost; the days became exceedingly short, the sun ceased to give out its heat, and the old ocean hurled storm and angry winds upon the daring intruders. The crops rotted before they could ripen, the animals sickened and died for want of proper nourishment.

The settlers became despondent, and hastened to leave the ill-fated land.

One of the most disastrous of these failures was that of Sir George Calvert, the future Lord Baltimore and founder of Maryland. Driven by adverse circumstances from inhospitable Newfoundland, he found a more generous soil within the boundaries of Virginia.

Sir George, one of the principal secretaries of state, was engrossed in politics, and could ill afford time to verify the marvelous tales he had heard of the new-found land, its exuberant soil, its fruitful waters. In the year 1621, he sent over a small colony of thirty-two persons, consisting of salt-makers, mechanics, fishermen, and other laboring men. The absence of women and children, of clergymen and of nobility, would indicate that this colony should perform the pioneer work of digging and leveling, building storehouses, dwellings, and granaries. His experiment was very expensive; according to one writer, the outlay amounted to £20,000; but this doubtless included the cost of the territory. The little colony, composed chiefly of Puritans, was subject to the authority of Captain Edward Wynne, commissioned as governor.

The province of Avalon, which Calvert purchased in 1621 and received the exclusive grant for from King James in 1623, lay in the southeastern part of Newfoundland, stretching about one degree northward from 46½° parallel of latitude. It was in the shape of a peninsula, extending eastward into the Atlantic, and on the west side connected by a narrow isthmus of four miles in width with another peninsula of larger area. The name Avalon now includes both peninsulas. Cape Race, the southern extremity of Avalon, is the first land that gladdens the eyes of the sea-tossed voyager in traveling towards America. The charter of Avalon is similar to the charter of Maryland, received nine years later, but presents some conspicuous differences. The territory was to be held by knight-service; whenever the sovereign should visit the land, Sir George was obligated to present him with a white horse, in token of his fealty. The charter secured to Sir George the products of all fisheries and of all mines lying around or in the vicinity of the peninsula of Avalon, the patronage and advowson of all churches, and the right to exercise and enjoy all the royalties, liberties, immunities, and franchises possessed by any bishop of Durham within his county palatine. The lordly magnificence and splendor of the fighting bishops of Durham, with their thousands of retainers and their regal paraphernalia and sovereign jurisdiction, may well have inspired Calvert to noble efforts in settling his colony.

Although there were in England a large population ready to embark to the New World, there were comparatively few who dared to venture upon the unknown island of Newfoundland; for notwithstanding the favorable reports of its fertility and salubrity, there were the conflicting reports of disinterested voyagers and travelers. Calvert was anxious "to transport thither a very greate and ample colony of the English Nation"; he therefore looked favorably upon the application of Captain Whitbourne to circulate in England a new narration of the island and the advantages it offered to immigrants. Sir George, together with other members of the Privy Council, sent a commuication to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, urging them to use their influence in circulating in the parishes of York and Kent copies of Whitbourne's book, "Westward, Hoe for Avalon." The Archbishops promptly acceded to the request, and recommended highly the discourse of Captain Whitbourne, and instructed the clergy to have it distributed in all the parishes of the kingdom for the encouragement of adventurers to the Plantation of Avalon. In all parish churches flattering accounts of Newfoundland were read to the assembled congregations. Captain Whitbourne borrows the descriptive style of Captain Hayes, but is enabled to enter more largely into details. His simple diction was adapted to make his book exceedingly attractive to the class intended to be reached. He begins, "The iland of New-found-land is large, temperate, and fruitefull." As he proceeds in his narration,

his pages become more glowing and the scene more alluring. He dwells upon the "faire strawberries, raspasseberries, gooseberries, and bilberries; peares, cherries, and filberts"; "herbs for sallets and broth, as parsley, alexander, sorrell, etc."; roses and other flowers, "which are most beautifull and delightfull, both to the sight and smell"; and "questionlesse, the country is stored with many physicall herbs and roots." The fertility of the soil adapts it to foreign products; "cabbage, carrets, turneps, lettice, parsley, and such like, prove well there." The land is capable of producing, "without the labour of man's hand, great plenty of green pease and fitches, faire, round, full, and wholesome as our fitches are in England, of which I have fed on many times." "Doe but looke," he continues, "upon the populousnesse of our country, to what a surfet of multitude it is subject; consider how charitable for those that goe, and how much ease it will be for those that stay." In his endeavors to secure emigrants to this veritable land of promise of later days, he addresses his arguments to all classes of people—the king, the clergy, the capitalists, and the overcrowded, underfed poor. He describes at length the possibility of Newfoundland becoming a great naval station to the fleets sailing to the Orient and the Indies by way of the Northwest passage. "I cannot see," says he, "but that from hence [Newfoundland] further discoveries may be made and new trades found out—yea, peradventure, the supposed Northwest passage."

We here find Whitbourne, and possibly Calvert, indulging in the delusive dream of the day—a dream that had cost the life of many a daring Englishman, and which had caused, so late as the year 1610, the gallant Hudson to be set adrift and lost on the rock-bound coast of Newfoundland.

Whitbourne's account of the productivity of the fisheries of the banks of Newfoundland was undoubtedly true, judging from the abundant evidence of later days. Its shores were annually visited, so early as the seventeenth century, by six or seven hundred sailing vessels in quest of the cod.

As a flattering recommendation of Whitbourne's book had been indorsed by Calvert, its perusal is extremely interesting in view of the latter's colonization schemes. The book was circulated in England immediately after Calvert had sent a small colony to Avalon, and about the time he had received a formal grant of the territory by an ample charter from King James (1623).

Unfortunately for Calvert, he was deceived. A statesman rather than a colonizer, he had relied too much upon report and too little upon personal investigation. He believed the statements of Whitbourne, and spared no expense to make his adventure a success. He waited patiently for a remuneration for his outlay, but he waited in vain. In the grant of Avalon, he had received some excellent fishing-banks, but an inhospitable shore for permanent settlements. The cares of state and domestic afflictions prevented Calvert from visiting his plantation until 1627. He at once saw that it would be a wasteful expenditure of time and money to continue the settlement. The rigor of the climate and the barrenness of the soil were conclusive evidence of the necessity of migrating to a more temperate climate. It was not necessary for him to penetrate the interior of the island. His eye told him that no permanent abode could be made upon the shore, almost impassable with huge rocks separated by great heaps of sand; the steep hills in the background covered with stunted trees and valueless shrubbery, the long narrow valleys filled with sand, the broad plains covered with heath or rocks where scarcely a tree or bush could he seen, formed a strong contrast to the fertile lowlands of Middlesex or to the picturesque hill country of Yorkshire. To this day large parts of Avalon are known as the Barrens. Doubtless in some parts of Newfoundland there were bright oases, but their beauty was soon waning, and their verdure was soon blighted by the early autumn and the long, dreary winter. In this "country of fog, of ice, of storm and snow," the vicissitudes of the climate would seriously interfere with the raising of wheat and

corn. The bleak and desolate districts lying to the east and south, included in Calvert's grant, were particularly exposed to the fury of the raging, frigid ocean. A recent traveler describes the Atlantic shore as frequently covered with a dense saline vapor, and guarded by vast bodies of floating polar and gulf ice, which refrigerate the air long after the winter months are past. It is true that in July and August the weather is as mild as in England, and vegetation in some places is very luxuriant; but the cold blasts of the early autumn cause the wheat, the barley, and the oats to perish on the stalk. The icebergs drifting along its shore are quaintly described as so immense as to "have crushed a first-rate ship of war as easily as the foot of Goliath would have demolished a spider."

Another serious obstacle to the success of Calvert's plantation was the continual warfare between the crews of vessels of different nations. These disputes were frequently prolonged on shore. Claimed by the Dutch, the French, and the English, the island became a scene for struggles, continued through many years. Not only were the waters plowed by avowed pirates, but many of the so-called trading vessels were secretly piratical. The principles inculcated in Hugo Grotius's famous book upon *jus gentium* (1625) were imperfectly understood and only gradually adopted. When we bear in mind the causes that led to the war of 1812, we need no arguments to prove the utter neglect of the first principles of international comity two centuries previous. Calvert says he "came to builde and sett and sowe," but he was soon "falne to fighting wth Frenchmen who hawe heere disquieted mee and many other of his Maties subiects." That famous arch pirate, Peter Easton, with his ten sail "of good ships well furnished and very rich," made frequent visits to the island, and brought dismay and terror to the settlers.

Calvert had received from King James abundant machinery for enforcing law and punishing wrong-doers; but of what avail are laws and regulations without means to execute them? The nominal sovereignty lay with Calvert and his commissioned officers, but the actual sovereignty was in the hands of thieving fishermen and drunken savages. The presence of these lawless nomad bands inspired distrust and fear among the peaceful settlers. Criminals easily made their escape inland into the recesses of the rocky interior, or escaped in their shallops into secret coves indenting the rocky shore. Even the better class of colonists would chafe and fret at immoderate restraint, and upon provocation would set at defiance the laws and ordinances of an executive invested with no real power.

The economic investments of Sir George miserably failed. His parched crops remained unharvested, his catches of fish were stolen by rascally seamen and land pirates, his men were forced to live upon salt meats, and contracting the scurvy, became unfit for work, and many died; the severe weather rendered navigation almost impossible, and during the long winter months communication with the outside world became exceedingly precarious. No mines revealed secret stores of gold and silver, no peaceful tribes of Indians exchanged rich furs and fells for English trinkets.

The Canaan became a Sahara; instead of roses of Sharon, he gathered apples of Sodom. Calvert became thoroughly disgusted, and was on the point of returning to England and spending his days in the quiet pursuits of a retired statesman.

He decides, however, to make one more attempt in "some other warmer climate of this new world, where the wynter be shorter and less rigorous." Avalon would be forsaken, but not utterly deserted. He determined to commit the affairs of the plantation "to fishermen that are able to encounter storms and hard weather," and to remove himself to the more genial climate of Virginia.

Soon after his letter to King Charles was written (August, 1629) Calvert and his family, amounting to some forty persons, set sail from the barren coasts of Avalon, and proceeded southward to establish a new colony contiguous to the recent settlements in New England. In October, 1629, we find him

arrived at Jamestown, Virginia; after remaining a short time, he passes northward into his future dominions of Maryland, and finally sails to England to secure the charter that was to make him Lord Proprietary of a large tract of land lying on the two sides of the great Chesapeake Bay.

The economic beginnings of Avalon, in 1620, lead directly up to the establishment of the province of Maryland. The policy that dictated the settlement at Avalon was continued, though the scene of action was located in a different climate. The motives that led Calvert, four years before the surrender of his secretaryship, to erect the one colony must have been the same that induced him eight years afterwards to make preparation to establish the other. In removing his colonists from the unproductive fishing shores of Avalon to the remunerative agricultural lands of Maryland, Calvert assigns no other motive than the extension of his Majesty's empire in a warmer, more fertile, and a more peaceful country.

His claims upon Avalon became vitiated by his absence, and in the next century, in 1754, were entirely denied his successor; but the claims of Maryland upon Calvert for his sacrifices, his perseverance, his fair and honored name, will increase with each succeeding generation. Had Avalon proven successful, Maryland would have been founded by other hands, or its own individual life would have remained involved in that of Virginia or Pennsylvania. In either case, the most tolerant, the most conservative of the original colonies, with one hand upon the impulsive South, the other stretched over the aggressive North, would have been wanting in the time of the three great struggles that have shaken the foundations of our government and institutions. The Avalon of George Calvert, notwithstanding its sacred name, borrowed from the most ancient of English sanctuaries, has like its namesake almost faded from the pages of history; though increasing in territorial area, it has proportionally decreased in commercial and historic importance; but Maryland, the second Avalon, though unfairly deprived of land by her great rivals, has demonstrated—by her noble concessions in one great struggle, her patriotism in the second, and her wise forbearance in the third, and by her transmission to the Dark Continent of the moral and intellectual light she has received from over the ocean—the wisdom, the integrity, the moderation, the lofty grandeur of her founder, Sir George Calvert, Lord Proprietary of Avalon and Maryland.

L. W. Wilhelm.

SONNET.

AFAR art thou, my love, and what to me
Is cloud or sunset 'neath these alien skies?
What help to me the glance of pitying eyes
That knew you not? The dawn's breath wild and free
Comes chilly, whispering, "I know naught of thee."
The still noon's blinding glare each day denies
All comfort to me. But at night I rise,
And the drenched grasses sweeping past my knee
Whisper, "We know"; the few stars high and bright,
And the moon's crescent low, whisper, "We know."
But under other skies the mountain's blue,
The fair, broad bay 'neath every dawn's new light,
The murmuring laurel, and the brook's still flow
Would share my sorrow: they remember you.

Katharine Royce.

MY NEW FRIEND.

I.

WHAT a terrible thing is a competitive examination! What grinding and cramming are necessary! What self-denial in refusing invitations, and burning the midnight oil in one's own chamber while other young people are enjoying themselves. All this I had done most religiously. And now I am seated in a room with a score of other young men, all candidates for two vacancies in the Civil Service in the city of Dublin. It is the second day of the examination, and we are at present engaged in the composition of "themes." A terrible stillness reigns in the apartment; nothing is heard but the scratching of pens. Occasionally one of the examiners moves round the hall, glancing over our shoulders at the paper before us. No doubt these gentlemen wonder what we have been doing, when in many cases they survey a blank sheet as innocent of ink as when we sat down; but they politely forbear to comment on the fact, and merely remark, "One hour and a half, gentlemen."

I took a box of John Mitchel's pens out of my pockets, spread the paper before me, read the titles of the three themes on one of which we were obliged to descant, made my selection *instanter*, and tried to think. To think! How difficult a thing it is when you are ordered to do it, and when your time is limited to two hours! On another occasion, I have no doubt I could find something to say on the subject of the Restoration, but now my truant thoughts continually wander. I find myself studying the faces of my fellow-candidates, and speculating on their private lives and characters.

My name is Nelson Joy. My parents called me Nelson in honor of the hero of Trafalgar, for whom they had a great admiration. I must here enter a protest against the habit of giving a poor boy with a mediocre quantity of brains the name of some illustrious personage: it makes him a laughing stock. I knew a "John Milton" and "Michael Angelo" who were the sport of their acquaintances. Dante Rossetti is the only case I can remember of a man taking in some of the genius of his namesake.

My father, a poor professional man with seven more children besides myself, could ill afford to pay my college expenses, so I determined to make an effort to help myself. The reader will perceive that a great deal depends on my success, and that I ought not to be wasting these two precious hours studying the physiognomy of my companions. Well, I make an effort to call back my wandering thoughts, which will run in spite of me on a novel I intend to write when I have found a proper hero. I firmly resolve to concentrate my mind on that event in English history called the Restoration. I write a few sentences, and pause. I try to call to mind a passage from Macaulay, in his essay on Milton, which might help me. While engaged in this effort, I happen to look at the young man next me. He is a handsome young fellow, with thick, dark curls piled over a low, white forehead, brilliant brown eyes, and white teeth. His name is Francis Litton. I have watched him with interest from the beginning, thinking he might suit me for a hero. His appearance is quite to my taste. Being ugly myself, I have a great admiration for beauty. My young Apollo seemed perturbed in his mind. He bit his pen and gazed at the blank paper before him; then at another fellow's head with such a searching glance—as if he meant to extract some idea from it; then he threw his fine eyes ceiling-wards; and finally took out his penknife and mended the pen which he had all this time been crunching between his ivory teeth. He dipped it in the ink-bottle, wrote something in a fit of desperation—and made a blot.

"You find quill pens disagreeable: so do

I," I said; "try one of these"; and I offered the box.

"O, it is not that; they are horrid—but it is not that. I wish you would not look at me so much—it puts me out."

I could not restrain a little laugh—for a moment forgetting my awful situation. The young men in the throes of composition started; and one of the examiners, shocked by my levity, gave me a terrible look.

"I beg your pardon, I am very sorry," I said, resuming my pen, and dashed off a short essay which I flattered myself would pass muster. I saw that my neighbor looked sadly at his production.

"I wonder what sort of stuff he has in that handsome brain-box of his," I speculated. "He has not much of a forehead; no matter, he might do for a hero all the same."

I spoke to him as we went out; and our way lying in the same direction, we talked about our chances of success as we went. We were joined by a mutual acquaintance, Jack Lowry, a medical student.

"I hope I did not spoil your essay, Mr. Litton."

"O no," he replied with a self-deprecia-tory shrug; "I never could write a decent essay; least of all could I do it under these circumstances. And you?"

"Pretty well," I replied; and we walked on chatting till we met a young lady in mourning, who turned out to be Litton's sister, and he left us and walked away with her.

"They are miserably poor," said Jack; "their father did not leave them a penny, I believe. Litton is fond of his sister, and will keep her if he gets an appointment. If not, she must seek a situation, for he can barely support himself by teaching. So you see, anxious as you are about this affair, he has more reason to be."

"Yes," I said, "my father is poor, but his home is still mine; and even if I fail, he will say I did my best."

"Indeed, I think your governor does believe in you; I wish mine did, and he would be more liberal," said Jack.

"Perhaps it is your own fault that he does not," I said.

"I dare say; but if I don't enjoy myself now, when shall I?"

"But if you should end like old Litton?"

"No, no; I hope to be one whose follies will cease with youth. Poor Litton! Do not be angry if I say I hope he will get a place. He wants it worse than you, Joy; he really does."

II.

Frank Litton and I leaped into an intimacy. I succeeded, and he failed; but that did not interfere with our rapidly growing friendship. He had a nomination for the next examination, and was reading up for it, and I assisted him in his studies. He was supporting himself by teaching. One day, on a country walk, he opened his mind to me, and told me all his affairs. He said he should not have minded the disappointment of losing the place if it had not been for his sister, as he was consequently obliged to part with her.

"What is she going to do?" I asked.

"In the County Wicklow there is a cousin of my mother's married to a gentleman of property, and they have kindly invited her to stay with them and look after the education of the little girls. There are two grown-up and two little ones, with boys between. She would rather stay with me—poor Nora!"

"Would she? Well, perhaps you may be in a position to take her back some day soon," I said; and we talked freely about our future prospects.

I liked Litton more the more I saw of him. He was amiable, modest, sincere, and companionable, and he seemed to have taken a great fancy to me. When Easter was approaching, we planned to take a brief excursion to the Wicklow Mountains; and in fact, on Easter Saturday we sallied forth with little knapsacks and sticks, in the most joyous frame of mind. Taking the train as far as Bray, we then dashed across the country, making for the mountains. We climbed the heath-covered Djonce, and ate our lunch on the summit, enjoying the magnificent prospect.

"This is delightful," said Litton. "We must have some more days like this in summer."

"Yes, and perhaps we might get some other friends to join us."

"I dare say; but I like this better. 'Two are company'—you know the adage."

"One or two choice spirits would not spoil our fun," said I.

"I do not know any one whose society I enjoy as much as yours, with whom I feel such perfect confidence," said Litton; "but I do not expect that you should feel the same with me; you are too much my superior in intellect to have the same pleasure in my society that I have in yours."

Of course I protested against Litton's excessive modesty (which was quite sincere), and told him that I was studying him for a hero for my novel, as a proof that I found him interesting.

He colored like a girl, and said: "How very absurd! I am such a commonplace sort of fellow."

"Supposing, for argument's sake, that I grant that, are not the majority of our fellow-men commonplace? It is the business of the novelist to make ordinary humanity interesting—not to seek for extraordinary and unnatural specimens. But you are not so commonplace as you imagine; every human being has an individuality more decided than the general world knows of; the delicate little traits and points of difference are only to be discovered on close examination."

"Am I under examination now?—poor me!" said Litton. "I never dreamed I was worth analyzing; I shall become quite conceited. Tell me some of the ingredients of which I am composed; the way I may learn to know myself."

"Not till I have completed my work. Come along; it will be night before we reach Roundwood; and perhaps if we are late the village inn may be closed, and so farewell to bed and supper."

"I have plenty for our supper, and I am much inclined to sleep here in the heather under the moon and stars."

"Delightfully poetic, but at this season of the year a little dangerous," I replied.

"I say, Joy," said Litton, as we trudged on our way to Roundwood, "if we have given up the Devil's Glen this time, could we not pay a visit to Ballymoyle, and see how my sister gets on? It is a beautiful road, and my cousin's place is pretty."

"But I am a total stranger to the family."

"Never mind; they will be glad to see so agreeable a stranger in this remote region."

"Very well; to-morrow afternoon we may set forth."

We slept that night at the inn of Roundwood; next morning being Easter, we attended church, and had a species of early dinner before starting on our journey. We did not know the road, and had to trust to making inquiries of any chance peasant that came the way. Some of these must have directed us wrong, or else we misunderstood their injunctions; for we had walked many miles more than we had calculated on, and still Ballymoyle was nowhere in view. Night was falling, and we were tired from our tremendous walk of the day before. On consultation, we decided to seek shelter in the first farm-house we met. And in fact, on encountering a woman with a child in her arms, we made inquiries of her, and found that she was in the service o a farmer and his wife who had gone to spend the Easter with friends, leaving herself and husband in care of the house. With some difficulty we persuaded this woman to give us lodging and something to eat.

It was a respectable two-story house, with a sitting-room at either side of the hall, and four bedrooms up-stairs. The woman and her husband occupied an apartment in the region of the kitchen, and there was no other inhabitant in the house except the two pedestrians who now sought shelter for the night. When we had partaken of some supper—home-made bread, cheese, eggs, and a jug of milk—the woman showed us our respective chambers, and said good night.

As I was winding my watch, Frank Litton came into my room to ask what time I should like to set out in the morning.

"What a glorious night!" I said, opening my window.

"Go to bed," said Litton; "we have to be up early. Good night, old fellow."

"Good night, Frank."

I extinguished my candle and sat down by the window, admiring the moonlit landscape, and delighting, as only a poor city student can delight, in the wild beauty of the scenery. I remembered, after a long reverie, in which I had sat still in that delicious dreamy state which only young people enjoy, my mind full of half-formed projects — I remembered that it was Easter Sunday, and I prayed that all succeeding Easters might find me with a heart as thankful for the blessings of providence, and as capable of appreciating the pure delights which nature affords.

I had just risen to my feet, when I heard the handle of my door turn. I drew back behind the curtain of the window. Some one entered cautiously. I flattened myself against the wall and held my breath. My idea was to wait till the robber was well into the room, then rush out to Litton's, which was opposite, and barricade the door. I peeped out cautiously. Oh heavens, what a sight! There stood Frank Litton, in his shirt, a look of deadly hate and fear on his pale face, a knife gleaming in his hand. He approached the bed, raised the knife with all his force, drove it, pulled it out, and stabbed again with demoniacal rage. I stood transfixed with horror; every blow seemed to have pierced my heart. When he was gone, an instinct of self-preservation made me lock my door. I sank into a chair in a sort of stupor. For some minutes I doubted my senses. Did I dream, or was I going mad? I did not dream, for I was standing when he entered; I was not mad, for there was his knife stuck to the handle in the feather bed. I threw myself down beside it in an agony of tears, and cried out to heaven that the world was composed of demons.

When it was near day, I thought I should decide on some plan of action. At first I thought of flying from the spot; but this seemed a cowardly course. I could not bring myself to denounce him; and finally decided, since my life had been spared, to drop him quietly, and bury the recollection of this night as a terrible dream. What was his motive? I asked myself over and over again. Revenge? But for what? I could think of nothing but that I had obtained the post for which we both had striven in fair contest. He had told me the day before that he was jealous-minded, and when I disputed it he replied, "Perhaps you know me better than I know myself." O, Nelson Joy! what an arrogant fool you were to think you could read the human heart! I said to myself bitterly. Well might the villain laugh at your pretensions, and fool you with his flattery. He must be a very Iago.

III.

I dressed early and went down to the parlor. Litton was not there. I went up and knocked at his door.

"Come in," said a clear, young voice. Yesterday, how pleasant it sounded; to-day, how hateful!

I entered the room with throbbing pulse. "Not up yet?" I said, holding the door handle, and looking at him as he lay in bed. He was pale, but quite composed.

"What time is it?" he asked, pulling the watch from under his pillow. "Seven o'clock; it is too late to go before breakfast. I don't know why I slept so long. Why didn't you call me?"

"You do not look well this morning," I stammered.

"I had a terrible dream," he said, running his fingers through his short curls.

"So had I—most horrible!"

"It must have been the cheese," said Litton.

As I stood looking at him, and wondering at the contrast of his outward beauty and his foul soul, I thought of a saying common with the country people where I was born: "Trust not a man, though he be your brother, whose whiskers and hair are not of

one color." A foolish saying, no doubt; but at that moment trifling things assumed an unwonted importance. Litton's hair was dark brown, and his downy mustache a bright auburn.

"What is the matter, Joy? Why do you look so strange?" he asked.

"I was thinking of something else," I said, shaking myself. "Suppose I order breakfast while you are dressing?"

I walked down-stairs in a dazed condition, hardly yet realizing what had happened since yesterday; but always conscious of a load of grief on my heart. Litton's unconscious air had given me strength and courage to pursue the plan that was least obnoxious to my feelings—that of ignoring the crime and separating peacefully.

"You eat nothing, Joy," said Litton, as we sat at the breakfast-table.

"I am not well," I replied.

"Indeed; perhaps the cheese disagreed with you."

"Perhaps so," I assented. My friend seemed to enjoy his breakfast, and when he had finished, I spoke with an effort.

"Litton, I do not intend to go to Ballymoyle."

"Not go to Ballymoyle! I thought it was all settled. Why have you changed your mind?"

"Because of a dream I had."

"A dream! You surely are not serious?"

"Yes," I affirmed resolutely; "I have been warned in a dream that danger, perhaps death, awaits me if I pursue this journey farther."

"You do astonish me. You are the last man of my acquaintance I should have supposed to be influenced by such superstitions."

"If Cæsar had been warned by his wife's dream, he might have escaped assassination."

"One dream in a million may presage something; but would you regulate your life by dreams?" asked Litton.

"Such arguments urged Cæsar to his death," I remarked.

"Why, Cæsar seems to have taken possession of you, Joy," said Litton, laughing. "I cannot see the resemblance between you—with all deference be it spoken."

"There is this much in common between 'the foremost man of all the world' and my insignificant self: I have a life to lose, which I would fain preserve, worthless though it be."

I spoke bitterly, for a moment forgetting the role I intended to play. Litton looked at me with surprise.

"My dear Joy, I did not mean to offend you; but it seems to me you attach too much importance to a trifle. You could not imagine that I could speak lightly of any real danger that threatened you?"

I made an effort to reply, but the words stuck in my throat. My embarrassment was not lost on him.

"Surely you do not suppose that I would make a laugh of your trouble—if trouble there was."

He came round the table to where I sat; his close proximity increased my agitation. In vain I tried to suppress it, and struggle to answer him; the words died away in an inarticulate murmur.

"Is it possible you doubt the sincerity of my regard?" persisted my persecutor.

I could hold up no longer; I dropped my head upon the table, and sobbed. I was only twenty-two, and had never yet been deceived.

"Nelson! my dear Nelson, what *is* the matter with you? What have I done to vex you? What in heaven's name could I have done to cause this grief?" and he seized my hand.

I shrunk from his touch, raised my head, and looked at him. No sign of guilt was on the smooth, young forehead; he met my gaze with unfaltering eye; in his face there was a hurt, perplexed expression.

"Have I unawares trodden on any feeling or prejudice of yours? If so, is it necessary to say I apologize? Speak out; what is it? I can't bear to see you look like that."

There were tears—actual tears—in his eyes. They were beautiful eyes—large, clear, brown—capable of the most winning expression; and there was such feeling looking out

of them now as almost beguiled me of my senses. He must be a wizard, I thought, as I recalled the face that had presented itself to my view the night before.

"The truth is, Litton, I am not myself to-day. I feel ill and depressed, so pray excuse me if my manner seems odd to you. You, of course, must go to see your sister, but I shall go home at once. I would be a wet blanket on you in my present state."

"If you are ill, Joy, I'll go with you."

"No; I would prefer to go alone," I said gloomily.

"O, in that case I will start at once."

He left the room with an offended air, and in a few minutes returned, ready for the road.

"I am sorry you won't come. I hope to find you in better health and spirits when I return."

"Thank you. Give my compliments to Miss Litton. I wish you a pleasant day."

With these formal words we parted; but Litton turned back at the door and offered his hand, which I could not refuse. I breathed more freely when he was gone.

With what different feelings did I traverse the road from those of yesterday! Then, I was full of joyous trustfulness in everybody; now, I suspected every man I met of being a possible murderer, and grasped my stick with a firmer hold when I passed a wayfarer. The beauty had gone even out of the landscape; what was grand and attractive yesterday seemed bleak and dreary to-day. I took a car at the first village I came to, drove to Bray, and arrived in Dublin towards evening.

The following day Litton returned and called on me. I had sufficiently mastered my feelings to treat him pretty much as usual. He was as friendly as ever; was so sorry I had not accompanied him to Ballymoyle—a delightful place, charming cousins, etc.

"I hope you found your sister well?"

"Very well indeed; she is quite content. My cousins were quite angry with me for letting you escape, having heard from Nora what a clever, charming fellow you are."

"Miss Litton is very kind: she sees me with her brother's partial eye," I said with a forced laugh, which grated on my own ears painfully.

"I must go now," said Litton; "if you are down town later will you look in on me?"

I said, "Perhaps"; but I did not go then or after. I received him civilly when he called, and pleaded business when he pressed me to accompany him. He became aware that I wanted to shake him off quietly, and determined not to let me do it. He entered my room one evening when I was reading.

"I hope I don't intrude," he said.

"Not at all"; and I shut my book.

"You have been so busy lately that I have seen very little of you."

"Yes, I have been busy," I assented.

"Nelson, let us be candid with each other. You have shown a disposition to avoid me the last couple of weeks. You are changed towards me, I see plainly. I want to know the reason of this?"

"Have I not said that I was busy?"

Litton saw through the transparent artifice.

"But I know there is another cause; there is some deeper reason for your changed demeanor. What is it?"

"You have all the answer I choose to give."

An angry flush overspread his face, and he exclaimed: "I knew you wanted to quarrel. Why, then, do you not say what is wrong between us, and let it be rectified? I might be able to explain."

"Really, Litton, I wanted no explanation; I have asked none."

"But *I* want an explanation," he answered hotly; "and it is not like a gentleman to refuse to say why you treat me so."

"Gently, Mr. Litton, do not excite yourself."

"I cannot help being excited. A sudden estrangement has arisen between us—I quite ignorant of the cause—and you treat me like a stranger."

I now saw it was necessary to put the case clearly.

"I treat you with civility as long as you do the same towards me; that is all you have a right to demand. Friendship and

confidence are not to be enforced at the point of the bayonet."

"Have I done anything to forfeit your confidence?" he asked, with an air of injured innocence which was peculiarly aggravating.

For one mad moment I thought I would confront him with the naked truth. But then, like a lightning flash, the thought darted through my mind of how this serpent would receive and meet the charge. He would say I had dreamed it—that I was a monomaniac—and perhaps go about destroying my reputation; and, to tell the whole truth, I also shrunk from the painful excitement of such a scene.

"Be satisfied," said I, looking at him with freezing coldness, "that if I have any such idea, rightly or wrongly, in my head, I will never impart it to another. Understand, once for all, that I will not be catechised. I do not know of any law which compels people to keep up every intimacy they may form in youth to the day of their death. Say I am fickle, heartless, cynical—what you will. There is no use in annoying yourself and me further."

He did not speak for a minute or two, and then said:

"I know you too well, Joy, to take that answer. Your indifference is put on to hide a sore. If I had a proper sense of my own dignity, I should go away without another word; but I like you too well to give up this last chance of an explanation. You have a grievance: in heaven's name, out with it."

Thus did the Devil tempt me to call him a murderer; but I resisted still, and remained silent.

"Have I humbled myself in vain?" he asked.

"I am sorry that you should have done so," I replied, "after I had given you plainly to understand that our intimacy was at an end."

"That is enough," said he. "I was resolved to leave nothing undone on my part. I will never trouble you again; but perhaps some day you will be sorry for the wrong you have done me."

IV.

A little more than a year after the conversation recorded in the last chapter, I was invited to spend a week at a small watering-place by my friend Jack Lowry, who had gone there with his family for the summer vacation. During that time Mrs. Lowry gave a picnic, and among the visitors who came from town to attend it was my former friend, Francis Litton. He cast a cloud over my enjoyment. I felt his presence like an evil genius. He tried to avoid me, however, as I did him. When we returned in the evening, and the other young men were preparing to go home, Mrs. Lowry invited Litton to stay all night, for he was a favorite with her as with ladies generally. When she asked him, I observed some confusion in his manner, and he promptly declined; but finally he yielded to her persuasions. As there were other visitors, I gave up my room that night, and had a bed in that of my friend Jack.

I had not been long asleep when I was startled by a hand being laid roughly on my shoulder, and saw Jack standing over me.

"Hush, don't speak! There is some one in the house. I heard a step on the stairs; take your stick and follow me."

We hastened down-stairs, and arrived in the hall just as somebody went out of the door. We ran after him, and as he walked on to the rocks overhanging the bathing-place, Jack called out, "Stop, you rascal!"

The man gave a start, a cry, and fell headlong over the rocks.

"By Jove, I fear he is killed!" he exclaimed.

"No, it is not high, and the sand is soft below," I said, swinging myself down over the rock, and dropping on all fours on the sand bank.

We carried the insensible form of a man home, and laying him on the dining-room sofa, we called up Mr. and Mrs. Lowry. Lights were brought, and when the blood and sand were washed off the face of the wounded man, to our astonishment we rec-

ognized the classic features of Francis Litton, fixed and rigid.

We had exhausted all our efforts to restore consciousness, when the patient opened his eyes. Jack raised his head while Mrs. Lowry put wine to his lips, but the movement caused him such pain, that he sank back with a deep groan. Jack then began to examine him to see what injury he had sustained, and the process seemed to cause him great agony.

"What is the matter? Is it serious?" asked Mr. Lowry.

"The shoulder is dislocated, and I fear there is some internal injury. I should like to have some other advice," said Jack.

"I should think so," said his father. "Go for a doctor at once."

"It is not so easy to get one. There is no resident doctor, and I don't know that Hamilton is not gone back to town."

"Then we must send to Bray for one; but first try is Hamilton here."

"Let me go, Jack," I said; "you stay with the patient."

The doctor came, found Litton seriously injured; and having administered all the relief in his power, he left directions with Jack, promising to return next day.

Jack staid by the sick-bed all night. I got up at daybreak, and found Mrs. Lowry in great anxiety. Litton was in a dangerous state, and Jack wished the doctor to be sent for before breakfast.

"Did he tell why he went out last night?" I asked eagerly.

"O yes: he was asleep, poor fellow!"

"Asleep?"

"He is a somnambulist. Since he was a child, he has had the habit of walking in his sleep when fatigued or excited. His sister told me when he lost the first examination he was so much disturbed about it that he used to walk about at night. One night she heard him in the sitting-room, and on going in to see what he was about, she found him with a candle lit, paper before him, and a pen in his hand, saying, 'Only one hour; only half an hour.' He attempted to write, but threw down the pen, exclaiming, 'It is no use, I'm beaten!'"

I had listened with intense interest to this account. The attempt on my life was explained, and a flood of remorseful feeling rushed over me as I thought of the poor fellow, suffering, perhaps dying, from the effects of the unhappy peculiarity which had deceived me. I begged to be allowed to sit up that night, promising to call Jack if there was any change in the patient. Litton was asleep when I took my place beside his bed, and slept for nearly two hours after; but he was restless and uneasy, moaning and muttering unfinished sentences. "Don't torture me! I have nothing to tell—nothing—nothing!" he shouted, and awoke. He looked round wildly, his beautiful eyes bright with fever, and asked for a drink.

"I had an awful dream," he said, as I gave him the glass and raised his head.

"It was only a dream, Frank; you are all right now."

He recognized my voice.

"Joy, what brought you here?"

"I came to take care of you to-night, Frank."

"It is kind of you, no doubt; but I would much rather you did not."

"Why, Frank," I began.

"I don't want that sort of kindness," he said; "it humiliates me. Just call to mind your words when we parted, Easter twelve months."

"My dear Frank, just listen to me. You said then that I should be sorry for my conduct to you some day: that day has arrived. I would give more then I can tell to efface it. I am here to ask your pardon."

"Is it—is it—because I am ill or dying?"

"No; I was laboring under a gross mistake, and have learned the truth. It has taken a load off my mind, and at the same time filled me with remorse. I cannot now explain it all, but I may tell you how anxious I am for your recovery, and how much I desire to atone."

He smiled and put out his hand.

"I knew you were mistaken, Nelson; that's why I pressed for your reasons. But what was it?"

"Don't ask me, dear Frank," I replied,

pressing his hand. "I cannot tell you now, but I must when you are well. It is always better to make a clean breast at any cost."

"Indeed it is. If you had only explained at the time, it would have saved me much trouble. I was very unhappy about the affair."

"Not half so much as I was, as you will see when I tell you the whole story."

"Tell me all now. I have been racking my brain continually to know what I had done; my conscience accused me of no fault towards you. Some one must have slandered me; and it is only common justice to tell me who it was."

"No one ever did to me; I could not have believed anybody—nothing but the sight of my eyes"—I stopped abruptly.

"The sight of your eyes? Pray explain."

"Not till you are better."

"Now—now! I insist. You have not treated me well in this matter, Nelson. You ought to have given me the chance I prayed for so earnestly of an explanation."

"I own it—heaven only can know with what sorrow and shame!"

"Do not torture me any longer with conjectures; if I must die, let my mind be at rest on this question."

I could not resist longer.

"You know, Frank, that you are given to sleep-walking," I said.

"Yes, unhappily, or I should not be here now."

"Do you remember Easter Sunday night at the farm-house near Ballymoyle?" I asked.

"Yes, yes."

"Have you any recollection of having left your room that night?"

"None. I do remember a terrible dream—a desperate struggle with a sort of Mephistopheles, who wanted to steal my soul, and my only chance of escape was to kill the fiend."

"Well, suppose you took me for Mephistopheles, and that I had never heard of your somnambulism, and that when I saw you enter my room late at night, and stab a knife through the bed—which luckily was tenantless, or I should not be here to tell the tale—"

"Ó my God! can this be true?" he exclaimed, grasping my arm, and looking into my face. "Did you believe me to be a murderer?"

"Forgive me, Frank, forgive me! I can hardly ever forgive myself. I am ashamed to look you in the face."

"But after all, I cannot blame you; what could you think, seeing what you did? No, no; I have no right to blame you. Give me your hand. There, let it all be forgotten, like a horrible nightmare which in truth it was. Now I understand your inexplicable conduct that morning. I would have given much to have extracted the truth from you then and afterwards. In fact, I have never really changed towards you."

Litton had uttered the last words in a very feeble voice, and as he ceased, an ashy paleness overspread his face, and his head fell back. "He is dying," I said; "the agitation has killed him."

A thrill of horror ran through me, and with all the tenderness I was capable of I raised his head on my arm and put the drink to his lips. I felt like a murderer; and I never experienced such a sense of relief as when he looked up with a grateful smile and said, "I am better." I put my lips to his forehead.

"Live, dear Frank, and there is nothing I will not do to atone for the wrong I have been guilty of."

"No more of this. I will not hear another word of self-reproach. Whether I live or die, be satisfied that my regard for you is unchangeable."

Frank recovered, and we have been more than friends—brothers all our lives.

G. S. Godkin.

PUTTING IN THE SUMMER PROFESSIONALLY.—II.

THE three succeeding months were filled with many new and novel experiences. I had never taught before, and did not know exactly how to commence. The district, moreover, had just been organized, and I was the first teacher. Everything was crude and primeval. There was not even a schoolhouse yet. Down by a little lake in the heart of a wood, an abandoned log cabin had been designated for this purpose, and here I was told to organize my flock. Furniture there was none. We rolled in logs for the children to sit on, and my throne consisted of an empty syrup-keg. Empty, I say, although the thing had a way of rising with me at times—especially on hot days—which induced doubts upon this point. The woodpeckers had bored so many holes in the shake roof that it became necessary to pile brush on top to keep out the sunlight, and my big girls stuffed wild grasses and fern leaves into the glassless and solitary window-sash at one end of the structure. Immediately in front of the door, which was massive and never shut, lay the wreck of an immense steel trap which the former occupant of the place had used for catching grizzlies, and just beyond it, nailed high up against the trunk of an oak, were the spreading antlers of a buck.

I soon found out, in fact, that my lot was cast among a race of hunters. The larger boys had a way of sauntering down to school in the morning with shot-guns and rifles on their shoulders, and the grand "stack arms" in the cow-shed would have done credit, on occasions, to an Oakland military company. This kind of business made me a little nervous at first, although I soon became accustomed to it, and even carried a gun myself before the term was finished.

Fortunately for me, there were no arms in sight on the first morning, else I should have taken to the brush like a quail. Since my adventure with Stumpit, I had largely lost confidence in things terrestrial, and held myself in readiness to shy on the slightest provocation. There were three or four boys in my class—wirey, muscular mountaineers, who could have whipped me easily in the event of war. One of them had already killed his man—an Indian, in a sheep-herder's quarrel—and was looked up to as a hero by his admiring companions. There were likewise two or three buxom lasses in my flock who took no back seat—as I afterwards found out—when it came to a question of muscle and grit. Two of them were very pretty, and I was secretly in love with them during the whole term, but never dared to say so for fear some of the young bucks in the neighborhood would murder me. Besides, I could not decide in my own mind which one I preferred. So I concluded to preserve my dignity, and that silence which, if not always golden, is most frequently discreet.

There were, all told, about thirty youngsters in my school, varying in age from six to twenty years. Most of them came down on horseback, and it would have done you good to hear them whooping in the cañons and screaming through the woods as they came and went. For a long time their movements were a mystery to me. They seemed to spring up in the morning like wild things from the bushes, and disappear at night in the same marvelous manner. I could not see any houses anywhere, or any signs of human habitation; and but for my limited knowledge of woodcraft I should have believed that they lived in the forest like blue jays.

All this mystery, however, was destined to be made clear, for my contract provided that I should "board around." How much this means can only be understood by the man of vast and varied experiences. To me it meant that I should learn all the sheep-trails and hidden paths through the hills;

that I should make the acquaintance of busy housewives, diversified babies, and suspicious dogs; that I should know everybody's business, and eat all kinds of food; that I should sleep in strange places and in strange company; and that I should learn to go to bed in the dark, and dress like lightning in the nick of time on the following morning. The acquirement of this latter accomplishment gave more trouble than all the others. The homes of my patrons were simple and rustic. Few of them contained over two rooms, most of them but one. When bed-time came, the men folks would withdraw to the corral or go out a little way into the brush, upon which the women would retire and put out the lights. It then behooved the masculine biped to sneak in and undress himself in the dark. It was a delicate and trying ordeal for a timid man —one requiring blind faith in providence and an intimate knowledge of the topography of the room. Subdued giggles would occasionally reach his ears as he struggled with a boot or stumbled over a chair; and on one occasion which the writer recalls, there was a wild outburst of fiendish female laughter when the schoolmaster's bed went down with a crash. I am morally certain that those young women manipulated that bed in such a manner that it would fall upon being occupied, but they never had the grace to acknowledge their guilt.

If going to bed, however, was surrounded with such difficulties and dangers, the act of rising was not less perilous. Woe be to the young man who slept with his face turned from the wall! The women rise first in this mountain land, and early in the dim dawn they cast an eagle eye about to see that the coast is clear. Turn over, young man, and go to sleep, or some one will dextrously toss a horse-blanket or a sheep-skin over your face; and then, when the old woman has gone down to the spring and the girls are out milking the cows, you rustle around and get into your clothes, for you may not have another chance. These rosy lasses have a streak of humor in their composition, and sleepy fellows have been known to stay in bed until noon before they could "clear"—all because they failed to embrace the early opportunity given.

After getting fairly under way with my school, all went well for several weeks. There appeared to be no insubordination or disposition to give me trouble on the part of my pupils, and everywhere I was greeted with cordiality by the bluff mountaineers when I met them in their homes or on the roads. One morning, however, on going down to the school-house a little earlier than usual, I was surprised to find the great oaken door closed and barred. Tethered here and there in the bushes were the horses of most of the pupils, but not a child was in sight, and perfect stillness reigned in the little clearing. This was such an unusual state of affairs that my suspicions were at once aroused that some mischief was on foot. Going closer, I attempted to open the door. A wild shout of laughter immediately went up from the assembled youngsters on the inside.

"Open the door," I commanded.

"Hi yi! Whoop la! Open it yourself!" came back the response.

Peering in through a crack, I could see the larger boys and girls on guard at the window and door, both of which were strongly barricaded, while the younger children were huddled together and frightened in the corners. For some little time I was undecided how to act. Should I attempt to enter by force with these odds against me, or go for assistance?

Should I consider this matter as a serious breach of discipline, or give the boys a tussle and let the thing go as a joke?

Of one thing I was certain: if I did not conquer now I should lose prestige, and probably all control of the school. Upon the outcome of this affair depended not only my future influence, but my ability to remain in the district. To go for help would cause them to despise me. Better make a square fight and get whipped.

First, however, I would try parley. But parley would not work. They flatly refused

to come out or open the door unless I should declare the day a holiday and send a boy down to Lower Lake to purchase a supply of nuts and candies as a peace-offering.

This I would not do. The latter part of the condition I could not do if I would, because of financial stress. So war was determined upon.

Going back into the woods a little way I procured a stick—the heaviest I could carry—and charged the butt end of it with all my force against the window barricades. The splinters flew and there was a whoop of defiance from within. Again and again I charged it, and then there was a crash, and I could see that the old wagon-bed which they had braced up against the window on the inside had gone down. Springing instantly into the opening, I succeeded in getting my body half-way through, when I was met by a dozen arms, and a lively skirmish took place on the sash, nearly breaking me in two. As a result, I was violently expelled, my coat was split up the back to the collar, and my hat remained in the hands of the enemy.

In the second round I directed my battering-ram against the door. For a while it resisted my best endeavors, and the boys on the inside were laughing in derision, when a luminous idea struck me. Extending out over the school-house was a limb of the oak tree to which reference has already been made in this article. To throw a rope over this branch and suspend my battery was a very simple matter, and I soon had a ram at work which made the old log house tremble. Bang, bang, bang it went; the door began to groan and grumble; the younger children screamed with terror, and the older ones yelled in unison; and then came a grand splintering, and before the dust cleared away, I was standing in the middle of the school-room in triumph. Immediately three or four of the large boys seized me, and a desperate struggle took place. There was no disposition to strike blows on either side, but the boys were bent on putting me out of the building, and I was equally determined to stay in. Although overpowered from the start, it was still possible for me to make a very respectable resistance, and the combined enemy did not succeed in evicting me until my clothing was pretty much all torn off, and a number of scratches, bruises, and bloody noses testified to the intensity of the struggle.

My breath was now exhausted, and I sat down to take a rest. The boys in the mean time had replaced the fallen door and cut down my battering-ram. During the fracas most of the smaller children had escaped to the woods, and I could see their scared little faces peeping into the clearing from the surrounding circle of trees and bushes. While thinking the matter over, and wondering if it would not be a good idea to hitch a horse to one corner of the building and pull it down, a little girl approached very timidly from the direction of the school-house, and handed me a scrap of paper.

"Nancy Clark put this through a crack," she said, "and told me to give it to you."

I opened and read as follows:

"Git in at the winder; we will help you.

"NANCY."

"This would seem to indicate," I thought, "that I have friends in the garrison." The "we" was somewhat indefinite, it is true, but it certainly meant more than one. "If I can effect another lodgment in that shanty," I argued, "and there are two persons on the inside who will stand by me—male or female—we can hold the fort."

Approaching cautiously from a blinded corner, I peered through a crevice at the rebel crew inside. All told, they were nine—five boys and four girls. The boys, I noticed, were guarding the door, while the window was left to their female companions. This latter had not been barricaded since I demolished the wagon-bed, my early repulse at that point having led them to the conclusion that it was not necessary. Nancy stood nearest to the opening, her face flushed with excitement, and her lithe, graceful figure as alert as a cat. Around her were grouped the other girls—no doll-faces, by the way, but healthy, rosy lasses with plenty of firm,

shapely muscle; girls who could handle a rifle or an ax, ride a mustang or lasso a steer.

"If these radiant creatures," I thought, "have concluded to desert the rebel cause and join my standard, I will win this battle yet."

I was ungallant enough to have some doubts as to their fidelity; but reflecting that I had nothing to lose and everything to gain by so powerful an alliance, I resolved to throw myself into their hands. Procuring an immense club, I renewed my assault on the door with all the vigor at my command. To demolish it without the aid of the swinging battery I knew was impossible, but another purpose was shaping itself in my mind. When satisfied that the attention of the garrison was fully fixed upon the door, I suddenly dropped the club, and slipping quietly around the building, sprung into the open window and down into the arms of my Amazonian friends before a masculine hand could be raised to stop me.

The scene which now ensued was the liveliest, I ween, that the old log school-house ever witnessed. The boys made a dash for me, but the girls rallied to the defense like Spartan heroes, and gallantly stood off the assault.

"Open the door," some one shouted, "and we will drag him out."

The door was opened, but the dragging-out process did not follow. Securely intrenched in a corner with four gritty girls to defend me, I was prepared to defy the county. I even wished that I had Stumpit there. Now that my hand was in and my support was so excellent, I felt sure of our ability to soundly trounce him. For half an hour the struggle lasted, and then everybody was out of breath. Taking advantage of the lull in the storm, I mounted the syrup-keg to make a speech.

"Boys," I said, "you have done nobly, but your sisters are better men than you are."

"Hooray for the gals!" shouted a bare-legged urchin near the door.

"I think," I continued, "that we have had fun enough. Let's call this thing quits, and get back to work."

"You ain't mad, then?" queried one of the rebels, an active youth of about sixteen, who had taken a leading part in the revolt. There was something in the gravity with which the question was put that excited my risibility; but before I could frame a reply the head of the syrup-keg caved in, and I came to the floor amid a general laugh.

"Hooray for the teacher!" shouted the bare-legged youth; and a chorus of whoops and approving yells greeted the proposition.

The tide had now turned completely in my favor, and all resistance was at an end. At my suggestion the boys put the room in order, the little ones were called in from the brush, and studies were resumed. When the noon-hour came, I noticed Nancy and several of the other girls holding a whispered conversation under the trees; and then one of the boys was mounted on a swift pony and hastily dispatched over the mountain trail. Three-quarters of an hour later he returned with a bundle on his saddle, and I was waited upon by a select committee of young ladies, and requested to accept the loan of a suit of Pete Blethen's Sunday clothes until they could repair my own badly dilapidated garments. They asked, furthermore, that I would repair at once to the woods and make the exchange, as they were provided with needles and thread, and proposed to put my wardrobe in order without further delay.

This consideration was indeed most timely, for my condition was pitiable. I was literally torn to pieces, and had to tie things up with a bale-rope; so I accepted the proffered apparel with deepest gratitude. Pete Blethen was a larger man than I am. There was room, as one of the boys remarked, for a bale of hay inside my waistband after I had donned his unmentionables; but this was a matter of slightest consequence under the present stress of weather. Anything was better than rags; and Pete Blethen's suit, with its sleeves rolled up a foot, a double reef in the back, and the pants tucked into my boots, was a vast improvement on fig-leaves and bale-rope.

It took the girls most of the afternoon to sew me up, and in the mean time but little pretense was made of keeping school. So the youngsters had their holiday, after all; but I don't know who had more fun out of it—they or I. The candies and nuts demanded were missing, but these I furnished on another occasion; and the store-keepers in Lower Lake wondered what I was going to do with so much rubbish. I am really under the impression that I exhausted the confectionery supply of that thriving town.

On the morning after the fracas I found that the boys had been down to the school-house during the night and repaired the door. They had also improvised a desk for my use out of the old wagon-bed, and everything was swept up and stored away in the nicest order. From that day forward I had not the slightest trouble. My every wish was law, and a happier little community would be hard to find in all the wilderness. The three months of my brief term slipped quickly away, and then the last day came. I was not a hardened sinner in those times, and this, to me, was a trying ordeal. You may smile if you will, O cynical reader, but if you had seen those big boys, who so shortly before were bent on tossing me out of the window, sitting around the room blubbering like babies; if you had seen the grief of the girls, and the affection of the little ones who came for the last time to clamber over me and fill my hat rim full of wild things; if you had learned to know them as I knew them, and then a black day came when you must say good by and go away—I am quite sure you would have seated yourself on that log beside me and cried too.

A few days before the closing of my school, a letter reached me from the Doctor, which said, among other things: "Meet me at Lower Lake on the 5th. I am on my way home from Yreka, and have a job for you."

My first impression was, of course, that he wished to initiate me again into the dentistry business. Imagine my surprise, therefore, on joining him at the appointed time, to find that he had abandoned his dental outfit some where in the north, and was now on his way to Sacramento with a drove of hogs. He was the dustiest-looking pirate I had seen for many a day. So far as color was concerned, I could hardly tell him from the two Indians he had along to help drive.

"So this is the job you offer me," I remarked, an hour or so after we had exchanged greetings.

"Yes: I propose to make you chief of the band."

It was vain to argue. I held that it was not dignified or becoming in two professional gentlemen to walk behind a drove of hogs from Lower Lake to Sacramento. We should lose social caste by such an act, and be mistaken for butchers. But all my fine logic went to the winds. It was evidently decreed that my glittering career as a mountain school-master should be rounded off and perfected by a two weeks' apprenticeship as hog-driver. So I accepted the inevitable, and fell graciously into line.

It is not my purpose, however, on this occasion, to describe to you the vicissitudes and adventures of that memorable trip. You will be interested in knowing that it was not a pleasure excursion. No loitering now in green pastures or beside the still waters; no gentle dalliance under summer moons or vagabond slumberings in fragrant hay-stacks. It was solid work—tramp, tramp, tramp, all day in the dusty wake of a villainous band of unromantic porkers; and at night, lonely vigils to keep off the coyotes and prevent the hogs from scattering.

Our course led us down through the cañon of Cache Creek into the Berryessa valley. Here a burning field of stubble stampeded the band one day, and it took us half a week to get it together again. They went to the thirty-two points of the compass, and we only recovered them, by twos and threes from the surrounding grain fields, at the cost of immense labor and patience. One night we reached the town of Woodland, and were just securing our drove in a friendly corral, when some one rode up and said:

"Hello, old fellow, what are you doing here?"

It was Harry King, my old school-fellow of Brayton College days. We had studied verbs from the same Latin grammar, and Fred Campbell once bumped our heads together for smuggling a cat into the class-room. The boy had recognized me somehow through all my disguise of dust and overalls, and put out his hand in hearty greeting. I introduced the Doctor, and then King insisted upon our going home with him. It was useless to protest. His mother and sisters would never forgive us if we went by without calling.

"But, Harry," I insisted, "see the plight we are in. Your mother would not allow us to come in at the front gate if she should see these rigs."

But no refusal would be accepted. Dust and all, we must come along, and come at once, for it was about supper-time.

You should have seen the surprise of Mrs. King when Harry marched us into her elegant back parlor. She evidently mistook us for tramps, and started to say something about "taking them round the back way," when I spoke, and she recognized me. The young ladies came in a few moments later, and then we had a big laugh. A most delightful evening followed. Supper over, we adjourned to the parlor, and the Doctor, begrimed and bedeviled as he was, had the audacity to sit down on Miss Kate's delicately covered piano-stool and sing a song. He had a fine voice, and knew something of music; but as he sat there chanting about the "dove upon the mast," and "my love he stood at my right hand," I had to laugh in his face. He looked like a buccaneer at a christening.

When bed-time came, we were ushered by Miss Kate into a cozy upper room, and left to ourselves with many kindly admonitions to call for anything we wanted, and make ourselves perfectly at home. The room was evidently that occupied by the young ladies. How clean and sweet everything was—the white curtains at the windows, the towels, and the toilet-stand! Only a woman's touch could make a room look like this. And the bed! It was white as snow, and there was lace on the pillow-slips, and a touch-me-not air of purity about it that spoke volumes.

"Doctor," I said, "I won't sleep in that bed."

"Nor I either," he answered; "it would be sacrilege."

So we curled up on the floor in the bay-window and pulled a rug over us; and those gentle ladies have never learned until this day how we managed to make up that bed so neatly on the following morning.

A few more weary days in the hot sun, and our tramp was ended. At Sacramento there were barber-shops and bath-houses and rest; and if you had seen the Doctor splurging around on the fair grounds a week later with a plug hat on, accompanied by a slender youth in green kid gloves, you never would have dreamed that the two had been putting in the summer with such utter disregard of the proprieties.

D. S. Richardson.

A PROUD WOMAN.

John Vandor's sky had always been cloudless. He had seen life through a rose-lined haze, and had walked rough-shod over its meadow bloom. Naturally he forgot or never knew that somewhere and sometimes there were sodden paths to tread, that the meadow bloom turned to rustling broom stalks, and the sky to "an under-roof of doleful gray." He was sunshiny because he had never peered into the shadows. To have a purse well filled without knowing who fills it, to open your hand for a gift of fortune and have it drop in carelessly, to win love without seeking it—in short, to play

at living is pleasant occupation, but very poor discipline. Perhaps John Vandor was a trifle selfish, in spite of his inexhaustible good nature, his intelligence, his invariable "good form."

Agnes Earle was the sort of girl men call dashing and women — out of respect to their own preferences — dare not classify. She had dark and unreadable eyes, matched to a shade by a profusion of crinkled hair, and set off by long, almost curly lashes—lashes that would have made the Sistine Madonna a half coquette. Her complexion was that rich, deep, yet perfectly clear olive one sees more often in the best Spanish portraits than in American life. From remote ancestors she had perhaps Spanish blood in her veins. In figure she was neither so tall as Diana nor so mature as Juno; neither lithe nor willowy describe her exactly, though either may help to indicate the subtle something in her carriage which made her as graceful in movement as in repose, in speech as in silence, in alert attention as in self-saturated reverie. Indeed, Agnes Earle would have been almost beautiful if she had had no other charm than the wonderfully pretty hands which had made John Vandor fall half in love with her when they first met, and had helped to persuade him that he loved her ever after.

Vandor was not exactly handsome. He was fine-looking. One could not but admire his physique, and one could not help noticing, in looking him full in the face, that he had brains.

These two began by liking each other somewhat blindly and altogether unreasonably. He liked in her the brilliance and dash of her style, the suggestive fluency of her small talk, and above all, her compelling beauty. She liked in him a certain strength, a certain suggestion of restrained power, which seemed to underlie his obvious conceit and his superficial empiricism of thinking; and she liked his open-handedness, his big, brave ways, his love of dogs and horses and of "all outdoors."

These young people were second cousins, but they had not met or known much of each other until he was a man of twenty-six and she a woman of nineteen. He had come to California for no good reason—for no reason. One Saturday afternoon, after a week of most comprehensive "doing" of San Francisco, he walked into Richard Earle's study at Berkeley, bearing a note of introduction from Cousin Mary, who lived in Albany. He found a bronzed grizzly, curt and gruff, who scowled him a dubious welcome without rising.

"How long have you been in this State, young man?" asked the host.

"Just ten days—two in Sacramento, eight in San Francisco."

"Are you broke?"

"Do you mean out of funds?" asked the guest, smiling in spite of himself.

"I mean broke—b-r-o-k-e; busted, p'r'aps you say. Came here to borrow?"

"No, thank you. I came to pay you my respects, and wish you a very good day." And second cousin Vandor, turning on his heel, quietly left the room.

In the hall he was arrested by the unmistakable rustle of feminine drapery, just in time to avoid a collision with a lady.

"I beg your pardon," he said rather stiffly.

"Have you been quarreling with papa?"

The young lady smiled while she asked the question, and all the stiffness had gone from his voice as he replied: "Not exactly; I am a cousin of your father's—of yours too, by the way—and I had come to be very civil to my relative. Your father thought I had come to borrow money."

He had forgotten his anger; forgotten that he ought to have been in full retreat.

"Come back with me, and let me explain. I'll make him apologize. Our cousin must not go away in such a fashion, with the afternoon sun about to go down upon his wrath. I don't wonder you were angry; but then, 'twas only father."

"Your cousin had much rather accept the family apology from *you*," said Vandor, laughing. "However, I'll go back, and try and explain that I'm not 'broke.'"

Agnes led the way, and marched straight

to her father's side. She bent and kissed him lightly, and then standing directly in front of him, she shook at him one taper finger, saying, with an inimitable drawl: "Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Why didn't he come here at once, then," snarled the bronzed grizzly.

"Ah, ha! and that's the reason you send our cousin away with your awful bluntness. Now please understand, Da"—she called him "Da"—"that I shall permit no such high-handed acting. Come here, cousin, and notice how meekly he shakes hands."

By this time both men were laughing, and Agnes smiled complacently and left the room. The second cousins masculine shook hands, and the elder soon became interested in news from his old home. When Miss Earle re-entered the room, an hour later, she saw that the cousins were on the best of terms with each other, and judiciously invited the young man to go out on the porch with her and watch one of their show sunsets. "Judiciously" means that the wise young woman did not intend that the others should have a chance to become bored with each other.

From being a mere looker-on in Vienna, Vandor became enamored of "our glorious climate," and resolved, with the calm, far-seeing discretion of twenty-six, to invest the major portion of his fortune in California securities. Fortunately, Richard Earle was a wise mentor. No one knew the ins and outs of San Francisco trade better than he; and Vandor managed to steer clear of Pine Street, and locked most of his money into the walls of a big bonded warehouse. From being enamored of our State and our climate, it was easy enough to fall in love with one of our loveliest girls; and before their knowledge of each other had lasted a year, Agnes made herself believe that she loved him well enough to become his wife; and all this with the full consent of gruff Richard Earle.

At a point on the lowest shelf of the Berkeley foothills, about midway between the South Hall of the University and the grounds of the State Institute for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind is a covered cistern, in which is gathered the outflow of a dozen mountain springs. This point is the vantage ground of a superb outlook. To the south, the farthest visible horizon is marked by the rounded shoulders of Loma Prieta, ten miles southwest of San Jose. To the north, in the farthest discernible distance, are the low hills between Petaluma and Santa Rosa, a waving line of deepest indigo at the base of the blue sky. There are three evenings in October and three in April, when, looking from Berkeley, the sun sets directly behind the Farallones, and against its exaggerated and distorted disk the curious clusters of black rocks stand out like silhouettes.

It lacked less than an hour of sunset when Agnes climbed to the little knoll and stood beside the queer, cone-shaped cistern roof. The fair scape of land and sea and sky unrolled like a scroll from her very feet, west and south and north.

A little path meandered at an upward angle around a southerly curve in the broad hillside. Along this path came a young man, with a dog at his heels and a gun under his arm. It was John Vandor, trudging home from a contraband sally after unlawful wing-shots. Agnes did not heed his approach, and he leaned against the fence scarcely a rod away, with the dog at his feet and a cigar in his mouth.

It is idle to try and attain the impossible—to put into accurate thinking and tangible words the loveliness of that evening scene. Looking due south, over the apparently perfect level of Oakland and Alameda, the southern arm of the bay, which gleams under the morning sun like a narrow silver ribbon that a boy might jump across, was a river of indigo, with scarcely a visible ripple on all its surface. A wall of smoke arose above the houses of the city; its base in gloom, its coping lighted with yellow flame.

"I like it, Agnes; do you?"

Agnes turned at the sound of his voice, and there was a trace of dissatisfied surprise in her tones of welcome.

The young man would have been dull indeed if he had not noticed, and spiritless

if he had not been piqued. "You surely don't wish to keep the picture quite to yourself, do you?"

"No, it was the immediate foreground only that I cared to monopolize."

"Cared is past tense, Agnes."

"Care, then."

"'Care then' isn't grammar."

She looked at him disdainfully for an instant, and then looked another way.

"You will be sorry for this sometime," the young man said, quietly but very gravely. If I have offended you, let me know how; I'm always ready enough to apologize, am I not?"

"Too ready."

"Too ready?"

"Yes. I am as tired of this interminable scene-making as you can possibly be—this 'kiss and make up' condition of affairs. We are engaged; we have exchanged vows and rings and sophistries—"

"Sophistries?"

"Yes; have we not declared over and over again that we love each other above all else? It is a—an error. Each of us loves his own way better than sweetheart or lover. Is it not so?"

"For you, possibly: not for me."

If she had looked more closely at him as she spoke, she would have noticed that his face wore an expression she had never before seen. John Vandor's forehead carried a frown as black as the shadows of the forest hillsides above San Pablo, and there was the precise sort of glitter in his brown eyes that the usual fictionist describes as "baleful." But she did not notice; and when he said, slowly and almost painfully, as if every word cost him a moment of physical pain, "Do you want your freedom back again, Agnes?" she answered him, with the defiant ring of assured proprietorship in her lark-like voice: "Why, yes, for a while, if you please."

"It shall be until you please to tire of it," was all he said.

He strode down the hillside slope without a single good by, and she continued to stand with a scornful smile, while the afterglow faded out of the sky. But the smile faded with the waning flush in the western skies, and with the darkness came a sudden dread —a dread she had not known or dreamed of. "Will he ever come back?" she thought. "Will he?" she said aloud. An obtrusive hoot-owl screeched a shrill reply, and the proud girl found it anything but reassuring.

She had been so sure of John Vandor's love, had taken it so for granted, that no daring seemed too great. She had thought it did not greatly matter how courtship fared, since marriage would be master on the morrow. She was prepared to be to her husband all that a wife ought to be; but to abate one jot of her freedom in compliance to her betrothed—that was another matter.

The morrow came and the morrow's morrow; but John Vandor did not come with them. One day Agnes went to her father's study. In her eyes were unwonted tears. She told him everything. He waited until she stopped crying; then he said—and, though the words were the words of Richard the bear, the tones of his voice had in them all the tenderness of the father—"It will serve you right if you two never meet again; but you will."

The whistle of the midnight locomotive startled the echoes asleep in the Madera freight-house: in the freight-house, because there was nothing else in Madera big enough to harbor an echo. First-class passengers sleep aboard trains on the first stage of the Yosemite trip. Richard Earle had been asleep in his section three hours. What to him was the mellow moonlight that shone on an ocean of yellowing grain? But for Richard Earle's traveling companion there was no sleep while that moonlight lasted. It was to Agnes a new glamour; and of glamour she had had but little in the two years then past. She was a proud girl, and braver than most; but the prolonged and unexplained absence of her lover had been no passing grief. If the world did not suspect—if even her father did not fully know—the brown eyes of John Vandor would have winced for his unforgivingness could he have looked into hers for a glance's span. Ill she was not; sad

she was not. But in her eyes was a weary look that the world never noticed, and beneath her vigorous health was a nervous, craving unrest that even her father never saw.

When the train drew up to the station, Agnes still sat in her open section, peering with longing eyes into wonderland. Half an hour after the train had settled itself for the night, a tall girl in brown linen and Cruikshank sunshade was walking alone down the track towards Merced, with her feet in the fairy light (and the cinder dust of the uneven road-bed), following the waning moon.

"I wonder if it would be imprudent as well as improper to go to sleep in the wheat, Ruth-like and romantic?"

She spoke aloud, but nothing in the profound stillness answered her. The moon had touched the far horizon, silvering the crest of the west side-hills. Despite herself, the girl was a trifle tired and very sleepy.

"Are there poppies in the wheat?" she asked herself, smiling. "What if I go to sleep for just five minutes, who shall say me nay—or care?"

It was a long five minutes. The first meadow-lark staid his shrill matins lest he should waken her; and a tall young man on a piebald mare checked his gallop with startled abruptness to see a woman's figure in a linen dress, asleep—or dead—by the supervisor's highway.

The piebald mare stood still, nibbling the milky wheat. The young man approached the recumbent folds of linen, half hidden under the Cruikshank hat. Quite as a matter of course he knelt beside her, and gently pushed back the broad brim of the big hat. The first ray of the rosy morning fell upon the sleeping face. The eyes of the young man opened their widest in recognition. Then the eyes of the young woman opened also, only to close again as she murmured something he could not catch. He bent more near. Surely, it was in a dream she spoke:

"And you have come back to me at last —to hear me say I am sorry."

You ask, Where was her woman's pride, that she gave him back her freedom without the asking? That, young gentlemen and misses, is something no one may answer for any one else.

Perhaps Richard the bear was not so phenomenally cool as he looked when he said to truant and captor an hour later, "Where the deuce have you two been, anyhow?"

Ralph S. Smith.

LOVE DEATHLESS.

Who claims that death is one cold, endless sleep
Has never felt love's gladness in his soul,
Has never made a woman's heart his goal,
Nor from red lips a harvest tried to reap.
Why should we love, if graves are made to keep
Body and spirit in their calm control,
While waves of pulseless slumber o'er us roll,
And centuries unheeded by us sweep?
Who solves the mystery held by one sweet kiss,
Who reads the song that shines in brilliant eyes,
Who gathers wisdom from warm, fragrant breath—
He makes eternal life and beauty his;
He garners all the glory of clear skies;
He lives secure above the call of death.

Thomas S. Collier.

UNCERTAINTIES OF SCIENCE.

So much is said on every hand about scientific proof and the scientific method and scientific certainty, and disputants so often attempt to silence one another by denouncing the argument of their opponents as unscientific, that one would suppose science to be all certainty. On the contrary, the so-called science of the present day, so far as it relates to the actual facts and laws of nature, is almost wholly devoid of certainty, and scientific men themselves are the first to disclaim infallibility for their views. Scientific men pride themselves on always being ready to learn. The most that any of the students of physical science claim is, that their observations are *approximately* correct, and that the conclusions drawn from these observations are *highly probable.* The field of absolute certainty is limited to a few self-evident truths, and to those personal experiences of which we have immediate knowledge. I am certain that one and one make two, that there is more than one color upon the printed page before me, and that the letters are arranged in intelligible order. I am certain that I ought to love my neighbor; but I am not certain whether love to my neighbor requires that I should feed him or flog him, whether I should vote the Democratic ticket or the Republican. I do not certainly know whether the writer of the sentence before me was sane or insane, dishonest or truthful. I am not certain that the two half-bushels before me will make a bushel, for I am not sure that either of the units is an exact half-bushel.

Scientific uncertainty begins with the facts of observation from which conclusions are drawn. It is not safe to repose with unqualified confidence in any man's testimony —not even our own. If to our vision a star looks double, it may be because there is a tear in our eye. If the mountain looks near at hand, it may be because the sky is unusually clear. If the object at which we are gazing does not look green, it may be because we are color-blind. If the room feels warm, it may be because we are feverish. The report given to our minds by physical objects is not the straightforward, simple story of a single witness, but one in which many voices blend. The loudness of the sound which we hear when a cannon is fired depends upon the size of the charge, upon the distance separating us from it, upon the state of the atmosphere, and upon the acuteness of our hearing apparatus, which in turn may depend upon the question whether we have a cold in the head or not. The first, and oftentimes the most difficult, task of the scientific man is "to sugar off his evidence," and find out what the facts really are. An observer, for instance, says he saw a crow. Did he really see a crow, or only something that looked like a crow? Professor Watson says, that during an eclipse he saw a planet between Mercury and the sun. The astronomers are still discussing whether he really saw a planet, or something that looked like a planet. A number of honest sea-captains affirm that they have seen a sea-serpent. Who knows what they really saw? Fossil footprints of some kind are found on the rocky floor of the back yard of Carson prison. Are they human footprints, or do they only look like human footprints? Professor Whitney's Calaveras skull is in the museum at Sacramento city; but whether it was found under Table Mountain or not is a fact which rests on evidence of various kinds, and must be proved in open court. Scientific men are not allowed to assume their facts, but are called upon to prove their facts as well as their theories. The story of mediæval philosophers wrangling over the question, Why does a pail of water weigh no more with a fish in it than after the fish has been removed? before they had inquired whether that were really true, can be easily matched in modern times. When Wenham

ice in Massachusetts was first becoming an article of export, a half-century ago, learned men of science were discussing why it was that Wenham ice was so much slower in melting than other ice. Now, alas! all the ice in New England is Wenham ice.

Nothing is more common than to hear people declaim against theories, and to affirm their determination to follow facts rather than fancies. On the other hand, few things are more difficult than to draw the line between fact and theory. Nearly every so-called "fact" is in reality a theory. Our calling it a "fact" does not make it so. The only certainty about many things we call facts is that we believe them to be so. The fact that we are satisfied with the evidence does not always establish the truth of what we believe. The province of science is not to displace the uncertain by the certain, but by the less uncertain.

It is the prerogative of science to overcome in part—but only in part—the limitations of our ignorance. In attaining scientific knowledge, the mind's eye penetrates much farther than the natural vision can reach. The great mystery of philosophy relates to the questions, How can the past become a guaranty as to the future? how can that which is within the present experience assure us of the facts which are beyond experience both in time and in space? The realm from which various degrees of uncertainty enter scientific conclusions will be brought to view if we more attentively consider our relations to time and space, and observe a simple classification of scientific conclusions, as they are related to us in time and space.

The sciences may be classed, with reference to time, as *historical* and *prophetic;* with reference to space, as *experimental* and *inferential.* Considering first those sciences which concern relations in space, we turn our attention to the experimental. In this aspect of science, we are limited to the mere facts of observation. The old-fashioned way of studying botany was little more than a species of book-keeping, in which the observer recorded that in such and such places he found plants with leaves of such shape, and with flowers of so many stamens and pistils; and the plants were classified according to various degrees of similarity. Between 1832 and 1859 the work of classification in botany and zoölogy proceeded at an enormous rate; but it was not leading to satisfactory results, because of the superficial character of the resemblances upon which the individuals were grouped together in species, so that, in the words of Bentham, the greatest of English botanists, "systematic botany was in too many cases beginning to merit the reproach of German physiologists, that it was degenerating into an arbitrary multiplication and cataloguing of names and specimens, of use to collectors only, and serving as impediments instead of aids to the extension of our scientific knowledge of the vegetation of the world." Botanists had come to enumerate more than one hundred thousand species of flowering plants. The elder De Candolle spent a long life on a descriptive catalogue of such plants; and his son took up the work after him, but finally laid it down in despair, estimating that it would occupy half of the life of a Methuselah to arrange and systematically describe them, and the other half to revise the work and bring it down to date. It required between four hundred and five hundred closely printed octavo pages for their enumeration of the species of the leguminous family, and between sixteen hundred and seventeen hundred pages for those of the great family of the compositæ. According to Bentham, also, there had come to be in many cases no means of properly estimating the importance or value of the characters upon which species were based, and "no means of determining what degree of variation and persistence actually distinguished the species from the variety. The botanist who affirmed that *Rubus fructicosus* [the blackberry], *Draba verna*, or *Sphagnum palustre* were each one very variable species, and he who maintained that they were collective names for nearly four hundred—for at least two hundred—or for some twenty separately created and invariably propagated

species, had each arguments in their favor to which no definite reply could be given." According to Professor Asa Gray, "in a flora so small as the British, one hundred and eighty-two plants generally reckoned as varieties have been ranked by some botanists as species. Selecting the British genera which include the most polymorphous forms, it appears that Babington's flora gives them two hundred and fifty-one species, Bentham's only one hundred and twelve, a difference of one hundred and thirty-nine doubtful forms. Illustrations of this kind may be multiplied to a great extent."

This method of studying botany has been superseded by what is called the "natural system," which adds to these mere facts of resemblance a judgment of the observer as to what points of resemblance are most fundamental, and what are merely superficial. The same change has taken place in zoölogy, and may be illustrated by the question whether the whale should be classed among fish, or should be set down as more nearly related to such animals as the cow, the horse, and the elephant. In many respects the whale both looks like a fish and acts like a fish; he lives in the water, and swims, and has fins, and cannot live on land. Why not, then, call him a fish? Because, the zoölogist says, these are superficial characteristics, and in the more fundamental points he differs from fish. The whale has lungs, must have air to breathe, and is warm-blooded; the young whale is born alive, and not hatched from an egg, and for a season after birth, like other mammals, is dependent on his mother's milk for nourishment. Now these resemblances to a great class of land-animals are said to be more fundamental than the resemblances to fish, which are so apparent. Therefore, the whale is classed among mammals.

To determine just what this attempt to classify according to what is most fundamental means introduces us to some of the deepest questions of philosophy. It is this endeavor to distinguish between the superficial and the fundamental facts of natural history which has landed us amid the somewhat vague theories of Darwinism. Few of us can appreciate the difficulties attending this work of classification. In the lower forms of life, it is extremely difficult to draw the line between plants and animals. This is true, not only of microscopical organisms, but of organisms which can be seen with the naked eye. Observations on insectivorous plants show that these plants not only catch flies, but eat them and digest them, and act as if they had sense enough to see that it was better worth their while to hold on to a big fly than on to a small one. Indeed, there are so many movements, not only in insectivorous but in climbing plants, so closely resembling what we call the effects of instinct in animals, that Sir Joseph Hooker pointed the conclusion of one of his addresses with the suggestion that we might hereafter include plants as well as animals among "our brethren." The same suggestion of relationship appears in the title, "How Plants Behave," which Professor Asa Gray gave to one of his most interesting volumes upon botany.

The fact referred to a little while ago is too often forgotten, and is worth repeating in another form; namely, that the classification of plants and animals expresses, not facts, but the judgment of individual botanists and zoölogists as to the relative importance of certain features of resemblance and diversity. So that, whether we shall call a class of plants or animals a variety, a species, or a genus depends not only upon the meaning we give those words, but upon our estimate of the permanence and importance of the peculiarities marking the class. This uncertainty about the limitation of species does not decrease with increase of knowledge. It is just those men who know most of botany and zoölogy who have the deepest sense of their own ignorance as to the precise relationship of one plant or animal with another. It is not a novice in botany, but the veteran Asa Gray, who writes: "Increasing knowledge and wider observation generally raise [in botanical classification] as many doubts as they settle. . . . . Some one when asked if he believed in ghosts replied, No; he had seen

too many of them. So I have been at the making and unmaking of far too many species to retain any overweening confidence in their definiteness and stability."

Chemistry has come to be looked upon as one of the most exact of the sciences; but the realm of chemical certainty is much more restricted than is commonly supposed. The chemist cannot solve all questions in the crucible, because only a few things can be put into it; and even of the things that are in it, he has only an imperfect knowledge. The chemist is limited especially in the degree of temperature and pressure to which he can subject the substances with which he experiments. We still speak of sixty or seventy original elements, and with pretty general consent discard the old idea of the alchemists, that the metals might be transmuted. The most, however, that chemists have a right to say is, that with their limited resources they have not been able to transmute the baser metals into gold. They can make no positive affirmation as to what might take place under the enormous pressure and in the tremendous heat which exist in the center of the earth. By analysis, chemists can show that graphite (black lead), charcoal, and the diamond are identical in their composition; they are all forms of carbon. If, for example, we should conceive of the molecules of carbon as having definite shape, like a brick, whose length and breadth and thickness are unequal, the chemist might perhaps conceive of graphite as a collection of bricks laid together so as to present the sides to view, charcoal as the same collection arranged so as to show only the ends, and the diamond so as to expose the edges. It certainly is an unfathomable mystery that the same substance should appear in three such diverse guises as graphite, coal, and diamond. Phosphorus is another element which appears in different guises. When subjected to a high degree of heat in a closed vessel, it changes to a red powder, which is at once much heavier than the ordinary form, much less easily ignited, and is devoid of its peculiar odor. But upon raising the temperature still higher, the substance returns to its original condition. Sulphur is even more remarkable than phosphorus for the diversity of forms in which it can exist. Native sulphur is a brittle solid of a yellow color, and more than twice as heavy as water, melting at 114° Centigrade; when, however, it is allowed to cool slowly, it becomes brown in color, partially transparent, and is both relatively lighter than before and harder to melt; the shape of the crystals has also changed. Another form (what is called the "milk of sulphur") has a greenish white color. If sulphur be subjected to about twice the degree of heat at which it melts, and then slowly poured into cold water, it becomes plastic, so that it can be drawn out into fine elastic threads. These and several other modifications are very perplexing to the chemist, and, like the different guises of phosphorus and carbon, and some other elements, keep alive the dreams of reducing the baser metals to gold.

The restriction placed upon our knowledge by the limited sphere in which we experiment is illustrated in the behavior of ice when gathered in a large mass. No one would have suspected that ice was capable of moving like a semi-fluid, had it not been that Nature was performing experiments before our eyes upon a scale far surpassing anything which the chemist or physicist could produce in his laboratory. The ice accumulated to great depth in mountain valleys moves down them like lava from a volcano; but even the mountain glaciers of the Alps and of the Cordilleras had not prepared us for those vaster movements of ice, continental even in their proportions, the marks of which are left all over the northern part of Europe and of North America. It was not until explorers had visited the continental glacier of Greenland that we were prepared to believe that a true glacial movement of ice could amount to as much as sixty feet in a day. So in all matters the certainty of the chemist and the physicist is confined to a very narrow realm. As to what is true beyond that realm, he is in no better position than any one else to affirm or deny.

Geology is a good type of the historical

sciences, and well illustrates the general uncertainty of all our attempts to reconstruct the past. Huxley calls it "retrospective prophecy." It is the boast of some judicial authorities that circumstantial evidence is more trustworthy than that of personal witnesses, because, as they say, men may lie, but circumstances cannot. It is, indeed, true that a witness may swear to a falsehood, but it is also true that a circumstance may admit of various interpretations, and may contain a very imperfect record of its origin and attendant conditions. The common statement that we have no way of judging the future but by the past is supplemented in modern geology by the statement that we have no way of judging the past but by the present. So it has come to be a principle of the modern school of geologists, that we have no right to assume a greater activity of the forces of nature in the past than in the present. On the other hand, this school of so-called "Uniformitarians" are prone to forget that they have no right arbitrarily to assume the contrary. The uniformity of nature's operations is not a principle that can be established either by observation or from the nature of the case. Even our limited observation makes us familiar with cycles in which the forces of nature operate with great diversity of energy. Cities like Pompeii and Herculaneum exist securely for centuries at the base of a volcanic cone, when suddenly an eruption destroys them and covers them with ashes; and for centuries the volcano is quiescent. The city of Lisbon has been destroyed by an earthquake only once. There may be uniformity in the actual amount of power exerted by the forces of nature; but the effects are different, according to the points upon which this force is concentrated. A steam fire-engine when heated and consuming a given amount of coal expends a given amount of power; but what that power does depends upon where the nozzle of the pipe is directed. If the jet is thrown perpendicularly in the air, the water will come down as gentle rain; if against a bank of sand and gravel, it will create a small torrent, and form at the base a stratified deposit enveloping whatever may be in its way.

The endeavor to account for geological facts by an extension of the action of present geological forces with their present intensity rests in a large part upon an assumption which we cannot verify. This assumption affects all our estimates of geological time; and some of the most wonderful discrepancies have arisen between astronomers and geologists as to how long plants and animals have been able to live in the world. Of late, geologists have shown a tendency "to be prodigal of time and parsimonious of force," and quite generally have assumed that the bank of time upon which they had to draw was unlimited. They have freely claimed that two hundred million years, or even twice or three times that amount, were not a longer period than is necessary for the formation of the sedimentary strata of rocks which so nearly cover the globe. On the other hand, the astronomers, if not parsimonious of time, have no fears of being prodigal of force; and the most eminent of them now assert that less than twenty million years ago the heat of the earth was so intense that no living beings could have existed upon it.

The reasoning of geologists is largely what is called "analogical," and should always be taken with a liberal grain of allowance; and geologists, like all sensible scientific men, usually pride themselves on never being too old to learn, and upon always being ready to correct their theories on the discovery of further facts. President Hitchcock found in the old sandstones of the Connecticut valley some marks which he called "bird-tracks." All that he had a right to say, however, was that they looked like bird-tracks; and subsequent investigations have shown that they were probably not made by birds, but by reptiles. The mistake arose in this way: Birds have two legs, and only three toes upon each foot; and of these toes, the inner has three joints, the middle four, and the outer five; but when the birds walk on the mud, the end joints make no track, so that the track shows toes of two, three, and four joints. But it is found that certain reptiles would have made with their hind feet just such tracks; and it appears, also, that they sometimes walked upon their hind feet

for a short distance without the aid of the others; and it is not impossible that some of them always walked so. Geologists have now given up the idea of these tracks having been made by birds, and picture the animal as a reptile with short fore legs and a long tail.

Cuvier was famous for the success with which he could reconstruct an animal from a few bones, and the older geologies were usually adorned with the picture of an animal resembling the tapir, which was supposed to have inhabited the northern part of France in early times; and some of his fossil bones did have a remarkable resemblance to some of the bones of the tapir. But subsequent discoveries of more complete skeletons show that the animal resembled a horse much more nearly than a tapir.

Such illustrations might be multiplied indefinitely, and they most clearly show that, while circumstances may indeed tell the truth, they rarely tell the whole truth, and scarcely ever tell it in a perfectly intelligible manner. We do the science of geology great injustice if we attribute to all its conclusions an equal degree of certainty. A few main principles are firmly established; but in a wide range of details the facts are incapable of full interpretation, and the farther back we get in time, the wider is this range of obscurity. All efforts at definite geological chronology are well nigh useless.

There is also supposed to be a science of the future as of the past; and here, too, its voice, like that of the Delphic oracle, is most certain where it is most vague and indefinite, and the difficulty of prediction increases as we appoach those subjects that are of the most immediate concern to the human race. We have penetrated the secrets of the solar system so far that we can predict an eclipse hundreds of years in advance. We have penetrated the secrets of the weather so far as to predict the approach of a storm twenty-four hours in advance. But the definiteness with which we predict the effects of the storm is far below that with which we predict the depth of the shadow caused by an eclipse. That there will be a storm to-morrow in Iowa we may be certain; but whether its force will expend itself harmlessly over a large area, or will concentrate itself in a cyclone which shall devastate everything in its track, can only be determined a few moments before the destruction comes. Those utterances of scientific men which lead us to imagine we are about to be amply forewarned of all impending evil are made in haste, and are the dreams of men who have not duly reflected upon the vast complication of causes producing an earthquake, a tornado, a commercial crisis, an epidemic, or a political revolution. The elements in which we live and move and have our being are extremely unstable, and most delicately balanced in their influence upon each other.

If the sciences be arranged according to this idea of permanency of collocation in the conspiring physical causes, they form a pyramid.

SOCIOLOGY
METEOROLOGY
Z O O L O G Y
G E O L O G Y
A S T R O N O M Y
C H E M I S T R Y

In proportion as we ascend from the bottom, the influence of the physical and calculable elements becomes less and less predominant, and the phenomena more and more difficult to predict. In other words, the collocation of causes to produce chemical phenomena is much more simple and pervasive than in the production of astronomical phenomena; and the collocation increases in complexity as we successively reach geology, zoölogy, meteorology, and sociology. Any number of astronomical systems could have arisen with the existing laws of chemistry. Any one of a countless number of geological systems could have existed with the chemical and astronomical forces the same as now. Any of a countless series of plants and animals could have supervened upon the present actual geological systems. And the development of history and religion have been dependent upon the intervention of still more subtle causes.

G. Frederick Wright.

ANNETTA.

XIII.

ANOTHER silence fell, which neither broke; but a crackling voice vaulting thither, apparently from the back door:

"Anybody home?"

Immediately loud, brisk footsteps brought Rodney Bell into the parlor, to nod to Treston, to shake hands with Annetta, to throw himself at three-quarters length upon the sofa. From that position he announced complacently:

"Going to stay to dinner. Tom sent me out. Been neglecting you folks lately."

Treston soon rose to leave. When he had taken his hat, he said, tentatively, "The Richings troupe sing *Fra Diavolo* to-morrow night."

"I should so enjoy hearing them," Annetta declared.

"So'd I," piped in Bell. "Say, Treston, hold on"—clawing frantically in his pocket; "here, just secure me a seat while you're about it, and we three'll go together." Then when Treston was barely out of hearing: "You ought to thank me, Netta, for saving you from a long evening alone with that stick. Great guns and little pistols! I'd die if I didn't have more go in me."

"Would you?" asked Annetta, dryly.

Rodney Bell may possibly have remembered his meddling engagement for full half an hour. Apart from business matters (Bartmore's word for it, he never forgot such), his friends found him profuse in promises and prodigal of non-performance.

Seeing that his seat at *Fra Diavolo* remained unoccupied, Annetta and her companion wasted some conjectures upon his absence, but no regret. They seemed entirely bent upon enjoying the music and each other's society. One hope was present in Annetta's mind as a strong undercurrent —the hope that Treston might tell her the story she longed so intensely to hear.

Tom had driven to the theater with them, but there was still the homeward drive. She felt sure that their conversation would not be limited to discussions of the opera and criticisms of the indifferent voices.

Nothing, however, was to be as she wished. Tom had been waiting some time in the carriage. He thrust his head forth from the open door at sight of them to say, with off-hand unconsciousness of spoiling everything:

"Was just making for the cars when I happened to think that it wouldn't be many minutes before the theaters would be out. Jump in, Netta; Treston, I'll save you the bother of seeing sis home."

Several days elapsed. Treston came and went, but Annetta had never a word alone with him. She wondered if he chafed secretly, as she did, against the insignificant trifles that kept them apart more effectually for all confidential purposes than did the Babylonian house-wall those other hearts that beat for us still in tragic myth and modern travesty.

At last she need wonder no more. "The fates have been froward this long week, Annetta," Treston said, as they were bowling gently through the Park one afternoon behind a pair of well-matched, high-headed bays. "But now"—with an accent of quiet satisfaction—"I fancy we may reasonably count upon an uninterrupted hour. I shall not feel any true contentment until you know more fully than any human being knows—save myself—what my heart experiences have been."

Then, after a pause, he proceeded to tell, in tones that, following the harsh, blatant, cackling voices of her world, were such melody to Annetta's ears, such a rest to her heart, how he had begun his manhood's career as a lawyer; how he had struggled through some years of hard, unremunerated work; how at last an important case was put into his hands.

"I could easily multiply particulars, and obscure all to your understanding by employing a legal phraseology," he said. "But I will merely place what is essential before you in the simplest language.

"My client's name was Mary Stenhampton. She was young, beautiful, a widow barely out of her deepest weeds. I knew her by name, and also the firm of which her husband had been head—Stenhampton & Bingley, importers of silks, velvets, and laces.

"Being suddenly stricken by a fatal disease, Stenhampton sent for his partner, whom he had raised from obscurity and trusted implicitly. Then and there ensued a deathbed transaction, by which Mrs. Stenhampton became Bingley's creditor for an amount equal to the value of Stenhampton's interest in the business, the actual sum to be determined thereafter by an arbitration, and to be paid in such semi-yearly installments that the whole would be settled, with interest accruing, in five years from the date of the decision.

"Stenhampton lived long enough to confer once again with Bingley and the committee, and to see certain securities which Bingley offered placed in their hands, but not long enough to hear their decision.

"A sarcasm lurks under this last clause, which you are not expected—just yet—to fathom.

"A year after her aged husband's decease, Mrs. Stenhampton called at my office to lay these matters and others before me.

"She confessed that Bingley had several times proposed to pay his vaguely large debt by making her his wife, and endowing her with all his worldly goods. She explained that as to the arbitration nothing had been done, thanks to Bingley's machinations. She feared the securities held for her were of comparatively small value. She had heard faint rumors that the house still known as Stenhampton & Bingley was tottering to its downfall. She wished me to ascertain the true condition of affairs, and to undertake whatever measures I thought best.

"It is needless to say that I devoted myself straightway to Mrs. Stenhampton's service; nor will I bore you with any description of my methods, unless—"

"The story, please," said Annetta. "You know I don't in the least understand business."

Treston was indulgent.

"Enough, then, that I unearthed a stupendous fraud. Bingley meant to fail, and to fail rich. He was working—had been working slowly—to that end. I, too, worked slowly and with marvelous patience. Meanwhile, my client and I had seen much of each other, and had come to such an understanding that, in my youthful zeal, I felt as certain of a wife as of fame, and possibly fortune. To be frank, Mrs. Stenhampton had promised to marry me in the event of my success in wringing from Bingley any portion of his ill-gotten spoils.

"So I unraveled the mystery of a depleted stock of goods, resurrected old clerks supposed to be safely buried, got all possible witnesses of Bingley's knavery together, sent thousands of miles for affidavits, interested my wealthy friends in buying up the debts of the house. Finally came the long-expected petition in insolvency and the contest for appointment of receiver, which was my opportunity. On the first day in court, however, Bingley's friends were too strong for our side. Mrs. Stenhampton left, greatly agitated. That evening I spent with her, urging her to release the securities she held in order overwhelmingly to swell the amount which we represented. She consented lothly, feeling perhaps that nothing else stood between her and poverty. But I was conscious of strength, and certain of our ultimate triumph.

"The ensuing morning, haggard from long nervous tension and loss of sleep, I was early in court, and afoot watching for my client.

"Instead of seeing Mrs. Stenhampton enter, my eye fell upon her gardener, an old servant who had stood by her in her clouded fortunes. He handed me an envelope, unsealed.

"May you never experience such agony as I experienced reading the inclosure.

"'Mr. Bingley is waiting,' so the lady wrote, 'to conduct me to the presence of the nearest clergyman. He has finally made it clear to me that my best interests are one with his. Ruin him, and you ruin her whom you have professed to love.'"

"Horrible!" murmured Annetta; "what did you do?"

"I took to my bed"—smiling faintly. "The doctors called it brain-fever. I got about after a time, loathing life and my profession. The one, I never again followed; the other"—brightening still more—"I am long since reconciled to."

"And Mrs.—Bingley?" Annetta inquired.

Treston answered:

"Her husband's name buried that lady as completely, to my thinking, as the blackest of mold."

Through these reminiscences, banks of gorgeous *cineraria* had been flashing, frank, sweet odors spreading of new-cut, new-watered grass, great scrolls of mist unrolling zenithward, only to dissolve half-way, and rhythmic hoof-beats playing, how hastening, now slackening.

Treston had a last word to speak, upon which, as he paused, the ocean burst with a roar belittling all human sounds.

"She proved her possession of a heart by having it speedily broken. She is dead."

He stopped the team. Annetta looked off across the tumble of froth and waver of spume to where sea and wind and sky met in a wild, green mist.

Dead.

Upon this monosyllable the watery waste running full and high seemed to pour itself as upon rocks and sand with a thunder of irrevocableness.

Treston waited a little, before quoting softly,

> "'But now it has fallen from me,
> It is buried in the sea'"—

meaning, doubtless, the old sorrow, the old burden.

He reached forth a hand to tuck the warm robe about Annetta's feet, and turned the horses' heads.

Getting Annetta home, Treston did not care to leave immediately.

"Will you play for me if I stay?" he asked.

Annetta gladly promised, and was presently seated at the piano, passing from one selection to another without query or comment, as she had learned Treston best liked; and turning about laughingly, only when her wrists were tired, to cry, noting his abstraction:

"You haven't heard a note!"

"Wrong," he answered gayly. "I have been dreaming out an enchanting future to that music. Annetta"—with a touch of something serious under his airy lightness—"I want you for a witness. Take the stand and be sworn."

Wondering, secretly palpitating, Annetta ignored the chair he wheeled for her after his wont into a position directly opposite her own, and seated herself in another at a little distance. To what purpose? Treston rolled his own chair close to hers.

"If the mountain will not come to us, we must go to the mountain," he said.

Annetta's secret agitation did not subside, when, getting his compelling glance in line with her own, Treston murmured something imperatively.

"I want you to describe to me your ideal of manhood."

But this was a fiery trial to which Annetta could in no wise submit. The color flamed into her cheeks. She caught her breath, and began too hastily, with a saucy air:

"I adore a tall man."

"A tall man!" repeated Treston, provoked into criticism by an answer certainly unlooked for. "Any tall man—that is, mere abstract height. Pray inform me how many feet and inches are necessary to call forth your adoration?"

"The figure I most admire," returned Annetta, tinglingly alive to Treston's sarcasm, however playful, "would stand a head higher than you."

She then deliberately proceeded to set before him certain points of masculine appearance, a certain type of good looks made familar to her in the person of Dan Meagher

—poor Dan, forgotten these past weeks so utterly!

"You are describing some one whom you know," said Treston, quietly. He dropped back in his chair, shading his eyes with a hand, and leaving Annetta to feel rather than to see that he did so to hide a look of pain. She began straightway to reproach herself. Why need she have reverted to Dan in that positive way? The time had wholly gone by when she could stand in rapt, girlish admiration of his beauty, however rich in strength and color. She longed to own her disingenuousness. Treston gave her no opportunity.

A grave sweetness of voice, presently employed, rebuked her seeming frivolity.

"Perhaps it will be out of place—intrusive—for me to tell you what traits have most enthralled me in one of your sex, Miss Bartmore."

"I should greatly like to hear," murmured Annetta, faintly. Her heart stood still an instant, and then beat painfully. If Treston should describe some one other than herself—Mrs. Stenhampton, for instance. Her nerves thrilled with strong repulsion. But needlessly. Her contrition returned, her self-dissatisfaction. How had she portrayed features merely outward. Treston glanced lightly at such to dwell almost reverently upon inward traits. Yet Annetta's hopes, as she listened, flashed upward, only to be dashed again when he ended, smiling quizzically upon her.

"I have met a young person of whom this is an accurate word-photograph, taken, perhaps, in the full sunlight of lover-like fancy—but you do not know her, Miss Annetta."

Why this closing assertion, the sheerest bit of raillery, should seem to Annetta the very death-blow of joy, was one of the mysteries of that state to which she found herself hopelessly committed.

She rose hurriedly, meaning to put an end to the *tête-à-tête* A hand, persuasive yet firm, detained her.

"Stay a moment. One other question, and I must go. My thoughts are running strangely upon things matrimonial of late: tell me what masculine peculiarity you think most inimical to married happiness?"

Annetta partially recovered herself. She could almost wax eloquent now. Had she not studied closely a problem of domestic infelicity? And did she not ardently feel, since things seen are in a sense purely of earth, greater than things unseen, that no wifely woe could be so dreadful as that which had borne Carrie Bartmore to an early grave?

She answered quickly, standing before her questioner with a flushed air:

"Nothing can possibly be worse in a husband, apart from actual vice, than a lack of sympathetic readiness."

Treston may inwardly have smiled a little at a vehemence of assertion so characteristic of youth, but he was struck too.

"Ah?" he murmured, turning an interested countenance upon her out of a pause of quiet reflection. He evidently cared to hear further.

"A woman's confidences, even should they appear trivial to a man, ought never to be repelled."

"For instance?"

"I'm afraid I cannot cite any particular case"—her impetuosity going suddenly halt through a loyal dread of exposing Tom's domestic shortcomings. "But in a general way: just fancy for yourself what a woman must feel—a woman who has been wooed and won with all the usual show of devoted affection—just fancy what she must feel, when pouring forth her whole heart, to be met with an ejaculation of indifference—or worse, a blank, unawakened stare."

"But you see, Annetta," said Treston, with argumentative mildness, "that might sometimes happen, even with a loving man, his mind being worried by outside cares. The physical well-being of the wife depending upon him, when apparently least responsive to her moods, he might yet be wholly absorbed in planning how better and more luxuriously to provide for her."

"Give me, then," cried Annetta, heedless whither her impulse would lead her, "a simpler diet, plainer apparel, less costly home

appointments, and that quick and loving appreciation which—which—"

"You will always merit," said Treston, rising.

His smile was so warm and charming that the impalpable wall Annetta had been rearing between herself and him melted away like mist.

"If I only had the courage to unsay all that nonsense about adoring a tall man!"

Annetta thought this, while Treston was making his adieu; still she could arrange nothing in her mind suitable for a beginning.

She followed him to the front door and through the garden, plucking a bouquet for him as she went, and detaining him with pretty speeches about her favorite plants.

Treston had already untied his team, and was about to get into his buggy without—she noticed what was so unlike him—saying aught of any other meeting. Half desperately, wholly faltering, she called him back.

"Mr. Treston!"

He returned quickly.

"Annetta?"

"I—I confess that I've not been perfectly truthful this afternoon, sir."

"How? Not perfectly truthful?"

"In answering your questions."

"I won't absolve you"— glowing more and more as she grew shyer—"until you have righted everything."

"Don't ask me to explain now—but I will explain."

Treston looked down at her, pondering a moment, then laughed indulgently.

"To-morrow? Will you be ready so soon? And to make certain of a quiet talk, we will drive again."

But one man proposes and another disposes. Bartmore had a plan for the ensuing day, which interfered with Treston's. He announced at breakfast that he would not be home until evening; and after a while, the spirit moving him, he explained:

"Six of my work-horses, by Jove, have to be turned out. I'm going to San Mateo to look up some fresh stock. Guess I'll ask Treston to go along and see the country."

"But he and I were to drive to the Park this afternoon," Annetta said with what pertness she could summon.

"O well, any time will do for you," returned Bartmore carelessly, yet not slightingly. It was only that his business was always of supreme importance.

Drumming on the table with one hand, he went on presently:

"I want to sound him about that —— Street property. Sometimes, by jingoes, I think he's playing me. If I find that he is, I'll—I'll—"

He broke off, staring straight before him, with lips apart and an air of suspended decision. His hard gaze happening to meet his sister's face as a part of vacancy, poor Annetta began immediately to imagine that he was trying to probe her feelings toward Treston.

Yet although she turned red and behaved uneasily enough, her brother only stared on, muttering:

"He's a damn hard fellow to plumb. Deeper by several fathoms than I gave him credit for at first."

Annetta caught a glimpse of the man that was "hard to plumb" toward evening. She thought his smile joyously transparent. He drove by with Tom, and both remained so long at the stables that Annetta ceased to expect them back.

She ran to inquire of the hostler whither they had gone. But he could only declare that Nelly was in her stall, adding:

"She's been drove harrd, miss. She looks soarter pale and peaked."

Returning to the house from camp, Annetta found Tom and Mr. Treston there, taking a forthcoming supper for granted in the lordly way peculiarly masculine. To be sure, Treston started to apologize; but Bartmore laughed him down.

A number of persons dropped in before the cloth was removed, and Annetta was glad to note from Tom's getting his coat off and his slippers on that he meant to stay at home.

Thrillingly alive to Treston's presence and observation, she avoided any conversation

with him the more persistently, because she once or twice surprised Dr. Bernard studying her with pale-eyed, calculating glances. She wondered how she could ever have admired him even in the least. His eyelids, hanging in long, oblique wrinkles, gave him a lowering expression. His gaze was disagreeably objective, speculative. His skin was not only pale, but sallow; his smile a mere surface reflection when compared with the inner warmth of Treston's.

Little wonder, indeed, that Dr. Bernard watched Annetta so closely. Herself unconscious of any change in manner and bearing, both were greatly changed. Not that she was less charming as a hostess: nay, even more so. But she no longer expressed her feelings with simple ardor; their complexity forbade. Finding herself loftily remote in spirit from the rude hilarity around her, her airs and attitudes were involuntarily, if prettily, condescending. Unsung carols of self-delight alternated with low monotones of self-abasement in her breast. Deer-like poises suggested that she was ready to start back at the least approach of familiarity.

Impelled at last to some expression of his secret wonder, Dr. Bernard found an opportunity to whisper: "How you have improved, Miss Annetta!"

And Colonel Faunett, venting his admiration in a long, wooden stare which Annetta indignantly turned her back upon, privately informed Ben Leavitt, in his choicest phraseology, that "Miss Bartmore's figger" was "enough to bust a man's heart." The same gentleman, indeed, approached Dr. Bernard, and with a preliminary ahem, asked, in tones of gravity fairly sepulchral:

"About how much do you think she weighs, now?"

Apart from Annetta's immediate affairs, the evening was quite like those preceding Bartmore's political effort. Bartmore himself was wildly, uproariously jovial, drinking deep, and forcing others to do likewise. Colonel Faunett's wooden rigidity gradually relaxed under these influences, until he suddenly broke forth in a whoop of ecstasy, proposing that they all go outside where there was more room. For what, he did not specify. Bartmore not only laughed and joked, but sang, "Begone, dull care," and "Landlord, fill the flowing bowl," finding many imaginary *da capos*, and an inexhaustible zest for each repetition.

The opportunity Annetta would not offer, Treston boldly seized for himself. He followed her into the dining-room, whither she went to fetch the ingredients for a second punch. She returned, after a bare instant's absence from the general company, with an accession of delight in her bearing. That instant had sufficed for a renewing of the engagement to drive.

Somewhere in the small hours of the night the guests streamed forth into the garden. Annetta went too, a lace scarf about her ears. Many stars were rejoicing anew in their old, old glory high over the tree-tops. Glancing up at these, glad of the few hours that need elapse before the morrow, Annetta found herself alone with Dr. Bernard.

"Tom's a curious fellow," the Doctor was saying in his throaty voice, the words half-formed. "He seems very willing for you to run about with that Treston, of whom none of us know anything. Suffering humanity! what one can see in him! I'd be more precious of you if you were my sister."

Annetta laughed lightly.

"I'd rather be Tom's sister."

"I'd be content with things as they are, too, if you'd let me make love to you."

"Nonsense, Doctor!"—listening for Treston's voice across the garden. "We are such old, old friends, you know."

Despite this, the Doctor would probably have gone on in the same strain, but something stirred in the shrubbery. He darted aside with a violent out-thrusting of his right arm. Annetta cried aloud and sharply.

In an instant everyboby from the other path was there. All were clustering over a dark form sprawling on a flower-bed.

"What is it?" "Who is it?" were exclamations often repeated.

"I saw the fellow crouching under a bush"—thus Doctor Bernard, apparently unruffled by his unusual exertion.

Bartmore now had the intruder well and roughly in hand.

"Och, Misther Bairtmore, dear!" yelled a familiar voice, somewhat disjointed by frantic struggles for liberty. "Let me go! Let me go! I was m'anin' no harrm, as God sits in heaven."

"So, Barney Flynn!" ejaculated Bartmore, with greater determination than rage. "I've caught you trespassing, have I? Well, I'll make an example of you."

Whether or not he heard this threat, Flynn redoubled his vociferations.

"Och, Misther Bairtmore de--ar! I was only afther seein' the light, an' thinkin' to ax a bit iv docthor's stuff from Miss Bairtmore. That's all, an' may the Divil make a red writin' iv it if I'm lyin'. Joe's tuck bad—an' ne'er a crust nor a praty in the house."

"Stop your bawling, you fool!" roared Bartmore, shaking him until his teeth clattered like castanets. "Don't pretend to tell me that you expected to find my sister up at this time of night!"

"Sure, boss," exclaimed Barney, proving conclusively that his anguish of fear was perfectly controllable by dropping his voice to a whining key, "if she'd wait up for yez, whin wud she iver be airlier abed?"

Even in that strait he could not let an opportunity to say a sharp thing pass. He chuckled a little in desultory fashion, until Bartmore choked his chuckling off.

The rest were laughing aloud.

Annetta now began to plead for him, and Treston said:

"Isn't he one of my tenants?"

Bartmore answered in a high, domineering tone:

"He is. You'll find there's no treating this sort of cattle like human beings. Is he satisfied, do you fancy, with all you've done for him? Not a bit of it. He won't be satisfied with anything short of a town-lot and a municipal office. There! quit your howling, you coyote, take yourself off, and never let me catch sight of your hang-dog face again. Do you hear?"

Flynn heard, and made the night hideous with wild vows of future good behavior and extravagant praises of Bartmore's "generosity." But no sooner was his captor's grasp relaxed than he shuffled off and out of the garden, muttering imprecations as he went. There was some discussion of the incident, and some surmises as to Flynn's designs. Bartmore dismissed the whole matter dryly as he dismissed his guests.

"The fellow was only sneaking around to see what he could pick up."

Another matter filled his mind, another theme upon which he must needs angrily dilate, pacing the parlor, with Annetta an enforced listener.

"Confound Treston, anyway!" so he fierily concluded. "A man's not only a fool who spends his money for repairs like that, but he makes a lot of trouble for his wiser neighbors. My tenants are beginning to feel sore-headed. He'll never get an increase in rents; no fair return for the expense he's been to. Such tomfoolery is enough to upset a sensible man's stomach."

This harangue troubled Annetta's dreaming but not her waking hours. For the morning sunshine seemed to flood her very heart with sunshine. A stir within her breast answered to the stir of early birds flying about the garden; a song answered to their songs. Even Maggy's stereotyped greeting fell on her ears as brimful of freshness and fervor. She looked forward to the days' duties, and beyond them, with an ardent readiness little short of enchantment.

Maggy recognized the effect of Annetta's exultant happiness, and felt after the cause.

"What's on yez, miss?" she asked, her own face broadening and shining with sympathetic delight. "Whoiver'd 'a' thought whin yez was lyin' wid but a sheet 'twixt yez an the devourin' worrums that yez 'ud iver be a larkin' round the house like this!"

The old vague dreams were gone from Annetta's mind. She dreamed still, but it was in tense attitudes, her countenance glowing with a soft light which was neither a smile nor a blush, yet partook of the nature of both.

The hours flashed together and fled away. Annetta had dressed for the drive before

luncheon. A gayety one could no longer liken to that of a bird informed her every movement—a gayety not incompatible with the deepest and tenderest feelings. Now and again, when alone, she would clasp her hands as if in an ecstasy of anticipation. At intervals she would find herself bursting forth in song of wonderful force and freshness.

"If I watch for him," she said philosophically, "it will make the time seem interminable."

So she sat at the piano, diligently practicing. But through all her sparkling measures she caught herself listening intently for the bell.

Twice its tinkle had sent a darting and painful delight through her breast, and twice she had run impetuously to meet the ingratiating countenance and glib, mechanical accents of a peddler. At the third ring there was the same involuntary pang, the same involuntary haste. Half-way to the door, however, she bethought herself, and walked sedately. She even made some difficulty with knob and latch, that she might school herself to confront realization or disappointment outwardly unmoved. A gentleman stood waiting, with his back toward her. At sight of those broad shoulders in a familiar brown overcoat, Annetta became a very picture of shy delight. Treston turned slowly.

Instead of the beaming radiance which had brought heaven down to that spot of earth where Annetta dwelt, the poor girl encountered such a gaze as set her heart in instant ice. She could only ask herself despairingly, "What have I done?" and wildly rack her brain for replies.

Treston's countenance was sterner than she could have conceived possible. His heavily contracted brows were forbidding. She flashed a look past him: no team waited at the gate.

Annetta never thought of any ordinary greetings; none were indulged in by Treston. He said, "Miss Bartmore, I am going away."

"Soon?"

"To-morrow."

"Far?"

"Some thousands of miles—to my old home, that is."

"To—stay?"

"It is likely."

Each curt answer vouchsafed to her faint queries sounded cold, irrevocable, horrible. If Annetta had given way to her feelings, she would have beaten the air for breath. It was as if she was being coffined alive in cruel circumstances which Treston unfalteringly closed about her, as coffin lids are screwed down. Out of all the stifling anguish within, she could utter no cry, no word of appealing. It had never occurred to her that she ought to invite her caller to enter.

"It must be," said Treston.

Did his tone soften a little, his severity relax?

He took her hand and led her into the parlor. Holding it, he faced her there.

"Tom and I have quarreled."

Annetta gasped, "Oh!" then added, with a visible effort, "not—finally?"

"Finally."

He dropped her hand.

She realized with frightful anguish that he was going.

She motioned toward a chair. He did not heed.

"Good by, Annetta."

"You are not angry with me, sir?"

She seemed to hear some one else saying this, in a hollow, pectoral murmur. She herself was only conscious of wildly casting about for some prayer or pleading potent to keep him.

It was no time for the measured cadences of a well-ordered dialogue. Treston did not answer her question directly. But his lips quivered; an ineffable change put gloom far away from him. He drew nearer. He had only uttered, "Annetta!" as this new rush of emotion dictated, when she was shocked by an unmistakable whir of wheels.

"Tom!"

She ejaculated that name with all the dread she felt.

Treston was not unmoved.

"Stay here," he commanded.

She could not obey. As he turned and walked vigorously out of the house, she followed him.

Bartmore had not yet dismounted at the garden-gate. His mare, flecked with foam, was stamping to and fro.

Treston spoke first, merely saying:

"Good day, Bartmore."

The other voice rang out roughly:

"Damn you! you did get here before me."

Annetta lifted her horror-stricken glance. Bartmore's under jaw, unshaven for days enough to bristle with a coarse young beard, was set, his very forehead inflamed. His starting eyes were red-rimmed.

Treston preserved his tense calmness.

"I told you when—at what hour—I would come."

"And I told you to keep away."

Here Bartmore would have flung himself from the vehicle, but the mare, startled by his voice, sprung sharply to one side.

Quick as thought, and with a hand of steel, Treston grasped the bridle. Bartmore reeled back into his seat and took fiercer hold upon the reins. One standing here, another throned there, the quivering animal between, the two men faced each other.

"I will hold her while you get out," said Treston, the slightest touch of scorn in his tone.

Bartmore cursed him aloud.

"Don't you think I am capable of managing my own animal?" he sneered.

Another impassioned leap of the terrified creature gave Treston his cue.

"Not in your present mood."

"Let go of those lines"—jerking his whip from its socket.

"Don't strike her, man," urged Treston, while poor Nelly plunged about, her flanks and nostrils quivering in terror of the lash.

"Damnation! Let go!"

Grinding these words out between clenched teeth, Bartmore was taking full advantage of his position and his weapon. The whip-lash, he standing up to aim it at Treston's face, fell short of its mark and writhed hissing over Nelly's glossy off shoulder.

A wild leap, a scramble of hoofs, a grinding of wheels, a flying of bits of rock, an oath—and Annetta was standing alone with Treston.

She gave way to her shuddering horror. "Go!" she cried, wringing her hands, her bosom heaving with short, quick sobs, "before he comes back — if he ever comes back."

Treston still controlled himself. A wheel had grazed his coat, smirching it with dust. He brushed it away. He turned toward Annetta. The gate was between them. He cast such a look upon her as a dying man might upon the beloved woman whom he is leaving behind him unprotected.

"You may learn — some day you may learn—why my lips are sealed. Annetta, let me hear you say 'Good by and God keep you.'"

She said it hurriedly, adding "Go, go!" He stepped backward, lifted his hat, turned, and went a little way.

"If, when I reach the corner," he said, stopping, "I see that your brother is safe, that he has Nelly under control, I will motion to you—so."

He put up his right hand to show her, and the last glimpse she had of him before he disappeared around the high board fence, whither Dan had preceded him nearly two months before, he stood with solemn face and reassuring gesture.

Annetta remained in a sickening daze, through which wheels flew presently, and a voice spoke.

"Damn you! what did that damned *hombre* say to you?"

Her brother had flung himself panting to the ground. He was glaring at her with all the fierceness of a devouring rage.

Annetta lifted her gray eyes, widened past unshed tears, to his face.

"He said good by."

"What else? No evasions."

"That he would leave for home to-morrow."

"Isn't there some sort of understanding between him and you?"

"None."

"Did he ask you to meet him away from here, down town—or—"

"No."

Her interlocutor glared at her a while longer, then asked in a different key, but still peremptorily:

"What did he tell you about our trouble?"

"Only that you and he had quarreled."

Annetta had gotten through with this catechism, she knew not how, and Tom had driven away, she knew not where. She found herself alone in her own room. Everything was just as she had arranged it that happy morning. She stared dumbly at those inanimate and long-familiar objects, looking from one to another as if in pathetic sort appealing to each for distraction from her horrible suffering, the very core of which was that Treston had never really cared for her. A trembling seized her—a trembling not so dreadful to note as the helpless effort made to control it. She was facing the future without him who had left her forever.

When she could bear the impassive silence of her room no more, she fled down-stairs and into the kitchen. Maggy was moving about there, preparing supper, singing somewhat lustily over her work. Annetta rushed toward her, and half falling upon, half flinging herself into, that broad, honest bosom, clung there.

"You nursed me, Maggy, when I was sick," she cried, between groaning and sobbing. "O why didn't you let me die?"

But to none of Maggy's earnest inquiries would she answer aught concerning her grief.

XIV.

The next morning, loathing the bed whereon she had lain all night awake, Annetta was up early. The dreadful to-morrow which Treston had set for his journey's beginning had come. She could not breathe indoors. Thoughts are sometimes as stifling as poisonous fumes.

Annetta hurried into the garden. A stepladder, surmounted by a huge pair of shears, and planted under a cypress-tree, told what work old Refugio had afoot. As Annetta approached, that ancient being, after many precautionary proceedings and with palsied deliberation, was quitting *terra-firma*. Getting tremblingly upon the fourth round of his ascent, he peered downward and saw Annetta beneath him. His violent start was comically like that of a small child surprised in some forbidden delight.

"Señor Bartamora," he began eagerly, without waiting for Annetta to speak, "he like mucho Refugio"—finishing the sentence by making scissor-blades of a pair of warty fingers, and working them vigorously as upon a rusty screw.

Annetta seemed to look and listen, but neither saw nor heard. She was thinking of Flynn's Row. Its poor tenants had been doubly dear to her since Treston became their landlord. She would hear his name uttered gratefully among them. However far away he might be, she would still be doing what he commended in visiting them and caring for them. This thought, this self-imposed duty, was as a spar in shipwreck—a spar in shipwreck which means desperate clinging and a great drowning horror.

Annetta could not wait to breakfast with Tom. She was soon walking quickly up the road toward the hills, a basket on her arm. The aspect of those poor houses had greatly changed with their changed ownership. Neatly painted, each with its new fence and garden-plat, how had they cheered and delighted Annetta's heart. But now she starts back aghast at sight of their fronts, to read the sign whose like was posted twice on each of the six small houses. Flynn's Row was advertised for sale at auction.

Annetta went on mechanically toward Mrs. Flynn's.

As she passed with light, familiar foot through a slender alley toward the kitchen, she heard a voice which she thought she recognized, grumbling in accents of domineering brutality.

"No; I won't lave him his lone. Books! What's thim to the likes o' Joe? He'd betther be knowin' how to handle a pick nor a pen. Whisht your gab, Illen Ann! If I

lay my hand till yez, I'll be to gi' ye a mouthful!"

"Do what ye plaze wid me, Barney," a patient voice answered him, "but spare the child his bit o' happiness an' comfort."

There was a heavy step, a clinking noise, a sharp cry—Joe's—and Annetta stood, unseen by any save Mrs. Flynn, in the open door. The woman pleaded with a frightened face, but silently, and wringing her hands. Annetta softly set down her basket. Her attitude, involuntarily assumed, was that of flaming youthful indignation. Barney Flynn, his hair disordered, his beard matted, his eyes bleared and bloodshot, was turning away from the stove into which he had just thrust Joe's choicest treasure—the last book Annetta had given him. He stood glowering at the child, who when he shrieked had been standing leaning on his crutch, but now dropped to the floor, lay close to it, sobbing with the convulsive abandonment of his years and his temperament.

"I'll have a peg at yez, now!" Barney shouted hoarsely, glaring around in a rage that longed for a weapon, and doubling his fist as he strode toward him.

"Don't beat me, father!" cried Joe, lifting his beautiful face wet with that hot rain, and clinging to his father's feet.

Barney kicked off the grasp of those small, persistent hands.

"I will bate yez," he returned, with the seething slowness of vindictiveness and certainty. "I'll bate yez wid your own shtick, begorra!" swooping down upon the crutch which had fallen with Joe.

The little cripple, his back toward the door, having no hope of any efficient intervention—what could his poor mother do but cry and pray?—lifted himself quickly upon both hands and one knee. Tears, terror, helplessness were forgotten in a flash of fiery energy.

"Father," he cried, "if you strike me, I'll run away."

"We'll thry yez, begorra!" roared Flynn, in nowise touched by the dreadful impossibility of performance.

But when he straightened himself up, grasping the crutch, there was Annetta standing close beside him, her face pale now, her eyes darting lightnings. Barney seemed to feel the force of her scorn before she spoke a word. He rolled a servile glance upon her, mumbling:

"A soop o' dhrink lasht night an' none the mornin's upset me. I haven't done a shtroke o' pickin' nor shovelin' since the boss sacked me."

Annetta was in nowise mollified. Joe had crawled toward her, and was caressing the ruffle of her dress—her very feet. Those soft touches urged her on. She tried to hold Barney's shifty glances. She chose her words deliberately, as wishing to mete out to him in full measure the only punishment she could inflict.

"Let me look at you, Barney," she began, in a clear, vibrant voice. "I want to see the most contemptible coward the whole world can produce, the man who would strike a sick and helpless child—his own, at that. The man, did I say? I make instant apology to all true men—if there be such."

Poor Annetta! the secret sickness of her suffering heart involuntarily recorded itself in that parenthetic exclamation. A sigh quivered forth with the words; then she recovered herself and went on more impetuously:

"Let me look at the first human—or inhuman—being I ever met whom I wouldn't think it worth my while to keep alive. I helped to keep you alive once, Barney, not so long ago either—heaven forgive me!"

Barney had cringed before her unexpected presence, her glance: nor could he encounter that even now; but he bridled against her tongue.

"There's worser nor me at sea and ashore," he mumbled.

"God forbid!" interjected Annetta.

Little Joe pressed his cheek against her gown first, then laid it on the shoe nearest him.

"An' for the matther o' lip, Miss Bairtmore, seein' that's all I git from yez or him what's own yez, I make bould to say I've got enough, an' that's no lie. Barney

Flynn's neither beholden to yez, nor yit to the 'boss'—leastwise, Misther Thomas Bairtmore, an' be damned to him."

"But you are accountable to the law, sir," exclaimed Annetta, sternly. "You shall be prosecuted if ever you harm a hair of this poor head"—letting a tender glance fall upon those lowly curls, and then kneeling to lift them to her bosom.

"I'll do what I plaze, by God! wid my own."

"Not this side of the water, sir," cried Annetta, triumphantly. "And be careful how you behave toward me, Barney. You've reason to know that there's one who'll fight my battles."

With this outward reference to Tom and an inward reference far less assured and exultant, Annetta turned her attention entirely to Joe, who when his father had slunk from the room began afresh to bewail his loss.

"But I'll bring you another book, Joey, lad," murmured Annetta. "And now guess what's in my basket—fetch it, please, Mrs. Flynn—for you."

Annetta's head and Joe's were presently close together over a set of cheap, bright plaques. The gray-haired woman stood silently watching a while, as her wont was, noting how black her boy's thick locks were when laid against those light brown waves and folds and fringes.

"You must be filled with the joys of the good, miss," she said at last. "Brimful an' shpillin' over, seein' what drops o' brightness you scatter wherever you go—the saints have you in their keeping forever! But tell me, is it thrue indade that Mr.—Mr.—what's on me that I can't remember names no more?—though his isn't aisy."

"Mr. Treston goes East to-day," Annetta answered. And with these words her load of agony became well nigh insupportable.

She was soon wandering down the homeward road, appealing to the green, plushy grass, the floating clouds, the hills, for some verdant or airy or steadfast denial of the crushing fact that Treston was forever deserting her—determinately deserting her after—what.

He had never spoken his love. But he had looked it.

"Did I make poor Dan suffer like this? O my God, how cruel!"

She had spoken aloud. She had set down her basket by the roadside to put her hands to her head.

"I would not let him show me that letter: how hard my heart was! And he pleaded so, and turned so pale. If I might atone!"

Even in that moment of suffering retrospection she did not seem to recall with what hope, with what promise, she had sent Dan away.

Evelyn M. Ludlum.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE POET HAFIZ: HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

MUHAMMED SHEMS UD-DIN HAFIZ was born at Shiraz, the capital of Fars, a southern province of Persia, about 1300, and died 1388.

Although every part of Persia has produced many eminent men, Shiraz has excelled all others. This city has been fitly called the Athens of the East. It has given its name to the most refined idiom of that empire. Shiraz would have glory enough had it produced but Sadi and Hafiz.

The time in which our poet lived might be called the golden age of Persian literature. At that period Persia was ruled by the Muzaffer princes, who, like Maecenas, were *et praesidium et dulce decus* of the native writers. The Orient was ablaze with poets and authors while Europe was in a night of

darkness; yet that famous trio in Italy, namely, Dante, Petrarch and Boccaccio, and also Chaucer, the first English poet, were his contemporaries.

If it is true that the greatest men have the shortest biographies, it certainly is so in the case of Hafiz. Little is known of his life beyond what is shadowed in his poems. His numerous commentators, Persian and Turkish, can tell us little more. His youth was a studious one, devoted, among other studies, to literature, music, and the art of poetry. Being profoundly read in jurisprudence and theology, he received the title of Doctor, and delivered lectures in a college founded in his honor by his patron, Haji Kiram ud-Din.

The fame of the poet having spread over western and southern Asia, he was often invited by princes to reside at their courts. His love of quiet, liberty, and his native place, and his distaste for court life and contempt of honors and riches, seldom permitted him to leave his retreat from the world. He thought to be happy one should lack nothing and possess nothing. He repeatedly tells us, with the ancient philosopher, there are many things in the world of which Hafiz has no need.

Wishing to get beyond the stir and babel of the world, he took refuge in a suburb of his native city, near the banks of the little stream Ruknabad, immortalized in his poems, in the neighborhood of celebrated rose gardens. Here was his fountain of Helicon. Here he was visited by the muses. This was the place for his soul to breathe and expand in the ecstasy of mystical and transcendental philosophy; for our bard was no less a philosopher than poet. He did not, however, desire to escape the fact that life is real; he did not wish to deceive himself with the falsity that he could step out of the monotonous march of his years by stepping aside from the world. That to the world wisdom is folly, and to wisdom the world is folly, is spread all over every page. Here, among the gay company of trees, he was regaled by the songs of the *bulbul*, fanned by the dancing leaves, as he watched the hours chasing one another from a Persian sky. Morning breezes were his messengers, spiritualizing his whole retreat; he speaks to them face to face; they carry glad tidings to his friends. The *bulbul*, so constantly introduced into his poems, was not for ornament, but, like Michelet's "L'Oiseau," gave him glimpses into eternity. Hafiz was indeed a hermit in the midst of a market-place; as solitary in a throng as when strolling by his Ruknabad. Never for one instant was absent the thought as expressed by Ahmed, the poet-king of Afganistan: "To-day we are proud of our existence; to-morrow the world will count us in the caravan of the departed."

Sultan Ahmed of Baghdad urged Hafiz to reside at his court, offering him splendor and distinction. The latter wisely preferred the air of the poet and philosopher. However, as a token of gratitude he lauded the Sultan in a beautiful ode, which he sent the prince, accompanied with his regrets of not being able to gratify the wishes of so liberal and distinguished a patron. The Sultan was himself an excellent poet, and composed equally well in Persian and Turkish. He was also accomplished in music, painting, and calligraphy. The last has always been considered a great art in Oriental countries, as the most esteemed literary works are written. The manuscripts are often richly and delicately ornamented with gold and many colors, and illustrated with exquisite miniature paintings. The Sultan having grown cruel to his subjects, the first men of the country determined to get rid of him. They invited the famous Tamerlane to invade the country and take possession of the throne. When he had taken also southern Persia, he visited Shiraz, where Hafiz was living. The great conqueror had read in one of the poet's odes, "For the dark mole on the cheek of my Shirazian beauty, I would give Samarkand and Bokhara." The emperor ordered the poet into his presence, and good-naturedly said: "I have conquered the greatest kingdoms of the earth to give eminence to Samarkand and Bokhara, my royal residences; yet you dispose of them both at once for a single mole on the cheek

of your beloved." "Yes, sire," said the witty poet, "and it is by such acts of generosity that I am, as you see, reduced to such a state of poverty." The monarch smiled, and ordered the poet a magnificent present.

We read in a history of the Deccan by Muhammad Kasim Ferishtah, that Sultan Mahmud Shah, ruler of that country, was a learned and accomplished prince, and a generous patron of the Persian and Arabian poets who chose to visit him. Wishing to add Hafiz to his court as a distinguished ornament, he sent him a liberal gift of gold, and a pressing invitation. The poet having distributed most of the money to the needy, set out for the court of his admirer and benefactor. On his way he met a friend who had been robbed, and to him he gave the rest of the money. He was on the point of turning back, when some distinguished countrymen, returning home, gave him a considerable purse, and urged him to go aboard at Ormus, on the Persian Gulf, and continue his route by an easier way. While he was waiting for the anchor to be weighed, a storm arose, which so filled him with abhorrence that he went ashore and returned home. He embodied his apology and thanks in a poem, which he sent to the Sultan. In one of his odes he thus alludes to the disgusts and dangers of this journey:

"The splendor of a Sultan's diadem, within which, like a casquet enclosed, are fears for one's life, may be heart-alluring as a cap, but not worth the loss of the head it covers. The sea may appear easy to bear in the prospect of its pearls; but I erred, for a hundred-weight of gold could not compensate for the infliction of one wave."

When far away from home, he felt that life's anchor was lost, and he longed for his native soil. In a poem written when he was visiting a prince, he says: "No longer able to bear the sorrows of estrangement, I will return to mine own abode, and be mine own monarch." Time, too, was a pearl of great price to him; thus he says: "For me what room is there for pleasure in the bowers of beauty, when every moment the bell proclaims, 'Bind on your burdens!'" This refers by way of figure to the journey of this life. The tinkling of bells suspended from camels' necks reminds the travelers of the time to be ready for the caravan. How similar is the following:

> Lusisti satis, edisti satis, atque bibisti,
> Tempus abire tibi est.
>
> *Hor.* Ep. ii. 2, 214.

Wholly absorbed in subjective life, he was oblivious of the mighty events sweeping over the world; for "what has the frog in the well to do with the news of the country?"

Travelers and historians have described Shiraz, the poet's home, as being the most pleasant city in Persia. It was built on a plain surrounded by mountains. It was well watered, had rich bazaars, many splendid mosques, and a celebrated university. Its rose gardens were the most extensive and the most famous in all the East. That most delicious of perfumes, the attar of roses, was there made in abundance. The city and its surroundings were made delightful also by countless cypresses, orange, lemon, pomegranate, and rose-trees. It was also far famed for its wine, poets, and beautiful women. The poet has celebrated his native city in an ode, a few lines of which follow:

"Hail, Shiraz, O site without compare! May heaven preserve it from disaster. Lord, defend our Ruknabad, for its limpid waters give the inhabitants length of days. The zephyrs loaded with incense breathe between Jafarabad [a suburb] and Musella [a retired pleasure-ground]. Oh! come to Shiraz, and implore for it a profusion of the Holy Spirit." In another place we find: "The spicy gale of the ground of Musella and the waters of Ruknabad have not granted me permission for the enjoyment of traveling."

If there is anything in all English poetry that can formulate in a few simple words Hafiz's doctrine, it is these lines:

> "The world has nothing to bestow;
> From our own selves our joy must flow,
> And that dear hut, our home."

Hafiz was married, and has left us an ode on the death of his wife. It is believed that another ode points to the death of an un-

married son. He is said, by one of his numerous Turkish commentators, to have kept his wife highly ornamented, after the custom, and to have lived with her most lovingly and confidingly. The poet describes her in the ode as an angel in human guise, a peri perfect in all respects, endowed with urbanity and acuteness. "She was," he says, "a crowned head in the empire of beauty. My heart, unhappy one, knew not that its friend was bound on another journey."

Hafiz's language abounds in beautiful figures, graceful and always Oriental. Here is one that calls up the heat of the desert, the celebrated rose gardens, the welcome dew, and the delightful zephyrs:

"From the hotness of the fire of separation I have been bathed like a rose in dew; bring me, O nightingale, a zephyr to cool this burning [of our separation]."

Horace's sentence, "Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico," is thus paralleled by our poet: "May it never be lawful for me to prefer life to a friend."

> Tu secanda marmora
> Locas sub ipsum funus, et, sepulcri
> Immemor, struis domos.
> *Hor.* Od. ii. 18, 17.

The same thought is presented us by the Persian bard: "Every one's last dormitory is but a few handfuls of earth. Say, what need is there that thou wilt rear a palace to the heavens?"

His independence of the world is expressed in such sentences as these:

"It is written on the portico of the palace of paradise, 'Woe to him who hath purchased the smiles of the world.'"

"Seek not for the fulfillment of its promises from this world, for this old hag has been the bride of a thousand wooers."

"The world is a ruin, and the end of it will be that they will make bricks of thy clay."

"On the emerald vault of heaven is inscribed, in letters of gold, 'Nothing save the good deed of a generous man will remain forever.'"

"In this world there is no true friend; faith is dead."

This last is also found in at old Italian poet:

> "Nel mondo oggi gli amici non si trovano,
> La fede è morta, e regnano l'invidie."

It would not be difficult to make numerous excerpts from Hafiz's poems, and find parallels in the lyric writers of Europe. But however close the resemblance might be, yet the greater part of his works are not represented by the literature of the Western world. Hafiz is eminently Oriental.

M. Laboulaye de l'Institut, in his beautifully written preface to De Rosny's "Anthologie Japonaise," makes a mistake—be it said with due deference—when he implies that an Arab or a Hindu could not understand Horace. All the Muhammedan nations do understand *les Parques*, *l'urne du Destin*, *et le nocher infernal.* Their poetry is colored with such thought. The verses which he takes from the Roman poet, as having no echo in Oriental literature, would, if translated into the language of any Moslem nation, be claimed by their critics as having dropped out of an Oriental sky. Indeed, no other Latin stanzas are more Hafizian. In them we hear the well known wail of the Persian poet. They are as follows:

> "Huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves
> Flores amoenae ferre jube rosae,
> Dum res et aetas et sororum
> Fila trium patiuntur atra.
>
> "Omnes eodem cogimur: omnium
> Versatur urna serius ocius
> Sors exitura, et nos in aeternum
> Exsilium impositura cymbae."

In graceful and airy diction, enchanting melody, elevation of thought and depth of feeling, and philosophical insight, he has hardly been approached. No forced pathos venting itself in turgid lines. He is the poet of sunshine and tempest; at one moment visiting sun-colored cloud-land, at the next hovering over black fate and future nothingness. Often a cry of distress goes up from his soul, that pierces to the reader's heart. At intervals doubting, like Descartes, all his senses, he seems not able to say whether God has endowed us with a reason to understand things as they are or not. He strives

to lift the veil, and torments himself about the future problem. The scene, however, soon changes to a sunny one, and in the main he takes a cheerful view of man's condition, and counsels that the battle of life be fairly and fearlessly waged. He does not undertake to expound the enigmas of philosophy, yet there is a continual undercurrent of philosophical speculation. To those unacquainted with Oriental thought, many of his reflections seem as mysterious as the riddles of the Sphinx. He says himself, in the true spirit of Emerson and Thoreau :

"The bird of the morning only knows the worth of the book of the rose; for not every one that reads the page understands the meaning."

The purport of this is explained in the following:

"That a man has spent years on Plato and Proclus does not afford a presumption that he holds heroic opinions, or undervalues the fashions of his town."—*Emerson.*

"Listen to every zephyr for some reproof, for it is surely there, and he is unfortunate who does not hear it."—*Thoreau.*

What student of Persian poetry, reading the last sentiment, and not knowing its origin, would not pause to remember where he had read the same in his Oriental author? Thoreau, William Ellery Channing, and Emerson have much of this spirit. The last two have shown, in the few scraps a lamentable stint which they have translated from Persian sources, a deeper insight and truer appreciation of Oriental thought than are to be met with elsewhere.

Had Hafiz been an Athenian in the time of Plato, the gardens of the philosophers, no less than the groves of the poets, would have been his haunts.

It is evident that to understand this writer, one must come under the influence of his genius. He cannot be judged by any European standard. It is well known that poetry loses in a translation, not only the vigorous movement, but the imitative harmony of the original. All the delicate coloring and shading fade out, all that is loveliest and most characteristic vanishes. To know the beauty of the poet's soul, one must read the original. On this point Goethe has said:

"Wer den Dichter will verstehen,
Muss in Dichter Lande gehen."

This applies with special emphasis to Sufi poetry, like that of our author, a perfect transfusion of which into idiomatic English is impossible.

We find in a Turkish commentary that, on the death of the poet, a dispute arose among the doctors of Islamism as to his claims to a burial among the faithful. This opposition to giving the poet's remains suitable funeral rites was founded on a charge of heterodoxy, frequent derision of the Prophet, and constant distortion of the words of the Koran into ludicrous significations. Finally it was agreed to take a *fal*—that is, to open the author's works and decide by the sense of the first distich met. The following was the one lighted upon :

"O, turn not away your foot from the bier of Hafiz,
For though immersed in sin, he yet will enter into Paradise."

He lies buried in a beautiful garden about two miles from his native place. A short time after his decease, a handsome monument was placed over his grave by Sultan Baber's prime minister. Over his tomb there is a fine alabaster slab, on which are sculptured with exquisite art two of the poet's odes. To this spot, called Hafiziyah, many of the poet's numerous admirers, including princes, make a sort of pilgrimage.

O. H. Roberts.

SUMMER CAÑONS.

There is obtuseness in depreciating our Californian lowlands in summer. It is only an unseeing eye that counts the months from June to November, without discrimination, the "dry season," and makes no difference between the ripe yellow and brown of summer and the dead, burnt-out colors of autumn. It is of course, in a general way, true enough to say that we have not the four seasons, as the East has, but only two, the wet and the dry; and nothing could be neater by way of broad outline characterization than Bret Harte's

> "Twice a year the seasons shifted—wet and warm, and drear and dry;
> Half a year of clouds and flowers, half a year of dust and sky."

And by comparison with the melting of snow that marks off Eastern spring from winter, and the outblaze of autumn colors that signals the end of summer, it does indeed seem as if in California there were no line between winter and spring, between summer and fall.

As to our winter and spring, I doubt if any one could draw a line between them. Winter begins with the first rain, and spring ends with the end of the immediate effects of the last rain; but between these two points extends only the long, gradual swell of a chord of greenness and growth. Roughly, we call the *crescendo* of the swell winter, the *fortissimo* and the *diminuendo* spring; but who can put his finger on a day or a week and say, Here the *crescendo* ceased? In nothing are our seasons more capricious from year to year. We have a tradition about the early and the latter rains, with a spell of beautiful weather between—covering the latter half of February perhaps, and the first half of March—and that in this interval winter changes to spring. But this tradition s of the typical year, hardly more likely to be realized in any one actual year than the typical vertebrate structure as pictured in the zoölogies is to be realized in any one actual vertebrate species. In winter, green things are growing up; leaves are putting out; there are many flowers, to be sure, but yet there is a sense of preparation and expectation: in spring, that sense is gone; leafage is in its full shadiness; roses have their yearly carnival; the earth goes mad with opulence of life. There is, indeed, to the sympathetic eye—or perhaps I should say to the sympathetic lungs, since it is mainly a matter of quality of air—at all events, to the sympathetic perception a day when a subtle change announces the beginning of spring, as surely as, in every human face, to a keen enough eye there is a day when for the first time the look of childhood is gone, and youth is begun. This change, however, is the subtlest of the subtle; I will not call any one obtuse who does not see it. But I do call obtuse the sense that does not discriminate between mellow summer and withered fall. The one, to sight and to feeling, is life—ripened, indolent life; the other is the season of death. Our winter is leaf and bud, our spring is blossom, our summer is fruit, and our autumn is the time of withering away—the lifeless gap that needs must fill out the year, since we have left out the Eastern winter from our cycle, and made of their spring our winter; of their summer, our spring; of their autumn, our summer. Not that I would count autumn altogether a stop-gap in the calendar; one cannot give over any season to drought and death, except comparatively speaking. Last October, for instance, one only needed the red maples, and the roadsides sprinkled with asters, to believe it was October in New England. Within one's own garden, or with eyes shut, life was a serene satisfaction. But abroad, the dust of the roads had reached its culmination; the stubble-fields had lost the glow that lingered for weeks after the harvest; hillsides and plain lay utterly dun, dusty, lifeless.

But there is no finer coloring—no coloring more full of lazy life—than these fields of grain, lowland and highland, in summer. One of the richest colors in nature is that of a field of wheat; a red gold with a sort of deep glow in it, like that in the flesh of a ripe apricot, or the center of a Marechal Niel rose. One field will be a yellower gold, another a redder gold; sometimes where a swath has been cut, and the little wall of slender columns beyond it stands plain in view, one may look deep among the acres of stalks and catch a glow lurking among them that almost suggests the seemingly self-luminous cup of an eschscholtzia in May—not in June or July, or later; the eschscholtzia of summer has only plain, daylight color; the spring eschscholtzia has the appearance—common enough in flowers with a deep cup and of deep color and good silky texture—of throwing out an actual light, tempered by passing through a silken medium from some hidden place deeper than the deepest center of the flower. Reflected light, properly thrown in among shadows, almost always produces this effect of light actually given out by the object, but through a translucent medium. Tamalpais at sunset often looks as if it were chiseled out of amethyst or *lapis lazuli*, whose semi-transparency is faintly lit up throughout by a fire somewhere in the center. In the full light of day it is unmistakably opaque earth shone upon by a light from without. You will see the same thing in hills not five miles or one mile distant; the opaque round tops and shallow recesses of noontime give out at morning and evening dusky blue or green or yellow lights from the deepened cañons —or, more correctly, luminous blue or green or yellow duskinesses.

But I would not have any city-bred reader infer from this comparison that wheat-stalks can be eschscholtzia-colored, nor any country-bred reader that I suppose they can be. The deep, red-gold glow as you look horizontally through the ranks of wheat suggests the color of the flower-cup in quality, but only remotely approaches it in actual tint. Some fields are quite without any red shade in the yellow; and as you will see fields growing side by side of all different shades, we who are unlearned on-lookers may infer that the farmer could tell us the difference in color comes not from soil or climate, but from difference in the grain sown.

Barley fields do not occur so often as wheat fields in these farming lands. When you do see one, you are inclined to think it a more beautiful sight than the wheat, because of the shining, silky surface, shaking in the wind, that the bearded head gives it. But this surface silveriness is all there is to it; there is no great richness of coloring about its uniform pale-straw shade. The wild oat, which ripens to a much more silvery whiteness than barley, and has a far more graceful plume, looking at it stalk by stalk, does not make nearly as pretty a surface to look across or to see the wind pass over. But the wild oat ripens earlier than wheat or barley. In May and early June it was to be seen on the crests of the round hills, gleaming against the blue, a perfect phantom of feathery silver—one of the most indescribably lovely things the whole year has to show. But in July and August the grain is shed from the silver plumes, and the skeleton that remains on the stalk is trodden down by cattle and by the steady march of the wind.

This west wind, all the summer months, begins every afternoon — or oftener yet, shortly before noon—like surf in the trees; a warm, sleepy, indefinite wind, rising and falling in long pulses, yet keeping, for all its warmth, just a touch of the sea about it, which makes it good to breathe. At the beginning of the summer the mowing-machines begin in the fields, and later the reapers, and then the threshers; and their distant buzzing and ringing noises harmonize with the sleepy wind in a lazy, idyllic fashion, rather absurdly at variance—when you come to think of it—with the perspiring realities of machine harvest-work. About the scythe and the flail poetry may be written at close quarters; about the reaper and thresher hardly. Their distant sound is admirably

poetic; so is the beautiful cascade of stems under the reaper's knives, and the little river of grain from the thresher, and the cloud of chaff, and the spinning wheels; but there is no rhythm of human movement about it, and so the human figures spoil it. There is no doubt that where the human element is not the most desirable element of a picture, it is the worst. Our fellow-beings are gifted to either kill or cure in the matter of our landscapes. We stand by the ocean, or in some miracle of moonlight, or in the sanctuary of a mountain stream, and sigh, "*O wärst du da!*" and feel that we could value the white-capped expanse or the blue and silver world or the green, spray-filled shade very highly as an enhancing background to that particular human figure; and then how promptly does the background rise to the importance of an admired picture which we cannot bear to have spoiled by intrusive figures, if some inoffensive Neighbor Robinson chances to wander into the canvas. How unanimously too do school-girls and other amateurs spoil all the sentiment of their sketches by introducing a figure or two to supply human interest. As if a figure could be dropped like a pebble into a picture in that fashion! Either it must be from the outset a necessary part of the meaning of the picture, the thing about which the whole picture gathers—even though it be but an apparently insignificant bit of figure—or else it is an annoying impertinence there. You may put in as a subsidiary touch in your picture, if you please, a tree, a rock—nay, a mountain, an ocean—but not a peasant, nor even so much suggestion of him as a house, unless about the human hovers—however covertly and subtly—the significance of the whole.

Still, it is not entirely to inartistic human elements that the disparity between a threshing-machine and poetry is to be attributed; the grease has a good deal to do with it. Just so with spinning-machines; one great point of superiority in the old-fashioned wheel for poetic and artistic purposes was the graceful attitudes and rhythmic motions of the human figure, which made the main point in the picture; but the comparative freedom from grease and little bundles of rags employed to wipe off black moisture and the like, is a thing not to be overlooked.

In the summer months, the round foothills that border much of our farming country are colored as richly as the plain, and far more effectively, because of the blue background. "The hills are green," we say, to characterize our wet season; "the hills are brown," to characterize our dry season. But who with an eye for color will lose interest in the hills as soon as they cease to be green? The "brown" of the summer months is really an endless variety of warm yellows and russets and bronze and gold shades innumerable. The wheat and barley fields extend in strips and blocks and all manner of irregular patches up on these hills; and the uncultivated parts are covered with grasses that are not dead, but ripened and cured on the stem at this season. Even after the grain is cut, the stubble will keep its richness of color for a while, before stubble and wild grass and everything weather into the uniform dun color of autumn. The distant hills soften their blue with white, and sink their cañons and ridges out of sight, thus bringing all the blue in the landscape—for the sky is softened too—far better into key with the yellows than these same mountains would be in their sharp sapphire of April. It is still an open discussion, I believe, whether the colors of landscape adapt themselves to the laws of harmony, or the laws of harmony adapt themselves to the colors of landscape. It is the same problem as that of the almost invariable harmony in tone between the color of a flower and the quality of green in its foliage.

No, one need not desert the lowlands for the mountains in June and July and August because the lowlands are good to get away from; but he well may do it because the mountains are good to get to. He may follow spring into the higher mountains—and, after all is said, spring is better than summer. Even in the coast hills, north and south of San Francisco, among the redwood forests, the genuine, tawny, lowland summer does not enter. But at the inland sides of

Santa Clara and Alameda and Contra Costa counties you will find the true summer cañons that I want to give a little idea of—cañons that, like the lowlands, are burning now in the last stages of that slow fire we call life. One reaches them by unsuspected roads leading among the hills—well-made, much-traveled roads, which constantly reveal an unsuspected population in these remote places. Every mile or two the steep hill-sides draw back and leave a little room beside the stream—for it is a stream, of course, that decides the existence of the pass—and here a farm-house finds room, with grain fields stretching up over the slopes behind, and grape-vines or orchard close about it, sometimes. Through and through, these hills are penetrated with roads, each of which finds out, not merely spots for farm-houses, or even for tiny clusters of them, but level valleys several miles in extent, crossed by considerable streams, and filled with grain fields and orchards. One is surprised to pierce deep into a range of hills that he had supposed a barren, uninhabited country, by a road whose existence he had not suspected, and come across a pleasant dwelling, obviously Spanish, and obviously thirty or more years old, with well-grown orchard, grape-vines climbing over the balcony that runs around the upper story, and adobe barn, getting pretty ruinous, near by. It is always in some especially good nook, with convenient springs, that such a dwelling is discovered. And, ten to one, it is no Spaniard that you find there now; the one that built it is probably gambling and drudging at the Mission San José or Santa Clara, and the gringo is prospering, by virtue of much thrift, in the pleasant old house.

These hills would be called mountains in some parts of the world. They do not come within the geographical limit of mountains; nevertheless, you have to throw your head pretty well back to see where the yellow wheat meets the sky. You may try it fifty times, and every time you will find that the stranger, as he drives between these steep hillsides, will exclaim at the unusually deep and pure blue of the sky. The fact is, that we habitually see only a few degrees of sky up from the horizon; and as the sky always whitens towards the horizon, we get quite a new impression of its color when the slopes beside us carry up the meeting of earth and sky half-way to the zenith or more, where the genuine blue is. Nothing could be more splendid than these yellow grain fields on the hill-crests, against that background of indescribable azure. But grain fields only climb the hills in scattered places, and breathless work it is in these; you will see a reaper creep along the side hill with two men holding it on the upper side; sleds take the place of wagons. For the most part, the wild grasses still cover the slopes.

Among these, on southward and westward exposures, an occasional bush of southern-wood or chaparral finds place; but on the northward and eastward ones there are thickets running upward from the streams. As a mountain road follows a stream for a while, then cuts across a low divide till it finds some other stream that is going its way, these little thickets come and go along the route. Poison-oak, shrubs of buckeye, "California coffee," wild cherry, and similar shrubs go to make up most of the growth; in spring there is much harborage of wild flowers and ferns among it. Down at the bottom of the ravine, if the water flows so much as half the year, a crevice full of alder, willow, buckeye, maple, and laurel, with an occasional white oak, has been channeled; the shrubs, too, make their way to the water's edge, and of blackberry vines and wild rose and brake-fern and water-cress there is abundance to fill all interstices. In wet places along the margin of these streams the scarlet *mimulus* must blossom in spring; but pale wild roses are all that blossoms now. The white oak trees scatter farther up the hillsides than the shrubs, and follow the road longer when it leaves the stream. On the hillsides they are twisted and dwarfed; but on the little plateaus you will occasionally see most magnificent specimens, worthy a place on any English lawn, with shade enough for a regiment to camp under.

There are other roads among these neighboring foothills—roads that instead of creeping through the grain-sown passes—taking lifts from the streams whenever they chance to be going the same way and winding over low "divides"—cut steeply over some ridge that separates large valleys; for when the larger streams cleave their way through a ridge, they offer no help to roads; their way lies between abrupt sides, and their channels are strewn with great fragments of rock that they have brought down upon themselves from the steep slopes. These roads lay open at every curve wilder views than one could dream lay within fifty miles of San Francisco, over deep valleys, winding between rugged ridges, folding, intersecting, rising abruptly to imposing heights, plunging down into sharp ravines; pine-trees, too, thinly scattered over some of the hillsides; and an abundance of thicket through which the road cuts. In its season, maiden-hair ferns line such a road; columbines and saxifrage are sprinkled through the thickets; and on their edges the silver-white and shell-pink and bronze "Mariposa lilies," and *cyclobothras* grow (a dreadful name, cyclobothra, to be the every-day one of a flower: many of our Californian flowers are positively suffering for good common names); and still higher nemophilas and buttercups. In summer, red tiger-lilies lurk in the thickets; and along all their open edges and glades pale crimson godetias assemble in multitudes, and the ragged clarkia more scantly; the indefatigable wild rose blooms on, and an occasional purple aster.

These larger cañon streams—the perennial ones—are approachable everywhere except where they cut through a ridge, and any sure-footed climber can follow them even through these gorges. Some sure-footed trees, too—alder and sycamore, especially—can hardly be forced from the water's edge by any steepness of the ravine. Where the walls of the cañon fall back enough to allow the trees their freedom of grouping, you will find them arranged with much precision. Close on the edge of the summer channel of the stream (eight feet wide it is, perhaps, along the very bottom of the cañon) the alders stand in close single rank—beautiful trees, graceful in growth, with foliage very much like the elm, and of a dark yet fresh green. They are the most characteristic tree of the foothill cañons, but always a stream-side tree. They will not even grow at high-water mark, but cling resolutely to the edge of the summer channel, pushing away other trees. The consequence of this resolute holding on to their summer positions throughout the winter is that they get much torn and twisted about the roots, which does not seem to trouble them at all. Indeed, the side of both trunk and roots turned toward the water is generally scored deep by the rolling bowlders of the winter torrent. I saw one of which a good third of the trunk had been rubbed away. Yet all this seems to affect neither the vigor of their growth nor the erect gracefulness of their attitude. A good many willows crowd in among the alders; yet where there is a little level between the stream and the cañon wall, covered with the stones that prove it under water in winter, the willows will draw back, and grow away from water, the alders never—and the willows away from the water make finer trees than those on the edge. Sycamores, too, get an occasional foot into the stream; but for the most part, their slender, lilac and white pied trunks are sprinkled over the stony "bottom." Like the oak and the willow, the sycamore reaches its best stature and breadth in good soil, away from a perennial stream but where the ground is well wet in winter; I have seen most noble specimens in such a place. Farther back than the sycamores, scattered over the hillsides themselves, white oaks grow rather forlornly. This tree is common enough close along small streams, in deep soil; but the stones with which the larger streams strew their beds seem to frighten it off.

They are warm places, these cañons—crevices between the great, tawny, sunny wrinkles of the foothills as they are. The daily trade-wind reaches them, but milder, sleepier, breathing less of the sea than even on the warm lowlands. When the high fog blankets the lowland sky all night, it shuts

off the stars above the cañon just before daylight comes to extinguish them, and breaks up and melts away during the morning. You may sling your hammock there, between two of the lilac-and-white sycamore stems, and feel sure that even the hours just before dawn will not infuse a chill into the sweet, clean, dry air. It is one of the best of places to be at night; in the daytime, with the sleepy wind rising and falling in the trees, and the warmth collected and poured down by the spreading sides of the cañon, life will be little more than lying in the shade close to the stream, where a little cool breath always comes creeping between the ranks of alder that touch branches overhead across the water. But at night, if you discard tents and traps—as the camper always should unless the climate makes it a positive imprudence—you may find life—oh! most full. I defy you to carry an anxiety or disappointment into the wilderness that the mountain stream will not smooth into quietness if you will lie in the still, starlit darkness, and listen to it. The wind goes down with sunset. The treetops above your hammock stand motionless against the stars; the great mountain flanks rise darker and more motionless on either hand—so steep and high that you hardly need turn more than your eyes to look from one dark crest to the other. The stream plunges down half a dozen little rapids within hearing; and you will never know how many tones there are in the chord of a mountain stream till you lie and listen beside it all night, without so much as a tent wall between. There is a great deal of change, too, in the tones: there will chime in a hollow tinkling noise for two minutes, and then cease, as if some tricklet had found a new way to fall, and lost it again; now the nearest "riffle" will drown the sound of a remote one, and then lull till both are blending their sounds. But under all variation is the soothing monotone. Goethe might have lain beside a mountain stream at night, and translated its spirit into words when he wrote the "Wanderer's Nachtlied" of Longfellow's translation: "O'er all the hilltops Is quiet now."

It lays cool hands of sound on the hot and aching heart, and smooths away, slowly, monotonously, imperceptibly, the heat and ache, as a patient nurse would smooth them out of the temples. The crickets chirp quietly; from somewhere in the bushes a cicada sends up a faint, shadowy reminiscence of the dizzying "*biz-z-z-z*" he has been shrilling out during the day. Nothing else makes any sound. Close your eyes, and let the running water fill your consciousness; open them, to see the great gulf of heaven above, and to meet the eyes of the stars whenever you choose to look; to see the pale, motionless foliage of the trees, in perfect rest, bathing in starlight and in the mild coolness of the night air. Away from home and shelter? In the wilderness? You have but just come home; you have been in a foreign land, among strangers who vexed you and perplexed you; and now you are come back to go to sleep under your own chamber-roof again, and you may relax every nerve, and let the sense of peace and perfect safety flow through you. Out of dim hereditary instinct from our half-human days when the woods were our refuge and our home and our life; or out of the soothing effect on the senses of sound and sight; or out of perhaps nothing more mysterious than the perfect oxygenation by this fragrant air of the blood that goes to your nerves and brains—there comes to you the sense of a great protecting presence in this Nature—this Mother Earth—this much-suspected and guarded-against order of the universe, this inanimate collection of rocks and trees and water running down hill; a presence in whose arms you may nestle down, and drop your anxieties, and shut your eyes to sleep as safely as a baby in its mother's lap.

Milicent Washburn Shinn.

RECENT FICTION.

THE most ambitious of the novels that comes to our table this month is Judge Tourgee's *Hot Plowshares.*[1] This is published with the series title of "American Historical Novels," and forms, it is explained, the last of a series of historical novels that the author has been projecting and preparing for twenty years, illustrating the causes and results of the anti-slavery struggle. Though issued as the last, *Hot Plowshares* is legitimately the first of the series, for it begins with the election of Polk, and covers the time from that date to the war. Its historical object is to trace the growth of anti-slavery sentiment in the North.

It was certainly the part of wisdom to publish first of this series the one that naturally came last, "A Fool's Errand," for the close bearing of that book upon current political questions secured it a success that it could not have had as mere literature. *Hot Plowshares*, though of decidedly better literary grade than anything its author has yet produced, will probably meet with less success. In his reconstruction books, Judge Tourgee's characters were largely stock types; in the present novel, there is evident a much more careful drawing from life. Nevertheless, on purely artistic grounds it falls far short of being a first or even second rate novel. There is not a spark of the real novelist's genius, either as story-teller or analyst. The characters, even though they are quite correctly copied from life, are wooden; they have not the least share of that breath of life that genius puts even into impossible and unlife-like creations.

Moreover, the narrative is seriously clogged by long political and historical dissertations. A novel though it be historical has no business with these: their place is in history or historical essay; if the incidents of a novel do not convey their lesson unbolstered by these additions, then they were not worth telling. The insertion of history in large slices into fiction is using that form of art something as it is used for the conveyance of other useful information in books of the "Evenings at Home" class.

Apart from this literary consideration, there is little fault to be found with the history and politics in *Hot Plowshares.* It is scrupulously fair with that somewhat labored fairness of the partisan who, even when conscientiously defending his opponents, cannot give us the same impression of impartiality that a non-partisan historian does even when he most unreservedly takes sides. Its very fairness takes from it much of the fire that fervid partisanship puts into poetry and narrative; indeed, it is slightly dull reading. One need only mention "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in the same breath with *Hot Plowshares* to illustrate all the deficiencies of the recent book.

Though Tourgee's be the most ambitious novel that falls to our notice this month, there is no question that *A Sea-Queen*[2] is the most agreeable one. It is, as every reader familiar with the author will know before he opens it, what we are accustomed to call "an old-fashioned novel"—without subtleties of analysis or psychological interest. The characters and emotions are drawn in simple, generic lines; love is love, and grief is grief, without any discriminations; people are either good or bad, drawn in black and white, with no confusing mezzotints. The greater thoughtfulness of the character-novel almost compels a certain self-consciousness in the writer, and betrays him constantly into mannerisms and affectations which are deepened by imitators into intolerable sentimentality. Thus, even those who consider character-study a higher function of the

[1] Hot Plowshares. By Albion W. Tourgee. New York: Fords, Howard, & Hulbert. 1883.

[2] A Sea-Queen. By W. Clark Russell. New York: Harper & Bros. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

novel than story-telling welcome the simple story occasionally, as a very refreshing variety; while there is a class of readers in whom the subtleties and complexities of interest of the character-novel arouse sheer irritation and distaste. They do not want to be troubled with making discriminations and abatements in their sympathies; granted a hero who makes no blunders, a heroine who has no weaknesses, and they can surrender their sympathies to his and her vicissitudes with some satisfaction. Perhaps the stronghold of this class of novel readers is among the older generation; but recent literary discussion has revealed a goodly company among active men of letters who care more for a good story than for a study of manners or character or emotion. The models of style aimed at by the author of *A Sea-Queen* are evident from his reference to "that noble, honest writer, De Foe—prince of writers, as I think him, for style, art, pathos, and absolute freedom from sentimentality."

The story—a simple one of adventure at sea, made picturesque by the presence of a captain's wife who is able to do ordinary seaman's duty in an emergency—is pleasant, unsentimental reading; but the thing that raises the book above the level of ordinary is the spirit of the sea that pervades it. This is of course no new thing to say of W. Clark Russell's books, which have long since been set down as pictures of the ocean and ocean life well nigh unequaled in literature. We find room for one or two of the many fascinating pictures. In the first, wife and daughter hasten to the harbor to watch for the ship, due that day in the midst of a gale.

"The bend of the path opened the mouth of the Tyne, and laid bare the North Sea to the near horizon of iron-gray mist. It was a sight to give such a memory to the mind as the longest lifetime could not weaken. I had often viewed this sea in stormy weather from the Tynemouth cliffs; but here now was a scene of boiling, deafening commotion that awed—ay, and almost stunned—me, as a revelation of the unspeakable might and remorseless ferocity of the deep. The harbor bar had not then been dredged to the height it now stands at, and as the steady, cliff-like heights of dark, olive-colored water—their summits melting as they ran into miles of flashing foam — came to this shoaling ground, they broke up into an amazing whirling and sparkling of boiling waters, filling the air with driving clouds of spray, like masses of blowing steam, and whitening the pouring and roaring waves in the mouth of the Tyne beyond the bend at Shields, and as high, maybe, as Whitehill Point. The horizon was barely two miles off, owing to the darkness that stood up like a gray wall from the sea to the heavens; and this near demarcation, therefore, exaggerated the aspect of the surges, as they came towering in the shape of ranges of hills out of the fog-curtain.

"The tumult, the uproar of the trampling seas, no image could express. The huge breakers coiled in mighty, glass-smooth combers, and burst in thunder and in smoke upon the yellow sands, and the air was blinding with the flying of the salt rain from these crashing liquid bodies.

"Across the river the Tynemouth cliffs were black with crowds gazing upon the wonderful, terrible sight; and I cannot describe the solemnity given to this scene of strife betwixt the powers of the earth and the air by that immense concourse of human beings, thronging the summits of the chocolate-colored rocks up which the breakers, as they fell against the base in ponderous hills, darted long, flickering tongues of milk-white spume, which streamed downwards again like mountain torrents among the dark-green, withe-like herbage which covers those cliffs in places."

Another is the approach of a hurricane off the coast of Africa :

"The darkness was equal to midnight: indeed, it was like being in a vault; but the storm made itself visible by an amazing appearance in the corner of the heavens out of which it was rushing. The clouds appeared to have divided and left a narrow, sharply arched aperture, illuminated by a constant play of pale sheet-lightning, that irradiated the orifice without penetrating the ponderous

masses of cloud on either hand of it; but what most impressed me was the surface of dull, gloomy, phosphoric light immediately under the aperture—a faint, wild-looking radiance, similar in character to the light that would be thrown by oiled paper surrounding the globe of a lamp, as though the hurricane were sweeping through the orifice in the clouds and tearing up the sea beneath it. . . . .

"I heard the thunder of the hurricane and the seething of the crushed sea, as though half the ocean were boiling, long before its fury struck us. It was one of those moments which can never be forgotten by those who have lived through the like of it: first, the overpowering blackness over us, and in the southeast a very sea of liquid pitch overhead, in which the spars vanished at the height of a few feet from the deck; a breathless calm on one side—so breathless that the very swing of the pendulum-like swell seemed to have come to an end, as if the onward-rushing storm had paralyzed the life of the deep for leagues before it; and then in the northwest the pale sheet-lightning, that seems to open and shut like the winking of an eye; the wild and dreadful light that swept outwards from the base of the cloud-opening, and the white water glimmering like wool in the blackness, and advancing towards us with frightful rapidity; and above all, the roar of the approaching tempest, that boomed through the stillness with the fast-growing thunder of artillery, bearing down upon us with the speed of an express train."

We might add to these two storm pictures many a one of sunny, windy weather, when "though the sea was smooth it was merry, curling in silver-crested, dark-blue lines, which the whistling wind would sometimes catch and blow up in little bursts of prismatic smoke"; of calms when "there was a faint swell upon the sea, but the water was like polished steel—of that very color, indeed; an ashen gray, shot with a bluish light—not the merest film of a cat's-paw darkened it, not the least wrinkle or fiber of motion tarnished the breathless quicksilver of the huge, faintly breathing circle"; of dawn and the "greenish daylight spreading like a mist borne onwards by the wind into the west"; of "the dark vision of the bark, rushing like a phantom over the black coils of water, ... the mystery of the boundless, desolate ocean leaning its vast shadow toward the twinkling stars of the horizon, its hollow surges echoing back the wailing voices of the wind, ... the resonant, visionary spaces of canvas melting in the darkness as they soared towards and seemed to become a portion of the driving clouds"; of an approaching "ship in full career; her sails echoing in thunder; her iron-stiff weather-shrouds and backstays ringing out a hundred clear notes, as though bells were hung all over her; her sharp iron stern hissing as though it were red-hot, as it crashed through the green transparency of the surge crests, hurling them into foam for many feet ahead of her, and turning them over into two steel-bright combers, which leaned like standing columns of glass under each cat-head, while from them there broke a roaring torrent of brilliant foam." But even though we far exceeded any pardonable limits of quotation, we should still leave unexhausted the descriptive wealth of this book. Much of its nautical language, of course, is unintelligible to a landsman; yet even to him it sounds appropriate and unostentatious.

We pass at once to the antipodes of *A Sea-Queen* in taking up Miss Woolson's *For the Major.*[1] Nothing could be more conscious, finished, modern, than this work: and, moreover, nothing could be more feminine. We do not mean feminine in language: the fine precision of that suggests Mr. James far more than it does any lady writer; but we mean feminine in everything else—both in general traits and in details. It is a tribute to the abundance of Miss Woolson's resources that she is able to swing round so wide an arc as intervenes between this story and "Anne." Unquestionably "Anne" was the greater work; as unquestionably this is the more perfect. The character of Anne herself was worthy

[1] For the Major. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: Harper & Brothers. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

of George Eliot, and touches that not faintly suggested George Eliot were scattered here and there through the story. Nothing as good can be found in *For the Major.* Yet there was much room for criticism in "Anne"; while the critic will really have to search his brain to find anything to allege against the present novelette. Nevertheless, no one will care very much for it. It is certainly ingenious—most ingenious—and very picturesque; when one thinks about it he will see that it is deeply pathetic; it is intelligent and in excellent good taste; but, after all is said, it remains cold and unsatisfying—unsatisfying, we say, and we do not mean dissatisfying. It was worth writing and is worth reading, and it constitutes another good reason for continuing to look to Miss Woolson for something better than she has yet done.

Yolande [1] is about as near being the same type of novel as "For the Major," as an English novel could be. Mr. Black is more American in spirit than any other English novelist, and—one may notice—he betrays a bit of Americanism by representing several of his loveliest unconventional girls as having been to America. These girls of Mr. Black—Sheila, Wenna, Violet, Nan, Gertrude White, Natalie, and all the rest—are much more like American girls in standards of behavior than like the English girl of literature. It is probably in order to give them the full advantages of unconventionality that Mr. Black chooses them from among circumstances that set them apart from convention—from the stage, from the Hebrides or Welsh nooks, from the circle of scientific social reformers in London, from the companionship of eccentric fathers given to travel. *Yolande* is American, too, in its especially modern effect, and in this, too, it is like all Mr. Black's; and it is like them all in being unique in plot and coloring and details. Mr. Black, prolific as he is, does not intend ever to let the machine get hold of his novel-writing faculty. It is really admirable to see so constant a writer making fresh studies, and careful ones at that, for each novel. In only one thing does he repeat himself, and that is in a certain trick of diction—a playful simplicity that grows wearisome by this time, pretty as it was at first. Yet it is saying much for a writer that this diction has become wearisome simply by repetition, not because he has intensified it, as almost all writers of fiction or verse do intensify their tricks of manner till what was pleasing at first becomes offensive. We may feel sure that, if Mr. Black has any human nature in him, it has cost him much intelligent watchfulness to keep his style fully up to its earliest standard of simplicity. There is perhaps no fiction printed that gives more impression of intelligent views of the art and of conscientious work than his. With a realism almost American, he never loses sight of the ideal; his novels are evidently planned with a careful consideration of their unity, and an eye to the impression they will leave as a whole on the mind; his backgrounds, his figures, his incidents and conversations, are all carefully harmonious. His lovely girls, who seem as lifelike and true to nature as if they were making their pretty speeches in your own garden, are seen on a literal comparison with your acquaintance to be idealized, much like Du Maurier's ladies. In fact, Mr. Black's work is evidently much influenced by correct canons of pictorial art.

We have said that *Yolande* is unique; and yet so much have all Mr. Black's novels in common, that we have for the most part described it in describing the usual qualities of the author's work. Of this it is a good specimen, adding one more to his gallery of lovely women and picturesque situations. With every book from Mr. Black that simply is a good specimen of the author's work, however, the chance becomes fainter of his writing a great novel some day.

Another novel of the refined and agreeable sort, though of nothing like the rank of "Yolande," is *Beyond Recall*,[2] a recent issue of the Leisure-Hour Series. It has eminently

[1] Yolande. By William Black. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[2] Beyond Recall. By Adeline Sergeant. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

the air of unaffectedly good society that the Leisure-Hour Series preserves better than any other American novels except the best magazine serials (which are usually professedly social studies). Its ladies are all more or less winning, its gentlemen are gentlemen in spite of the weaknesses of the lover. The renunciation, which forms the point of the narrative—a favorite point, by the way, with exactly this sort of novel—is brought in without undue sentimentality; and the death of the renounced man, though it occurs in the Alexandrian massacre, is managed so as to give no effect of sensationalism, but of grave and appropriate pathos. The two leading characters, the renouncing woman and the renounced man, however, have not much life, and no originality; and however much passion is asserted to have been in their emotions, one does not *feel* any there. In the minor story, however, of Michelle's love, there is a good deal of genuine human interest, weakened in the process of bringing it out all right. To some one looking for a fairly light novel to read, and sure to read some novel in any case, *Beyond Recall* might well be recommended; but there would be no reason for recommending it to any one else, were it not for one feature: that is, its very pretty frame of Egyptian scenery and life. The locality of the story is Ramleh, a suburban village a few miles from Alexandria, whither the gentlemen go to business and the ladies shopping, by a little local train. There is something really fascinating in the little English colony, with its social gayeties, its friendly, informal spirit, its sensible business men, its tropical gardens, and its desert —more beautiful than dreary—stretching around it. The inexhaustible quaintness of the contrasting life of business England and of ancient Egypt, so harmoniously flowing together, supplies one source of unfailing interest throughout the book; however other points fail to interest, one feels that he knows Ramleh; it remains among his mental pictures; he even feels attached to the village, as its people did. The Egyptian politics, too, and the culmination of the narrative in the Alexandrian massacre, are interesting, and free from the sensational—as also, it must be admitted, from the thrilling.

One cannot take up such a book as *The Ladies Lindores*[1] without a wondering sense that it must be very easy work for the professional English novelist to write his books, once he has caught the trick of it. So totally without individuality of diction, so entirely composed of the same material, are all the books of the class to which *The Ladies Lindores* belongs, that any one who is familiar with them would know about all that is to be said of one when he was told that it was a good, an average, or a poor specimen of its class. The exhaustless appetite of the English and American public for this sort of thing is surprising—more surprising than deplorable, for there is no harm at all in them: nay, except in the worst of them, a certain good breeding and middle-class intelligence that must have some refining influence on all such readers as would not be doing anything better if they were not reading these novels. And on any who would be doing something better, they are altogether too mild a temptation to have much hold. In view of their habitual refinement, we, for our part, stand ready to give the welcome of indifferent friendliness to each successive one as the endless procession leaves the presses—friendliness tempered according to the rank in its class held by the particular specimen.

The Ladies Lindores we call one of the best of the class. It is by no means without elements of originality. For that matter, however, all of the better sort of them do have elements of originality, so that one wonders how so much that is good can have gone to produce so unimportant a total. The best thing in *The Ladies Lindores* is the somewhat powerful situation of Lady Caroline and her hatred for her compulsory husband. Really, one may suspect that if the pressure on the English novelist were not from the circulating libraries, with their demand of extension to three-volume length, but, as in America, from the magazines and general purchasers, with their demand of compres-

[1] The Ladies Lindores. By Mrs. Oliphant. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

sion to novelette length, there would be a crop of remarkably good stories.

That we ought not to undervalue the quality of Mrs. Oliphant's easy, well-bred, intelligent work is made painfully evident by such books on this side the ocean as *A Fair Plebeian.*[1] It would perhaps be sufficient to dismiss this crude piece of work with the remark that it is shallow and foolish, and suggests extreme youth in the author, were it not for some curious suggestions of ability about it. That such suggestions seem hardly at home between these covers will be readily seen from the following summary of the narrative: Kitty, the orphan of a wandering artist and his disinherited but blue-blooded New England wife (variously referred to as Rebecca and Rachel), is taken in charge by that mother's sister, a most grotesque and impossible specimen of an aristocratic New England spinster. The jumble of the tyrant school-mistress of a dime-novel, the haughty dame of English romance, and of some faint hints of the genuine New England aristocrat that goes to make up this lady may be judged from the fact that she keeps concealed — but not destroyed — a will that entitles Kitty to half her estate, dwells in great seclusion in a castle surrounded by fine grounds, reads the prayer-book as a habitual occupation, boasts that her ancestors came over in the Mayflower, and has the language and manners of a kitchen-maid. In defiance of this consistent guardian, Kitty makes the acquaintance of another strolling artist, and of his cousin, who proves to be an English lord; engages herself to the lord, and discovers the original strolling artist, her papa, to have been "an English count," who had also yielded to the well-known habit of the English nobility, and was frequenting American villages in disguise. This discovery constitutes Kitty a countess; and though some further complications prove the lord to be a commoner and the cousin the real lord, the fair plebeian ultimately finds herself married and sharing her estates (and we believe her title) with her denobilized but highly magnanimous husband. All this rigmarole and more is developed in the crudest fashion. It is, therefore, surprising that we must add that the language of the book is educated, its narrative flows easy, and Kitty herself a likable girl, whose chatter is really bright and amusing, and who, even in her contests with her aunt, is guilty of only the faintest shade of vulgarity. We incline to think that the misguided person who wrote *A Fair Plebeian* might, by studying life and abjuring the reading of trash, write a really good book some day.

Such novels as "A Fair Plebeian" usually visit our reading public in quantity only once a year, at the beginning of the vacation season. It shows how far less prolific we are in novel-writing that it is only when the annual installment of "summer novels" comes out that any such number of American novels is on the market as appears the year round of English novels. Even these summer novels are by no means strictly American. The "Transatlantic Series" of G. P. Putnam's Sons has added another steady source of cheap reprinted foreign fiction. This series has so far kept out of the way of the ordinary middle-class English novel, and reprinted things that were a little out of the usual way. Its last issue, however, *Her Sailor Love,*[2] is more distinctly ordinary than any that have preceded it. Nevertheless, it has more individuality than most of our reprinted fiction, without being intrinsically better. With far more brains and breeding than "A Fair Plebeian," it really shows less of some kinds of ability. Neither of them fairly represent the summer-vacation literature, except in that both are easy reading. A more typical specimen is the novelette, *X Y Z;*[3] a mere slip of a story, pleasant enough, and the easiest of easy reading; a detective story, but not of a highly exciting character; altogether well adapted for trains and unemployed half-hours. All the conditions of American novel-reading afford a healthy influence toward brevity.

[1] A Fair Plebeian. By May E. Stone. Chicago: Henry A. Sumner & Co. 1883.

[2] Her Sailor Love. By Katherine S. Macquoid New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

[3] X Y Z. By Anna Katherine Green. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE Harvard and Yale examinations on this coast, and several other similar actual or projected efforts to get California students to attend Eastern colleges, have been a subject of some curious comment on the part of journalists and other leaders of public opinion among us. "The Eastern colleges are sending out drummers," people say. "Once they were content to wait at home for applicants; now they trespass on the rightful domain of other colleges, and use doubtful means to entice our good young men away from us." And so, "Patronize home industry and shun the foreigners"—this is the advice of the sober and shorted-sighted people to whom the love of excellence means the love of such excellence as we can get for ourselves in our own community without "sending money out of the country" to get it. Now all this fashion of speech is the outcome of ignorance or of thoughtlessness. Surely, if higher education is useful to a community, whoever offers to the community new opportunities for higher education offers once for all a good thing, and does good. No one institution or method of training, no one community even, can offer what shall supply the needs of all the students who are growing up in any country. The more opportunities, the more courses new and various in character, are offered to the young men of the coast, the greater is the chance that mental life will be quickened in all directions and for all sorts and conditions of men. There are young men who especially need education away from home. It is for them and their parents to judge in each case when and why they need such training. But when every opportunity is offered to such students, and when in consequence they are encouraged to follow their bent and get the best that they can, the young men so benefited will in most cases return to their own land and will remain there, and will be of far more use than, with their needs and ambitions, they could possibly have been had they remained at home all the time. And above all, they at least of all our young men will have been freed from that dangerous Philistinism that hates and fears whatever comes from beyond the mountains. The worst sort of patriotism is the sort traditionally ascribed to cats: the love of things, not because they are good or beautiful, but because they happen to have been a good while in the familiar place; the hatred of things, not because they are bad, but because they have the foreign smell about them. Young men educated elsewhere have no doubt their very evident weaknesses, but their influence is once for all in healthy opposition to the patriotism of the cats.

AND our own State University (God save her!) is not hurt but helped by this so-called opposition. Always her authorities have been trying to raise the standard of admission and of college work. Always they have been opposed in their efforts. "The State does not need this high standard," people have said. "Our young men cannot and will not prepare for such examinations." Well, here is an answer to such arguments. Eastern colleges, anxious for the best students from all parts of the country, go to some expense to offer their examinations here. And they find that such offers do pay, and that young men are willing and anxious to prepare for such examinations. And so our own institution is strengthened in raising its standards, and its usefulness is increased. In short, universities if they are strong enough to deserve life at all, cannot be hurt, but must be helped, by what people call the opposition of other universities. For the business of colleges is not wholly like the shoe trade, or even like the conduct of railroads. So that it is not necessary for colleges to fear opposition, or to desire either to form a pool or to agree upon a division of territory; but the work of each university is best done when it works in the presence and under the direct influence of all the other universities.

IN these latter days we are made often to hear and to read the complaint that "the people" are defrauded of their rights by wicked rich men, or bodies of men, who buy elections, legislation, and press, thus making the forms of representative government as hollow a pretense as in the Roman empire, and a moneyed oligarchy the real government. The curiously *naive* thing in the complaint is that it should be a complaint at all, and not a confession. It assumes, as a matter of course, that the voter, legislator, or proprietor of a journal who is asked to sell his convictions has no option at all in the matter; and having sold them, is to be regarded the innocent victim of the unprincipled purchaser. The political economist may find in this another instance of the popular inability to understand that a pair of shoes buys five dollars as truly as five dollars buys a pair of shoes. The first party has money which the other wants; the second has influence which the first wants; and each sells the commodity he has for the commodity he wants. Yet Demos says to Crœsus—clamors to Crœsus with genuine wrath and sense of injury—"Sir, you have defrauded me; you have bought my vote away from me." Small wonder that Crœsus shrugs his shoulders and says, "What did you sell it for, then? this is a free country."

WE shall, of course, be met with the reminder that Jacob might well have answered to Esau's resentment, "Nobody compelled you to sell your birthright for my pottage"; but that if Esau did not exaggerate the immediate need he was in of pottage, to have refused the bargain would have required

heroism, and amounted to martyrdom—things which are not required of the rank and file of men. That the voter *is* compelled to sell his birthright (or naturalization right) of an honest voice in government, by the fear of loss of employment, is a belief very widely asserted—probably more widely than the facts in the least bear out. Whatever the extent, however, of this compulsory influence over votes, no one will claim that, except in a few peculiar cases, it is by threatening employees with dismissal that money wins elections. Even in this case, when one remembers that employees will throw themselves out of employment for six months to get an increase of wages that would not cover the expense of the strike within six years, one may, at the risk of seeming uncharitable, suspect that anything like the sensitiveness about their honor as citizens which they have about the rate of wages would make this sort of control of votes a more difficult matter. But as a matter of fact, if a man wins an election by money, he does not do it merely by threats of dismissal to all those employees whom his money has already enabled him to have, but by purchase of all salable votes; and the most indignant of the "people" will admit that his money would very rarely win him an election if such votes were to be found nowhere but among his own employees. The fact is, that either elections are not bought or else "the people" are —some by free choice, some under more or less pressure—sharers in the fraud and in the attack upon their own rights; and that, moreover, at the rate of (even counting out all who sell under pressure) many sellers of votes to each buyer of votes; many, that is, conspiring against the "people's rights" for private gain, among the people themselves, to every one among those whom we will regard, for the present, as not part of the people, but lifted outside the common lot by their wealth.

But in fact, the oligarchy of wealth *are* of the people. They learned their morals among us, got their notions of patriotism and honor from the public sentiment they found among us. If Jack Smith ten years ago would sell his vote for a bottle of whisky, and find that the public regarded it as a matter of course that votes *would* be sold, if only any one was found wicked enough to buy them, you may be sure that John Smith, who has been lucky in the ten years, now finds it very easy to shift the brunt of the moral responsibility to the other side, and to feel that if voters are wicked enough to have their votes in market, it is inevitable that purchasers should appear. To put it plainly: if representative government has become a pretense anywhere through the use of money, it is because a large enough number to hold a balance of power among us—the people— who are poor have combined with others of us—the people—who are rich to defraud the rest of us of our political rights. To this state of affairs, the language of indignant victims of outside oppression is hardly applicable.

The purchase of actual votes at the ballot-box is, of course, the smallest way in which money influences government; but we have spoken of it at most length because it is the simplest case, and illustrates the others. It is not an uncommon saying among us—with that air of having no responsibility in the matter that we so much affect—"O no, he"—or "they," or whatever the moneyed interest at stake may be—"will not buy the election: it is much cheaper to let us elect our man, and then buy him." Now, the amount either of indifference to the moral character of our candidate or of stupidity in discrimination of character that we bespeak for ourselves in this sentiment is enough to make us forever modest about declaiming against the tyranny of capital; for it sets us down either as too stupid to govern ourselves any better than the most self-interested capital would govern us, or as—just as in the case of corrupt election—ourselves the defrauders of ourselves. And a moment's reflection that the journals likewise are owned and edited by men of "the people," bought and read and in all wise supported by "the people," will put us into the same position of either stupidity or part in the fraud, if we are defrauded by them.

Last month we noticed as a curious phenomenon the disproportionate tendency of our Berkeley graduates to the study of law. The statistics of the graduating class of Yale set down as intending to study law exactly the same per cent. as have been actually found to study that profession among our Pacific graduates. This seems to indicate that no special conditions are working here, but that it is a very wide-spread desire among the American youth of to-day to study law. Probably the reason of this is not to be found entirely in any superior attractions of the profession, but also in the fact that it is the only one through which a man can pass to other occupations without any loss. It is the natural road into politics; it is a valuable preparation for business; it does not in the least stand in the way of journalism or literature or scholarship. A minister may not leave his profession without discredit, except for the higher grades of teaching, and certain limited lines of journalistic and literary work; a physician is even more limited. A still more potent force is found in the fact that the law is left almost entirely to college-bred men, while in almost every other calling there is much competition from outsiders. It would not do, therefore, to jump to the generalization that there must be more demand for lawyers than for men of any other occupation, since college graduates always find room for them in that; and we may spare ourselves the painful suspicion that men's property is dearer to them than either their souls, brains, or bodies.

We were somewhat startled the other day to meet in a country paper an appeal to the county board of education to "mark up" the papers received at the examinations for teachers' certificates, in order that

their county might "compare well with other counties in the showing made." We knew too much of teachers' examinations to be at all surprised at the idea the editor had about them; but we were surprised at the extreme frankness with which he expressed it. He did not pretend to consider the examinations too severe, or the marking in that county stricter than in others. He simply wished the marking to be so done as to show a large number of successful candidates, regardless of their quality. It opens an unpleasant field of speculation to wonder if the teachers' examinations are to any great extent conducted in the back counties in this spirit of emulousness, each county striving to put more teachers into the field than its neighbors. In view of the fact that the field is at present badly overcrowded, this emulation would be quite to be lamented. It is the approved thing to say the occupation cannot be overcrowded because salaries are still high. Salaries are high, if you choose to look at it so. They are high for make-shift, good-for-little teachers. They are so low for people of market value as to be rapidly driving them out of teaching altogether. Sixty dollars a month is a great deal of money for a twenty-year-old girl, with nothing well-learned in her head, to earn—a girl who would not be able to show a single trained faculty or capacity to do anything worth money in the open market; a girl who has no scholarly tastes, no plans, no education to speak of, but who simply teaches to increase her spending-money until she marries. But sixty dollars is a ludicrously small sum for any one to earn who has any trained ability to offer, and who does so hard and exhausting work as honest teaching is. It cannot be too often reiterated: "A good teacher is worth almost any price; a poor one is dear at any money." Unquestionably, all the worse class of teachers should be forced out of the employment, and made to support themselves in some way more within their capacity—dress-making or farming or copying. If it were shoe-making they were occupied in instead of bringing up children, they would soon be forced to try something else; because any man knows when he gets a good shoe. But the great trouble with teaching is that bad teaching is as likely to satisfy the purchasers as good; and therefore the good teacher comes into competition with the poor, and without having any advantage from her superiority. Our own observation of "the condition of the profession" is a clamor of applicants for every vacant position, out of which the best man usually detaches himself, feeling humiliated at the keenness of the chase that seems to be necessary in order to obtain the position, and gives up teaching, finding that honest ability to do a thing will get him work in other lines, without any need of humiliating importunacy. By this process, most of those who can earn something in other ways leave the struggle of school-teaching and school-getting. The chief exception to the principle of free competition is that where the commodity to be sold is one of which the purchaser is not in a position to judge, but is one that seriously affects his welfare, the law may shut out from competition that which is judged unworthy. It does so in its chemical tests of foods; it admits the principle by examining teachers at all; and the humiliating difficulties experienced by really good teachers in securing positions, on account of the number of applicants less qualified than they, but just as satisfactory to the employers, show that authority should move in the direction of still more exclusion from competition, by tests as rationally devised and applied as may be practicable. Once admitted to competition, there is no way of securing success to the best and failure to the worst, unless all employers could be made wise. In short, it is more reasonable to expect judgment from one board of examiners to a county than from one board of trustees to a district—from ten men than from a hundred men. Therefore, so far as the examiners can forestall the judgment of the trustees, prevent their making bad selections by keeping out as much bad material as possible from what they are to select among, it is well they should rigidly do so.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Daniel Webster.[1]

THE latest issue of the American Statesmen series is *Daniel Webster*,[1] by Henry Cabot Lodge, and it sustains the high standard aimed at from the outset. At the same time, it must be said that there are indications that the work was written with too much haste. Passing over occasional slips of the pen, the more serious defect is the repetition of ideas, and frequently of expressions. This is especially noticeable in the criticism on the 7th of March speech, where there is a painful reiteration of the same reflections. The occasion of praise of the work of Mr. Lodge lies in the well-sustained proportions of the sketch of the career of the great statesman, which at the end leaves the reader with a just perception of Webster as a lawyer, as an orator, as a politician, and as a statesman, without encumbering the memory with unnecessary details.

The author brings out clearly the significance of Webster in the history of the country between the War of 1812 and the days when the slavery controversy was absorbing all other questions. All the forces in our American life since the Revolution have

[1] American Statesmen—Daniel Webster. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

been irresistibly converging towards the formation of a homogeneous nation. In the earlier days, especially during the first thirty years of the century, the sentiment of nationality was growing throughout the North, and to a limited degree in the South. Men were not fully conscious that they had it. They were afraid of it. At least, it had to be disguised under vague phrases and platitudes, and naturally there was continual argument as to the meaning of the Constitution. The same circle of debate was incessantly traveled over, and at this day to go back and look at its prolix details is like attempting to feast on ashes. The one fruit of surpassing richness in this dead sea of words is Webster's rejoinder to Hayne. It is one of the few great orations of our age. Its inestimable service was to voice the before inarticulate aspirations of the North towards a strong nationality. It is a pity that we have to set off against it the 7th of March speech. We may concede that Webster was at this later day as much a nationalist as ever; but there was at the time, and always has been since, the painful suspicion that the hope to gain over the South to carry him into the presidency was the moving cause. He learned to his surprise and deep chagrin, when the Whig convention met, that the South had used him, and then rejected him.

The public judgment has not yet settled upon its estimate of the great New Englander. That he was one of the few pre-eminent orators of any age, none will deny; that he was a lawyer of wonderful powers, is common tradition; that he had the stateman's ability to grasp and handle intricate questions of foreign policy, must be conceded; but that he had the quality of the politician—of the politician in the higher sense—must be denied. This quality makes leaders of men, fashioners of policies, and winners of victories for them before the people. Jefferson had it in an extraordinary degree. Gladstone has it. It is perhaps a mistake to charge Webster with a change of front on the slavery question. If for the sake of his moral honesty we admit this, then we cannot help but confess, what is probably nearer the truth, that Webster totally failed to perceive the true state of public sentiment on the subject; at least, he failed to measure its strength and depth.

No doubt he was sincere when he said to the citizens of Boston, after the 7th of March speech, that slavery had then become "an unreal, ghostly abstraction." But in conceding this, we condemn him most emphatically as wanting in the first requisite of the great statesman the ability to know what is going on about him.

This book of Mr. Lodge compares favorably with his able life of Hamilton in the same series, and carries out very well the main object of the series, which is to furnish sketches of the lives of our principal statesmen which shall not be loaded with petty details, but show the relation and importance of the men to the events of our history.

Briefer Notice.

In this collection of essays by Dr. Holmes—*Pages from an Old Volume of Life* [1]—his old readers and friends will recognize papers which, at sundry times during the last twenty-five years, they have had the pleasure of reading as they have come from the press Among them are "My Hunt 'After the Captain,'" first published in the "Atlantic Monthly" in 1862; "The Inevitable Trial," an oration delivered before the city authorities of Boston on the Fourth of July, 1863; "Talk Concerning the Human Body and its Management," first printed in the "Atlantic Almanac"; "Cinders from the Ashes," from the "Atlantic Monthly," 1869; "Mechanism in Thought and Morals," an address before the Phi Beta Kappa of Harvard, June 20th, 1870; "Crime and Automatism," from the "Atlantic Monthly," 1875; and "Jonathan Edwards," which appeared in the "International Review," 1880. These and some other papers are made into a handsome volume, and are very welcome and valuable, as is everything from the pen of Dr. Holmes, as contributions to the permanent literature of the country. ——Pedro Carolino in sober earnest wrote a little book entitled *English as She is Spoke*,[2] which he intended should be a guide to conversation in Portuguese and English. It was arranged in three columns, alternately, of, firstly, Portuguese; secondly, the supposed English equivalent; and thirdly, the said equivalent phonetically spelled. The object was to make certain to the Portuguese student a knowledge of the English language and its pronunciation. The result was ludicious to the English student who, however perfect might be the Portuguese, scarce ever before read such English words singly or so combined. The author's ignorance of the English language made it valueless to the Portuguese scholar, and amused the English reader by its very blunders and by the apparent absence of a single correct combination of English words. The author of this little book has—omitting the Portuguese equivalents—published, as a jest book, the so-called "English of Senhor Carolino," whose ignorant blunders excel almost anything likely to be attained by the most ingenious attempts to blunder.——The second number of G. P. Putnam's "Topics of the Time" passes to a field quite different from the first, and under the title of *Studies in Biography* [3] includes seven essays from English reviews, as follows: Leon Gambetta: A Positivist Discourse, by Frederic Harrison: The Contempo-

[1] Pages from an Old Volume of Life. A Collection of Essays, 1857–1881. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[2] English as She is Spoke; or, A Jest in Sober Earnest. With an Introduction by James Millington. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[3] Studies in Biography. Edited by Titus Munson Coan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

rary Review.—Jonathan Swift: Blackwood's Magazine.—Miss Burney's Own Story, by Mary Elizabeth Christie: The Contemporary Review.—Samuel Wilberforce, by Sir G. W. Dasent: The Fortnightly Review.—Lord Westbury and Bishop Wilberforce: A Lucianic Dialogue: The Fortnightly Review.—Correspondance de George Sand, 1812–1847: The Edinburgh Review.—Literary Bohemians: Blackwood's Magazine. It is perhaps straining a point to call these "topics of the time," but the essays are very recent—none, we believe, earlier than the present year; the leading one, Mr. Harrison's address on Gambetta, was delivered last February. In the "Lucianic Dialogue (on the other side of Styx, after ten years' habitation there, which has done surprisingly little toward affecting the points of view of either of the distinguished interlocutors), and in the paper on "Literary Bohemians," the biographical element is very shadowy; but the other five are clearly biographical studies, and very interesting ones.——*The Reading of Books*[1] (which, curiously enough, while it bears on cover and title-page the title we have given, calls itself everywhere else "The Best Books") adds another to the rapidly increasing number of books about reading. While this little manual is less brilliant and suggestive than Mr. Van Dyke's, it is more sound and far safer as a guide to the unsophisticated. In its recommendations of books it is a little conventional, but that is the safe side to be in error on; and no one of good judgment will find any point of importance on which he will dissent from the advice here given. The most important point of the sort that we notice is the recommendation—even though qualified—of Mühlbach's and G. P. R. James's historical novels. The point that makes us hesitate as to the value, not so much of this particular manual, but of the whole class, is that they cannot be of much use to any but those without habits of reading or knowledge of books; and such people, even the young, much more the mature, are slow to get hold of and read as serious a book as this. It seems likely to be most read by those who need it least. However, one must not overlook the army of teachers, who are in a position to meet with such books, and pass them on, not only to the inquiring youth, but to the flighty and indifferent. To the inquiring youth, who are all that we, on our part, may hope to reach, we cheerfully recommend the little treatise, both for reading and for reference; and also to the teacher, whether he be teacher of his own children or other people's.——*A Popular History of California*,[2] first issued some sixteen years ago, is now brought out in a second edition, in which the history is brought down to date. The whole subject is covered in two hundred and sixteen pages, and brevity is evidently made a leading aim. About two-thirds of this space is devoted to the period of exploration and Spanish rule, the cession to the United States and discovery of gold being reached on page 140. The frontispiece is from a photograph of Nahl's painting of Sutter's Mill in 1851.——Mrs. Lillie's *Nan*[3] is a pleasant story, which children will like, especially little girls, and about which there is nothing to be objected to, and perhaps little of very special merit. Servants in livery in New Haven (for New Haven is apparently the original of the college town described) are rather odd.

OUTCROPPINGS.

An Invitation.

AN atom drifting on the air,
Scarce seen—it is a tiny feather;—
A riddle from the birds to me
About the season or the weather?
I cannot say—I'm such a dunce
I seldom guess these things at once.

How stupid! Bless me, what a head!
'Twas nothing—really nothing hard—
No, nothing but the birdie's card;
And this is simply what it said:

"*At home! Come 'round when out a-resting,*
We're mated, and we're now a-nesting
In yonder eucalyptus tree.
Our compliments to thine and thee."

R. E. C. S.

A Photographic Negative.

I WENT in to see Adonis the other night. He was not at home—at least, in the flesh; but his invisible presence—his *alter ego*—had so touched every part of the place that I scarcely missed Adonis himself. A rose-silk shade hung over the drop-light, a rose-leaf glow filled the room, the fresh odor of a fine cigar came out to meet me as I entered, a creamy silk kerchief flung on a chair, an overturned bottle of "heliotrope," a pair of fur-lined slippers evidently kicked off in haste, the contents of an ivory toilet case in picturesque confusion—all told me that Adonis had gone forth armed for conquest. I was a privileged guest; so, instead of lamenting my friend's ab-

[1] The Reading of Books. By Charles F. Thwing. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[2] A Popular History of California. By Lucia Norman. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged by T. E. San Francisco: A. Roman, Publisher. 1883.

[3] Nan. By Lucy C. Lillie. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

sence, I flung myself on the cushioned Chinese lounge, whose pillows still bore the impress of Adonis's handsome head, and gave myself up to lazy speculations. Adonis has always had the *photomania,* if I may call it so. His brackets, his wall-pockets, every possible niche is bursting out like deciduous trees in spring. I got up at last and wandered about, looking at them with a new interest induced by my thread of thought. That there was a strong predominance of feminine faces goes without saying; Adonis is so decidedly a "ladies' man." A motley assemblage it was, to be sure. A muscular member of the ballet jostled a demure lady who looked like the traditional wife and mother of a temperance novel—the resemblance heightened by a smaller edition of herself stuck just above her. A Spanish damsel from the shadow of a lace veil ogled her *vis-a-vis,* a female Romeo in doublet and hose. They were all moths which had from time to time fluttered into the blaze of my friend's fascinations. Adonis himself figured in various attitudes more or less picturesque. I notice that while we fling our friends aside, we manage to preserve a copy of every picture of our own. Adonis's gallery consisted mostly of new friends. I did not know many of them. I looked in vain for Lesbia with her charming eyes; for the gentle Emily, whose heart our gay moth-scorcher had shriveled up so long ago; for Theresa, the warm-hearted; and Frances—bewitching, imperious Fanny. I grew curious. I went on a search after these old-time companions of ours. At last I exhumed from the farthest corner of the lowest drawer of the book-case an unhinged, faded album, and behold! a bevy of them leered at me with the stereotyped photographic smile we all know so well. The cards were yellow and fly-specked. Time had made almost as much havoc with the counterparts as with the originals. Their day was done; they had come to the seclusion of the book-case drawer. It was sad, but it was inevitable.

I remembered with a pang of mortified vanity how I had found one of my own highly-finished "full-lengths" among the stage properties of Master Charley Robinson, when I was invited to inspect his toy theater in the attic. Yielding to Mrs. Robinson's entreaties, I had sent back for an extra half-dozen to give her that particular photograph; and look now at my reward!

I bethought me of Thistledown, whom I found the last rainy day making a holocaust of his overplus before he left us for New York—just as the farmer clears the ground for his new harvest.

"I have to weed 'em out now and then," said Thistledown, jocularly, as he tossed a pretty girl into the grate. "Here's the widow I met at Monterey. Jove! how she's gone off since that was taken. This is what you'd call a *suttee,* I suppose. 'Member Jones? Good fellow, wasn't he? Never had a better friend than Jones"; and then the good fellow and the good friend struck the red coal-bed and curled up with a ghastly shiver. During these crematory exercises, Thistledown's retriever pup Dan was tearing something in a corner, and I ventured to call his attention to it. "Come here, you young Satan," and he pulled a pulpy mass away from the excited brute. "O, that's the remains of the gentle Phyllis I found in the redwoods when I was out hunting—hunting deer," added Thistledown with a smirk. "She was awfully pretty, don't you know? and awfully gone on your humble servant; a sweet, trusting little thing, but she didn't know how to dress: these country girls never do. Do you suppose that photo will make Dan sick?" he asked, naively. "I wouldn't lose that dog, sir, for a thousand dollars."

Thistledown calls me a sentimental old donkey; at any rate, I got sick at heart and slipped away long before he finished his "clearing out." I don't know why I should be sentimental, or anything but cynical, about these things, for I do not myself always cherish the counterfeit presentment of my friends. I, too, have holocausts: everybody has, I presume—unless, like Adonis, they let their friends drift into oblivion. After all, that is the most popular plan. But it is rather pitiful to think with what a flush of conscious pride Lesbia and Fanny, and all the Harvard set which grace the album of Adonis, prinked and posed for these same pictures, and with what fatal generosity they were distributed right and left. But the piquant side glance which made Fanny so irresistible then looks absurd now, because our mind's eye has kept pace with time; whereas, the side glance belonged to the youth of which Fanny was a part.

Those festive Bohemians, Tom, Dick, and Harry, who looked so rakish with their eccentric hats atilt, with their long pipes and their dogs at their feet, are portly old fellows now—maybe Bohemians still, but with their enthusiasms and eccentricities dimmed and put away in obscure corners, like their youthful pictures. And Adonis doesn't care for them any more; in fact, he quarreled with all three, and sent them to Coventry with most energetic apostrophes long and long ago.

"I never give away a photograph," said Laurance when somebody asked him for one. "I did once, but age has brought wisdom."

"But I want it so awfully badly," pleaded Cherry-cheek.

Laurance smiled down on her in his benignant way. "I know you do, and if I should have my phiz taken to present to you, you would be enraptured for five minutes, you would show it to all the girls, and possibly keep it on your *chiffonier* or dressing-table for a week or so, and then it would fill the one vacant place in your album left by Smith, whose picture has been *returned;* and after a while some newer fellow would come along, and I'd be tossed into an odd corner, and when your sister Jemima ran over with the children, you would give them my lack-luster visage to play with; I would be torn in two by the baby, thrown into the waste-basket by your method-

ical mother, and—last scene of all that ends this strange, eventful history—the house-maid would empty me, along with scraps of love letters and the *debris* of your decorative-art efforts, into the kitchen range or the cellar ash-barrel."

Cherry-cheek began an indignant protest.

"But you will admit that you've seen these seven ages of man on card-board," said Laurance, sardonically.

"We—ll, yes," she admitted; "but I would never serve *you* that way."

"My young friends," quoth Laurance, in his most didactic manner, and with a comprehensive wave of his hand, "*never* give away your photograph; better still, never have it taken. Give Chloe or Phyllis sugar-plums and valentines, and even write her bad verses if you must, but don't pose for her in a sentimental attitude and your best clothes. It's not your fault that you look idiotic, even after the most skillful retouching of the artist: it's the fault of nature, who refuses to let herself be duplicated. And, my dear Cherry-cheek, think twice before you send Daphnis that last sweet thing of yours with your hands clasped over your head, and in which the dimple in your chin comes out so prettily.

"A photograph is not a key to character, anyhow. Adonis here looks like a new Sir Galahad, *en carte*. Flossy R., who has the most piquant face in the world, turns by the necromancy of sun and acids to a sour-visaged, homely woman; while her friend, who is coarse and expressionless, is transformed into one of the graces. The dough-faced baby, labeled 'Johnny at six months,' 'Sammy at two years,' is a peripatetic grievance to the world at large, and a sorrowful evidence of the young mother's opthalmia. What do you suppose Jones cares about Brown's baby? Why should the crude lineaments of these unconscious infants be strewn broadcast over the land? To do them justice," added this cynical orator, with a grin, "they mostly protest against the operation, which is, or ought to be, painful to anybody.

"As perhaps you know, my dear friends, in the provinces the parlor is also an art gallery, where hang, in imitation rosewood frames, the friends living and deceased of the whole family, from 'Araminta's beau' to 'Gran'ma Ellis,' who 'died last fall.' If you want to avenge yourself on the friend who has 'a dozen' struck off now and then, frame and hang him on the wall. There he is helpless and hopeless. He lacks the dignity of a painted portrait, however badly painted; he is on a lower level than a crayon; he is less noticeable than a chromo; he is 'about at a par with the wall paper.'" Here Laurance paused for breath, and a chorus of indignant voices filled the niche of silence; but with a true missionary spirit he went on, unheeding the clamor: "You will not take warning?" he said solemnly. "Let me tell you a story.

"Once, in my salad days, I sat for a picture, but it wasn't handsome enough to suit me, I suppose; at any rate, I complained of this or that defect to the photographer, until at last he raised his eyebrows deprecatingly. 'I assure you,' he murmured, with crushing sarcasm, 'I did the best I could with the material you gave me.' That simple episode has embittered my life, has made me the blighted being you know. Beware of the alluring camera. If you love your fellow-men, refuse to be grouped; deny yourself the temptation of a front or a three-quarter view, a full length, or any kind of a length"—and with a benevolent twinkle in his eyes, Laurance seized his hat and was gone before anybody could retort, remonstrate, or confute his argument.

K. M. B.

Fate.

NORNAS three, the sagas say,
Tend the fates of men for aye;
Mightier than the gods are they.
From the random songs we sing
To the deeds that damning bring,
Lo! their hands hold everything.

Still we know them. What was done
In the fathers' days is one;
Deeds of ours affect us still;
And the third is present will.

E. C. Sanford.

Out of the World.

THE lady of fashion, who "dearly loved country pleasures for a time," was sensible only of the novelties of the country. It is all very nice, so long as she is not asked to live among the giants of the forest or on the wide and lonely plain. The country as it is in the main—the agricultural land divided into "places," and dotted with halls and school-houses—except to ride through on the cars and see its miles and miles of flowers, is simply odious to her. This metropolitan lady is reproduced in that same rural district, in a calico figure less trimly bodiced, and sighing wearily in the low doorway of her unpainted dwelling. Her possessions and loved ones are bounded by four fence lines; her postal address is at the distant red building on the railroad. She lives in the country, yet she is not there, neither heart nor soul. She has governed herself with stoicism till she has lost her heart. She is stolid, commonplace, unemotional, and silent. She came to the country to make something, not to love the dull farm. There is nothing to love; her violets will not flourish, and her house has neither bay-window nor double parlors. Prosperity drags on slowly, and she has surrendered her youth, that could only live on excitement.

Yet out on the wide plains of the San Joaquin, far from fashionable customs, far from operas and literary sermons and grand organs fate has said to many, "Go and live"; they have gone and lived full and perfect lives—lives as fine and pure as existence ever furnished. Out of the world, not with an annual

season in the city, not within call of educated friends, not with frequent visits from the gay city, without inspiration from grand speakers. Living in houses that would appear in novels as "humble cottages," in unfashionable attire, original and unrestrained as to habits and customs. Out of the world —the proud-stepping, progressive world, the artificial, false world, the overwrought, tear-shedding world—into a home-made world shaped of every-day life and lit and shadowed with the morn and night of trifling occurrences and quiet thought.

She is delicate also—my mistress of the grange. The daily annals of crime, that my Lady Velvet reads with complacency, she puts away with a shudder. Her "Daily Sun" is the pure white light of morning, and her "Morning Call" is the ecstatic note of the wild bird. She has no moods for petty vices, and the processes of great frauds are to her a foreign language. She is forced into a line of pure if not intellectual musings. The master also finds nothing in the weekly agricultural and the monthly review to whet an appetite for secret crimes and ghastly particulars. If his hardy plain-life does not tend to make him an emotional disciple of religion, neither does it tend to give him an insatiable longing for excitements. What largeness of thought, judgment, and purpose remain to lie between the two extremes to dignify and ennoble life!

Out of the world, yet holding great estates in the world of soul-life; out of fashion, yet wearing daintily the garments of peace and contentment; out of date, yet ever young with the youth nature affords to a direct and simple life. A spring to flow perennially in a dry region must have its sources in the deep and silent reservoirs of the under world. It is the soul like the perennial spring that can live in the "out of the way" places without the sparkling waters of society, and never lie dry and exhausted under the sun of loneliness. This soul has life we know not of, and its recesses go down into the deeps of reflection and take hold of the unfailing fountains.

So it happens, that if you ride over the plains, where the houses are widely separated, and ask the woman at her window-garden and the husband at his plow, "Are you not mad with loneliness?" many who are there from choice will say, "Sirs, we are glad with peacefulness, and contented with the prosperity that comes with good judgment and industry."

It cannot be a sterile life when the hearts thrills to the sound of rain as to the touch of a loving hand; when the trade-wind, breathing its invisible clouds of humidity from the ocean, is like a message of great gladness; when the lingering of the dew in the spring is like the tarrying of loved ones before a long voyage; when all the powers of heaven that give a growing life to vegetation are as presiding deities to be loved, watched, and worshiped. The man who lives out of the world looks upon the dewdrops hanging from the thirsty wheat-blades and sees, not alone the beauty of them, but bows in his heart to the power that lives in the drop, that enters into the leaf, that trickles down the stalk, and in the warm earth makes known its wonderful mission. The mission of the south wind, of the cool night and dewy morning, is to work with him and for him the perfection of the plant, the flower, the fruit; and he personifies them as his fellow-laborers. The south wind is the prophet and priest of this great copartnership. He comes cloaked and hooded in cloud, and spreads his arms of benediction over all. When he tarries at his appointed time, his subjects uplift white faces to feel the first motion of his breath, looking for him at sunset, and watching at the early dawn for his footsteps.

A growing day makes the out-of-the-world heart glad. No *fete* day is so bright and joyous, so filled with harmony. There is moisture, warmth, light; every green thing makes a rejoicing before the perfect union of these powers. It is the hymn of nature, passionate as a love song. The old oak gives out his rapture, and a new life appears on his topmost boughs.

The linnet feels the thought of the oak, and makes a new song for the promise of his coming joy. There will be leafy trysting places very soon; so he flits among the branches and makes the air sweet with his songs—careless, merry little trills—as if he made a happy jest of everything. Far in the fields sounds all day the statelier melody of the lark, ringing up through the air, clear-toned and distinct. His song is rapturous and short, like the highest joy of the soul. You cannot be empty-hearted and lonely when the every-day joy of the lark keeps you thinking of the sweetest things on earth. He brings down the heart to take high joy in lowly things. Down among the grasses and the flowers he sings his sweetest notes. It is not among the high places of exaltation and pride that the heart finds life the rarest, but down among the more natural impulses of an humbler station, where the flowers of unpurchased affection shield it from the hot white light of emulation. With the sweet odor of these blossoms in the heart, a still spring day has wonderful loveliness. Walk down the fields and realize their beauty. Peace will lie down with you among the flowers, and you will see what a wide world is there. The grass is noticeably higher than it was yesterday; there is another eschscholtzia nodding at your elbow; it is greener down the slopes of the hills, and the air trembles along over hollow and ridge, so undulating and so even you could weave it into rhyme. It lies soft and lazy before the hills, and wraps the mountains till they are pale and distant as the sky. Overhead stretches the wide blue ceiling of our temple of peace. Its unpainted canvas is ever ready to take on the pictures of the imagination—figures wonderful and vast, such as one makes lying alone with an active mind on the warm grasses of the wheat field. *E. E.*

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THE PAST AND THE PRESENT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

"THE Wealth of Nations" was published in 1776. Its centennial was celebrated in 1876 with more or less formality in various countries. In England prominent politicians and economists held a symposium to do homage to the memory of Adam Smith, its author. The occasion was remarkable on more than one account. At that time it was the only book to which had ever been awarded the honor of a centenary commemoration; though since then, in 1881, the centennial of Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" has been celebrated both at Concord and Königsberg. But the chief significance of the event, taken in connection with the discussion thereby evoked, consisted in the fact that, while it brought to light dissatisfaction on the part of political economists themselves with previous economic methods and conclusions, it was at the same time the herald of a new era in political economy. It announced to the world that a revolution in political, social, and economical sciences had already begun, and in various countries had met with no inconsiderable success.

Nevertheless, in 1876, as at present, there were not lacking ardent defenders of past learning. Upon the occasion to which we have referred, a distinguished speaker claimed for Adam Smith "the power of having raised political economy to the dignity of a true science; the merit, the unique merit among all men who ever lived in the world, of having founded a deductive and demonstrative science of human actions and conduct; the merit, in which no man can approach him, that he was able to treat subjects of this kind with which political economists deal, by the deductive method." In the same year, Mr. Bagehot, an equally faithful follower of the older English school of political economy, wrote as follows: "The position of political economy is not altogether satisfactory. It lies rather dead in the public mind. Not only does it not excite the same interest as formerly, but there is not exactly the same confidence in it." And at the Adam Smith banquet itself, Emile de Laveleye, the distinguished Belgian professor, described a younger, rising school of political economists investigating economic problems with another spirit and different methods. Thus were brought together representatives of two schools: the older school proud of the age and respectability of their doctrines, but disheartened at the loss of public confidence; the younger school hopeful because convinced that the future belonged to them.

What, then, has political economy been in the past? and what is it to-day as represented by the teachings of the most advanced investigators in England, Germany, Italy, and America?

The English political economy of Malthus, Ricardo, and James Mill reigned almost supreme in England and in literary circles in all Christendom until within twenty or thirty years. It acquired the reputation of orthodoxy; and to be a heretic in political economy became worse than to be an apostate in religion. The teachings of these men and their adherents were comparatively simple. They were deductive, and flowed naturally from a few *à priori* hypotheses. Universal selfishness was the leading assumption of this English or Manchester school of political economy. "The Wealth of Nations," says Buckle, one of the Manchester men, "is entirely deductive, since in it Smith generalizes the laws of wealth, not from the phenomena of wealth, nor from statistical statements, but from the phenomena of selfishness." While it is possible to maintain with considerable show of plausibility that this is far from being a correct interpretation of Adam Smith, it most undoubtedly represents truly the teachings of followers who pushed their tendencies in method and doctrine to an extreme. Smith, indeed, made use of history and statistics, but Ricardo, his most distinguished disciple, did not. The latter opens his work on "Political Economy and Taxation" with a discussion of "value." In all that he says concerning it—and that means twenty-five large octavo pages—he does not adduce one single illustration from actual life. Not even one historical or statistical fact is brought forward to support his conclusions. No mention is made of a single event which ever occurred. It is really astounding when one thinks of it. The whole discourse is hypothetical. Inside of two pages he introduces no fewer than thirteen distinct suppositions, all of them purely imaginary. A second leading hypothesis of this older school was that a love of ease and aversion to exertion was a universal characteristic of mankind. This antagonized the desire of wealth, which was one of the manifestations of self-interest. Then it was further assumed that the beneficent powers of nature, or the "free play of natural forces," arranged things so that the best good of all was attained by the unrestrained action of these two fundamental principles. Equality of wages and equality of profits flowed naturally from these same original assumptions. A further deduction, perfectly logical, was that government should abstain from all interference in industrial life. *Laissez faire, laissez passer*—let things alone, let them take care of themselves—was the oft-repeated maxim of *à priori* economists.

The attractions of these doctrines were numerous and evident. For the perplexing, the bewildering complexity of the economic phenomena surrounding us, they substituted an enticing unity and an alluring simplicity. They appealed irresistibly to the vanity of the average man, as they provided him with a few easily managed formulas, which enabled him to solve all social problems at a moment's notice, and at any time to point out the only true and correct policy for all governments, whether in the present or the past, whether in Europe or Asia, Africa or America. It required, indeed, but a few hours' study to make of the village schoolmaster both a statesman and a political economist. Neither high attainments nor previous study and investigation were required even in a professor of the science. "Although desirable that the instructor should be familiar with the subject himself," writes Mr. Amasa Walker in the preface to his "Science of Wealth," "it is by no means indispensable. With a well-arranged text-book in the hands of both teacher and pupil, with suitable effort on the part of the former and attention on the part of the latter, the study may be profitably pursued. We have known many instances where this has been done in colleges and other institutions, highly to the satisfaction and advantage of all parties concerned."

Another attractive feature of this economic system was the favor it gained for its adherents with existing powers in state

and society. No exertion, no sacrifice, was required on their part to alleviate the sufferings of the lower classes. They were simply to let them alone and go their way, convinced that they were most truly benefiting others in pursuing their own egotistic designs. The capital of the country was divided according to fixed and unalterable laws into two parts: the one designed for laborers, and called the wage-fund; the other destined for the capitalists, and called profits. So far, nothing was to be done, because nothing could be done. It was impossible to contend against nature. If you should thrust her out with a pitchfork, she would return. Moreover, competition distributed the two portions of capital justly among the members of the classes for whom they were destined: the wage-fund equally and equitably among the laborers, the profits equally and equitably among the capitalists. Such bright, rose-colored views so influenced some that they began to talk about the "so-called poor man," and at times appeared to think an economic millennium about to dawn upon us. It is only necessary to pull down a few more barriers and allow still freer play to natural forces.

Whatever views we may entertain of the correctness of the doctrines described, we should not fail to recognize the merits of the orthodox English school of political economy—the classical political enonomy, as it is called. It separated the phenomena of wealth from other social phenomena for special and separate study. It called attention to their importance in national life. It convinced people that it was folly to attempt to understand society without examining and investigating the conditions, the processes, and the consequences of the production and distribution of economic goods. Even if it was an error to attempt to study these economic phenomena by themselves, entirely apart from law and other social institutions, the effort was of importance as bringing out this very impossibility. If it was an error to assume simplicity of economic phenomena, the error itself led to an investigation of them, from which people might have been deterred, if their complexity and difficulty had been sufficiently realized.

The services rendered by economists of this school in practical life were not less important. They were instrumental in tearing down institutions which, having outlived their day and usefulness, were simply obstructions to the development of national economic life. This happened in many lands, but it is necessary to enumerate only a few examples. The Baron von Stein was the man of all others who ushered in the era of modern political institutions in Prussia. He began his career as minister by demolition. As Seeley, in his "Life and Times of Stein," admits with more good sense than usually characterizes English writers on free trade and protection, international free trade could not be contemplated in the countries of continental Europe. It is only to be thought of in countries like England—"shielded comparatively from war, and depending upon foreign countries for its wealth." But internal free trade, i. e., free trade within the nation itself, was both practicable and advisable. Stein accordingly abolished, early in the century, the internal customs which had proved a great hindrance to trade and industry, while yielding the state the insignificant sum of some $140,000 per annum (Part I. Chap. V. p. 100[1]). Restrictions on the transfer of land and serfdom were institutions which stood in the way of a desirable national development, and both were abolished by Stein's celebrated Emancipating Edict of 1807 (Part III. Chap. IV.). While he was influenced considerably by Turgot's writings and practical activity as governor of a province and Minister of Finance, he expressly acknowledges that he studied Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and was guided by it in his policy (Part I. Chap. V. p. 99). I have mentioned only three cases where English political economy influenced German national life. These would be important enough to attract attention if they were the only instances, whereas its influence has not ceased at the present time. There still exists in Germany a society of men called

[1] Seeley's Life of Stein. Boston. 1879.

the Economic Congress, and founded in 1858. They represent the extreme economic views of the old school, and endeavor to bring legislation into harmony with their ideas; and their efforts in the past have been by no means altogether fruitless.

It is less necessary to describe the practical effects of the orthodox political economy in England. It began by influencing the younger Pitt, and reached its culmination, perhaps, in the introduction of international free trade under Cobden and Bright.

But it must be noticed that its whole spirit and activity were negative. It was powerful to tear down, but it did not even make an attempt to build up. In this respect it resembled the French Revolution, and was hailed with joy for the same reason. They both represented the negative side of a great reform, and as such answered the needs of the latter part of the eighteenth and the earlier part of the nineteenth centuries. The ground had to be cleared away to make room for new formations; and the system of political economy described could not endure permanently because it was *only* negative. It was obliged to give way to a school which should attempt the positive work of reconstruction.

But apart from not presenting the whole truth, like all purely negative teachers, they taught much that was positively false in its one-sided aspect. Indeed, their leading assumptions tally so little with the realities of the world, that it is strange they can be believed by any one whose knowledge of life is not bounded by the four walls of his study. Is man entirely selfish? entirely desirous of his own welfare? Our every-day experience teaches us that he is not. All men may be more or less selfish, but he who is thoroughly so, even in business transactions, is so rare as to be despised by the vast majority of mankind. During the late "hard times," hundreds of manufacturers continued business chiefly for the sake of their employees. Even great corporations, with their proverbial lack of feeling, are far from utterly disregarding the welfare of those in their employ, as is evinced by numerous institutions for the benefit of their laborers; as reading-rooms, schools, insurance societies, and the like. It is not to be denied that policy on the part of employers is a co-operating factor in establishing such concerns, but it is unfair to attribute deeds of this character to self-interest alone.

As to wages, it is idle to ignore that competition has a powerful influence in regulating them. Experience teaches that it has. But it teaches us at the same time that it does not reduce wages to the lowest possible point in a great number—*possibly* the majority—of cases, and that it does not equalize them in the same employment. While carpenters are receiving $2.50 in one place, they receive $3 a day in another locality not a day's journey distant. Farm laborers in England, in 1873, received wages which varied from an average of 12*s.* a week, in the southern counties, to an average of 18*s.* a week, in the northern—a difference of fifty per cent;[1] and this difference was no temporary phenomenon, but appears to have lasted for years.

The difference in special localities in the north (Yorkshire) and south (Dorsetshire) of England was still greater, amounting to between two and three hundred per cent. Look hap-hazard where one will, one finds that unequal wages for similar services are not only paid in places not remote from one another, but even in the same city or town. Appleton's Annual Cyclopædia for 1877, for example, gives the following table of wages paid to engineers and firemen at the time of the celebrated strike in 1877:

Line of Railroad.	*Daily Wages.*		*Monthly Wages.*	
	Engineers.	Firemen.	Engineers.	Firemen
N. Y. Central	$3 15	$1 58	$81 90	$41 08
Erie	3 60	2 13	97 12	58 12
Pennsylvania (longer trips —passenger)	3 15	1 80	92 78	51 23
Pennsylvania (shorter trips —freight)	2 34	1 65	83 66	48 03
Illinois Central (passenger)	....	....	115 00	57 00
" " (freight)	....	....	100 00	54 00
Burlington & Quincy	....	2 oc	81 00	52 00
Lake Shore	2 93	1 47	94 64	47 32

Employers could reduce wages, if they would, in cases not by any means rare. All

[1] The Movements of Agricultural Wages in Europe, by Prof. Leslie, in Fortnightly Review, June 1, 1874.

sorts of motives come into play in employing laborers and servants—generosity, love of mankind, a desire to see those about one happy, pride, sentiment, etc. When a gentleman hires a boy to carry a parcel, he does not haggle with him for five cents; pride restrains him if nothing else. A gentleman in New York pays his coachman $50 a month for no better reason than the purely sentimental one that his deceased father, to whom this servant had been kind, had paid him the same amount.

The wealthy proprietor of a widely circulated journal is said to have refused to reduce the wages of his compositors, although the Typographical Union had approved a reduction. He said: "My business is prosperous; why should not my men share in my prosperity?"

Nor is selfishness always the force which moves great masses. It is often national honor, devotion to a principle, an unselfish desire to better one's kind. Twice have we Americans disappointed in marked manner those who hoped that our national conduct would be governed by our desire of wealth, or the almighty dollar. Early in the struggle between America and England, the British Parliament passed the act for changing the government of Massachusetts, and for closing the port of Boston, which took effect June 1, 1774. This gave the other seaports, and especially Salem, a rare opportunity to take possession of Boston's trade. Did they improve it? We will let Webster reply. "Nothing sheds more honor on our early history," says he, in his speech at the laying of the corner-stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, "and nothing better shows how little the feelings and sentiments of the colonies were known or regarded in England, than the impression which these measures everywhere produced in America. It had been anticipated that while the other colonies would be terrified by the severity of the punishment inflicted on Massachusetts, the other seaports would be governed by a mere spirit of gain; and that as Boston was now cut off from all commerce, the unexpected advantage which this blow on her was calculated to confer on other towns would be greedily enjoyed. How little they knew of the depth and the strength and the intenseness of that feeling of resistance to illegal acts of power which possessed the whole American people! . . . . The temptation to profit by the punishment of Boston was strongest to our neighbors of Salem. Yet Salem was precisely the place where this miserable proffer was spurned in a tone of the most lofty self-respect and the most indignant patriotism."

When our civil war broke out, our enemies declared that it would be ruinous to our prosperity; if it were continued, grass would grow in the streets of New York; and the Yankees, ever greedy of wealth, would lay down their arms rather than suffer such material losses as this would involve. But the American people again showed their detractors that there was that which they valued more highly than commercial gain.

These instances might be multiplied *ad libitum*. Any scientific method must strive to take into account *all* of men's motives and *all* the conditions of time and place in framing economic laws concerning men's actions. The nearer it comes to this "all," the more precise it is, the nearer it attains to its ideal. To neglect other motives, and consider self-interest alone, is as absurd as in mechanics to "abstract" from the force which propels the cannon ball, because it is finally overcome by the attraction of gravitation.

Nor is the love of ease, the aversion to labor, more than one economic motive among a multitude of others. The love of labor, of activity, is also an economic motive. In his correspondence, Frederick the Great describes how he felt about work. "You are quite right," he writes to a friend, "in believing that I work hard. I do so to enable me to live, for nothing so nearly approaches the likeness of death as the half-slumbering, listless state of idleness." At another time he writes: "I still feel, as formerly, the same anxiety for action; as then, I now still long to work and be busy. . . . . It is no longer requisite that I should live, unless I can live and work."[1]

[1] Macaulay's Life of Frederick the Great.

Other assumptions of the English school stand no better the test of experience. Every business man knows that profits are not equal—are not nearly equal—in different branches of business. It is not ordinarily possible for men to change their business because it may happen to be less profitable than some other. A man usually takes up with a business as with a wife—"for better or for worse." He understands one business or profession, and when fairly started in that, is too old to learn another. The transfers of capital made through bankers, and the changes in pursuit actually effected by some, are not sufficient to equalize natural inequalities. In his "Study of Sociology," Herbert Spencer has finely illustrated the difficulty of estimating probable profits of an undertaking directly in one's own line, by enumerating the many factors "which determine one single phenomenon, the price of a commodity"—as cotton.

And then the doctrine of identity of interest of laborer and labor-giver! If it only held in real life, the solution of the Social Problem would indeed be an easy task. Business men know, however, that the share of the produce of labor and capital received by labor diminishes by so much the profits of capital, and that the larger the proportion of profits received by capital, the smaller the proportion received by labor. That there is a harmony of interests between the different classes of society, "is at best a dream of human happiness as it presents itself to a millionaire."[1] It is possible to reconcile the different classes of society only by a higher moral development. The element of self-sacrifice must yet play a more important role in business transactions, or peace and good-will can never reign on earth.

Still another favorite notion of the older economists, and one which leads to great hardship in real life, is that taxes are shifted so as to be divided fairly between different employments. However convinced any one might be theoretically of his ability to shift his own tax upon his neighbor, he would undoubtedly prefer practically to have it laid in the first place upon the neighbor. "Possession is nine points of the law." This also applies, in a negative sense, to the possession of an exemption. If landlords are taxed directly, they must first pay the money out of their pockets; at first, the tenants are free, and the whole burden of transferring the tax to them rests on the landlords. But as the tax is imposed in all cases at the same time, there is a united effort to resist all along the line, and it is almost certain that the landlords will be obliged to bear at least a part of it. Besides this, in the case of long leases they bear the entire burden for years, while the lessees become accustomed to the exemption, and expect it. It is problematical whether a person ever gets a tax back after he has once paid it. Taxes ought never to be imposed on the poorer classes with the idea that they will eventually free themselves from them. To speak of taxation finally righting itself, or of population in the end accommodating itself to the demand for it, and to follow this out practically, would be like the conduct of a general who should choose a busy street in a great capital as a place for his soldiers to practice shooting, and set them to work at once. Some one remonstrates: "But, General, your soldiers will kill people riding and walking in the street." "Very likely," replies he; "at first, some may be killed and some wounded, but in the course of time these matters regulate themselves. People will finally learn to avoid this street. Shoot away, boys!" No, taxes are not paid out of the "hypotheses or abstractions" of the economist.

No doctrine—to take up one more point in our criticism of the classical political economy—ever made a more complete fiasco than the maxim, *Laissez faire, laissez passer*, when the attempt was seriously made to apply it in the state. The truth is, the stern necessities of political life compelled statesmen to violate it in England itself, even when proclaiming it with their lips. This was at first done apologetically, and each interference was regarded by the "school" as an exception to the rule; but it finally began

[1] Gustav Cohn, on Political Economy in Germany. Fortnightly Review, Sept. 1, 1873.

to look as if it were all exception and no rule. Interference was found necessary in every time of distress, as during our late civil war, when government borrowed money for public works to give employment to the Lancashire operatives, at the time of the cotton famine. Every reform in the social and economic institutions of Great Britain has been accomplished only by the direct, active interference of government in economic affairs. When Gladstone began his work of conciliating Ireland in 1869, he found it expedient to grant loans of public money to occupiers who wished to improve their holdings, and to proprietors to reclaim waste lands or to make roads and erect buildings, enabling them thereby to employ labor. In 1880 the government of Ireland again decided to alleviate the sufferings of the Irish, by making an advance of £250,000 out of the surplus of the church funds, for public works of various kinds, in order to provide employment for those needing it. The recent Irish acts interfering between tenant and landlord in the matter of rent, and offering the assistance of the state to tenants in arrears, violate all the principles of *laissez faire* economists, and are nevertheless applauded by the wisest and best men of all lands. *Laissez faire* was tried in the early part of this century in English factories, with results ruinous to the morality of women and destructive of the health of children. Robert Owen, himself a large and successful manufacturer, declared that he had seen American slavery, and though he considered it bad and unwise, he regarded the white slavery in the manufactories of England as far worse. Children were then—that is, about 1820—employed in cotton, wool, silk, and flax establishments at six and even five years of age. The time of labor was not limited by law, and was generally fourteen, sometimes fifteen, and in the case of the most avaricious employers even sixteen, hours a day; and this in mills sometimes heated to such a degree as to be injurious to health. I know of no sadder reading and no more heart-rending tales than appear in the government reports on the condition of the laboring classes previous to state interference in their behalf in England. The moral and physical degradation of large classes was shown, by undisputed testimony, to be such as to put to shame any country calling itself civilized and Christian. It could scarcely be surpassed, even if paralleled, by the records of savage and heathen nations.

Government began to interfere actively in behalf of the laborers in 1833, and since 1848 has largely extended its protection. The time of labor has been limited, and the employment of women and children regulated by a Factory Act, which is regarded as a triumph of civilization; if the "London Times," and Mackenzie's work, "The Nineteenth Century," can be trusted, investigations show that the act has proved an "unmingled good." Sanitary legislation has improved the dwellings, health, and morality of the poorer city population. Government spent, e. g., some $7,000,000 in repairing and rebuilding three thousand tenements in Glasgow, with such good effect that the death-rate fell from fifty-four to twenty-nine per thousand, and crime diminished proportionately.

After *laissez faire* had been allowed centuries to test its practical effects in educating the masses and had left them in continued ignorance, government began to take the matter in hand. It appropriated £20,000 annually for the education of the poor from about 1830 to 1839, when this pittance was increased to £30,000. The work has gone on until in the present decade the final triumph of universal and compulsory education has been assured. Hon. J. M. Curry, agent of the Peabody Fund, recently made the following emphatic statement: "I am only stating a truism when I say there is not a single instance in all educational history where there has been anything approximating universal education unless that education has been furnished by government." England has had no experience which can prove Dr. Curry's assertion an over-statement.

In our own country it is curious to note

how the advocates of the *laissez faire* abandon position after position. First, tenements are exempted from what is considered the general law, because experience has shown that "nothing short of compulsion will purify our tenement districts." Then it is discovered that the ordinary laws of supply and demand are not preserving our forests; consequently, that individual and general interests do not harmonize. The inadequate action of competition in regulating and controlling great corporations gives another excuse for governmental interference. "Corners" in necessaries of life call for a further abandonment of the *laissez faire* dogma, as does also the success attendant on the establishment of government fisheries. The list might be extended almost *ad libitum*, and every day adds to it. Thus has *laissez faire*, one of the strongholds of past political economy, been definitely abandoned. Justin McCarthy has described, as one of the most curious phenomena of these later times, "the reaction that has apparently taken place towards that system of paternal government which Macaulay detested, and which not long ago the Manchester School seemed in good hopes of being able to supersede by the virtue of individual action, private enterprise, and voluntary benevolence" (Chap. LIV.). Legislation is now based to greater extent on the principle of humanity. Women and children are protected, not only against the greed of employers, but even against themselves. Individual freedom is limited both for individual good and the general welfare. And as McCarthy has said in another chapter (LXVII.) of his "History of our Own Times": "We are perhaps at the beginning of a movement of legislation which is about to try to the very utmost that right of state interference with individual action which at one time it was the object of most of our legislators to reduce to its very narrowest proportions."

It would be easy to extend our criticism of past political economy, but it is scarcely necessary in a paper of this character. It is plain that it does not answer the needs of to-day. But there is fortunately a live, vigorous political economy which is grappling with the problems of our own time. It looks without, not within; it observes external phenomena, but concerns itself little with the movements of internal consciousness. It does not attach much importance to finely drawn metaphysical distinctions or verbal quibblings about definitions, as it finds its entire strength and energy absorbed in studying great social and financial questions. But before examining further this newer political economy, let us trace briefly its development.

Protest against the harsh doctrines of Ricardo and his followers was early entered by those who were not professional political economists. Dickens's works are full of such protests. Nothing, for example, could be more cutting than the irony with which he describes the principles of the Gradgrind school in his "Hard Times." Early in the story poor Sissy Jupe fills them with despair at her stupidity by returning to the question, "'What is the first principle of political economy?' the absurd answer, 'To do unto others as I would that they should do unto me.'" Farther on, when poor Gradgrind appeals to his too apt scholar, Bitzer, to admit some higher motive than self-interest, he is told that "the whole social system is a question of self-interest. What you must always appeal to is a person's self-interest. It's your only hold." Then our author adds: "It was a fundamental principle of the Gradgrind philosophy that everything was to be paid for. Nobody was ever, on any account, to give anybody anything, or render anybody any help without purchase. Gratitude was to be abolished, and the virtues springing from it were not to be. Every inch of the existence of mankind, from birth to death, was to be a bargain across a counter. And if we didn't get to heaven that way, it was not a politico-economical place, and we had no business there." Frederick Maurice, the English Christian socialist, Ruskin, and Carlyle have all condemned in unmeasured terms the "Cobden and Bright" political economy as detestable. Such expressions, even, as "bestial idiotism"

are used in speaking of free competition as a measure of wages.

Such attacks naturally formed no basis for a reconstruction of the science, nor was such a basis found in the writings of political economists like Adam Müller and Sismondi. They repudiated the Adam Smith school, and gave many good grounds for their opposition, but they failed to dig deep and lay broad, solid foundations for the future growth of political economy. This was also the case with men like Frederick List and our own Carey. The younger Mill—John Stuart—occupies a peculiar position. He adhered nominally all his life to the political economy of his father, James Mill, and his father's friend, Ricardo. Yet he confesses in his autobiography that the criticism of the St. Simonians with other causes early opened his eyes "to the very limited and temporary value of the old political economy, which assumes private property and inheritance as indefeasible facts, and freedom of production and exchange as the *dernier mot* of social improvement." The truth is, when Mill became dissatisfied with numerous deductions drawn by the leaders of his school, he obtained others, not by investigating and altering the foundation upon which he was building, but by introducing new material, i. e. new motives and considerations, into the superstructure. Mill stood between an old and a new school, having never been able to decide to leave the one or join the other once for all. In political economy he was a "trimmer." This, of course, unfitted him to found a new school himself.

About 1850, three young German professors of political economy, Bruno Hildebrand, Wilhelm Roscher, and Carl Knies, began to attract attention by their writings. The Germans had previously done comparatively little for economic science, having been content for the most part to follow where others led, but men soon perceived that a new creative power had arisen. These young professors rejected, not merely a few incidental conclusions of the English school, but its method and assumptions, or major premises—that is to say, its very foundation. They took the name Historical School, in order to ally themselves with the great reformers in Politics, in Jurisprudence, and in Theology. They studied the present in the light of the past. They adopted experience as a guide, and judged of what was to come by what had been. Their method may also be called experimental. It is the same which has borne such excellent fruit in physical science. They did not claim that experiments could be made in the same way as in physics or chemistry. It is not possible to separate and combine the various factors at pleasure. Experiments are both difficult and dangerous in the field of political economy, and can never be made *as* experiments, because they involve the welfare of nations. But these men claimed that the whole life of the world had necessarily been a series of grand economic experiments, which, having been described with more or less accuracy and completeness, it was possible to examine. The observation of the present life of the world was aided by the use of statistics, which recorded present economic experience. Here they were assisted by the greatest of living statisticians, Dr. Edward Engel, late head of the most admirable of all statistical bureaus, the Prussian. Hence their method has also been called the Statistical Method.[1] Economic phenomena from various lands and different parts of the same land are gathered, classified, and compared, and thus the name Comparative Method may be assigned to their manner of work. It is essentially the same as the comparative method in politics, the establishment of which Mr. Edward A. Freeman regards as one of the greatest achievements of our times. Account is taken of time and place; historical surroundings and historical development are examined. Political economy is regarded as only one branch of social science, dealing with social phenomena from one special standpoint, the economic. It is not re-

[1] This name has been sometimes reserved for one wing of the Historical School without sufficient reason. The difference between its various members is simply one of degree.

garded as something fixed and unalterable, but as a growth and development, changing with society. It is found that the political economy of to-day is not the political economy of yesterday; while the political economy of Germany is not identical with that of England or America. All *à priori* doctrines or assumptions are cast aside, or at least their acceptance is postponed, until external observation has proved them correct. The first thing is to gather facts. It has, indeed, been claimed that for an entire generation no attempt should be made to discover laws, but this is an extreme position. We must arrange and classify the facts as gathered, at least provisionally, to assist us in our observation. We must observe in order to theorize, and theorize in order to observe. But all generalizations must be continually tested by new facts gathered from new experience.

It is not, then, pretended that grand discoveries of laws have been made. It is, indeed, claimed by an adherent of this school, as one of their particular merits, that they know better than others what they do not know. But it must not, therefore, be supposed that their services have been unimportant. The very determination to accept hypotheses with caution, and to test them continually by comparing them with facts unceasingly gathered, is a weighty one, and promises good things for our future economic development. And in gathering facts, they have been unwearied. Their contributions to our positive knowledge of the economic institutions and customs of the different parts of the world have been wonderful. They have, too, infused a new spirit and purpose into our science. They have placed man as man, and not wealth, in the foreground, and subordinated everything to his true welfare. They give, moreover, special prominence to the social factor which they discover in man's nature. In opposition to individualism, they emphasize Aristotle's maxim, ὅτι ἄνθρωπος φύσει πολιτικὸν ζῷον, or, as Blackstone has it, "Man was formed for society." They recognize, therefore, the divine element in the associations we call towns, cities, states, nations, and are inclined to allot to them whatever economic activity nature seems to have designed for them, as shown by careful experience. They are further animated by a fixed purpose to elevate mankind, and in particular the great masses, as far as this can be done by human contrivances of an economic nature. They lay, consequently, stress on the distribution as well as on the production of wealth.

They watch the growing power of corporations; they study the tendency of wealth to accumulate in a few hands; they observe the development of evil tendencies in certain classes of the population—in short, they follow the progress of the entire national economic life, not with any rash purposes, but with the intention of preparing themselves to sound a note of warning when necessary. If it becomes desirable for a central authority to limit the power of corporations, or to take upon itself the discharge of new functions, as the care of the telegraph, they will not hesitate to counsel it. They make no profession of an ability to solve economic problems in advance, but they endeavor to train people to an intelligent understanding of economic phenomena, so that they may be able to solve concrete problems as they arise.

The methods and principles of the Historical School have been continually gaining ground. In Germany they have carried the day. The Manchester School may be considered as practically an obsolete affair—*ein überwundener Standpunkt*—in that country. Emile de Laveleye, the Belgian economist, may be named as the most prominent adherent of the school among writers who use the French language, but he has followers of more or less note in France, though the older political economy is stronger there than elsewhere—stronger than in England, its home. Nearly all of the younger and more active Italian economists, as Luzzati, Cusumano, and Lampertico, are adherents of the Historical School.

T. E. Cliffe Leslie has led this school in England, and contributed largely to its growth. The most noteworthy English scholars who have openly supported it to a

greater or less extent are Stanley Jevons and Prof. Thorold Rogers, whose monumental work on Agriculture and Prices, written in the spirit of that school, has excited world-wide admiration. The younger men in America are clearly abandoning the dry bones of orthodox English political economy for the live methods of the German school. We may mention the name of Francis A. Walker, the distinguished son of Amasa Walker, as an American whose economic works are fresh, vigorous, and independent. Essentially inductive and historical in method, they have attracted wide attention and favorable notice on both sides of the Atlantic.

This entire change in the spirit of political economy is an event which gives occasion for rejoicing. In the first place, the historical method of pursuing political economy can lead to no *doctrinaire* extremes. Experiment is the basis; and should an adherent of this school even believe in socialism as the ultimate form of society, he would advocate a slow approach to what he deemed the best organization of mankind. If experience showed him that the realization of his ideas was leading to harm, he would call for a halt. For he desires that advance should be made step by step, and opportunity given for careful observation of the effects of a given course of action. Again: this younger political economy no longer permits the science to be used as a tool in the hands of the greedy and the avaricious for keeping down and oppressing the laboring classes. It does not acknowledge *laissez faire* as an excuse for doing nothing while people starve, nor allow the all-sufficiency of competition as a plea for grinding the poor. It denotes a return to the grand principle of common sense and Christian precept. Love, generosity, nobility of character, self-sacrifice, and all that is best and truest in our nature have their place in economic life. For economists of the Historical School, *the political economy of the present*, recognize with Thomas Hughes that "we have all to learn somehow or other that the first duty of man in trade, as in other departments of human employment, is to follow the Golden Rule—'Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you.'"

Richard T. Ely.

THE FREEDOM OF TEACHING.

THE higher education will always be despised and rejected by many, will be feared by others, and will not be without foes among those of its own household. To receive such treatment is the fate, and in fact the duty, of everything that represents true progress. But the cause of higher education is like the cause of higher morality in one notable respect; viz., in that it is at a disadvantage in argument, by reason of its inability to bring forward for each new attack a new reply. It must repeat very often an old story. Duty is one, and sin is manifold; hence, sin always has the charm of novelty—at least, until one is its slave. Even so the higher education pursues on the whole one great ideal; while the foes of higher education alter their ideals with the whim of the hour, and so have resources that their opponents of the closet and the lecture-room must despair of equaling.

There is one battle that the friends of higher education have often had to fight anew, and that well illustrates their difficulties. This is the battle for the freedom of higher teaching. The story is an old one; the plea for the freedom of teaching is a bare, simple, commonplace plea, based on the moral law, and in fact on the most commonplace and tedious article of the moral law—that which treats of the duty called honesty. On the other hand, the enemies of the freedom of teaching are numberless. Passive tendencies, such as simple conservatism, or reverence for old age, or respect for the letter of ancient bequests, or desire for

peace, may be found united with some theological bias or with a love of strict discipline, or with some other active tendency in opposition to the cause of free instruction. Personal prejudices and quarrels may add their warmth to the assault. The ambition of meddlesome and ignorant busybodies is stimulated by such opportunities. The public are apt, as usual, to take part against the experts and in favor of restricting their liberty. And all these influences can easily be made more effective in a popular discussion than the opposing view dare hope to become. But still, hard as it may be to make interesting any plea that in the end rests solely upon common honesty, some one ever and anon must venture anew to sum up the case that in its earliest form was first summed up in the Defense of Socrates, that has so often since then needed defense, and that so much needs defense just now, and in this country. But to understand the matter it is needful first to look at the nature of higher education.

Higher education, then, is distinguished from elementary education partly by the fact that its subject-matter and the scope of its various departments are subject to more, and to more important, disputes than are the subject-matter and scope of elementary education. Nowhere, indeed, is the educator on wholly undisputed ground. But primary-school teachers dispute more about the order and the method of teaching than about the truth or the intrinsic importance of what is to be taught. Some may think elementary natural science an essential part of the training of children, and some may dispute this opinion; but all admit that children must be taught to read, write, and cipher, and nobody doubts the truths of the multiplication table. If teachers differ about how to teach these truths, the difference is one of less moment; it is a difference of a few months' time or of a little mental training to a child; it is not a difference that involves a lifetime or a life's creed. Religious instruction involves, indeed, even for children, very much that is disputed; but the religious instruction of children is once for all a matter of individual caprice, hopelessly beyond the control of our present educational methods. Outside of the limits of religious instruction, primary education involves for the most part indubitable facts of no small importance, the method of teaching being the chief point of dispute. The higher education undertakes a different task. The territory of all the sciences is a more or less disputed territory.

The exact sciences themselves are no exceptions to the rule. Their fundamental concepts are disputed problems. Men do not agree as to the definitions of space, of force, of infinitesimals. More than that, the exact sciences are progressive, and possess an enormous wealth of material. There is room for dispute, and there actually are endless disputes, not only as to the method of instruction in these sciences, but as to the portions of them that are most important to a given special student, and as to the actual comparative value, more abstractly considered, of various very elaborately developed investigations. What is true of the exact sciences is still more marked in case of all other branches of study. To study the advance portions of any science or of any would-be science is to enter into a scene of warfare. An advanced student cannot be taught a set of dogmas to put in his note-book and take home with him; he must be taught to choose with such light as he has among conflicting views when such choice is possible and needful, and otherwise to keep his judgment suspended until he has light enough to choose fairly. A student of law or of Greek or of physiology or of theology must be taught this power of judging and this need of investigating before he judges. Unless the teacher teaches these essentials, he gives no real help, and is not fit for advanced work with rational students, however successful he might be as a dog-trainer or as a drill-sergeant. The higher the study, the greater must be the need of such guidance on the teacher's part. It is not the facts taught, nor even the theories expounded, nor even their practical applications, that will be so important to the ad

vanced student as the spirit and the method of research, the power to be himself a truth-seeker. "I suppose that you will forget the facts of the science, but I want you to understand the way in which the science gets its results, the method of scientific thought": such used to be the remark of a teacher of mine to whom many young men of my acquaintance owe as much as they ever can owe to any one teacher for real mental power received and cultivated. Such a teacher has in mind his highest task, which is not to make mere receivers of foreign doctrines that may be false, but independent workers ready to prove all things that they are called upon to accept. In fine, then, advanced teaching is a field full of disputed questions of principle, of method, of scope, and of result. No closed system of dogmas is as yet attainable. And in consequence, the advanced instructor must aim to make investigators rather than believers. And as another consequence, he must himself be, as far as in him lies, an investigator.

Such being the nature of the field covered by the higher education, what shall be the freedom allowed to the educator? Shall we presume to dictate to him what or how he shall teach? or to predetermine for him what he shall find out as the result of his investigations? Or does one, having chosen one's doctor, presume to tell him what medicines he shall give? or having hired a captain for one's ship, presume, being a landsman, to teach how to navigate? Does not one in every doubtful case need first to find a competent man, and then to submit one's self to his care in so far forth as concerns this case, not hampering him with impertinent demands? Must not one therefore choose an instructor in any subject on the ground of his ability, his devotion to his work, his learning, and his experience, and then leave him wholly free to do what he can?

The affirmative answer to this question will appear natural if we look more carefully at the considerations just presented. First, then, as we have seen, instruction in elementary studies aims rather to teach well-known facts, and the question there is as to the method. But advanced instruction aims to teach the opinions of an honest and competent man upon more or less doubtful questions. And therefore whatever be the position of the elementary instructor, the advanced instructor at all events has to be responsible for much more than his co-worker. He has to be responsible not only for his manner of presenting his doctrines, but for the doctrines themselves, which are not admitted dogmas, but ought to be his personal opinions. But responsibility and freedom are correlatives. If you force me to teach such and such dogmas, then you must be responsible for them, not I. I am your mouthpiece. But if I am to be responsible for what I say, then I must be free to say just what I think best. If therefore you hire any one to teach any advanced science, you must hire either a mouthpiece or a man; and if you hire a man, you must ask him to be dishonest, or else you must let him alone in his work. Just so would it be with the physician or with the sea-captain. If you hire the physician, you make him responsible. But if you dictate the medicines, then he is no longer the physician, but you are, and take all the responsibility of what you order, making of him, if he continues to serve you, not your physician, but your body-servant.

Secondly, regarding the subject in the other light above suggested, the advanced teacher does nothing of importance unless he aids his pupil to be in some way, however humble, a fellow-investigator. Where there is properly doubt, the instructor fails if his student does not come to share, or at least to understand, the doubt. Where truth is not boxed up in some multiplication table, or similar storing place for useful and obvious truisms, where, on the contrary, truth is to be found by hard work, the teacher is wholly incompetent who gives only the supposed truth and none of the activity of research. Mind is activity. Dead statements remain dead till a student is taught to discover them afresh for himself under the guidance of the instructor. Or again: with equal truth one may say a mind is a bundle

of interests in things. Investigation is the effort to satisfy the interests. Only by investigation are they satisfied. The very dogs investigate, and their minds live by research. The children in the primary schools, as Dr. Stanley Hall's researches have lately illustrated for us in detail, are busied in their little minds with theories on the nature and connections of things in the universe—theories that indicate amid all their crudeness the very mental processes that are concerned in the scientific studies of the most mature and erudite of mankind; and it is such activity that the teacher appeals to, hoping to develop its interests. But everywhere the satisfaction of these mental interests consists for any one's mind in not merely finding, but putting this and that together. Everywhere higher consciousness is measured, like energy in the physical world, not merely by the mass of material in mind, but by the space over which the mind moves with this material in doing its work. Stuff a mind with facts, were they never so indubitable, with formulas, were they never so far reaching and complete, and the mind might still be the mind of an idiot. It is what the mind does with the facts and the formulas that makes it the mind of a wise man.

If such is the business of the teacher, viz., not merely to state his opinions, but to treat his pupils as embryo investigators, to be made into mature investigators as far as is possible, then surely the teacher must show himself as already an investigator. He need not be a great discoverer. Investigation is not usually discovery, save for the individual investigating. But to teach activity, the teacher must show activity. And of what use is the show unless the activity is certainly free? What shame to pose before the student as an independent worker, when the result of the work is once for all predeterminded for the worker by the man that pays him, or by some superior in academic rank. What scorn awaits the man that struts about as a genuine investigator, while all the time he knows that there are certain matters lying within his province that he dare not openly investigate, and may have to lie about. Yet such has been and is precisely the position of numerous teachers in places where the freedom of teaching has not come to be a recognized necessity. The very air of investigation is freedom. It dies stifled in rooms where the air of perfect fearless freedom does not come. The only demand you may make of any investigator is that he shall stick to his work and do it thoroughly. And that is the only demand that the advanced teacher may make of his students. But they must see that he too is faithful to the spirit that he expects to find in them. They must see, therefore, that he is really a free man, who teaches what he teaches because that is the best result that his method can just now reach, and not because he is hired to make a certain view appear plausible whatever the facts may be.

Honesty, then, requires that as a teacher of doctrines the instructor should be free to teach what doctrines he has been led freely to accept, and that as a model investigator of his subject he should set the example of untrammeled investigation. And consequently we may say that all one can demand of a teacher of any advanced branch of study is knowledge, joined with experience proportioned to his rank, with a clear head, with personal power over his students, with industry and ingenuity as an investigator, and above all, with absolute personal honesty. Given these requirements, your instructors must then be left to do their work so long as they continue to give evidence of possessing these qualities. To interfere with them is simply impertinence, and the result of continued interference must be a calamity to the institution that they serve.

Now these simple considerations, old, flat, and commonplace as they are, may read almost like revolutionary speeches when compared with the common practices of a vast number of our institutions of higher learning in this land of "home industry" colleges. For the patronage of home industry in this happy country is interpreted as meaning, in regard to higher education, that every sect in every State should have at least one representative "university" to teach its own doc-

trines, or nothing to the prejudice thereof. In consequence, we have colleges founded to teach that the moon is *not* made of green cheese, and equally flourishing colleges founded to teach that the moon *is* made of green cheese; and all the professors in such colleges are pledged, or at least required, to discover nothing in any branch of learning that might be interpreted as out of harmony with the founder's view about green cheese in the college in question. And all this is considered laudable, and much money is subscribed and bequeathed for such institutions. Furthermore, the managers of such colleges have a very unfortunate tendency to consider themselves responsible, not merely for the original choice, but also for the methods of the instructors. It is in some places not so much that the managers of such institutions do actually often interfere with an instructor's work, as that they think themselves competent to interfere whenever they wish and however they wish; this it is which cripples the honest instructor. He knows not when he will be accused of atheism for having mentioned in his class-room Voltaire, without warning his pupils against Voltaire's books. Or he knows not when he will be accused of wicked rebellion against established custom for having made use of a new way of teaching that seems to him the best possible way, or for having laid stress upon some part of his subject that tradition has been accustomed stupidly to neglect. Or in some places he may find of a sudden that his non-attendance at church, or the fact that he drinks beer with his lunch, or rides a bicycle, is considered of more moment than his power to instruct. Or finally, he may be subject to the worst of all forms of terrorism, namely, perfect uncertainty about when or why the storks in his board of managers will interfere with his duties, joined with good reason to believe that they may interfere at any time and for any reason. The last condition of things is especially apt to be the case in the colleges of semi-political organization. In such places good men may be bound hand and foot, or at best they may be forced to follow a dull routine without the power to progress, or to assume the initiative in anything, without the right to earn their bread honestly save by ceasing to make any pretense of living and teaching as they think men ought to live and teach, and by confessing openly that they can take no serious responsibility for what they do or how they do it. Take away the sense of security in his work from the college instructor, and what is left him? The freedom of honest and laborious study ought to be as secure and sacred as the offices of a priesthood. Yet what security is there in a state of affairs like the following: There was once a board of managers. It may have been in Babylon or in Nineveh, and its minutes may have been kept in cuneiform hieroglyphics; but, if we remember rightly, it was not so ancient a body as that. However, this board, in its own day and generation, was capable of sending a written order to the instructors in its institution, telling them in effect that some of them were too often seen out of their class-rooms, that this seemed suspicious, and that it desired them to stay each in his own class-room from nine to five daily, saving when called away on absolutely necessary business. In other words, this board had never conceived the difference between a university instructor and an office clerk, and actually imagined that an instructor was doing his business, then and only then, when he was in his class-room. Yet the body that could send this unspeakable order (it existed a long time ago, and things have much changed since then, we may hope for the better) was often very busy in deciding upon courses of study, in interfering with matters of special interest to instructors, and in causing delight to a curious and impartial public that was always amused by anything of the nature of vigorous action. In such an environment has the higher education sometimes to grow. May the world in which it has grown so nobly thus far not be able to crush it forever before it has grown into more freedom and has led us into more truth.

In conclusion, then, the writer wishes to urge upon the lovers of higher education

this thought, not in the least his own, but the thought of our time, the thought that all our best educators are insisting upon: *higher teaching must be free.* Not otherwise can it do the work that is needed in this day and generation. The institutions that are doing the great work of the day are institutions where competent teachers are chosen and are not interfered with in their work. The weak and useless institutions of the country are all of them institutions where instructors are chosen because they attend some particular church, or promise beforehand to avoid or oppose some particular view, or to doctor the minds of students in some particular traditional way. Many other institutions are still halting between two opinions. On which side true progress finds help is plain at a glance. This note has tried to point out, in the simplest way, on which side stands true morality. The end in view can be accomplished only through an enlightened public sentiment, which boards of managers will always sooner or later represent.

Josiah Royce.

ACROSS THE PLAINS.

THE plains were wide and vast and drear,
The mountain peaks seemed cool and near,
The sun hung low toward the west,
"So near," we sighed, "are we to rest."

But journeying through the closing day,
Our feet are weary of the way;
Far, far before our aching sight
The plains lie in the waning light.

The mountain peaks that seemed so near,
And hold our rest forever there,
Are far across the desert lands—
We vainly cry with lifted hands.

O hills that stand against the sky,
We may not reach you ere we die;
Our hearts are broken with the pain,
For rest and peace we may not gain.

Upon the plains we faint and fall,
Our faces toward the mountains tall;
Our palms are clasped, but not to pray;—
So die we with the dying day.

Emily H. Baker.

PERICLES AND KALOMIRA: A STORY OF GREEK ISLAND LIFE.[1]

On the occasion of a certain festival of the Holy Trinity at Gasturi, in the island of Corcyra, there was brought to good Father Panagiotis Chrysikopulos, for baptism, a little maiden who was regarded by her parents, and by the numerous spectators who were present, with extraordinary interest. The parents, who were simple peasant folk, had been childless during the twelve years of their married life, and the birth of the child on a Whitsunday, at the very moment of the pealing of the church bells, was a joyful event in their lonely life. On the very day, and probably at the very hour, of the little one's advent, a neighbor who was lying ill of a fever had perceived a noteworthy change for the better in his condition; a woman had discovered at the bottom of a stocking a lost ear-ring which she had never expected to see again; a donkey had fallen from a high cliff without receiving serious injury (those who maintained that this accident had occurred on the previous day were speedily talked down); and finally, certain persons skillful in reading the heavens had foretold disagreeable weather for Whitsuntide; but, as a matter of fact, the most glorious sunshine flooded the earth. On the way to the christening, a low, majestic peal of thunder was heard far up in the sky, like the ringing of heavenly bells; close by the door of the house a snake with glowing, changeable colors crept slowly across the road, and the act of baptism itself was a little disturbed by the loud whispers of the midwife, as she imparted to those who sat near her the news that she had heard in the silent night a friendly whispering going on over the cradle of the child, and that, in her opinion, it could have been nothing less than the voices of the Moirai, or Fates.

The child was named Kalomira, and from that time forth became the cynosure of all eyes in the community.

The general belief that the little creature would have a specially gifted existence was soon seen to be fully justified. She grew up in the soundest health, lithe, graceful, and delicate, and with a beauty that excited surprise even in Gasturi, a place noted far and wide for its beautiful women. And the gifts of heaven were not showered upon her alone; a marked change for the better was noted in the parents. They had up to this time been known as a pretty slovenly, lazy, untidy couple; for they had nothing to stimulate their ambition and pride. But now that there was a new little mouth to feed, it was surprising to see how thrifty and well-to-do they became. They were seen going about neatly clad even on work-days; the house was kept in fine order, they set a good table, and yet were able to lay by a little sum every year after the olive harvest. Above all, they were now continually in good spirits, although formerly they had too often been snarlish and peevish toward each other and toward their neighbors.

The keen glance of the priest took note of all this. He had in former years labored in the neighboring island of Cephalonia, and found that his present parishioners suffered by contrast with the inhabitants of that island. The Cephalonians are industrious and thrifty, and know how to draw rich harvests from their craggy landscapes; but the Corcyræans, living on more fertile land, are enervated by the rich bounty of nature. They live from hand to mouth, taking no thought for the morrow, beyond gathering from time to time the fruit that falls from their magnificent olive-trees, pasturing their lambs on the thick green grass that grows beneath, and cultivating a few patches and garden-plots; the two latter employments they shirk as much as possible, because they require unusual exertion. But they know very well when the festivals and holidays occur, and

[1] From the German of Franz Hoffmann.

know how to extract the greatest amount of innocent pleasure from them. In this respect they are true descendants of Homer's happy Phæacians, who inhabited these islands before them. There is very little bitter poverty among them, and they live in careless ease from day to day.

Still Panagiotis could not but wish them a little different—a little more industrious and a little more cleanly; but all his sermons on this point had proved of no avail.

One day, as he was passing by the house of Kalomira's parents, and observed the wonderful change for the better that had been wrought in them, he conceived the idea of improving the whole community by the same means. To this end he began to artfully stimulate the belief of the people in the miraculous gifts of his foster-child, and caused her to perform in his presence all sorts of cures. He gave out that secret wrong-doers would be known from the fact that the blessing-child would have no influence over them to cure them. After this it is needless to say that there was no one whose toothache, headache, rheumatism, or cough did not disappear the moment Kalomira appeared. The more dangerous diseases Panagiotis of course avoided, since he knew that nothing could avail against death.

When thus the general belief had been sufficiently strengthened, the priest began to impress upon the members of his flock that it would be seemly for each to show his gratitude to the good Kalomira by laying by for her out of his earnings a little tribute from time to time. This bit of a tax need not injure their interests in the least; for, in order to pay it, they had only to labor each day a few minutes longer than usual.

This was a very plain proposition, and everybody understood it; and no one dared to refuse the slight tithe lest he should lose his share of the common blessing. And so it came to pass that habits of industry were formed by everybody; the welfare of the village waxed visibly from year to year; the tillage of the fields increased; and the houses acquired a neater appearance, as did also the people themselves. And all this without anybody losing a particle of the old gayety or foregoing any holiday enjoyment.

The good Father often smiled with pardonable pride at his success. As for Kalomira, she became more and more the idol of the whole village. Wherever she appeared in her young beauty, the faces of the people brightened. When they sat under the trees gathering olives, and Kalomira went skipping by, the hands flew twice as fast as before; and when, as the priest had taught her, she kindly took hold with them for a moment, then it appeared as if a good spirit or fairy were filling the baskets, so quickly were they loaded to bursting with the noble fruit. Then, out of gratitude, the people would kiss her hands—a thing far from displeasing to her. Even from her little playfellows she was not ashamed graciously to receive the like honor—nay, even grew to longing more and more for it.

One day a boy who had dirty clothes and a dirty face was going to kiss her hand, but she cried out, "O my! how dare such a little pig kiss my hand?" This frightened the children, and thereafter none of them dared to come into her presence without clean clothes and face. And the grown-up folks followed the example of the children.

It may readily be imagined that with happy faces all around her, Kalomira could not but reflect happiness from her own face. Nor was it to be wondered at that, under the circumstances, pride should take root in her heart. She carried her head pretty high, it must be confessed, and her childish features had a very funny expression of dignity.

She had only one misfortune during her whole childhood: both of her parents died nearly at the same time, and when in the height of their happiness and prosperity. Yet this sad event was all for the best, for the priest Chrysikopulos, who had no children, took little Kalomira home to live with him, and paid the closest attention to her further education.

One day the little ten-year-old child was sitting quietly in the grass watching her lambs feed under the olive-trees. She had beside her a little basket full of oranges,

which she designed as gifts for her pious admirers. While she was thus sitting, a strange boy drew near. He was a few years older than she, and came from the neighboring village of Benizze, down on the seashore. She did not know him, but he knew of her, for her fame had spread to other towns. He came up with the most respectful looks and gestures in order to kiss her hand; but at heart he was a roguish fellow, and cared not a snap for her gracious gifts—or at least, considered them good only for Gasturi. So his errand to her was one of pure roguery. While he was apparently humbling himself with much emotion, and placing his left hand reverently against his breast and his forehead, he was using his right hand to slyly filch orange after orange from her little basket, and stuff them into the wide pocket of his blue trousers. When he had finished this little trick, he sprang up with a loud laugh and ran down the mountain side; and only when he was at a safe distance did he turn to cast a mocking and defiant look back at the little one whom he had robbed.

He felt sure that the little saint would fall into a violent passion, and thus afford him the pleasure of seeing her in a very human state of mind. But he found he was mistaken; the child was so shocked and stunned by the deed that she could not gather strength for an outburst of wrath, but sat there dumb with amazement, and gazed after the retreating form of the boy thief with a disturbed and accusing look in her deep eyes—just as a female martyr ought to deport herself in presence of her tormentors.

This filled him with wonder, and he ran away as fast as he could in order to get rid of those terrible eyes, and never stopped until he had reached his father's house.

Here he sat down a-straddle of an upturned fishing-boat, and drawing forth the oranges, ate them one by one, as though trying to swallow along with them the remorse that he felt. Before he had quite finished his feast, his father suddenly appeared on the scene, and seeing the peelings scattered around he had a misgiving that all was not right, for he knew his man pretty well.

"Pericles, you rascal, where did you steal these oranges?" he said.

Such a rebuke from his father had always made him sorry; but this time it stung his already half-awakened conscience most deeply; and although he confessed nothing, he secretly resolved to do all he could to repair the wrong he had done to the child.

Of course the first thing to be done was to at least restore the oranges. And that would not be difficult; he had only to climb the orchard wall of some neighbor and gather as many as he wanted. If caught, he would get a thrashing, to be sure; but that was not such a very serious matter, as a wide basis of experience had taught him. Only he wanted to do something more—to pay an additional penalty; but he did not yet know what it would be.

In such a state of anxiety, he set out alone the next day on the broad road to the city of Corcyra, thinking that he would surely hit upon some shrewd thought or plan while looking at all the good things gathered together there. He had by nature an inventive turn of mind, and knew that he had it. He knew that he had not been named Pericles at hap-hazard; for were not the words which he had learned at school stamped in burning lines upon his memory? "Pericles, son of Xanthippos, was distinguished above all the other Greeks by his wisdom, eloquence, and numerous civic virtues." Now if he was to be a Pericles, his father must be Xanthippos, and so he persisted in calling him, although his real name was plain Spiro—one of the most common surnames on the island.

While Pericles was strolling along through the narrow streets of the city, and looking in at the shop windows, his eye was caught by a pretty red ribbon, of the kind which the women of Corcyra use in tying up their hair. Oh, how he longed to own the pretty ornament, that he might give it to Kalomira in expiation of the wrong he had done her! But he had no money, and could only stand and stand and look up at the window with longing eyes.

He was so possessed by his idea that he

did not see a man in European dress who stood near by with a pleased expression on his face, and seemed as deeply absorbed in his earnest, upward gaze as he himself was in the little red ribbon. At last the gentleman stepped up to him, and tapping him kindly on the shoulder, asked him what he was looking at in the window. Pericles told him, and unhesitatingly asked him to buy the ribbon. The gentleman said he was willing, and would only ask of him one little service in return, namely, to let him take his picture. He told him that he was an Italian photographer, who knew how to prepare both ordinary portraits and pictures of the saints. For the latter, he said he employed living models, making use of this person for one saint, and that person for another, according to the figure and the expression of the face. Thus Pericles, for example, as he stood looking upward at the shop window, had seemed to him a grand model for a Saint John the Baptist. He was just at the right age, being still a boy, and yet not too far removed from the state of youth.

Pericles had not the least objection in the world to urge against such a flattering use of his person, and after the Italian had bought the ribbon for him, followed him through certain streets and up a pair of stairs to his working rooms. Here he had to divest himself of his Levantine costume—from the fez to the shoes with pointed toes—and was then girded with a sheepskin, and furnished with a pointed staff. The photographer also rumpled the lad's hair up pretty violently, but still knew how, by a few subtle artistic touches, to give a charming appearance of order to this capricious and splendid dishevelment. Behind the head he fastened an old cask-top covered with gilt paper, the glory of which had become somewhat dimmed by its long use as an aureole. Finally he bade him look upward, and fix his gaze upon a spot in the glass skylight. In this way he obtained a fine, rapt expression, the effect of which was much heightened by the violent trepidation of the boy when he saw the dark mouth of the wonderful instrument pointed right at him, like the threatening muzzle of a cannon, and heard the master whispering to it mystical numbers.

After he had endured this silent torture for a moment or so, he was released, and as a reward for his good nature and aptitude, was promised a copy of the photograph as soon as it was finished. When after a few days of anxious expectancy the boy returned for his picture, he was simply filled with joy and amazement as he looked at the glorious Saint John he held in his hands.

Early the next morning, when Kalomira opened the front door, she found upon the threshold a little mountain of oranges artistically constructed, and upon the summit lay a pretty picture with a red ribbon wound around it. Judging by the attributes and other tokens, the picture represented Saint John the Baptist. But upon the reverse side was written a short, mysterious sentence: "Pericles, son of Xanthippos, was distinguished above all the other Greeks by his wisdom, eloquence, and numerous civic virtues."

Now Kalomira had wholly forgotten the adventure of the oranges; and even if she had not done so, she would not have recognized Pericles in his John the Baptist costume; nor did she know anything whatever about his name. So she simply took Pericles to be the name of the saint, and thought that probably he had been a missionary preacher in the dark age of paganism, and had attained to such high desert, even in his youth, that he became in all points like Saint John the Baptist, and received canonization. The beautiful face, too, bore very plain testimony to the personal endowments mentioned on the reverse of the picture. Upon these finely-curved lips "wisdom" was evidently at home, and the great upward-gazing eyes spoke volumes for the "eloquence" of his fiery soul; and that he possessed divers kinds of "civic virtues," Kalomira found not the least reason for doubting.

Hence she confidently placed her Saint Pericles on the wall of her little chamber. The inscription of course was not visible, and she allowed others to think that it was a Saint John. To her, however, it seemed

quite flattering to have all to herself a saint whom no one else seemed to know anything about, and who had come to her as if by a special providence. Besides, she felt that this saint had a sweeter, more human, more vivacious nature than the others, with their expressionless faces and lack-luster eyes; so that with her saint one could be confidential and comfort one's self by praying to him in a somewhat more familiar and feeling style than usual. Indeed, from this time on, her piety and her faith in prayer greatly increased, whereas previously her religion had been rather passive, and she had liked better to receive devotion than offer it.

After this Kalomira lived a number of years without any unusual interruption of her quiet life, and her beauty grew every day more striking.

When now she began to approach the marriageable age, she became to her foster-mother, Paraskevula, the wife of Panagiotis, an object of serious concern. Paraskevula had all along clearly seen and known what a rich treasure of earthly blessing she and her house possessed in this heaven-child. But she saw that this good fortune would come to an end as soon as their daughter should, like other maidens, become engrossed with the powerful passion of love, and marrying, carry with her into her husband's house those tributes of respect and honor which were now flowing into the house of her foster-parents.

The more she thought over this possibility, the deeper grew her perplexity; for she was a thrifty housekeeper, and loved with all her heart to lay by provision against a rainy day. So she determined to meet the threatening danger in time, by striving in every possible way to make marriage distasteful to the beautiful maiden.

Paraskevula did not like to resort to the cloister, but hit upon an ingenious expedient for inducing the inexperienced girl to quietly and voluntarily take upon herself a vow of celibacy. She one day pretended that she was tormented with apprehensions of evil, and announced her intention of passing the night in the church, since, as is well known, a person sleeping in such a place is likely to be blessed with prophetic dreams or revelations. What Paraskevula's dream was, she announced the next morning after her sacred sleep. She averred that Spyridon, the tutelary divinity of the island, had appeared to her and informed her that the divine gifts of Kalomira were strictly dependent upon her remaining a maid, and would depart from her whenever she should enter into the relation of love with a man.

In consequence of this oracle, everybody was interested in carefully protecting the virgin isolation of the blessing-child; and Kalomira herself was easily persuaded to believe that her duty as well as her pride and her honor were bound up with voluntary celibacy, since otherwise she could not maintain her brilliant position before the people; and to forego that was something which her imperious little mind could not think of for a moment. So she prepared to step over the threshold of mature maidenhood with serene deportment, and with disdainful indifference to all young men and their amorous approaches. She wandered among men cold and chaste as Diana, and her eye never rested with partiality upon the form of any youth, however noble.

After two or three years of such self-control, she considered herself proof against attacks of the god of love. And the danger diminished with every year; for such was the uniform coldness of her demeanor that the young men never dared to look on her except with silent religious admiration, and without that expression in their eyes of hope and sweet desire which so easily awakens a tender response in the unguarded heart of a young girl.

But so much the stronger waxed the belief of the people in the fair young saint; and day by day the glowing fire of love grew weaker in her proud and solitary heart, and day by day her face lost more and more of its childlike freshness and gayety. Even her life-work of healing and blessing grew to be not a spontaneous outflow of the heart's love, as formerly; but was performed for the most part perfunctorily, and from a love of display.

And yet there was one place where she was always humble, and that was before her picture of Saint Pericles. The other saints she gradually came to slight, as being herself pretty nearly of equal rank with them.

Once it happened that a heavy failure of the grape crop threatened the neighboring village of Benizze, and the people, in their great distress, decided to ask the Gasturians to lend them their wonder-child, and to pay them both money and thanks for the favor. The negotiations were successful. Benizze paid Gasturi a hundred drachmæ ($18), and had Kalomira delivered to them for a single day, with stipulations that she should be sternly guarded from indiscretions on the part of the young men of Benizze.

On the day appointed for the festival, the citizens of Benizze drew out upon the road and moved up to Gasturi in long and winding march, with as much pomp and state as if they were going to carry in procession the body of the holy Spyridon himself. Kalomira was brought out to meet them, accompanied by a body-guard of the eminent men and women of Gasturi. She was clad in snow-white garments, all richly decorated with green leaves and garlands. A saffron-colored veil floated like a consecrated flame around her face, which shone as if with supernatural beauty. Her eyes were lifted up, and her glance seemed fixed on vacancy, yet glided here and there over the throng which seemed to her only an indistinguishable crowd of moving shapes.

When the procession reached Benizze, a miscellaneous crowd of women and children and young people thronged around, and, pressing up to the sacred maiden on this side and on that, strove to grasp at least her white robe, and impress a kiss upon it. The more fortunate pressed their lips reverently upon her hands, that kept dispensing freely rich largess of blessing to all, and especially to the infants whom the mothers held out from both sides of the way that she might lay her hand upon their heads.

Here and there were young fellows who had waited with a somewhat more daring fancy for the first sight of the famous beauty. But when they saw her cold and immobile face, they felt only a thrill of devout emotion, and were glad if her pure eyes did not rest upon them. Among these youths was Pericles. Contrary to his usual custom, he stood somewhat shyly apart, for the long-forgotten sin of his boyhood was secretly weighing upon his mind. Now, since the eyes of Kalomira had all along been directed more upon the people at a distance than upon those immediately around her, it chanced, naturally enough, that her glance met that of Pericles, who stood on the outskirts of the crowd.

He noticed at once a startled look in her passionless eyes—a look not of joyous greeting, but of astonishment and terrified questioning. Who was this stranger youth? Could she believe her eyes? Had she really ever seen him before, or had she simply dreamed of him long ago?

It is probable that Pericles had a woful consciousness that he could explain the matter to her if he dared. However, at the first sign of human interest in her glance, the cold and unreal mist of saintly isolation melted away from around her, and, thrilling with tender emotion, he rushed violently through the crowd, seized her hand, and imprinted upon it more than one burning kiss. Kalomira, inexperienced as she was in these matters, immediately perceived that these kisses were not those of religious devoutness, as the others had been. A shudder of terror ran through her, and with a loud cry she buried her blushing face deep in her veil.

The Gasturians at once divined what must have happened, and a furious tumult arose, which spread rapidly through the crowd, and before Pericles had fully collected his thoughts, heavy fist-blows began to rain down upon him from all sides, and to these the emphasis of clubs and sticks was soon added. Doubtless this latest trespass was not the only one his fellow-townsmen were avenging so thoroughly upon him, for he had by no means taken the precaution to lead a blameless life among them. But it was a fine sight to see with what energy and dexterity he now defended himself; here knocked down one of

his pursuers, and there dodged a heavy blow, until he was at last enabled to break through the crowd that encircled him and disappear from sight in the olive forest that stretches upward from the sea and covers the hill adjoining Gasturi. The few who had followed him thus far soon turned back, bleeding and out of breath, and spreading very contradictory reports as to his whereabouts. A comparison of their different statements, however, made it rather probable that the Devil himself, or possibly a demon of inferior rank, had finally grabbed him and borne him off out of human sight.

In the mean time the Gasturians carried back their tutelary saint, still veiled, to the protecting shelter of her home. As soon as they arrived, Kalomira hastened to her little chamber to think over the strange occurrence of the day in silent devotion before the picture of her own beloved saint. But she saw at a glance the striking resemblance there was between the picture and the bold youth of Benizze, and at first experienced something like a feeling of dismay; but this soon yielded to remorse when she considered her thoughtless behavior, and how it had involved a poor young man in deep misfortune, and that for no fault of his own, but owing to a circumstance which should have plead strongly in his favor, namely, that he bore a striking resemblance to a most excellent saint.

As she looked more intently at the picture, this consideration troubled her mind more and more; so that finally, unable to endure any longer the oppressive air of her room, she set out for a meditative walk in the olive forest on the hill. There she could cool her feverish brow in the freshness of the open air, and try to recover from her perplexity and surprise.

After she had gone a good piece, she came to one of those ruined houses which are often found on this island, surrounded with blooming vines and flowers. The walls were all covered with ivy, and many a sturdy wild plant flourished in the rifts of the loose-jointed stones. She thought she would rest here for a few moments, and gaze down the mountain at the blue sea shimmering through the network of interlacing boughs and grayish leaves. She was just on the point of sinking down in the grass when she heard behind her a low groan. A cold shiver ran through her. Perhaps it was the mournful voice of the genius of the ruin. But personally she felt that she was proof against the influences of evil demons; and after making the sign of the cross two or three times, her courage increased, as did also her curiosity. She ventured to take a step forward, and cast a searching look into the bewildering tangle of plants and vines. She saw she had nothing worse to fear than a man who was lying there motionless, and giving evidence that he was alive by sighs and groans alone. By cautiously parting the grass a little with her hand, she recognized the face of the very youth about whom her thoughts were so strangely busied.

Her heart beat violently in her breast, and her first impulse was to retire as quickly as possible from the presence of one whose identity so perplexed her. But the next moment it occurred to her that he had probably received serious injuries from the mob, and was lying here in the unconsciousness of fever and suffering, far from human sympathy and assistance. And she knew that to call in others to his aid would only increase his danger and misfortune. These thoughts softened her heart a little—the first time for years; and so out of pure womanly compassion, she decided that she would do what her duty did not strictly require, and what was hardly consistent with her severe sanctity, for she would be compelled this once to practice concealment—a thing which her proud nature had never stooped to before. She stepped softly out from the walls, and hastened home by the nearest route. Here she quietly filled a little basket with wine, olive oil, fruits, and other kinds of refreshment, and walked calmly through the village with it, as if on one of her usual errands of mercy to the sick. Watching her opportunity, she soon glided aside between two houses and disappeared among the high olive-trees.

In the mean while, Pericles awoke from

his sleep or stupor, and after slowly turning over in his mind the untoward occurrences of the day, he began to feel of his limbs one by one, to see how many of them were bruised or crushed.

The result of his examination was at once a surprise and a gratification. To be sure, there was scarcely a spot on his body wholly free from cuts or bruises; but then, none of them were very serious, and he had not much difficulty in moving about and raising himself up, though the least exertion sent a dull aching pain through every part of him. The most intolerable thing was his raging thirst. He suffered so much from this source, that he was just on the point of leaving the shelter of the ruin, and dragging himself as best he could to some spring or fountain, when his sharp ear caught the sound of light footsteps coming up the mountain in his direction. He could scarcely repress a cry of joyful surprise as he recognized Kalomira.

But just as an experienced general takes in at a single glance the position of the enemy, unravels his motives and purposes, and deduces therefrom his own plan of battle and his various counterplots, so, in the twinkling of an eye, did the quick-witted youth divine the happy accidents and coincidences of the situation. Noticing the hesitation and uneasiness of the girl, he dropped back quick as thought into the grass, and, stretching himself out, began to groan and writhe as though he were completely exhausted by pain and suffering. This cunning artifice of his increased the confidence of the maiden, and at the same time stimulated her desire to render some gracious assistance.

When she had approached, and was leaning cautiously and timidly over him, he slowly opened his eyes and gazed up at her with a most pathetic expression of helpless appeal. But he neither moved nor spoke a single word; for he saw that he must first gain her confidence by an appearance of weakness and prostration.

His appealing look gave to his eyes exactly the expression of a Saint John the Baptist, and this only increased the compassion of his Good Samaritan, who at once set about her ministrations with spirit and zeal. She poured a few drops of wine on his lips, peeled and quartered some oranges and gave them to him piece by piece, until she thought she had strengthened him sufficiently to enable him to help himself to anything further. Then she rose up quietly, took her little basket (after she had placed its contents within easy reach of his hand), and prepared to leave him to himself and to the healing influences of nature.

As soon as he understood her intention, he closed his eyes wearily, as if he were swooning anew. She staid her steps, and leaning against the wall, looked down at him. And he in turn peeped at her through a tiny crevice between his eyelids. Thus for some time they gazed at each other in silent admiration.

Suddenly Kalomira remembered with astonishment that she had forgotten to make use of her gift of healing by touch. The genuineness of her healing power had often been confirmed in the case of other sick persons, and why might it not avail in the present case also? She set down her basket, and bending once more over the youth, laid her soft hand gently on his forehead, and repeated a low but earnest prayer.

The sick man did not rise; but the touch effected an instantaneous change in herself, sending through her limbs a strange thrill, or glow, which seemed to her both sweet and painful in a breath—frightening her, and yet ensnaring her by its silent enchantment. She felt the feverish blood throbbing in his temples, and seemed to feel it welling through into her own veins, and streaming up along her tremulous hand into her glowing cheeks. At length she tore herself violently away, and rushed down the mountain side as if pursued by an enemy.

Pericles was now once more alone and given up to the companionship of his own thoughts. He was strong enough now to wander off when and where it pleased him. But it pleased him to remain precisely where he was, and play the poor invalid a little

longer. In this old ruin he felt tolerably safe from the wrath of his townsmen, and the place was withal as pleasant as one's heart could wish. It was spring, and the nights were not too cold. And how delicious it was to bask in the midday sun, already hot and glowing, but tempered and subdued by the high olive-trees and by the moist breath of the sea, whose husky whisper reached even to that high spot! No wonder he decided to remain where he was, and felt that he would reluctantly have exchanged his dilapidated cottage for a splendid palace.

The next day and the day following Kalomira brought new gifts, and ministered to him as before with quiet assiduity. It seemed to her as though she were caring for a motherless child, that was so much the dearer to her the more completely its forsaken life was intrusted to her hands.

But after the third day of silent service, a feeling of wonder began to creep into her mind. She could not understand how it was that this sickness had such a stubborn persistence. The suspicion that her patient might be playing a part did not even enter her mind; and she was too magnanimous to entertain it if it had. Accordingly, her sympathy and grief increased to such an extent, that on the evening of the third day she resolved to question him about his sufferings when she went again, thinking that in this way she could treat his case more intelligently.

But when she stood before him next day and was going to speak, he opened his great eyes and gazed full into her face, which so disconcerted her that she suddenly forgot what she was going to say, and stood there in confusion, until, pitying her distress, Pericles himself spoke:

"Thanks, fair saint," he said, in a modest voice.

She put up a brief petition to her holy Pericles, and said, in gentle tones:

"Is there anything more I can do for you to relieve your suffering?"

He thought for a moment; then a cunning smile hovered for a moment about his mouth as he said:

"They wounded my soul still more than my body when they drove me from your sweet and saintly presence. I felt for you only the deepest respect and esteem, and when they separated me from you my soul was so stricken that I have become as helpless as a child, and cannot even move my limbs. I can think of only one way to cure me, and that is for you to really consider me as a child, if you will, and treat me as you have so often treated little children when they were sick and their mothers were unable to quiet them."

"Then I will lay my hands once more on your head and bless you, and perhaps you will recover," she said quickly, and with a beating heart.

"No," said Pericles, "that is the way you do with grown people; but you know I am only a child now, and I have heard that you cure children by lightly kissing them on the mouth."

The daring word made Kalomira's little heart quake, for what he said about the children was true. She thought she ought to show that she was angry, and in all pious sincerity reprove so unbecoming a wish. But when she saw how his innocent and appealing eyes looked up at her, just like those of a real child, and saw how defenseless he lay there before her, pity and sympathy again got the upper hand, and she was sure she heard very plainly a sweet inner voice urging her to grant his wish. She was accustomed to these inward spiritual revelations, and believed that they were vouchsafed to her by the special favor of heaven. So in this instance, as in others, she resolved to obey the inner voice. Besides, she considered that there in the solitude of the forest no one would see what took place, and finally reached this prudent decision:

"Swear to me," she said, "that if you are cured you will leave this island to-day and never return. If you promise this, I may perhaps grant your request and cure you."

At first Pericles only shook his head sorrowfully. Soon, however, a sly smile quivered about the rogue's mouth, but was gone

before Kalomira perceived it. Then he said, in a loud voice and with earnest looks:

"It is too hard to exile me for life on account of a kiss; but I will consent to go away for a year; and thus do I swear by Saint Nicholas, the guardian divinity of seamen, that if you cure me I will sail to-day from this island of Corcyra, and will not rest my head upon its soil for a whole year, unless you yourself, of your own free will, release me from my vow."

"I shall take care not to do that," said Kalomira to herself; "and besides, a year is a long time—long enough, at any rate, to let a little matter like this be forgotten." And so she prepared to perform the act of mercy, her only thought being how to get the disagreeable thing over and done with as quickly as possible. She kneeled down in the grass beside her patient, drew back the veil from her mouth, leaned gently and timidly over him, and pursing up her lips, let them rest upon his mouth with a lighter and daintier touch than that of a little bird that dips its bill in the water.

But she could surely never have dreamed what a prodigious healing power resided in this super-delicate kiss. On the instant, up sprang the fiery youth, all his sickness gone, and his limbs filled with fresh strength, threw his arms around the terrified maiden, and paid her back in kind by kissing her more than once on the mouth; and that in no bird fashion, but with the warmth of a genuine man who holds a beautiful woman in his arms. She stood stunned and helpless for a few seconds; then the saint in her reasserted itself. Collecting all her strength, she hurled from her the only too thoroughly cured patient, so that he struck against the wall with considerable force. Then with clenched fists and flushed face she stood there and gasped for words with which to smite the conscience of the traitor. But she was so bewildered that nothing else occurred to her at the moment except a stammering question which had long been in her thought, but which she could scarcely have selected a more inopportune moment than the present for asking:

"Who are you?" she cried vehemently, but still with some hesitation and uncertainty.

"Pericles, son of Xanthippos," he said; and recovering from his confusion, he straightened himself up with a flush of pride.

This announcement destroyed at one blow the last remnant of her self-possession; she looked as if the earth were going to open and swallow her up, and without saying a word, but with gestures of deep despair, she fled precipitately from the spot.

Pericles stood for a moment lost in amazement at the effect produced by his name. Then he raised his head with a knowing smile, and looking in the direction of the retreating girl, said:

"Pericles, son of Xanthippos, was distinguished above all other Greeks for his wisdom, eloquence, and numerous civic virtues."

When Kalomira reached her room she hastily tore down the traitorous picture from the wall, having resolved to destroy it, and in so doing present it as a sin-offering to John the Baptist, whom, as she now saw, she had for years been defrauding of his rightful service by offering her vows and prayers to a false prophet, though as yet her artless mind could not quite clearly understand how the sorry jest had come about.

She kindled in the brazier some charcoal that had remained over from last winter, and then with trembling hand threw in the bit of paper, which instantly disappeared in flame, but not before she had read once more in the glowing fire the neatly penned words, "Pericles, son of Xanthippos."

When the fire had done its work and the paper had wholly disappeared, she detected a gnawing pain in her heart, as if the fire were burning there too; and by this she knew that she had done right, and that it was high time for her to act. But she found that, in part at least, the sacrifice had been in vain; for the form of the living original of the picture stood before her eyes only the fresher and brighter, as if by some palingenesis it had risen from the ashes of the perished image; and the closer she shut her

eyes and covered them with her hands, the plainer did she see what she was trying to forget.

By chafing and fretting over this, she worked herself into a perfect heat of anxiety and bewilderment; she was sure she would never dare to show herself again to the people and exercise her healing power among them; for she felt that her maiden austerity had received a severe blow. In her veins burned a hidden fire that was anything but a sacred censer-flame.

She thought of confessing everything to Chrysikopulos, but she seemed to see a subtle and mocking smile on his face, and to hear his quiet voice saying:

"Well, I wouldn't try any longer to lead a peculiar life. You have done your duty and received your reward; now be willing to lead a quiet and contented life like other women." But this was just what she could not bear to do; she was unwilling to fall from her heaven of privilege, and become a discrowned queen. She wanted to fulfill her mission.

So she finally came to the resolution to quietly leave the house and the village, and confide her secret to the hermit-nun Anastasia, at whose house, as she well knew, many a poor maiden had found consolation and advice. She got together a few simple gifts for the nun, and then wandered down through the olive forest to the little gulf of Kaliopulos —once the famous harbor of the Corcyræans, but now choked up with mud and reeds. At the mouth of this small gulf stand two rocky islets, or crags, each of which has its sanctuary, namely, a chapel, and a diminutive monastic building for the use of those who look after the chapel and administer its sacred rites. The smaller of these islands is distant scarcely a stone's throw from the farther shore, and a minute's leisurely walk will take one around it: here in pious seclusion dwelt the good nun Anastasia, as guardian and priestess of her little church.

Kalomira was rowed over by a boatman, and warmly welcomed by the nun, to whom she at once made confession, sobbing and sighing as she told her story, and expressed the fear that her divine gift had departed from her; for she said that since she had received those burning kisses on her mouth, she no longer took any pleasure in the exercise of her sacred office.

As she finished her confession, Anastasia stripped the veil from her face, and gave her such a stern and searching look that she blushed still deeper than before, and ended by bursting into tears. But the old nun said:

"Many a pure maiden has suffered a wrong like this, and no harm come of it, provided the matter was hushed up in time. And so in this case, it will not be so very difficult to effect a speedy and thorough purification by means of moderate penance—especially since the sin was committed against your will. But if you prefer to be alone for a short time, and make proof of your agitated heart, then remain with me for a few days, or even weeks if necessary. I will give you a chamber over mine; remain quietly there, and soothe your soul by prayer and by the contemplation of the sea. If your peace of mind is not re-established by these means, then we must employ more serious measures."

The nun smiled a little as she thus spoke. Kalomira kissed her hands, and humbly begged permission to remain with her for a short space of time. Anastasia replied by pressing her hand warmly, and leading her up a little stairway to a lowly room, the only furniture of which consisted of a poor cot-bed and a prayer-stool. Leaving her guest in this little eyrie, she descended the stairs, and betook herself to the waiting boatman, whom she enjoined to hasten to Gasturi, and there inform the priest of the whereabouts of his daughter, so that nobody need feel any anxiety about her.

As Kalomira was watching the returning boatman from her little window, she saw another boat put off from the island of Pantokrator (sometimes styled "The Ship of Odysseus"). This second boat made directly for the other, and when it came within speaking distance, the man who sat in it exchanged a few words with the ferryman. Then he rowed back with slower strokes to the island, and in

such a way that Kalomira could not see his face. Now she knew that the sole dwellers in the little monastery were the two monks, for she had often seen them walking meditatively beneath the high cypress trees; and she wondered not a little that these quiet hermits should exhibit so great a curiosity to know who was visiting their neighbor the nun, for it did not seem to her that the brief exchange of words could have had any other motive.

When dusk melted into night the stars hung trembling in the blue heaven, and beneath in the infinite silence stretched the shining sea; and ever and anon a fish leaped into the air, scattering around him a shower of golden sparks, and leaving as he sank a series of rippling rings to widen outward into evanescence. As the quiet and beauty of this scene stole into her soul, Kalomira felt how wise had been the advice of the nun that she should look out over the sea. Already a gentle peace filled her heart. And soon after, when the moon rose above the sea, she retired from the window and knelt down in the deeper shadow of the room to pray; for her heart was still too excited to permit her to sleep.

Suddenly, to her terror, she heard the clear notes of a song floating up from the sea. She thought she recognized the voice; the tune and the words she knew very well: they formed glowing little love-songs, such as are common among the young folks of the island. She had often heard these love-ditties sung beneath neighbors' windows, but never, it seemed to her, in such soft and tremulous, passionate tones. Formerly such love-songs had only excited her scorn; now they filled her heart with fear. She could only hope that her senses had deceived her, or that the singing was that of the nereids sporting in the water below, and trying by their arts to tantalize and befool her and make her forget her holy duties; for she had heard it said that the nereids were beautiful indeed, and were for the most part friendly to people, but that they were not any too well disposed toward Christianity. Her mind was distracted by the most conflicting emotions; she did not dare to go to the window, but remained upon her knees until she could endure the inner unrest no longer, and hastened down-stairs to the nun.

Anastasia was nodding a little over her rosary, and had heard nothing of the singing outside. Kalomira aroused her and hastily told her of the new dangers that threatened her. But the nun shook her head, and said:

"What do you mean by telling me that such singing comes from the nereids? Why should they imitate a man's voice? It seems much more reasonable to suppose that the young fellow from whom you are fleeing is out yonder, singing his love-songs."

"It is impossible," said Kalomira; "you know he has sworn not to lay his head on the island for a year."

"Then he has broken his oath," said the nun quietly.

"No, no!" cried the girl impetuously, "he has not done that; he cannot do that; that is impossible."

"Who told you to be so sure? Many a man has broken faith when goaded on by his passions."

"But not this one. This one cannot be a perjurer. I am sure of it. My heart tells me so in such loud tones that I must obey it. It is impossible that this young man should sin against the most sacred things."

Here Anastasia nodded thrice in a knowing manner, and said:

"Alas for the maiden who listens to what her heart tells her! But very well; remain here and consult a little further with that heart of yours, which I sadly fear will cause you a good deal of trouble yet. In the mean time I will, for your sake, take my boat and row out a little into the cool dusk, to take a bit of a peep at what you call your nereids."

So said, so done. The old woman covered her face with a white veil, stepped out into the moonlight, unfastened her skiff, and propelling it with vigorous strokes, began to fetch a wide circle about her little island. She had no need to exert herself, however, for in a moment she saw another boat making rapidly for her, and when it was quite

near, the occupant drew in his oars, and opened his arms in a passionate manner, as if longing to embrace her whom he was approaching.

But the valiant Anastasia brandished her single oar in a threatening and energetic manner, at the same time throwing back her veil and letting the moon shine full upon her face. It was a face to win respect, and one possessed of beauty withal, but by no means young or fascinating; and just at that moment it was almost frightful in its expression of righteous wrath.

"Perjurer!" she cried. And Pericles dropped his arms and drew back as hastily as if her heavy paddle had really struck him. Yet almost instantly he took in the situation, and seeing that the nun knew his secret, he burst out impetuously with:

"Not so, mother: you are wrong; my oath is still unbroken. I swore not to rest my head upon our island of Corcyra within the space of a year, and I am keeping my oath. For every night I sleep in the monastery on the island of Pantokrator (which is not Corcyra), and if I choose to roam over the main island in the daytime, why, I am not in the least hindered by my oath."

Anastasia saw that she had to do with a cunning fellow, and she felt very anxious about her *protégé*. But since she could not now reproach him with perjury, she only said, in a stern voice:

"Why do you haunt the steps of our holy maiden, and disturb her peace? She utterly scorns you, and wants to have nothing to do with you."

Pericles took a moment to think of his answer, and then calmly replied:

"If Kalomira cares nothing for me, how can I disturb her peace by singing my songs on the free and open sea? And more: how does she know that they are meant for her and not for you, mother Anastasia? You stand high in the thoughts of all the people, and not least so in my own. But I see very well that my singing has gained some entrance to her heart, and I take it as a good omen. I understand her struggling and rebellious mind: she wants to keep the prestige of her sacred office, and not lose her honors; so she hardens herself against love, and against me, who alone have dared to woo her, in spite of the people of both villages. And it is on her account that I am bitterly persecuted and hunted down like a wild beast. Now I am tired of this sort of thing. Listen to what I will do. I will make this proud girl a new offer, which will free her from me as soon as she pleases; and I will take a new oath, clearer and more binding than the old one. Tell her, please, what I say, and let her know that neither here nor wherever else she may be will I cease my singing until she accepts the new compact. My life is of no value without her and her love, and I will not go from here until I have enjoyed a single moment of blessedness. Tell her that if she will give me one more kiss it shall be the last I will ever ask. For I swear by the All-Holy One that I will never again set my foot on land that holds her, nor will I linger in the neighborhood of such land, but as long as she lives I will be as far from her as a ghost in Hades—unless she herself comes, and of her own free will brings me back, and so releases me from my oath. Thus will I swear; and do you lay before her the terms of the compact. But they must be agreed to this very night, for my heart so burns for love of her that I can find rest neither on land nor sea until my wish is fulfilled."

The nun looked suspiciously into his face while he was making this strange proposal, hesitating and asking herself whether she dared to grant his request. But at last she said to herself that, in a strange situation, it is always most prudent to come to a quick decision, and look things straight in the face. "Besides," she thought, "if this young girl is serious in her refusal of him a single kiss more will not do her any great injury—provided the boy keeps his oath, and never sees her again. But if he breaks his vow he will in any case become so mean and despicable in her eyes that her heart will turn from him with shuddering, and he will never dare, for very shame, to come into her presence again. Hence it is

best to grant his wish, although I still have little faith in him."

So she nodded her assent, rowed side by side with him to the island, and permitted him to land there, stipulating that he must wait without while she went into the house to speak with Kalomira.

He remained alone for some time, agitated and anxious. Upon sea and mountain rested a silence as deep as if he were the only living man in a deserted world; yet he carried in his breast a resolution which in a few hours might be the means of numbering him with the dead.

When the nun at last appeared she was leading Kalomira by the hand. When Pericles saw that she had hidden her face deep in her veil, he said:

"If you are going to grant my request, remove the veil from your head so that I can take my vow before your open countenance."

She complied without a word, and as she threw back the veil over her shoulder, Pericles saw that she was as pale as death. Then in a trembling voice he uttered his vow in the way he had promised Anastasia. When he had finished, he threw his arms around the fair girl, who was powerless to forbid him, and kissed her mouth and her eyes. Her eyelashes were wet with tears, and she secretly returned his kiss, for she thought she should never see him on earth again, and yet knew at this moment that she had acquired an ardent affection for him, and if it had not been for her pride and her duty she would have liked to hold him fast in her arms forever.

After Pericles had enjoyed for a brief moment such sweet bliss, he suddenly raised his head and said in a loud and firm voice:

"Now I will not only explain the vow I have taken, but I will make an addition to it. I have promised not again to set foot upon land that holds you, Kalomira. I will go farther, and swear by all the saints that I will never set foot again on any ground whatsoever, neither upon the mainland, nor upon an island, nor a rock, nor even a ship, but the water alone shall bear me up as long as it can. For if you value your sacred name more than my love, then I will sooner die than forego your love. Therefore I now depart forever from you and from the earth —unless you yourself shall fetch me back, and by your own act annul my oath."

So saying, he sprang just as he was from the rock into the sea, and began to swim away from the island with strong and steady strokes.

Both women gave a loud shriek as they divined the meaning of his wild vow, and Kalomira sank down upon her knees. But Anastasia said:

"Now indeed I feel compassion for this bold and faithful youth, whom every stroke of his arm is bringing nearer to death. Yet I cannot help him, for his oath binds me also. I will go into my little chapel and pray for his soul and for yours."

Kalomira remained upon her knees; her whole soul was filled with shuddering and dismay, and she stared after the swimmer with a fixed, mechanical gaze. She well knew that he was terribly in earnest, as she saw him throwing arm over arm in steady stroke, and swimming as though he were striving toward some splendid goal. But she lay there in helpless agony while the minutes flew by. She knew that she could save him, she alone of all persons in the world, and that there was yet time; but then he would be released from his oath; then he would be possessed of all power over her; for she felt that she would no longer be able to resist him. And then ever afterward she would be looked upon by the people as one who had been false to her duty, almost an apostate. And shorn of her splendid endowment, she would have to cast down her eyes in the presence of those before whom she had once carried her head so high.

Moreover, her heart was filled with a vague dread of some divine punishment impending over her, just as before a thunderstorm the wind is oppressed with heavy foreboding of coming evil. And this tempest of anxiety, this dread uncertainty as to the will of the omnipotent Being above the clouds, drove all other thoughts out of her

mind. A greater burden than she could bear had been laid upon her shoulders; her sacred office had in a moment become a crushing incubus, and she would gladly have exchanged all her glory and all her honors for a single word or sign from heaven assuring her of pardon—bare pardon and no more—in case she broke her unspoken vow of virgin consecration.

She shut her eyes convulsively so as not to see the tragedy that was soon to be enacted out yonder on the sea; she pressed both hands to her face, sank upon the ground, and bowed her forehead to the cold rock, when suddenly her ear seemed to catch a low gasping sound, like the sigh of a dying person; it was really only a sigh from her own breast, but seemed so foreign to her that she thought it must have come from a distance. She sprang to her feet and stared wildly out over the sea toward the hapless swimmer.

He was already so far from land that he could hardly get back again, even if he had wanted to do so; according to all human calculation his strength would have failed long before he reached the shore. And yet farther and farther he swam; she saw the quiet, measured movement of his arms, and knew that every stroke was bringing him with unerring certainty nearer to a dreadful end. And there in the gleaming moonlight lay the silent and inexorable sea; far and wide no ship, no boat, was to be seen. And still the head of the swimmer was held barely above the water; yet look! merciful heaven, he has disappeared! but no, he again emerges, and strikes out with greater energy than before. His head had gone under but for a moment, and perhaps in the attempt to voluntarily cut short the pain and agony of the weary struggle. But that single moment had sufficed to decide the long struggle in the heart of Kalomira.

"Holy Virgin!" she prayed, in low but passionate tones, "punish me, torture me, slay me, only let me save him! For thou seest that without me he is utterly lost!"

So saying she leaped into the skiff, and bending to the oars with the energy of despair, flew like an arrow over the water in the direction of the distant swimmer. Gradually the space between them lessened, and Kalomira loudly called to him by name; he turned his head, but kept swimming on, although with slower and fainter strokes, for he was determined to carry out the very letter of his vow, even to the uttermost. Yet nearer and nearer came the boat, and ever lighter grew the spirits of the brave girl; and now at last, thank God! she is at his side, and reaches out her hands to save him. He had strength enough left to seize them and to raise himself over the side of the boat, then fainted away and lay stretched out pale and inanimate at the feet of his preserver. Kalomira kissed him passionately on the mouth, hoping that her kisses might now be as potent to restore him to strength as they had recently been when he lay ill in the olive forest. But it was evident that now, in good sooth, her divine gift had departed from her.

She rowed back to the island with as much haste as possible, and called to the nun to come at once and help her. "O Anastasia," she said apologetically, "I couldn't help it; I have brought him back."

The nun only smiled approvingly, and together they lifted up the inanimate youth, carried him into the chapel, and laid him down under the image of the Virgin Mother, to implore her help in his behalf. But while they prayed they also worked, and that right valiantly, employing for restoratives such remedies as were within their power—wine, friction, warmth, etc.—until at length their prayers and their efforts were rewarded, and fresh life animated the limbs of the spent swimmer.

Early the next morning Anastasia sent the ferryman to fetch Chrysikopulus; for during the night Kalomira had fallen into such a state of despondency that nothing could arouse her. When Chrysikopulus came and saw how things had gone, and at the same time learned how heavily the consciousness of her lapse from duty bore upon his daughter's mind, he smiled kindly, and said as he caressed her:

"All may yet be well, if we will only have patience with our good people, and give them time to gradually disabuse their minds of a long-cherished delusion. As for you two, I will at once unite you in legal marriage-bonds, here in this sacred retreat. I may be slightly censured for it; but no matter. You had better live together a month here in concealment, and under the care of Sister Anastasia; at the end of that time, Kalomira shall return to my house, and live there as before, as though nothing had happened. And when a fitting time comes, I will reveal all to our good people."

Everything took place as he had advised. After a month of secret happiness, Pericles went into voluntary banishment with the monks on their island, serving them in the capacity of fisher, and keeping his marriage-troth through long months of self-denial. The young wife went back to Gasturi, and exercised her gift of blessing, and received her tithes as before. No one got the least inkling of what had happened, though there were some who wondered not a little to see again in Kalomira's face the sparkle and freshness and vivacity of childhood.

But they were far from being displeased at it, for the good fortune and prosperity of the land seemed to grow only the greater, and in all their labors the people were blessed.

One day at the priest's house a little child came into the world. It was Kalomira's best gift to the people. When the christening day came, Chrysikopulos called together the whole parish, showed them the infant, and said:

"As you know, our daughter was endowed by heaven with special gifts, which she exercised for the advantage of us all. But it would be an error if you supposed that heaven meant at the same time to deprive Kalomira herself of the sweet joys of domestic life, and compel her to live for your welfare alone. No, the powers above do not make such conditions and restrictions. Upon him whom they wish to bless, they freely shower down the fullness of their love, expecting no return therefor. And of the truth of this you shall now have valid proof. Can anybody say that during the past year the land has been less fruitful than before? Have not your autumnal vines and your winter olives yielded bountiful harvests? Has any general calamity befallen you? Have there been more sick people and more deaths among us this year than before? If so, I have not heard of them; on the contrary, our community is flourishing more vigorously than any other on the island. And yet, you are now to learn that for nearly a year our blessing-child has been a lawful wife. And as a token that no saint is angry with you, this infant has been bestowed upon you, and you are to hold it in the same honor as you did its mother. For the child is destined to bring you new happiness and blessing. And so I require of you that you all now publicly confirm the secret marriage of my dear daughter Kalomira, and give her your good wishes. And whoever refuses this shall not partake of the new blessing."

When Chrysikopulos ceased speaking, a buzz of amazement at first ran through the crowd, but it soon swelled to loud shouts of approbation and ever-increasing jubilee. And so between the recreant Kalomira and her protectors peace was declared before war was begun. And fortune continued to smile upon the people, and not least upon the new house which Pericles, son of Xanthippos, founded in Gasturi.

In later years people spoke with pride of his numerous civic virtues; as for wisdom and eloquence, Chrysikopulos used to declare that he had always had a trifle too much of these.

NOTE.—Hans Hoffmann, the author of the preceding dainty little love-tale, is a rising young German scholar, who for the past year or two has been traveling and studying in Greece. He has published other works, including a volume of charming poems. The translator's attention was called to the present story of Greek island life by a German friend and author, resident in Trieste. The piece has already found many admirers, and is destined to find many more. In artlessness and sweet simplicity, it resembles nothing so much as Fouqué's "Undine"; and yet, as a whole, it is unique—the work of an artist who knows how to conceal his art, and stamp upon his work the freshness and charm of nature herself.

William Sloane Kennedy.

MISTAKEN.

Together through the afternoon's sweet hours
  They sat upon the porch; the grape-vine turned
  To cooling shade the sultry heat that burned
The distant meadows. Red geranium flowers

Flamed down the path. No beauty of the scene
  Was lost to him: he saw the yellowing grain,
  The little cloud that promised gift of rain,
The purple bloom amid the vines' dark green,

And all the queenly summer's glow and grace;
  He heard the fine small sounds dull ears do miss—
  The while he spoke or read of that or this.
And she—she heard his voice, she saw his face.

She listened with her soul the while he read;
  Never before was poet's song so dear,
  Never was subtle reasoning so clear;
And so—and so the happy moments sped.

He closed the book; the day was dying; in
  The west the sky was one great bank of gold,
  As though a world's pure sunshine all were rolled
Into one mass; he said, "This day has been

"Most perfect and most dear; I grieve that I
  Shall see its like no more, because I go
  Away to-morrow. Ah! you did not know?
To-morrow, friend; and this, this is good by."

Saying good by again, he turned away,
  Pausing to look out to the west: no flaw
  Was in the perfect sunset that he saw;
To her its gold had turned to dullest gray.

What was amiss, that she should seek her room,
  And thrust the book of poems from her sight;
  And from her breast, as though it were a blight,
Tear angrily his gift of fragrant bloom?

What was amiss? Let any woman tell,
  Who for true love has read love's every token;
  Nor dreamed that cautious lips could leave unspoken
All that the truthless eyes had told so well.

Carlotta Perry.

PIONEER SKETCHES.—III. OUR NEW BELL.

Twice within three months had our little mountain town been literally swept out of existence by the flames, and as the general opinion seemed to be that a good fire-bell, to carry the alarm up and down the gulches and cañons amongst which the town was situated, would have prevented the general devastation which had occurred, a collection had been taken up for that purpose, the bell had arrived from 'Frisco and had been properly hung, and we were all looking forward with much anxiety to the time when its first alarm should be sounded. Numerous wagers would then be decided as to who would be the most prompt in responding to its call.

How well I remember when that first alarm came! The town had been deserted much earlier than usual that night, as the first rain of the season had just begun; before the night was far advanced all the lights had been extinguished and the miners had repaired to their cabins, when suddenly the loud and rapid clanging of the bell awoke the echoes of the hills, startling every one who heard it with its fierce and terrible cry for help. A moment afterwards cabin doors flew open in every direction, and all eyes were turned towards the town, expecting to see the flames once more lighting up the heavens as they rushed onward in their work of destruction.

But no such sight met our gaze; instead of that, our little town lay shrouded in total darkness; but out of that darkness still came the ceaseless clamor of the bell, its mysterious and piercing cry causing the blood to fairly tingle in our veins and our hearts to throb with unwonted energy. It took us but a moment to realize that it was not fire we were this time called upon to battle; we all felt that some great and terrible trouble was threatening our camp, and that the bell was saying, as plainly as though its iron tongue were gifted with human speech: 'Come forward, all good men and true, and linger not; I need you all; bring with you iron nerves and unconquerable will, and come prepared to do or die; above all, hurry!"

Instead of rushing hastily to the town, as most of those who emerged from their cabins on the first alarm intended doing, hurried consultations were held with partners and neighbors, and the men returned to their cabins; belts from which pistols and knife were pendent were securely buckled on, and then closing their cabin doors with the thought that quite likely they might never open them again, they hastened through the darkness towards the town, eager to respond to this mysterious cry for help, not caring into what danger it might lead them.

On reaching the town we found a crowd rapidly collecting in the postoffice, where on a hastily improvised platform one of our leading lawyers was standing, awaiting silence before announcing to his audience the object of this unusual alarm; while seated by his side was a care-worn, starved-looking stranger, whose arrival in the town but a little while before had caused our bell to send out its wild cry for help. For this stranger had brought the startling news that far up towards the summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains a company of belated emigrants, amongst whom were a number of women and children, were snowed in, and would all inevitably perish if prompt and efficient aid was not at once rendered them; their provisions were entirely exhausted, their horses were starving and unable to travel, and all hopes of reaching the settlements had been abandoned on the previous day, when a blinding snow-storm had set in.

The man before us had determined, however, to make one last desperate effort to save the lives of his companions. Not one of them had the least idea how far it was to the nearest settlement, nor in what direction it might be from them. When their companion that morning announced his determi-

nation to make the attempt to reach some mining camp and send them aid, his announcement did not awaken within them the least glimmer of hope; they felt that his noble attempt would result in nothing but failure, and they bade him good by with the conviction that he was sacrificing his life uselessly for them.

But our visitor had struggled on manfully all day, and as he found less and less snow to impede his progress as he descended the western slope of the Sierras, his hopes of success buoyed him up to continued effort; he had got below the snow-line, and night was just about setting in, when he had the good fortune to come upon a solitary prospector who was about camping for the night; in a few minutes he had told his story, had been refreshed with such food as the miner had prepared, and seated on his mule was making good time for our camp, his guide running along by his side.

As I listened to the story as told to us, I felt how unfortunate it was that one of our best mountaineers, and one whose aid in rescuing the emigrants would have been invaluable, was not in condition to join the relief party. For Kentucky Bill, as we called him, the hunter of our camp (who found a ready sale with us for the game he invariably brought back with him from his expeditions) knew every foot of the mountains, and I was sure that, after two minutes' talk with the emigrant, he could lead a relief party direct to their camp. But he had that afternoon been drinking too freely, had had a fight with Texas Jack, with whom a long-standing trouble had existed, and had been taken away by his friends to sober off. Even while I was regretting his absence and incapacity, he came staggering into the room, and was intercepted by his two partners. They had a short conversation with him, which seemed to greatly sober him; he was then taken up and introduced to the stranger, and in a few minutes left the room. On my saying to one of his partners that it was such a pity Bill was not in a condition to go with them, he electrified me by replying:

"Go with us? He will be on the trail in fifteen minutes; he told us to get some fancy grub together, and he would go and saddle the mules."

By this time our little town had awakened into new life. The stores were all open, and everywhere hurry and bustle prevailed. The traders were all busy putting provisions of different kinds into portable shape. No goods were priced nor scales brought into use on this occasion, but everything was free that could possibly be of use in saving the lives of that little band of entrapped emigrants, whose fate we feared would be sealed before we should be able to reach them; besides, the traders knew the "boys" would settle their bills undisputed when they returned—but the main thing now was to lose as little time as possible in the start.

While I was watching our worthy doctor, all muffled up for a long ride, busily packing his saddle-bags, the clatter of hoofs outside told me that the mules had arrived. I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw Bill, apparently perfectly sober, dismount from one of them, and assist in adjusting the packs on the saddles. In less than five minutes they were off, Bill calling out as he mounted his mule, "We'll tell them you're coming; climb the ridge at the head of the creek, then follow our trail."

In a few minutes other mounted parties were on their way, some with packs fastened behind them, and others driving loaded animals. It was a full hour after Bill had left us before the last of the relief train started and filed away in the darkness. Gradually the lights were extinguished, and silence again brooded over our little town. Our new bell, having done its work nobly and well, was now silent in its tower, but it was hours before we who remained behind were able to sleep: our thoughts were with our companions, now far on their way up there towards the regions of perpetual snow, straining every nerve and doing all that man could do to snatch from the grasp of the storm its expected prey.

As day dawned upon the camp of the beleaguered emigrants, they were surprised to

find that but little snow had fallen during the night, and believing the storm was over, they were for a while inspired with hope that they might be able to extricate themselves from the terrible trap in which they had been caught; but when the sky again became overcast and the storm recommenced, threatening soon to bury them in its white folds—the snow literally hid from sight trees not twenty yards away—they fully realized that their case was hopeless, and resigned themselves to their inevitable fate.

It was nearly noon on that eventful day when a loud hurrah, and the cry, "Here they are," made them all spring to their feet and crowd out of their now almost buried wagons and tents. The voice sounded to them like a voice from heaven, though its owner was no other than our friend Bill. Waving his hat by way of salute, he called out: "Jim struck our camp last night, all right. There'll be a swarm of the boys in here in a little while with lots of grub, and we've brought along a sample with us. Here, Sam," he continued to one of his partners who had already dismounted and was opening their packs, "get at the inside of two or three cans of that meat-biscuit. We'll give you some hot soup all round inside of ten minutes," said he, addressing one of the emigrants, "and that'll give you an appetite for something to eat as soon as we can get it cooked."

In a little while the doctor and his party arrived, but fortunately he had little use for the contents of his saddle-bags. It was many a day before he heard the last of the only regular prescription he gave on that occasion. A little child was brought to him by one of our men, who in a very anxious voice inquired:

"What had we better give this little fellow, Doctor? He seems pretty bad off."

"God bless my soul!" said the doctor, taking one glance at his patient and reaching out for a dipper of soup, "give him a spoon, sir, give him a spoon."

As the men came shouting and hurraing into camp, the scene was one never to be forgotten. All alike were overcome with joy. No introductions were needed. Shouting, laughing, hand-shakings, and, last though not least, the savory smell of food cooking, on all sides pervaded the camp. Nor had the starving animals by any means been forgotten; they were all soon busy at the grain and meal that had been brought for their especial benefit. As if by magic, what a little while before might properly have been called "Famine Camp" had suddenly been transformed into a scene of unusual feasting and happiness.

There had been neither time nor necessity for the organization of this little relief party; by tacit consent Bill was looked upon as the captain of the expedition; so when he stated the necessity of breaking camp as soon as possible, no one disputed the wisdom of his decision.

"This storm," said he, "means business; there will be two feet of fresh snow right here before daybreak to-morrow morning, so we must put twenty-five miles of this ridge behind us before we sleep."

Preparations were therefore made as soon as possible for the march, but the afternoon was well advanced before the last wagon of the train got started down the ridge. The animals of the emigrants were traveling along behind, and their places were usurped by their newly arrived four-footed cousins.

Bless me, how that bell startled me that afternoon! I was expecting to hear from it too, but somehow the suddenness with which it burst out in its song of joy completely upset me. And who ever heard such a jolly, rollicking tune from a bell before? It must have been some new kind of a dancing tune, too, for it brought every one to his feet the moment it struck in, and started him to prancing around madly. "They're coming,' was the burden of each man's song; every available flag was floating from some point of vantage; the street was soon thronged with people, and still the bell kept at it, livelier than ever. And well might it ring, for at the upper end of our only street the travel-stained covered wagons of the rescued emigrants were seen slowly approaching us. As

they filed through the town they received as hearty an ovation as ever was given to any conqueror. "Peace hath its victories as well as war"; and we all felt that this was a glorious victory. But it was when the last three wagons came along, and the rough-bearded men gazed as in a vision at their contents, that the excitement of the day attained its height; instinctively every man uncovered, for there in the fronts of the wagons were seen the tired, worn, but still happy faces of the first white women who had ever favored our town with their presence; and fully as strange and delightful to us was a sight of the little surprised faces that were peering out under the edges of the partly raised wagon-covers. Under the influence of that scene more than one of our rough characters became for a while entirely oblivious of his surroundings; the wheel of time had been suddenly reversed for him, and he was once more living over his early life, and was surrounded by the dear faces of his childhood. Men who would hurl back with scorn the insinuation that anything could cause *them* to shed a tear, as though by so doing their manhood would be impeached, were that afternoon seen standing bareheaded, shouting and hurraing like veritable maniacs, while the tears were fairly streaming down their cheeks.

But while I was in the height of my enjoyment of the scene before me, a sudden pang of fear seized me as I saw Texas Jack approaching a point where his late antagonist Bill was standing. I knew that words had passed between them at their last meeting that only blood could erase. Why could not their meeting have been put off another day at least, and not mar this happy one with what I felt sure would be a tragedy? They were both brave men; there was no back down about either; yet there they were within a few feet of each other, each unconscious of the other's presence, and in another moment their eyes would meet, and then—

Jack had been absent ever since his last quarrel with Bill, on business connected with the sheriff's office; he had only returned a few minutes before, and heard for the first time what had been taking place in camp during his absence, and the earnest part Bill had taken in the matter. He had evidently had a look into the emigrants' wagons, for he was still carrying his hat in his hand, and some pleasant, long-forgotten home memories must have had possession of him as he found himself suddenly standing face to face with his late enemy. But such men are never taken by surprise; they always know just what they want to do, and are very prompt about doing it. Instantly his open hand was extended as he said:

"Put it there, Bill."

As those two men stood thus for a moment with clasped hands, a prayer of thankfulness ascended from the hearts of all who witnessed it, for we knew that the long-standing trouble between them was now buried beyond all possibility of resurrection; surely, the coming of the emigrants had already brought a blessing on our camp.

And now once more quiet reigned in our little town. The emigrants were all well cared for, and were having their first good rest for many a weary month. Scattering snow-flakes were slowly descending upon the covers of their deserted wagons, as if the storm, vexed at their escape from him, had crossed his usual boundary, andwas reaching out his long white fingers in his desperate effort to grasp them once more. Singly and in small groups our tired men passed out of town to their cabins on the surrounding hill-sides, soon to be in the enjoyment of the pleasant dreams that all had a share of that night. But none passed our new bell, now resting after its unwonted exertions, without looking up at it kindly and with an affectionate feeling; for we were glad to include it in our gratitude over the happy termination of its first alarm.

A VISIT.

Miss Van Graben was gifted, happily or otherwise, with a romantic and imaginative temperament. She was sure to clothe with roseate hues any triviality susceptible of such endowment; she was given to idealizing even the most commonplace of her acquaintance. "Freddy's geese are all swans," Miss Van Graben's elder sister was wont to say, half in deprecation, half in admiration; for Frederica was a perpetual source of marvel to her kin, they possessing excessive phlegm and stolidity, so that her enthusiasm awakened in them the liveliest sentiments of wonder not unmixed with dismay.

Miss Van Graben had a letter one morning when its receipt was most opportune; for life at the moment was a burden to the young woman, who had exhausted every available resource of diversion. The missive, from a friend and schoolmate, conveyed to Miss Van Graben an urgent invitation to visit the frontier military post where Ethel Dunning's husband was stationed. It was natural and consistent that Frederica should hail with delight and intense appreciation the opportunity to take flight for the remote fort; but that the clan Van Graben should have consented to a step so uncertain, so irregular, and so heterodox was altogether out of the natural order of things, and even to Frederica herself well nigh incomprehensible.

"I have to thank nothing else in the world but my own force of will and determination," Miss Van Graben said, with complacent self-gratulation, sweeping out upon the narrow porch of Lieutenant Dunning's quarters; "Charlotte would say, my pig-headed Dutch obstinacy; for Charlotte despises the Dutch blood I am so proud of possessing. My love she is a prig. I hate prigs."

"Still the same impetuous Freddy."

"And why not, pray? You don't mean to say one could improve on the original article? What a hideous, barren parade-ground! Ethel, why don't you make Everett decorate it? Present your commanding officer—what did you say his name is?—and I'll beguile him until this desert waste shall blossom like the rose."

"For once you can find no words to express your raptures," satirized Everett Dunning, coming in from first guard-mount. "Now, what a shame! I made sure you'd like our picturesque position."

"Like it! I do like it. This is the apotheosis of desolation. The place is like the preacher's hunchback—perfect, of its kind. It reminds me of some graphic lines on the Australian desert:

> "'And never a man and never a beast they met on their desolate way,
> But the bleaching bones in the hungry sand said all that the tongue could say.'"

In very truth, Miss Van Graben did enjoy most keenly the situation; she had a queer trick of putting herself, as it were, upon the outside of her experiences, and regarding them with all the dispassionate, judicial contemplation of a critical spectator. She was charmed with the topography of the country; habited as she was to the careful cultivation and prolific yield of the Eastern States, the dry ingratitude of the soil here had all the charm of novelty. The monotonous mechanism of the post was grateful to her overwrought nerves and senses, yet she grasped with avidity at any excitement that offered. Now and then a party rode out from the post, bound for some one of the neighboring small towns or mining camps; sometimes they scaled the heights of Pinos Altos, or roamed among the deserted landmarks of the ancient copper mines. The country was full of pseudo traces of the Aztec and Toltec tribes. Miss Van Graben reveled in eager exploration and speculative research into such meager and dubious historical records as were accessible. Much to her regret, these excursions were restricted, both as to frequency and extent, by the danger of attack

from Indians. Bands of hostile Apaches scoured the plains, and lurked in the fastnesses of the low mountain ranges, ever ready to cut off miner or wayfarer. But the fact of danger brought some compensatory satisfaction; Miss Van Graben felt almost indemnified for her curtailed expeditions, did she but encounter a little band of scouts, swinging along at their own peculiar, dog-trot gait, to a rendezvous under orders. This branch of the service enlisted her most earnest attention; she provided herself with a stock of bows, quivers, and moccasins not to be disdained by Pocahontas herself; and she became so sage upon the details of Indian warfare, that Everett Dunning more than once suggested her alliance, offensive and defensive, with the stern old colonel.

"Why shouldn't I enlighten myself on tactics as well as on South Kensington embroidery and ceramics? Is not it as sensible to collect Indian trophies as to rake together dozens of varnished mustard-pots or pecks of shabby postage-stamps? Bah, Ethel! In one shape or another, I must have excitement. I cannot live without it. If excitement do not exist, I must create it for myself. My dear, 'let me alone, the dream's my own, and my heart is full of rest.'"

Among the ores, fossils, and miscellaneous bric-a-brac which Mrs. Dunning had accumulated was a picture which came to have for Miss Van Graben a wonderful fascination; it was a stereoscopic view, the mediocre work of an itinerant photographer. Indifferent as it was viewed as a work of art, it bore in a marked degree the characteristic stamp of the section. Against a background of far, sterile hills, spiked here and there with ungainly cactus and bristling soap-weed, a party of scouts was grouped, in attitudes easy yet wary, rifles in hand, blankets unfurled, kerchiefs binding swarthy brows scarce unbent from the tension of chase and slaughter. In the foreground, the figure of a man in semi-military garb was stretched in the carelessness of repose and relaxation.

"Who is this, Everett? Evidently a white—is not he?" Frederica was scanning the picture, glass in hand.

"Well, yes, rather; that is Wells of the ——th, officer of the scouts."

"He is not half ill-looking. Good officer?"

"Fair," said Lieutenant Dunning, dryly, somewhat piqued by the faint praise in Miss Van Graben's temperately expressed approval of his dearest friend.

Three days after, carelessly turning the leaves of Frederica's sketch-book — Miss Van Graben drew—he came upon a spirited copy of the reclining figure, elaborated to an ideal of chivalrous, manly beauty. A week later, in a book the girl was fond of reading, he found a sheet of clever verses—Miss Van Graben had a pretty talent for writing verses—theme, "The Captain of the Scouts."

Lieutenant Dunning was not devoid of an average share of penetration. Clearly, the young officer had taken a firm hold on the ardent imagination of Miss Van Graben. Watching her closely for some days, he observed that the girl continually took up the photograph, regarding it with intent and wistful gaze.

"I think I'll write down to Cummings for Wells to pay us a visit," quoth Lieutenant Dunning, meditatively puffing a fragrant Trabuco, as he returned from the post hospital, whither Mrs. Dunning—gentle soul that she was—daily accompanied her husband. How many suffering souls were comforted and soothed by the mere presence of that sweet womanly power, the recording angel hath written.

"*Y por que?*" queried Ethel.

Then Lieutenant Dunning, impressive with an unwonted burst of romantic sentiment, imparted the substance of his observations upon their guest and the impression she appeared to have received.

"It would be worth while to bring these two in contact, thinkest not thou, little woman?"

"I—don't—know. Freddy is a peculiar girl—very. I have qualms of conscience about assuming such responsibility. Those matters require very delicate manipulation, Everett."

"I'll risk it," he returned, in the lordliness

of masculine complacency. When her husband adopted that decisive tone of superiority, Ethel Dunning acquiesced without demur, leaving him to reap the reward of his own devices.

"Freddy, you will meet your Bayard the Second. I'm writing for Wells to come up."

"Everett Dunning," said Miss Van Graben, solemnly, "don't do it. O, I mean what I say. A tender halo of sentiment lingers about that picture; it suggests all manner of poetic possibilities and sweet fancies. Now, if the man come, the chances are that he will be a callow youth, fresh from his military school, full of fine theories and phrases, supercilious—don't frown at me, sir!—all soldiers are supercilious. In short, I don't want my pretty romance dispelled; I cannot survive such a shock—I, who have suffered already from disillusionments most heart-rending."

Familiar as he was with her turn of speech, Lieutenant Dunning was at a loss to know if this was an ebullition of her usual inconsequent, grim humor, affecting intense earnestness, or a sincere avowal of her desires.

A week, perhaps, elapsed; the fair forenoon was full of a glad reaction after a storm that had purged all impurity from the air. A bustle of unwonted activity stirred about the little fort; in lieu of lounging about the steps of the barracks, the negro soldiers off duty took frequent strolling turns to the sally-port, looking down the road of the southeastern approach. Finally one beaming orderly hastened to Lieutenant Dunning's quarters.

"Transpo'tation in from Fo't Cummings, sih," and the trio went forth to welcome the new arrival.

Whatever had been Mrs. Dunning's actual sentiments regarding Lieutenant Wells's introduction upon the scene, she, of course, lent herself thoroughly to the promotion of his comfort. The young man dropped into their daily life with the perfection of ease. He and Freddy took up the thread of constant communion, "as naturally as if they meant it," said Mrs. Dunning.

"It's as good as a play—or our own courtship over again," whispered Everett Dunning to his wife, sitting a little away from the two in the moonlighted, narrow porch. "See what picturesque attitudes they assume—all unconsciously, too. Wells is not a man to posture, and Freddy—well, Freddy is his complement, as I told you all along. No misgivings now, eh?"

"We shall see," returned Ethel, dubiously, contemplating with pleasure none the less the picture before her. A radiance of moonlight was flooding the parade-ground, toning its ugly bareness to the beauty of a fairy pleasance. Against that background Lieutenant Wells stood, erect, soldierly, the wind faintly stirring the short rings of his close-cut dark hair, every line of his figure showing vigor and pride. His dark eyes were bent upon Miss Van Graben's pale face, full of the wistful, wondering petulance that was its characteristic expression. Frederica's head, topped with its mass of big blonde braids, drooped forward; she looked up from under her brows with an indecision that was charming—the perfection of appeal.

"They look like your engraving of Lancelot and Elaine," said Everett Dunning.

Ethel laughed, teasingly, "O, Everett! Since when are you given to such flights of fancy? I'm positive it is Freddy's presence that inspires you to all these poetic expressions; I am sure to be jealous if this shall continue."

None the less was she struck by the aptitude of his comparison. It was not only in the one instance of picturesque posing; but from the moment when Miss Van Graben, first meeting the young officer, "lifted her eyes and read his lineaments," she, like the lily maid of Astolat, "loved him with the love that was her doom." She could not have fancied a gay, rattling, blithe-hearted fellow like Everett Dunning; it was his gravity, and even a shade of melancholy in his temperament, that most pleased her in Lieutenant Wells. Then, about him clustered every prestige of romance and adventure; ardent as he was in his profession, eager as he was to be foremost in every post

of danger, the gallant young man had borne a charmed life through the perils of the times. Like Desdemona, Frederica loved him for the dangers he had passed. So patent was the reciprocity of sentiment between the two, that any failure as to the issue would have seemed almost a personal grievance defrauding the on-lookers. Free from pique, from coquetry, and from calculation, never was courtship less guileful or more generous. When a betrothal was announced, it was more as a matter of form than of necessity.

"Never talk to me again about woman's tact and intuition!" quoth Everett Dunning, one morning shortly before his friend's return to Cummings. "Could any woman have foreseen better than I the desirability of this match? Would any woman have brought them together more skillfully? Could any woman boast of a more suitable arrangement altogether of her own devising?"

"All's well that ends well," deprecated Mrs. Dunning, perhaps irritated by her husband's fault in taste; for Frederica was in the room. She rose hastily, and went over to Ethel.

"Oh, Ethel! do you believe it will not end well? Do you *think* it will not? Reassure me, if you can, dear, for oh, Ethel—oh, Everett—I feel just so about it myself."

"Nonsense!" cried the matter-of-fact Lieutenant; "why shouldn't it end well? What's to hinder? Freddy, you're not well this morning, you're hysterical and nervous. Wells kept you up talking too late last night. By Jove! it's well he's soon off, or we'd have you on the sick-list."

But from that day, a dash of bitterness was in the sweet wine of life Frederica had been quaffing. Mrs. Dunning bitterly reproached herself for the hasty speech that had poisoned her friend's peace.

"It was not that — indeed, it was not," Miss Van Graben averred; "that only made me speak what was in my heart before. For a while I was so happy—so unspeakably content—I, who have been always restless and unsatisfied. But that happiness was too perfect to last—the doubt crept in. Believe me, Ethel, nature will assert itself. One's temperament cannot be made over."

Miss Van Graben made strenuous efforts to combat and resist the profound melancholy that assailed her. She never failed to present to her lover's gaze a cheerful countenance; for Frederica was one of those women who opine that a man is more than sufficiently harassed by the cares and responsibilities of his business and the outer world, and that his loyalty deserves the reward and encouragement of smiles and sweet sympathy at home.

Only once her self-possession failed; on the day before Lieutenant Wells's departure for his own post, Frederica came to him with the little stereoscopic picture of his scouts, halved in her hand.

"Take this with you, Fulton; it was a tie between us ere ever we met. I shall like to know we hold it in common." She looked up into his grave face, full of feeling, and something she read there filled her eyes with tears. She lifted her arms to him. "Oh, Fulton!" she cried piteously, "I cannot let you go. Stay with me, dear one, stay."

But in the early morning, the little group stood in the sally-port, watching the ambulance roll along the rocky road, until lost to sight among the gnarled junipers and armed soap-weed. Lieutenant Wells was gone.

"Oh, the silence that came next! The patience and long waiting!"

It preyed upon them all. Ethel Dunning, and her husband himself, grew wan with doubt and apprehension. Frederica wasted away under the terrible suspense, like one who succumbs to a swift and fatal malady. All her pretty fair color faded, and her supple, nymph-like form lost its graceful contours. Her great gray eyes burned like lamps, with an eager, anxious light. Her restlessness was intense; it seemed that she must be wearing out her life.

Day by day the Apache raids went on. Every post, every breathless courier galloping in from the outlying settlements with headlong haste, brought dire tidings of

frightful atrocities, wreaked by their hands upon the hapless settlers and prospectors of the region. Now and again small bodies of the pursuing soldiery, detached from their fellows, were ambushed and slain. Now and again came word from Lieutenant Wells, doing deadly and gallant work with his little command: a line wired when the military telegraph could be bespoken, a hastily scrawled note, written perhaps in the saddle. Infrequent and precarious of receipt, these missives carried inestimable comfort and reassurance.

Lieutenant Wells had left the post a month, perhaps, and the waiting ones, their apprehensions somewhat dulled by custom, as even the sharpest of pangs will be, began to speak, half hopefully, of the time when a better condition of things should enable the young man to retire from this service of peril. Frederica's spirits, long depressed, took on a certain degree of buoyancy in the anticipation of her lover's constant companionship, and his security, well earned by many an exploit of courage and endurance.

It chanced that some happening to the wires had temporarily cut off the isolated little post from direct telegraphic communication with the outer world. A negro orderly, riding to the adjacent town, returned with a confused and apparently exaggerated account of an affray in which, falling into an ambuscade, a body of scouts and citizen volunteers had perished—miserably, with all the revolting accompaniments of these barbarian victories. Lieutenant Dunning, hastily preparing to ride away for positive information, was summoned to conference with one who refused to enter. He knew well the man—a young assayer from the neighboring town—who sat his horse in dejected attitude, elbow on pommel, and head on hand. The young man looked at Dunning with humid eyes, his firm lips quivering with distress.

"This is a horrible affair, Dunning," he said abruptly.

"Then it is true? And Wells?"

"Wells was the first man who fell. That's what brings me here. I thought—it might come, if possible, less shockingly from one who had known and liked him—but—good God!—when I think of the happy evenings we've spent here together, and remember that girl's idolatrous devotion, I hate myself for knowing his frightful fate. I can't tell her—I can't be a party to her despair."

There was silence for a little while; then Lieutenant Dunning spoke: "I suppose there's no doubt at all?"

"Doubt! no; we were riding side and side when he fell. I caught plain sight of his face as the others closed in and swept me off among them. He was quite dead, I think—I hope—for—when the devilish business was over—and we came back—Dunning, you know how it is—we could not tell—his own mother could not have known him. I recognized him by this—lying close by."

Averting his eyes, he held out a bit of cardboard, torn, sodden, marked with a ghastly stain. It was the little picture Frederica had given her lover.

"And here is another horrible relic," said Will Ford, with inexpressible sadness in his voice; "I drew that arrow from Wells's heart—Dunning! oh, my God!"

Silently Miss Van Graben had followed, and stood behind the two. Silently she took those terrible trophies from their nerveless, unresisting hands, and turned away.

"How—oh, Ethel! how can we take her home like this?"

Frederica sat, clasping the severed halves of the picture, now and then touching with pallid lips the arrow that had drunk the heart's blood of her lover. Her eyes were blank with unreason; the madness of a great horror and a great terror was over her vacant face. They listened to hear what words she uttered. She was softly chanting, over and over, to a monotonous, wailing strain, fragments from the song of her prototype, the dazed Ophelia:

"He is dead and gone—
They bore him barefaced on his bier,
And in his grave rained many a tear—
He never will come again."

Y. H. Addis.

THE MIGRATION PROBLEM.

Among the problems of practical and immediate importance with which political economy must deal is that which includes those great questions always inseparable from an acknowledgment of the rights of the individual to change his dwelling place and transfer his allegiance. This problem has become in modern times a serious factor in the local and national politics of many countries, requiring, though seldom receiving, the wisest of statesmanship in its treatment. The following paper discusses the rights, causes, and economic effects of emigration and immigration, also some of the ethnological results, but is chiefly devoted to a consideration of the policy of the United States on this subject. The chief of the statistical bureau at Washington has kindly furnished the latest publications of that Department, completing the statistics of immigration to February 1 of the current year.

Modern migrations are essentially peaceful. But western Asia and Europe are witnesses to the fact that migration once meant invasion and conquest. Viewed in its broadest aspect, human history is but an account of successive waves of migration rolling outward from tribal centers, sometimes as scorching lava-flows, sometimes as broadening and fertilizing rivers, dangerous enough in times of flood, but ultimately tamed to the uses of civilization. The rule of Tartar in Russia, of Turk in Roumania, are examples of the one, as that of Lombard in Italy, of Norman in Sicily and England, are examples of the other. De Quincey once drew upon the fullest resources of his splendid and stately diction in describing with graphic magnificence the forced and tragical "Flight of a Tartar Tribe," similar in its character and organization to those kindred tribes that laid Moscow and Cracow in ashes, wasted Europe from Bulgaria to the Baltic, ruled in ancient Novgorod, and levied tribute from Silesian counts and Polish palatines. Freeman, Palgrave, and De Thierry, choosing one of the most important periods of history, have told with vividness and fidelity, with careful criticism and ripe scholarship, the tale of that great struggle from which the vanquished arose as victors, and the spirit of Alfred, Cnut, and Harold still reigned over the conquered land.

But the Norman Conquest, even though we call it all that De Thierry says it was, offers but a partial parallel to the prehistoric migrations of whole communities. We must begin farther back, with the successive human waves flowing westward from the mountain birth-land of the Aryan peoples. These, and the new languages, governments, and social systems thus developed, have ever since occupied the thoughts of men. So far, at least, this "going forth to conquer the world" has been the greatest fact in secular history, and its phases and episodes are infinite in variety. Phenician merchants cultivated wheat-fields and built cities on the coasts of Spain and France; Grecian colonists took with them the fruitful vine and the sacred olive of Athené; rebellious Norwegians sought refuge in Hecla-guarded Iceland. Emigrants founded, as emigrants overthrew, the Roman Empire. Refugees made Switzerland the champion of republican institutions, and Montenegro the bulwark against Ottoman aggression. The modern states of Europe have been molded by the conquering hands of emigrants, and emigrants bore to the new continent the germs of free government in the local institutions of an immemorial past. To some of the ancient colonies men fled with their naked lives from famines, proscription, tyranny, and imminent death. Political refugees were leaders of some; of others, religious fervor was the moving cause. But in modern times, men's chief reason for changing their abode is the desire of bettering their social and financial condition. Politics and religion, though still

factors, are so to a much less degree than formerly.

The problems connected with migration at present are of a complex nature, and mere phrases cannot satisfy the mind. There have been too many writers who "darkened counsel by words without knowledge." The mechanical economists claim to be furnished with tested and accurate sets of formulas, satisfactorily and permanently explaining each and every economical phenomenon. Doubts as to the infallibility of these phrases are denounced as mischievous and heretical, tending to upset things generally. When we begin, for instance, to ask about the causes and effects of emigration, some writers would have our inquiries cease with such replies as, "Labor and supply," "private interest," "aggregate wage fund." These, admittedly, are useful formulas. But it often occurs in political economy and elsewhere, that happy phrases for certain tendencies under certain conditions are wrested from their proper places, and endued with almost magical properties; that broad and useful generalizations, at first true and timely, are made at last to involve everything in obscurity. In the endeavor to render political science exact, writers of this order have come at last to believe in their own omniscience, simply from an exasperating vassalage to those convenient symbols, phrases, and expressions.

Modern society, in its complex developments, is based upon certain legal ideas, which have been evolved from the mighty conflict, waste, and experiment of the past. It cannot be claimed that these ideas are ultimate, for evolution of thought was never more active than now; but the tendency of things can be understood. The feudal system, after defining and separating classes, bound them closely together with military rigor. Chiefly through outlawry a man won the right to leave his home and seek other allegiance. It furnishes a curious example of the difficulty with which individuals resolved to emigrate, that the Norse Sagas depict the futility of warning even outlaws, on whose head a price was set, that they should depart to safer lands. They would help to form colonies, but that individual migration, which is a leading feature of modern times, was almost entirely lacking in the Middle Ages. But modern life recognizes, as one of its corner-stones, the right of personal independence of choice, subject only to those restrictions which the rights of others may require. Liberty of choice carries with it liberty of action. The highest earthly right a man possesses is the right to abjure the government under which he was born, and become a citizen of another nation. The cumbrous restrictions and ceremonials with which the transfer of tribal allegiance was formerly attended have been swept away, and the American naturalization laws crystallize the simplest and fewest requirements ever made of would-be citizens.

The modern theory is that each man shall be free to choose his own profession, and exercise it when he chooses. There shall be no classes based on law. The individual may change his domicile when and as he wishes, within the limits of his own country. In this acknowledgment the right of migration began. Labor and capital, it was found, were transferable from one part of a country to another part. The workman went where he received the highest wages; capital where it earned the best returns. The advantage of this fluidity of motion, unchecked by any official interference, was long ago understood as regards any one country, but its universal application was long denied; even when it was admitted that surplus labor could safely be sent abroad, this truth was denied as regards surplus capital. The present condition of the tacitly understood but seldom formulated right is that any one upon whom the civil or military authorities have no legal claim shall be free to leave his country, taking with him his worldly possessions.

But it cannot be said that the right of a person to change his abode from one country to another is as unlimited as his right to remove from one part to another of his own country. Three cases of emigration, of increasing degrees of complexity, may be cited here as examples. If an Englishman concludes to sell his hop-field in Kent, remove

to Yorkshire and engage in raising sheep, he only transfers a local allegiance; he is still in every respect an English citizen, and no question as to his acceptability can be raised in Yorkshire. It is much as if he had moved from one county of California to another, or from one ward to another in San Francisco. The different local usages between Kent and Yorkshire hardly obscure the simplicity of the transaction. But a case considerably more complex arises, if within the United States a man removes from Massachusetts to Illinois or Oregon. He is still an American citizen, but he finds the requirements of the respective State laws so different, that he loses some rights and privileges, and gains others. One State has given him up, has resigned the results of his future labor and the taxes on his productive capital; the other has gained these, and has assumed consequent duties and responsibilities. These cases prepare us to consider the real problem, that which arises when a man removes from one country to another. With this form of the question the United States have had to deal on an unprecedented scale. The right of an individual to remove from his native country is absolute. But the country to which he offers himself has the right to decide by general laws whether or not he is a desirable citizen, or even whether immigration of any sort is best. The plain duties of a government towards its people require this, and the fact is generally recognized. A nation must make laws against the entry of vagrants, criminals, and infectiously diseased persons, just as it must try to shut out the rinderpest and the leprosy. The supremacy of the individual ends with the right to sever his allegiance to his own government; he cannot force the gift of that allegiance on any other nation.

Sacred are the responsibilities and severe the duties imposed upon the nation towards whom the yearnings of emigrants turn. A young, free, and vigorous community, with unused resources to draw upon and physically justified in receiving accessions, has no more complex social and political questions demanding solution than those connected with would-be immigrants. Their character and industrial value must be determined from a material standpoint: how much cash is represented by the bone and brawn, the habits, training, and acquired skill, the clothes, household goods, and accumulated savings? Of greater importance are the moral, intellectual, and ethnological questions. The subject may be summed up by saying that the attitude of a community towards immigration tacitly formulates its views of its duties towards itself and towards humanity at large.

The general causes which in these days lead to migration are easily stated. Population ever presses closely on the means of subsistence. As a community increases, the struggle for the mere necessaries of life deepens in intensity. If there once were common or government lands they become private property; the practical limits of cultivation and of pasturage are reached; the rich soils have been manured to their highest capacity, and fail to respond to additional fertilizers; pauperism increases; children of poverty are forced to work at a much earlier age; the physical stamina and moral tone of the lower classes distinctly lessen; crimes of a mean type and vulgar tragedies increase; the battle of life becomes definitely harder each day. The reservoirs are full, driblets of migration begin to trickle over the banks and flow away in search of more room. Then, while affairs are in this state, an unexpected failure of crops or fisheries, or the outbreak of the cattle-plague, or anything that lessens the food-supply, forces thousands away to other lands. With almost the exactitude of mathematics, the causes which led to each remarkable migration of the last half-century can be discovered. It was the potato disease in Ireland, the French or German conscriptions, it was fire, flood, sickness, famine, horrors of great wars, and multitudinous human disasters which loosened the strong bonds and close attachments of men and women to their childhood's homes. Few scenes are so pathetic as that of the helpless, uneducated peasants of Europe, so often thrown like flotsam on

our shores, with their worn and worthless household goods and their dull, untrained faculties. With this class the simple instinct of self-preservation guides, pushed as they are from the overflowing human hives. They have heard tales of cheap lands, of high wages, of roast beef on the cottager's table every day; but these stories they doubt greatly, and would not, without more pressure, leave their homes. Men of more means, and higher in the social scale, are induced to emigrate from more complex motives. They can enter upon more extensive schemes with their capital; they can found families and exercise wider social influence in the new country. The desire for greater political power, better religious rights, and various such motives, moral and intellectual, enter into the choice.

But even when we give the fullest weight to the tendencies and reasons which impel men to seek a change of abode, the centripetal force is still found to be the strongest. The natural conservatism of mankind is so great that vast and fertile territories remain thinly occupied long after their fitness for prosperous colonies is well known. Not until the evils and burdens of their life become nearly unendurable will ordinary individuals seek new homes. It is almost in vain that such writers as Carlyle, gazing in despair on the squalor, misery, and crime in which the lower classes dwell in the more populous parts of Europe, cry out for "some new Hengist or Horsa," to lead forth new Saxon colonies—not with spear and sword, but with plow and reaping machine. Despite all efforts, the current of emigration will not flow out evenly, and so relieve its surplus. If it did, the natural checks to population would act much less freely, and one island, such as Great Britain, would soon populate the rest of the world. Even as it is, England's colonial empire largely affords the explanation of her steady growth and concentrated power. Men whose brawn, ability, or capital is too little to enter safely the struggle at home seek the colonies as a fitter field; and this sifting process has made England what it is to-day. It often happens, too, that active and ambitious young Englishmen, who have prospered in the colonies, return with full hands to their native shores, restoring ruined family fortunes or buying new estates.

For every emigrant sent out from a country the pressure on the food supply is lessened by just that much, and the sensitive social forces operate to fill up the deficiency. When numbers of emigrants depart, more marriages, or marriages at an earlier age, occur among those left behind, the food supply being better, and wages somewhat higher, as competition is less. The size of the average families will be greater than before. The chief effect of migration in regard to the country losing inhabitants is therefore visible in a corresponding gain in the ratio of increased population. The greater tendency to save counteracts whatever outflow of capital has taken place. It is as in a hive of bees, when a swarm has departed all energies are applied to repairing the loss. Yet the first effect of emigration may often be to lower wages in certain departments of industry, by reason of the derangement caused by drawing away skilled workmen from a district, lowering its standard of excellence, and necessarily lessening its profits.

The country which gains in population by immigration gains a strength both in labor and capital, but this we are seldom in danger of underestimating. It manages to get canals dug, railroads built, coal-mines worked, forests cleared, and virgin soils broken up many years in advance of the time that the natural increase of its own people would have permitted these things to be done. But these employments all represent resources, actual or potential. Dormant in the unworked coal-mine, for instance, lies the sustenance of a thousand men, light and warmth for a metropolis, profits in the form of Score's vases, Meissoniers, and rambles in Europe for the capitalist. The amount of oxygen imprisoned in the coal itself is not more definite and limited than is the labor required to bring it to market. Society strives to utilize the highest possible percentage of the stored-up heat force; to use every

stroke of labor, every dollar of capital, to its best advantage. But when the work is done, the coal burnt, the money spent, the whole accumulation is dissipated. Reserves of force are as good things for young nations as for young men. It is only a restless and impatient nation that cries, "Let us clear with all speed our forests, exhaust our mines to their lowest fissures, occupy our vacant lands to the last available mile."

Migration has a deeper effect on the recipient nation than the mere influence on prices, wages, and political or commercial centers which large transfers of population produce. Race difference cannot be ignored nor wiped out by an act of naturalization. If not too diverse, the natives and the newcomers blend at last, and higher national characteristics may be evolved. The spiritual, intellectual, and ethnological aspects of the migration problem are ever its most important elements. The value of a given class of immigrants must be measured chiefly by their capacity to receive the national life, adopt the national spirit, add desirable elements to the chemic mixture of forces. Little can be expected from the first generation. The Cornish silver-miner of Nevada, the Norwegian settler in Idaho, the Portuguese vine-dresser from the Azores, the Russian Jew from the Azof Sea, must one and all be content to look to their children for their true influence on America.

When migrations result in the mingling of people who possess the same civilization, good is certain to develop in the struggle. Differences in language, politics, religion, habits of life, melt and fuse into harmonious union. We can say, to begin with, that the great colony-planting Celt and Teuton races combine with the greatest ease, and out of the union a better strength can be expected. In portions of the United States the Latin elements, Spanish, Italians, Portuguese, must be reckoned with. Africans and Asiatics can very well be allowed in a modern Christian community so long as Fetichism, Mohammedanism, and Confucianism are not recognized as legal forms of worship, and so long as the ideas of home, self-thinking, and local government, which are more or less the common heritage of all Aryan races, are not endangered. This is the essential point as between immigrants of the same civilization and immigrants of a different civilization. No temporary gain in labor or capital can justify any people in accepting either as citizens or as sojourners a dangerous number of the children of an "alien civilization." As to what constitutes a "dangerous number," that must be left for careful statesmanship to decide.

The one region of the world where these huge forces of migration are being practically compared and tested is in the United States. They exert an influence on our social and industrial systems, on our material and spiritual welfare, comparable in importance to the results produced by the giant physical agencies that carved the pointed peaks of the Rockies, lifted the vast plateau of the Sierra Nevada, and drove glacier plows where vineyards and gardens now thrive. The exact meaning of the immigration question to America is best shown in a study of the statistics of the subject. Between 1789 and 1820 only about 250,000 aliens came to the United States; but in the sixty years following, the total number was 10,138,758. Previous to 1827, the annual inflow was less than 20,000; previous to 1840 it was less than 80,000; in 1854, 1872, 1873, and 1880, it was over 400,000. During these sixty years the British Isles sent 4,698,098 immigrants, Germany over 3,000,000, Sweden and Norway 300,000, France 313,000, British America over 500,000, China 215,000, many of whom returned to their homes. If to the immigration that occurred previous to December, 1880, we add that of 1881, 1882, and of January of the present year, we reach a grand total of 12,130,580 — an imposing army, and well worth study in its separate elements. The arrivals for the twelve months ending June 30, 1882, reached the large number of 788,992, and in the seven months following were 283,419. It is not likely that the total for the current fiscal year will exceed 600,000.

The report for 1881 on the commerce and navigation of the United States contains full statistics of the immigration of that year, numbering 669,431. Let us first look at the nationalities of the new-comers. Europe contributed 527,776, distributed as follows:

Germany	210,485	France	5,227
British Isles	153,718	Russia	4,865
Sweden	49,760	Belgium	1,766
Norway	27,705	Spain	484
Austria	21,107	Finland	176
Italy	15,387	Portugal	171
Switzerland	11,293	Turkey	72
Denmark	9,117	Roumania	30
Netherlands	8,595	Greece	19
Hungary	6,826	Sicily, Malta, and Gibraltar	20
Poland	5,614		

The British North American provinces sent 125,381 immigrants, of which 102,227 were from Quebec and Ontario. All of Asia contributed but 11,982, of which China was responsible for 11,890, India for 33, Armenia for 15; and Japan, Arabia, Syria, and Persia for the rest. Africa sent but 25, Central America 29, South America 110, the West Indies 1,680, and the islands of the Atlantic 1,098. The immigrants from the Azores, Bermudas, Canaries, and Madeiras are chiefly Portuguese, who go to the Pacific coast. A portion of the immigration from the isles of the Pacific, numbering 1,191, is of the same nationality. Greenland, Iceland, and miscellaneous sources are credited with sending 159 persons to this country. Space forbids extended comment on the above figures. Germany, long second, now heads the list. The British Isles send nearly three times as many emigrants to the United States as to all the English colonies combined. The sturdy Norse element, represented by Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, is the third in point of importance and is steadily increasing. Alaska and the northern portions of the newer States and Territories offer them many inducements. It is remarkable that Belgium, France, and Holland, though the most thickly populated portions of Europe, furnish a very small proportion of emigrants. The explanation will be found in social habits and national character. Belgians, French, and Dutch do not have the migratory impulse and fierce land-hunger. They are not pioneers and born colonists. The Swiss immigrants are to a large extent dairymen, and many find their way to the Pacific coast. The Italians are vine-growers, field-laborers, and fishermen. The Slav element, though seeming insignificant, is that from which the greatest increase may be expected in the next ten or twenty years. A clearer knowledge of America is spreading among the Slavonic races, and its effects will soon be manifest. War or famine in eastern Europe would probably cause a remarkable migration to these shores.

Valuable results are obtained from a study of the tables relating to occupation. Out of the 669,431 immigrants of 1881, there were but 2,812 who had received professional training, and were lawyers, physicians, ministers, authors, teachers, editors, etc. Germany furnished the greatest number, proportionately, of these. The skilled occupations, trades, and mechanical pursuits were represented by 66,457 persons. There were 58,028 farmers, and 5,552 farm laborers. The other unskilled laborers numbered 147,816. There were 19,342 house-servants. The persons "without occupations" numbered 347,530, chiefly females and children, though a large percentage appears to consist of men. About thirty per cent. of the total emigration consists of females.

Returning for a moment to the question of nationality, we observe the increasing preponderance of the German element. In 1882 it rose to 250,630, as against 179,423 from the British Isles, and 98,275 from British North America. In the seven months ending with January of this year, Germany sent 116,604, as against about 80,000 from the British Isles. This remarkable outpouring points clearly to impoverishment and over-population in Germany, and all recent writers bear witness to the fact. The ratio of increase is too great, and the consequent economic evils have grown enormous. The births number 4 per cent. of the population, while in France they number but 2.6 per cent. In some districts, such as Upper

Silesia, the limits of sustenance are so nearly reached that the slightest failure of crops causes great distress, and brings the lower classes to the verge of starvation. Men search in vain for work at 25 cents a day. There are almost no opportunities for young men. Crimes have increased over 200 per cent. in the last ten or twelve years. It is also to be remembered that each adult emigrant from Germany represents a financial loss to his fatherland of what it has cost to rear, clothe, and educate him. For a peasant child this cost, to the age of 15, is about $750. It is thought that each adult emigrant takes with him, besides his passage money, about $100. The able-bodied emigrant is worth about $1,000 to the country that receives him, provided, of course, that he is needed.

We have seen that more than nine-tenths of the able-bodied men and women who come to the United States can only contribute unskilled labor to the national sources. Many of them go West, and settle as soon as possible on cheap government lands, of which over eight million acres are annually given away under homestead laws and timber-culture acts. The Comstock mines will no more surely come to a day when the great lode is exhausted and its workings necessarily abandoned, than this country will sometime discover that there is no more land fit to plow, no more room for cattle on its hill pastures. The direct economic effect of the class of immigration we have been receiving has been to increase the ratio of advance in values of real property, to stimulate trade, manufactures, and railroad building, and to foster everywhere a feeling of optimism—a belief in better and better times ahead. This feeling has become a national characteristic, and at times is positively dangerous. So long as industrious though uneducated men can become their own landlords, on their own farms, wages can be maintained at a comparatively satisfactory point. But when the tide turns, and cheap food, cheap land, and high wages are no longer characteristics of America, she will be unprepared to meet the new situation. Should population increase at the present rate, the changes which the next quarter of a century will force upon us must be enormous in their scope and effect. Social, industrial, and political revolution may be expected, and reactions that more plodding and less rapidly developed communities escape. Economic changes which are spread over several generations are much more readily accepted than those which fall entirely within the limits of one generation. And it is folly to suppose that the assimilative powers of the nation will always continue to be as great as they have been in the past.

But when we claim the right to limit, if need be, the immigration to our shores, there are writers who reply that to do so would be to seal our own ruin. In 1856 the theory of the gradual deterioration of the Caucasian race on this continent found supporters. Certainly, if the climate were, as claimed, so unfavorable that the national vitality is only kept up by constant infusions of foreign blood; if the peasants of Europe have indeed more manhood than the descendants of Revolutionary heroes, then we must abandon all hope of a permanent civilization here. A theorem of such destructive sequences can only be accepted on evidence of the highest order. But later statistics and more fruitful developments of national energy justify the unshaken confidence of our noblest leaders and wisest thinkers, in the fitness of this continent for a better humanity than Europe has known. The forces of nature are really working with us, not against us. If we were shut out from the rest of the world we should not sink into barbarism. Bryce, Spencer, Freeman, and other distinguished visitors predict the highest development here. No writer of any importance uses this climatic terror as a working theory.

Race problems sufficient have, however, been given us to solve. The negroes, which no other nation on earth could with safety have admitted so suddenly to citizenship, must be made to furnish teachers and civilized colonists to aid in opening Africa to travel, commerce, and education. The de-

scendants of the present Indian tribes, losing their tribal organization, must make Indian Territory a not unworthy member of the league of States. Chinese, Japanese, Hindoo, and Turk must come and go, welcomed, sometimes made citizens, but limited, in point of numbers, when necessary. When finally, as must ultimately happen, the useful limit of accretion is reached, the national hospitality can fitly take another form; it can afford the starting point for well-organized colonies to develop with ease and profit the resources of Central and South America.

If it be asked how much immigration is best for the United States, no definite reply can yet be given. A few general considerations may be offered with propriety on this point. Every new transatlantic line of steamships, every new railroad across the frontier lands of northwest and southwest, enter as factors of the migration problem, bringing men faster, making more room for them, aiding in their distribution. The two element of uncertainty are: (1) the trades-unions; (2) the fluctuations and changes in industrial or commercial centers. The trades-unions abroad sometimes complicate affairs by furnishing means of migration, and forcing what they deem surplus labor to depart against its own wish. American trades-unions have precipitated unwise conflicts, causing useless waste of productive force. In either case, the normal labor demand is interfered with. Another economic feature of modern life is in the rapidity of its transfers of power. A single generation sees an agricultural community metamorphosed into one devoted to manufactures. The time may be comparatively near when the looms of New England will be outnumbered by those of the South; when the forges of Ohio and Pennsylvania will be fewer than those of Utah and Colorado; when the lumber products of Puget Sound will many times surpass in value those of Maine and Michigan. Nothing is crystallized. Everything is in a state of ebb and flow, of change, transfer, and development. Minute subdivisions of labor increase; an entire town devotes itself to one occupation. The necessity for the immigrant to have some definite species of skill was never before so absolute. The day for hap hazard immigration ought to be ended.

It seems evident that the world is on the threshold of changes in the form and character of notable migration. That to the United States, in many respects the most remarkable in history, has been peaceful, continuous, unorganized, steadily increasing in volume. It has been one of individuals and of families, seldom of colonies, except when some communal or social scheme was to be tested by its projectors. But everything points to well-systematized agricultural and industrial-agricultural colonies, perhaps on a co-operative basis, perhaps organized by capitalists and large companies, much as transcontinental railroads are managed. Some of these future colonies will doubtless form the nucleus of free Federal States. But the rights of colonies and their relationships—commercial, practical, and otherwise—with the mother country form too extended a subject to be treated of in this connection. The reports and history of England's colonial empire afford the most important information. There never was a time more prolific in schemes for colonies and commercial companies. The mere outlines of the English, French, Belgian, and German plans for peaceful conquests of the rich lake region of Central Africa seize strong hold of the imagination and awaken public interest. Russian settlers in Saghalien, French conquests in Anam, the efforts to explore Corea, the talk of purchasing Palestine, American colonies forming for Mexico, the Madagascar question, the sudden interest felt in Alaska;—these are premonitions of the times, and show the currents of thought. Renewed colonization on a large scale is everywhere foreshadowed. America is not to be the only haven for the human surplus of Europe.

Charles Howard Shinn.

THE WOOD-CHOPPER TO HIS AX.

My comrade keen, my lawless friend,
When will your savage temper mend?
I wield you, powerless to resist;
I feel your weight bend back my wrist,
Straighten the corded arm,
Caress the hardened palm.

War on these forest tribes they made,
The men who forged your sapphire blade;
Its very substance thus renewed
Tenacious of the ancient feud,
In crowding ranks uprose
Your ambushed, waiting foes.

This helve, by me wrought out and planned,
By long use suited to this hand,
Was carved, with patient, toilsome art,
From stubborn hickory's milk-white heart;
Its satin gloss makes plain
The fineness of the grain.

When deeply sunk, an entering wedge,
The live wood tastes your shining edge;
When, strongly cleft from side to side,
You feel its shrinking heart divide,
List not the shuddering sigh
Of that dread agony.

Yon gaping mouth you need not miss,
But close it with a poignant kiss;
Nor dread to search, with whetted knife,
The naked mystery of life,
And count on shining rings
The ever-widening springs.

Hew, trenchant steel, the ivory core,
One mellow, resonant stroke the more!
Loudly the cracking sinews start,
Unwilling members wrenched apart—
Dear ax, your 'complice I
In love and cruelty!

Elaine Goodale.

THE OLD PORT OF TRINIDAD.

It is only by stage or on horseback or afoot that one can get to Trinidad, over roads not always passable. When he does get there, but for a small Catholic church, a brick store, and a long building, the interior of which will forcibly remind the old Californian of many a "Long Tom" or "Round Tent" of his earlier and rougher experiences, he would think he was almost at the *ultima thule* of progress and on the chosen ground of decadence. Old and rickety and tumble-down and unhabited houses are too numerous for so small a place. Twenty-nine years ago nearly three thousand people made Trinidad "a lively camp." Steamers and schooners, and now and then a brig, kept the waters of the snug bight in commotion. Twenty-five or thirty miles above the town were the "Gold Bluffs." Think how eager, how frantic, was the scramble for a slice of this, then the latest El Dorado.

The man who stumbled upon the shining sands of the "Bluffs" still lives at Trinidad. Others have amassed competences—nay, fortunes—on the very fields which he opened. He, stricken in years and without resource except his daily labor, waits for the end—the type of a "'forty-niner" to whom the fates have been unpropitious. "*Pauper et exul*"—for he was born where the Rhone rushes past smiling fields and purpling vineyards; he watches the days come and the nights pass and the seasons change, and, suave as becomes a Gaul, merely shrugs his shoulders as you speak of a revival of trade and the repopulation of the old town, and says, "It may be so, sir; but the old days will not return." When did they, or how could they, return to a stranded "'forty-niner"? The traveler finds him always courteously willing to tell all he knows of the early history of the town—of its flush days and mad, hilarious nights, of the rush and roar and swagger and clatter of the Argonauts who, numbering scores and hundreds and thousands, departed thence by twos and in platoons, in single file and long procession, for the Bluffs, the Klamath, the Trinity, for unexplored and imaginary fields.

But neither he nor any whom I questioned could tell me who named the place, or how it came to bear the sacred name of the Holy Trinity. Somewhere near the town stands an aged tree, upon whose gnarled and knotted sides, high up, is rudely carved a cross. Tradition is silent; no legend exists as to whose hand placed the emblem of our redemption in the keeping of this acolyte of the forest. Doubtless long before the advent of the adventurous Yankee some Spanish galleon had crept in behind Trinidad Head while a stiff northwester was sweeping all before it; and in pious commemoration of deliverance from a present evil, had left a name, and a sign of its presence. Else might some such irreverent appellation have been affixed to this romantic spot as now disfigures, and ever shall disfigure, many a lovely glen and charming vale in that portion of this our goodly heritage in which the Gringo has had the exclusive privilege of choosing names.

Nobody with a spark of sentiment could visit Trinidad in beautiful weather and find it otherwise than romantic. There is the romance of reality about it, too. I came upon a rare instance of this. The region roundabout Trinidad, since the decline of its mining and the birth of its lumber interests, has been considered, until a few years past, a barren waste. Five years before my visit two young men came to Trinidad, owning nothing but a horse or two. They made known their intention of endeavoring to locate and build up a farm on Redwood Creek, about eighteen miles above the old town. The kindly disposed merchants in whom they thus confided let them have what few provisions they needed, "on time"; and they did as many thousands of good

and true men have done before them, and as very many thousands might and should do after them, "took to the brush"; located a bench mining claim and a quarter-section of land apiece. Their bench claim now pays them on an average one thousand dollars a year in gold-dust. They have added to their original farming locations by purchase. They made over a ton of butter in 1878. Their landed possessions could change hands to-day, if they so willed it, for six thousand dollars. They have paid back advances with interest, and are independent of the world. Fifty or sixty settlers have followed their example. They are forming a hard-working, self-supporting community, the trade of which is already beginning to make a noticeable difference in Trinidad. They say that, necessarily tributary to Trinidad, there are from ten thousand to twelve thousand acres of land on which other parties can work out the same romance of reality that they have worked out since they came to Trinidad with a horse or two and got credit for "grub" to start with. But the romance will have a sorry ending unless backed by stout arms, willing hearts, industry, and economy.

The devout son of the church who carved the cross upon the tree left us only the dream of what might have become a fact—the phantasm of an adventure of whose record nothing save a hieroglyph remains. The sturdy pioneers of Redwood Creek have spread out an open page of accomplishment.

Few more noticeable landmarks than Trinidad Head grace any sea-coast. Connected with the mainland by a narrow isthmus of shifting sand, it rises to a height of about three hundred feet, and covers a space of say half a mile square. Granite, conglomerate, and hornblende go to make up its geological structure. A dense growth of chaparral hides and to some extent beautifies the more rugged outlines of its summit. At the northern extremity of its western face (sheer, precipitous, iron-bound) stands the Pharos of the Head. A gleam of white and a flash of crimson light serve as guides by night those "who go down into the sea in ships," and whose course leads them toward Oonalaska's shore, or into the lordly Columbia, or along the picturesque shores of Puget Sound. It is a pleasant walk to the lighthouse, around the Head, over the well-graded road built by the government for the transportation of material and supplies.

Long, low, level reaches of shining sand are all well enough in their way in some places, such as Long Branch, Santa Monica, and similar resorts. In fact, they are climatic necessities: else how would the dwellers in our semi-tropics or in the cities of the Atlantic States be saved from melting completely in warm weather, and resolving into probably unwholesome dews? But these long, low, shining reaches always suggest Kingsley's "cruel, crawling sands." Instead thereof give me what you will find at Trinidad, and for a mile or more above and below—a rocky shore and a pebbly strand. Nerissa's locks will show far more like spun gold against the cold and passionless gray of that granite bowlder than against the gleam and glimmer of the superheated sand at Long Branch; and, if one must toy with Amaryllis in the shade, how infinitely more agreeable is the cool shadow of that lordly spruce, not a stone's throw from the ocean's rim, than the uncertain, half-revealing mockery of a shadow which your variegated markee casts, as you imagine yourself screened from prying eyes at Santa Monica.

Follow the curving line of the rocky beach at Trinidad for a mile or more. Limpet and soldier-crab, mussel and periwinkle, cockle and clam, find homes here. If the tide is out, in the crevices of the rocks you will find aquariums in which you can see much that is rich and strange. Many of them are very beautiful. Sea-anemones, the *mimosæ* of the deep, spread out their aster-like calices and rival any earth-born flower that ever bloomed in brilliancy of hue and delicacy of texture. Even the placid pools left by the outgoing tide are full of green and crimson dulse. On the pebbly strand, if you have good eyes and have learned to distinguish them

from the coarser stones, you will find good store of agates, some of them so near akin to the opal that the dividing line cannot be far off. Many of them are sent to the lapidary to be fashioned into rings, cuff-buttons, etc.

Leave the beach a half-mile or so below the old mill, and strike across lots to Luffenholtz Creek. The forty or fifty rods of that rocky stream which you will see from the bridge across it will leave you wondering whether you ever have seen or ever will see anything lovelier in its way. Overarched by black alders, through the thick shade of which the sunlight falls in checkered patches and in golden flecks, this stream rushes down its stony channel, over such a grade that there is a miniature waterfall in every separate rod of the distance.

Almost anywhere in the deeper places you may be very sure the gray trout lies: none of your salmon-trout, which bear about the same relation to the true mountain variety as an underdone veal cutlet does to a properly broiled porter-house steak; but firm, white-meated, gamey, speckled fellows, whom, if you are at all cunning with the rod, hook, and line, you can lure by the dozen from their hiding places.

Here, twenty-nine years ago, to this romantic spot came Baron von Luffenholtz (I think this is the correct orthography; if not, I ask his pardon), an enforced emigrant from Saxe Coburg, a revolutionist of those stormy times. He brought with him money, culture, courtly manners, and perhaps an imbittered spirit. He built a comfortable residence. Among other attractions to the country side which it possessed was a collection of arms of curious devices, rare design, and exquisite workmanship. He built also a fine mill, now an utter ruin. Scarcely more than a trace of the exile's presence remains; but old residents are full of kindly memories of him. Amnesty stepped in to his relief, and he returned to the land of his fathers. He left behind him, however, I am told, a son, who bears or did bear a commission in the American navy. If this should meet his eye, it will doubtless be pleasant to know that among his old friends and neighbors his father is remembered with admiration after so long an interval.

On the way home from Luffenholtz Creek it is interesting to call casually at the Indian rancheria under the hill, and just below town. Here is the remnant of the tribe which since unrecorded time have made their habitat in the neighborhood of Trinidad. "Passing away" is written upon the doorposts of their dwellings, the lines of their faces; upon them and all their surroundings. They will give you kindly welcome, and sell you agates and sea-mosses. But do not undertake to tell them—I mean the old crones—any marvelous tales. They will give your stories a derisive reception that will irresistibly remind you of the women of Hiawatha's tribe listening to Iagoo's: "'Kaw,' they said, 'what lies you tell us!'" The same spirit of incredulity evidently lives in the Trinidad branch of the family—at least, in the female portion of it.

There, surrounded by a rude imitation of a paling fence, is the Campo Santo of the tribe. Upon these shallow graves are laid, or over them are hung, all that their dead possessed when they departed for the happy hunting grounds. Only the wind and rain and falling leaves and chance-blown spume from the tumbled sea may touch these mute memorials of the vanished children of a vanishing race. Nor may you speak to them of their dead. Ghostly voices may whisper their unforgotten names into the ears of those who survive, but human lips are not permitted to utter them.

Turn towards that low and scarcely sloping roof which covers the medicine-house of the tribe. Tell me, is that a blind Bartimeus in bronze, a Belisarius stripped of his rags and turning his sightless orbs to see from whence an obolus might come? To me, if I were a sculptor, it would seem as if Scipio Africanus had revisited these glimpses of the moon, and I would beseech him to give me just one cast for sweet art's sake. And yet it is only an old and blind and decrepit Indian; but I doubt if native majesty of port and mien ever showed fairer in human form.

Darkness does not come at Trinidad with sunset. This is a northern clime, remember—latitude 41° and—something. The delicious twilights of Humboldt County would supply enough to be said for another sketch. But if you will sit upon a long span of trestle-work and wait until the moon rises, you will find realized in the coming on of nightfall at Trinidad Milton's description of the coming on of nightfall in Paradise; nor need this ceaseless thunder of surf on the bar mar the perfection of the description, for it may well answer to the rushing of the rivers of Eden.

A. T. Hawley.

SCIENCE AND LIFE.

SCIENCE is the mother of all sorts of inventions. But inventions are by no means all of a beneficent order: they are the ministers of vice as well as of virtue. Men are busy inventing labor-saving machines for the destruction of life as well as for its preservation. Indeed, inventions are quite as likely to minister to the rapacity of the powerful as to the preservation and comfort of the weak. In evoking for man's service the powers of steam and electricity from the vasty deep of natural forces, we are not yet certain whether it is to play the part of a guardian angel or of an avenging demon; for we cannot yet calculate for certainty what effect this increased power over nature is to have upon the social habits and moral character of the race. A gun is a good thing if it is in a good man's hands; but in the hands of an Indian or a Zulu it is likely to be a foe to civilization. Dynamite is a good thing if a man knows how to use it; otherwise, it is a most treacherous ally.

One of the most striking results of modern invention is the increased power given to the foes of civilization. This appears not only in the new efficiency given to all the ordinary instruments of warfare, but in the tremendous weapons it puts into the hands of desperate outlaws, who are so anxious to tear down existing institutions that they are willing themselves to perish in the attempt. A man can now carry enough dynamite in his pocket to blow up a regiment or make a breach in the walls of a city. It is not often that men can be induced to set about the destruction of others by methods which involve certain destruction to themselves. Recent experience with the Nihilists, however, shows that there are such men, and modern science has armed them with the power which makes empires tremble in their presence.

In forecasting the future of the career upon which modern society is entered, we should not forget how short is the experience we have had with modern inventions, and it is too early yet to determine what subtle influence they may have upon the character of men. One of the most manifest tendencies is that which looks to the restoration, under a new form, of hereditary and despotic rule to a small minority. The growth of corporations is marvelously accelerated by the conditions of society which have recently come into existence. Small capitalists cannot compete with great ones. To him who has a thousand miles of railroad it is given to have a thousand more. The owner of five coal mines is in fair way to become the possessor of ten more. On every hand the facilities of modern invention tend to centralization of power.

The plea of those political economists who take a rosy view of the future is, that the capitalist is as much a servant as a master; that in order to make his capital productive, he must keep it invested in active business; and it is no doubt true that the wisdom exercised by a skillful capitalist may be one of the most productive and beneficent forces in modern society. The danger is twofold: first, that the trust will not be honestly administered; and second, that the distribu-

tion of profits will be unsatisfactory to the laboring class. The success of many capitalists and corporations is due, not to their influence in increasing production, or to their facilitating commerce, but to their power of diverting trade and traffic from other established channels. The satisfactory distribution of the increased products of modern invention is the most difficult task imposed upon us. It was fondly hoped that labor-saving machinery would both relieve the burdens of the laboring class and greatly reduce their relative number. This seems, however, to have been no more than a dream. The labor market is at first always deranged by the introduction of labor-saving machinery, and laborers are thereby transferred from one occupation to another; but the total demand for labor is not reduced. The material wants of men increase in greater ratio than the power of production, and it seems likely to be always necessary for nine-tenths of the world's population to belong to the laboring class. Their leisure and opportunity for mental improvement are not likely to be perceptibly increased, for it is difficult to see how they are going to get the power to compel an equitable distribution of increased production, or even to determine what is perfectly equitable.

The effect of modern changes in modes of production and distribution is not to be measured by the absolute improvement of the condition of the masses of the people, but rather by the relative condition in which it leaves them. Men soon get so accustomed to slight improvements in the conditions of their life that they forget the value of what they have in their longing for something a little better. Discontent is the child, not so much of poverty and want, as of that disparity of condition which forces upon the attention of the frugal the luxurious vulgarity of those who become inordinately rich. It is poor consolation to a laboring man that the products of the mine or the factory in which he works are increasing, and the profits of the proprietor enlarged, if his own share in them is unsatisfactory. The volume of traffic that rolls past his house on the railroad or canal is of little account to him if none of it stops at his door. The absolute necessities of life are few, but the artificial wants created by our pride and vanity and desire of distinction are clamorous and insatiable. It is these that create the greatest difficulty in the management of human affairs, and these are just the desires which are fostered by the present centralizing tendencies of business. Only a prophet can tell just how human nature is destined to develop under these new and untried influences.

We are the less able to predict what the effect of modern inventions upon the society in this country will be, because of the peculiar direction which business energy is now taking. The marvelous development of material industries in the United States is due in large measure to the fact that we have virgin forests and virgin soil, and that we have in our hands unwonted facilities for reaching out and absorbing the reserve stores of nature, which have been hundreds and thousands of years accumulating. The energy of this generation of Americans is directed, not to the scientific cultivation of the soil and the scientific propagation and preservation of the forests, but to the scientific robbery of the soil and the scientific spoliation of the forests. The capital of the country is largely absorbed in running new railroads into new regions, and scattering over them a sparse population, who for a few years can raise an abundant supply of wheat and corn in utter disregard of the scientific principles of agriculture, and in opening rapid communication, which shall enable us, with our greedy saw-mills, to cheapen a little to the present generation the price of lumber, by bringing into market in a single decade the forests whose growth has occupied more than a century. Who can measure the permanent detriment to the agricultural interests of California that has been wrought by hydraulic mining? The science that has taught the miner how to use streams of water in the removal of gravel embankments covering gold deposits has had in view the immediate profits of capital, and not the permanent

welfare of society. The extraction of a little gold from beneath a river-terrace is of doubtful advantage to the world if it permanently destroys the fertility of even a small amount of land.

Under the stimulus of present forces, marvelous discoveries have already been made. On every hand treasures of wealth are found, of whose existence a former generation had scarcely dreamed. Science has discovered and utilized extensive phosphate deposits, from which the Old World is drawing to increase the productiveness of its exhausted soil. It has discerned the value of petroleum, and taught us how to go down thousands of feet to extract it from the rocks beneath us, and how to make iron burn itself into steel. It hopes soon to make from clay a metal as bright as silver, as firm as iron, and as light as wood. Nevertheless, the world is limited, and, like a lemon, can yield only a definite amount of juice. Science may increase the pressure, and hasten the process of extraction, but cannot increase to an unlimited extent the quantity produced. There is a limit to the capacity of the world, which science even cannot exceed. The law of Malthus is irrevocable. The capacity of population to increase far exceeds that of the earth to supply it with food and clothing. India and China have already reached that limit where famines seem inevitable. A small deficiency in the crops makes it necessary either for a great many people to eat less, or for some to go absolutely hungry and starve. It seems difficult, by any motives which can now be applied, to persuade those who have an abundance to share it equally with those who have nothing; and an equal distribution might serve only to put off for a little the dire calamity, and to increase its extent when it came. For the denser the population, the more serious are the consequences of a drought.

In the earlier years of my life, the dread fear of famine was lifted from my mind by the representation that, with the increased facilities for transmitting news and transporting provisions, it would be easy for any locality to foresee the evil and prepare against it. In later days, these visions of relief have been somewhat rudely disturbed. In the first place, famines of immense extent have occurred in India and China within a few years, and it has been impossible to apply the motives necessary to set the wheels of commerce moving in the right direction. The hundreds of thousands of poor laboring people who stood most in need of food had neither money nor credit to offer in exchange; and right in the face of famine, the stores of rice which were needed to feed the starving multitudes at home were pouring out into the channels of English commerce to pay for the gaudy calico, the silk, the rum, the reapers, the pianos, and the jew's-harps which those wanted who were best able to pay for their goods. Meanwhile, the government could not undertake to supply all the wants of the suffering, lest they should encourage improvidence, and lay foundations for a greater calamity in the future. In the next place, when to the best of my ability I work out the problem of the future, it seems to me that science must fail to relieve the world from the calamities incident to its very triumphs. Science is hastening the time when the whole world will be over-populated. Where, then, will the food come from when crops are short? This perplexity will be considered more fully in the next paragraph.

The pressure of population in the Old World has been greatly relieved by the facilities which science has provided both for emigration and for commerce. But this advantage can last only so long as there are new fields open to emigrants, and countries whose industries are limited to the production of raw material. England prides herself on being the workshop of the world; but it is essential to her prosperity that she have markets open in which she can exchange the products of the workshop for the products of the soil. Science is accelerating beyond measure the conquest of nature. The troublesome question is, What will the world do when it has accomplished this result, and brought nature into subjection? In a few

hundred years we shall have subdued the wildernesses of North America, shall have conquered the noxious animals and insects of South America, and shall have transformed the malarial regions of Africa into a market-garden; and the population of the whole earth will be as dense as that of India or China at the present day. The question is, What can science do for the world when the world is full of people?

It seem inevitable that in the juncture to which our line of thought has now led us, science will be compelled to retrace its steps, and both invent checks to the increase of population, and lead the race gradually back to its native simplicity. It is a common saying, that he is the greatest benefactor of humanity who causes two spears of grass to grow where only one grew before. But there will come a time when the limit has been reached, and when the grass will be as thick and stout as it can be made to stand. Then science will have only these two avenues of philanthropic invention open to it. For a season the wisdom of the race will be directed towards eliminating from the production of the world the things which are less essential, and stimulating the product of what is most essential. This will, in fact, be only a continuation of the process now going on. It requires an immense amount of land to support a man who lives by hunting. If he domesticates his animals, and keeps flocks and herds, he can get along with a smaller quantity of land, and with less still if he cultivates the soil, and keeps his cattle in barns. The highest economy will be reached when man shall dispense altogether with animals, and shall devote the whole surface of the earth to raising food for his own stomach, and the material which shall clothe and shelter his own body. In this aspect of the case, the vision of man's physical millennium may well haunt us like a nightmare; for it seems inevitable that man must come down to the level of living upon those vegetables of which the earth will produce most. These we understand to be, in the torrid zone, bananas, and in the temperate zone, cabbages. That, certainly, will be rather a dreary and monotonous time when the world is reduced to one great cabbage field, and science is concentrating its inventive skill upon the all-important task of making more and larger cabbages grow to the acre, and in contending with the bugs and butterflies and worms that after centuries of natural selection shall have acquired consummate skill in the work of evading man, and of destroying the only remaining staff of human life. To this extremity the world seems sure to come under the fostering care of science, unless wars and famines and pestilences increase in destructive power as population tends to multiply; and if the boast of science is true, that its great mission is to prevent these calamities, then the last state of society is sure to be its worst.

In the ages which could boast neither of science nor sentiment, the law of natural selection has operated as a restraint upon the undue increase of populations, and especially upon the increase of such as were poorly prepared to succeed in life's battle. Under the action of this law, the weak, the sickly, and the ungovernable were pretty sure to die early, and leave the strong and law-abiding in possession of the field. The advantage of such a condition of things is obvious. But under the combined sway of modern science and the sentiments which it inculcates, the lives of the diseased and the weak are prolonged, so that while the average length of human life is considerably increased, this is secured by prolonging, not so much the life of the most vigorous and worthy, as that of the weak and worthless. The strong die early in endeavoring to protect the inefficient. Thus, in connection with the increase of the average length of human life, there is pretty sure to be a marked diminution in man's average power of endurance; and the vicious and the thriftless, the diseased and the deformed, have exceptional advantages in the propagation of their kind. Of course such a tendency cannot go on indefinitely without defeating itself; and those very conquests of science which give us temporary control of the laws of disease and death are

tending to produce a state of things with which science itself will at length be powerless to cope.

From this survey of the subject, it appears that among the uncertainties of science the doubt as to what the final outcome of its influence on human life is to be, is tantalizing in the extreme. The present results, in which we delight to glory, plainly depend upon a transitory state of affairs consequent upon the recent discovery both of hidden continents and of hidden natural powers. What shall be the progress when we become fully adjusted to these discoveries, and when human nature is subjected to that enormous stress of temptation which is sure to come when the world approaches the limits of its capacity for production, and when luxuries must be discarded, is more than the wisest can foretell. If science could invent some motive which shall secure among men generally the virtues of self-control and frugality, the ultimate condition of the race would look more hopeful. In a following paper the ability of science to do this will be incidentally discussed.

G. Frederick Wright.

BERNARDO THE BLESSED.

In the thirteenth century, Siena, then one of the richest republican cities of Tuscany, was a famous seat of learning. Some of the most distinguished scholars and philosophers in Italy graduated within its walls, and it supplied the church with a goodly number of popes and cardinals. In the year 1272 was born in this city an heir to the illustrious house of Tolomei, an heir long desired and prayed for. This precious child was destined to distinguish himself in far other walks of life than those prescribed by his rank and family traditions. He became one of the greatest philosophers of his age and country, the man to whose learning all other scholars bowed—whose explorations in the then mysterious land of science surpassed all that had been hitherto known—and finally the hermit-saint, founder of the great monastery of Monte Oliveto Maggiore, and nine minor ones scattered throughout the province.

His entrance upon the world's stage was heralded by a strange dream. It is related that Fulvia, Countess Tolomei, dreamed that she had given birth to a swan of rare whiteness, which flew away and lit upon an olive-tree, a little branch of which it took in its beak, and being joined by other similar swans, took its course heavenwards. This dream was afterwards interpreted as signifying the Mount of Olives where the monastery was to stand, and the white habits of the order of St. Benedict.

The child was baptized John, Bernardo being his religious name, which he assumed on quitting the world. He early showed extraordinary intelligence and devotion to study, as well as a religious turn of mind. He was the delight of masters and professors, the model boy, whose duty never was neglected, who worked out of school hours and learned more than his lessons.

At about seventeen, Bernardo left college, carrying away all the honors that body could bestow. At his father's request he was made a knight by the Emperor Rudolpho (Siena being then under the protection of the German Empire). His honorable academic career thus closed, the young cavalier showed the versatility of his genius by throwing himself heartily into the military life, and becoming a most accomplished and dissipated courtier. His talents, attractive manners and appearance, and the illustrious name he bore made him sought after and flattered to an extent that was very prejudicial to his moral well-being. But military pomp and idle pleasure could not long satisfy a nature such as that of Bernardo. He turned from his youthful follies with disgust, and in order to free himself from all old connections, he joined a society called St.

Anzano, devoted to religious and charitable purposes. He gave up all the luxurious habits he had formed, and led a life of privation, performing with extraordinary zeal all the hard offices of his position.

Bernardo was still under twenty when he resumed his regular religious habits of life, and with them his studies, which he had rather neglected while he was in the army. His talent for acquiring knowledge was such as soon rendered him famous in every part of the country. He gave great attention to jurisprudence and theology, and as a mathematician he was unrivaled. His reputation for learning spread to foreign countries, and the audiences at his lectures often comprised not only the delegates from the different states of Italy, but eminent doctors from far distant lands, who were glad to receive the verbal utterances of the great teacher at a time when knowledge was not disseminated by books—if we except the laboriously written parchment volumes carefully treasured up in the religious houses.

This youthful prodigy was not much past twenty when he was elected member of the government, and at twenty-five he was chosen *Gonfaloniere*—or, as they called it in Siena, Captain of the People, i. e., supreme magistrate of the republic — an office which he filled with admirable ability. Raised to such a pinnacle of power, the possessor of vast wealth, idolized by his fellow-citizens, courted by foreigners, fawned on and flattered by the servile of every class and country—all this was too much for human nature, and Bernardo, noble as he was, could not resist it. He became haughty and vainglorious, received the homage of the world as if it was his due, and sometimes assumed a tone of contempt towards other learned men. He also began to depart from the rigid simplicity of the scholar's life, and indulge in a certain luxury and display; and though he did not withdraw from the religious society, he was seldom seen at its meetings. He however attended well to his public duties, and continued his pursuit of science with unabated zeal.

Bernardo had lost the sight of his left eye from excessive study and a natural weakness of the member. One day he entered the lecture-room where a crowded audience awaited him, for he had announced that he meant to try an experiment of great moment, which had cost much study. After the preliminary discourse, the great lecturer descended from his chair and began operations. Suddenly, through the cloud of smoke that rose round him, the spectators saw him clap his hand on his right eye, and heard him cry, "I can distinguish nothing!" He was struck blind at the very moment when his highest ambition was about to be realized.

His agony of mind at this catastrophe may be imagined. At first it was the loss of his discoveries he grieved for, but after a time he began to regard his misfortune as a castigation from heaven for his pride; and he prayed intensely and continually that his sight might be restored, promising to fly from the seductions of the world, and end his days in some solitude. In a short time his sight came back, and he, in a passion of pious gratitude, renewed his vow. The joy in Siena was unbounded when it was known that the great master had regained his lost vision, and he was entreated to resume his lectures. On the appointed day he took the chair as usual, but instead of the learned discourse that was expected of him, he delivered a sermon so eloquent, so full of apostolic fervor and passion, directed against the vanities of the world, that his audience was thrilled to the soul.

Bernardo lost no time in putting into literal practice that which he had preached against worldliness. He disposed of his large property by giving to needy relations, destitute families, and charitable institutions, and was seen no more in the busy world. About eighteen miles from the city of Siena, on the way to Rome, in a wild and savage district called Accona, there stood three hills near together, divided by rocky precipices and deep ravines—profound, dismal abysses, from which the beholder shrunk back in horror. The arid waste that surrounded these gaping chasms gave the impression that there had been sometime a volcanic

eruption—an impression very likely to be correct, as this spot has always been subject to earthquakes. Accona belonged to no nobleman; it was not comprised in the territory appertaining to any city or any community. It was the No Man's Land of Tuscany. In short, it was altogether suited to be the retreat of an anchorite. Thither Bernardo Tolomei, having disembarrassed himself of all his earthy possessions, betook himself. The wealthy noble, the ruler of the state, the gifted scholar, reposed in a damp cavern, with no bed-covering but the skins of beasts, no food but wild herbs and fruit, no literature but a few books of devotion, no society but that of two loving friends who had followed him to the desert, and

"Made him their pattern to live or to die."

They were two young nobles, Piccolomini and Patrizi, and they imitated their leader in all his austere practices, even to the flogging himself, which his pious biographer says he did seven times a day! I, however, have the word of the present abbot—the *last* abbot, I should rather say, for Montoliveto is one of the suppressed monasteries—that flogging was *not* a rule of their order. The reader may judge as he pleases between the abbot and the chronicler. I prefer to believe that the story of the good Bernardo's self-castigation is grossly exaggerated.

The first thing the three hermits put their hands to was the building of a little rustic chapel for their devotions. Then they dug a well, and clearing by degrees little patches of the most level ground, began to grow the hardiest vegetables and a species of corn. They only tasted meat on great feasts, and then sparingly. Soon the fame of the three hermits of the Three Hills spread to the neighboring territories, and they were joined by others, who desired Bernardo to receive them into a community, and constitute himself their head. But he, once so proud, was now so humble that he could not sufficiently abase himself, and would on no account consent to take the command. So they all lived together free, each man lord in his own cave. They continued to excavate grottoes and level and cultivate the land, laboring in silence, and assembling every evening in the chapel for prayer and praise.

Like all the saints—our own Luther included—Bernardo was horribly tormented by "demons," who tempted his constancy in every form. When he abandoned the world he was in the prime of life, being only in his forty-first year; his bodily health was unimpaired, and his great intellect was in its fullest vigor. He was at an age when the refined habits of civilized life become second nature, and he was not yet old enough to be satiated with ambition, or to have lost his zeal in the pursuit of knowledge, or his taste for the enjoyments of sympathetic society and the interchange of ideas with other great minds. We can well imagine, then, that it was not without passionate longing towards the civilized world, and fierce internal struggles, that Bernardo succeeded in subduing every earthly desire to his iron will. The Blessed Bernardo—he was never canonized, and is therefore only a saint by courtesy—had all his life been devoted to intellectual pursuits, and showed himself extremely indifferent to the charms of female society. He had never taken a wife when he was free to do so. But now that he was bound to celibacy, strange longings for female companionship came upon him; sweet scenes of domestic happiness rose before his mind's eye, and agitated his soul to such an excess that he trembled for his vow. In a word, the Beato discovered for the first time that he had a heart capable of love, when to indulge in such a sentiment was an unpardonable sin. It is not improbable that his imagination was excited by the recollection of some fair one who had smiled in vain upon the all-accomplished senator, then coldly indifferent to her charms. Be this as it may, the demon, aware of the struggle in the good man's heart, knew how to tempt him.

One evening as he was going into the chapel at dusk, a fair form stood in the doorway, impeding his entrance. It was that of a charming young lady who had known and loved him when he was at the zenith of his glory. The trembling saint stood spellbound, while she related the story of her

blighted affection. He had been to her the bright particular star which she worshiped, though he never deigned to cast his eyes upon her; she had never dared to reveal her sentiments, fearing a repulse, while he was still the idol of the world; but when she knew him to be alone, poor, desolate, she had taken the desperate resolve to seek him in the desert, content to die at his feet rather than live away from him.

The Beato knew his weakness, and turned to fly; the demon knew it also, and still stood in his way. Suddenly a light broke upon his mind: it was not the Sienese lady who stood before him, but the foul fiend, who had assumed her form. He made the sign of the cross over her, told her she was the Devil, and she disappeared down the ravine with appalling cries.

Other demons came to him in the form of brother-hermits, urging his return to the city, saying there was much useful work to be done there, preaching, teaching, attending the sick, etc. But from all these temptations Bernardo issued forth victorious, and continued his thorny way.

Some foul calumnies were preferred against the hermits of Accona by malicious persons of evil life, so that Bernardo was obliged to go to plead his cause in person to the Pope, John XXII.; and the pontifical court being then at Avignon, it was a long and dangerous pilgrimage to those who went on foot and unarmed, as did the Beato and his companion. They arrived safely, however, and succeeded in convincing the Pope of their entire innocence of the iniquitous charges, and not only that, but his Holiness was so persuaded of the extraordinary fitness of Bernardo Tolomei to revive the monastic life, then in a depressed state, that he insisted on his founding a monastery, and gave him a letter to the Archbishop of Arezzo, asking him to take Accona into his jurisdiction, and admit the inhabitants of the Three Hills to all civil and religious rights which they chose to claim.

On their return the pilgrims stopped in Turin, and were entertained in the house of a gentleman of that city. It entered into the head of a wicked servant to take this opportunity to rob his master, which he accordingly did; and to divert suspicion from himself, he put a small piece of plate into the satchel of the Beato, who started with his companion next morning at an early hour. They had not gone many miles when they were overtaken by horsemen and brought back to the house. On being searched the plate was found, and both the pilgrims were thrown into prison, where they remained several days. When they were brought before the tribunal, it was revealed to Bernardo who the guilty servant was, and he pointed him out. Proofs were sought and found, and he was speedily transferred to the prison vacated by the pilgrims. The gentleman was seized with deep remorse for the wrong he had done such holy men, and he soon after joined them at their hermitage, where he ended his days, being called in the community Saetano of Turin.

Meantime, the Bishop of Arezzo received the pope's letter. On this occasion he had a strange dream. The Madonna presented herself to him, holding in one hand a white robe, and in the other a book with the inscription, *Regula Beati Benedicti Abbatis.* There was a crest of three hills, and on the middle one was planted a vermilion cross; from the inside of the other hills young olives sprouted forth.

Money poured in on all sides for the building of the new monastery, but the demons, of course, had set their faces against its erection, and from time to time on stormy nights the mischievous imps diverted themselves by throwing down newly raised walls, to the great consternation of the brothers. On one occasion a wall fell, carrying with it the master mason who was on a scaffold working. He was dragged from under the *débris*, dead. But Bernardo prayed earnestly for his restoration, and when he laid his hands on him he revived. In spite of the malignant powers, the new monastery was brought to a successful conclusion, and christened *Santa Maria di Monte Oliveto,* since that seemed to be the virgin's wish. Bernardo was elected abbot by unanimous

vote, but positively declined the honor, and the three succeeding years he did the same at each election; but the fourth he was forced by his companions to assume the office, though much against his will, as he said he was more fitted to obey than command. In this he did himself a grievous wrong, as he made an excellent abbot, and continued in the office till his death, a period of twenty-six years.

In the year 1348 a fearful pestilence desolated a great part of Italy. The Beato Bernardo, then an old man of seventy-seven years, put himself at the head of his monks and sallied forth from his solitude. They divided and betook themselves to the neighboring cities where disease and death reigned. There they labored among the sick and dying with extraordinary devotion, and when the plague had abated the monks returned to their mountain home; but they carried the disease with them, and many died. The venerable abbot, who had passed scathless through the plague-stricken city, soon after he reached Montoliveto began to feel his strength sinking, and on being told that it was the fatal disease, expressed his joy at the hope of seeing his Lord so soon. Having given his last counsel and blessing to his brethren, he took the crucifix into his hands and sank calmly into repose, conscious of having faithfully performed the work to which he had felt himself called.

The life of the Beato Bernardo is very interesting—albeit too much interspersed with supernatural visions. But the discriminating reader can easily separate the false from the true, by reading for "demons" men and women. We have authentic evidence enough to show that this remarkable man was sincerely devoted to religion. Nature had gifted him with a character singularly sweet and noble, as well as an intellect of the highest order. All his thoughts and aims were lofty, and even in his proudest moments it was not the vanity of rank or power, it was the pride of knowledge that betrayed him into ambition. He had found Montoliveto a savage waste, and he left it a flourishing institution. On the center hill rose a grand pile, with its lofty towers seen far off on the mountains, a beacon of joy to the weary traveler overtaken by night or by storm, or to the hunted fugitive flying for refuge from his enemies, or to the sick poor seeking charity and medical aid. The sloping hillsides and intervening vales were covered with olives, figs, vines, corn, and so forth, cultivated to the highest perfection by the hands of the brothers. They varied these rural pursuits by study, for the Benedictine is the most learned of all religious orders. They amused themselves copying out old manuscript books, painting sacred pictures, composing music, carving in wood or ivory, or any other art for which they had a taste. Besides the mother convent of Montoliveto, the Beato Bernardo founded nine minor ones in different parts of the province.

As for the service rendered by Bernardo Tolomei to his fellow-man by these foundations, it would be difficult for us in the present day to estimate it justly. I believe that the tendency is rather to underestimate it than the reverse. The modern tourist in Italy, who sees a church at the corner of every street, with a number of priests attached to it, who seem to have no duty or object in life but the putting on and off of gorgeous vestments; and meets at every turn a convent (*convento* in Italian is a designation for the religious houses of both sexes) crowded with inmates, who, every layman will tell him, are the most idle, worthless, immoral portion of the population—the plague-spot which spreads corruption around; who sees in every city hundreds upon hundreds of ecclesiastics (in Rome there are no less than 4,000) who eat the bread of idleness from boyhood to old age;—this traveler will find it difficult to estimate justly the claims of Bernardo Tolomei, and such as he, to our admiration and gratitude, unless he studies carefully the history and state of society in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

In those lawless days when might was right; when nothing was respected but Holy Church—even that sometimes sacrilegiously outraged; when there were no hospitals, few

doctors—and the "leech" was a very poorly qualified individual; when the roads were bad and beset by perils—no conveyance for travelers, no hotels; when there was no place in the world for a quiet, studious man who did not want always to have his hand on his sword-hilt to defend his property or his honor—the monastery was a fine institution, and served a good and useful purpose. They were pure-living, zealous, industrious men, the monks of those days, ever ready to help the poor and suffering with substantial aid as well as spiritual consolation. They were the teachers of the young, and the jealous custodians of the literature and art of the country, to which they themselves contributed the major parts. But they are no longer needed, and even if they had not sunk from the high moral standing they once occupied, they would still be an anachronism.

But they are very far from being what they once were, and the whole system would have sunk by slow decay, as a natural consequence of internal corruption, if the government had not, so to speak, torn down the roof over their heads. Hundreds of monasteries have been suppressed within the last ten years, the property applied to state purposes, and the inmates obliged to amalgamate with other religious houses. They think they have been hardly used, but the Reform party had a long, long score to settle with the Church party, not only for their own misdeeds, but their constant persecution of liberty in every form; and who will say that, on the whole, they have not been moderate and just in balancing the accounts? At all events, the will of the nation has gone along with the proceedings of government, and there is hardly a man of any intelligence who will not tell you that they deserved their fate.

Very different were the sentiments cherished by the people towards Bernardo Tolomei and his brethren; for his preaching and example exercised a powerful influence on all the clergy throughout the country. And the influence of a great and good man does not die with him. His memory, kept alive by traditions, lives for ages in the hearts of his followers, and helps to shape their lives in a certain accordance with his own. This is true of any hero, be he poet, patriot, king, or priest: but more true of the priest than any other, for the obvious reason that his mission is the highest of all, and appeals to the finest instincts of humanity. We can well believe, then, that however weakened by the effect of time and the corrupting influences of later ages, the spirit of the Beato Bernardo continued to pervade the institutions he founded, but more especially the one he had chosen for his own residence, built on the very spot where he had wept and prayed for years, a solitary hermit, crying to God for help against the temptations of the world.

Monte Oliveto Maggiore is one of the suppressed monasteries, and is now preserved, like many others, as a museum by the government, three monks acting as custodians and agents, returning all the profits of the land. At six o'clock one bright June morning, I found myself and party on the Roman road in a carriage roofed over with canvas as a protection against the sun, intent on exploring the solitude of the Blessed Bernardo. The Italian sun was already up "with all heaven to himself"; the birds were singing their morning hymn in every bush; the hedges at either side of the road were a mass of wild roses, honeysuckle, and scarlet poppies. The fields were yellow with ripe corn; and although the landscape had to our Northern eyes two great defects—the want of wood and of water—the effect on the whole was pleasing, and the pure, balmy air of the morning refreshing. As we descended from the height on which Siena stands, we looked back at the old city, encircled by battlemented walls, bristling with towers; high above all, the great tower of the palace of the republic, and the dome of the cathedral striking against the blue vault above: it presented a perfect picture of a Mediæval city. It is a good eighteen miles, and the country, though tame enough for the first half of the journey, becomes more varied as we advance, —hills, vales, and woods following each other

in quick succession. This, though interesting from our point of view, was from the horses' point of view anything but agreeable. Like many an ill-sorted pair, they did not pull well together: one was a quiet, steady-going, rather slow creature, while the other went in a series of erratic bounds and plunges curious to behold. It began to be very warm before we got into the sheltering precincts of Montoliveto, but hopes were buoyed up by occasional glimpses of a stately pile of buildings when we got to the top of a hill, soon to be damped on descending into a valley, and finding that we had more turns and twists of the road to take before we reached the famous Three Hills.

At last, after a sharp ascent, we came in sight of a tower, and under it a great gateway, surmounted by frescos, through which the carriage passed into a grove of olives. This small building is called the *palazzo*, and contains the chemist's shop of the establishment. We descended from the carriage, and under the shade of the trees refreshed ourselves with a glass of wine and a sandwich. While we were thus engaged the abbot came upon us accidentally. He is an elderly gentleman, with pleasant, courteous manners, nobly born and highly educated. He wore the long black gown of the secular clergy (the *Olivetani* on being disembodied left off the white robes of the order), and the picturesque, broad-leafed hat which all Italian priests wear, the most becoming headgear of modern times. The abbot had been on the farm with the workmen, and was *en deshabillé*—a fact which embarrassed him somewhat, but not nearly so much as it would have done an Englishman caught in the same plight. He came forward to welcome us with the easy courtesy which distinguishes his countrymen; then recognizing us as having visited Montoliveto on a former occasion, he shook hands with us cordially, and when we had presented our friends he reproached us for eating outside the convent walls; for they still keep up the old hospitable customs. He asked us what we would like for dinner. We said we had brought cold fowl and bread with us, and all we wished to be supplied with were vegetables, fruit, and a cup of coffee after dinner.

"No soup?"

The party, being all consulted, declined soup. This seemed inexplicable to the Italian mind, and the abbot said, with a smile:

"Are you afraid you will have to pay too much? Remember this is not a hotel."

Having convinced our host that the Anglo-Saxon race did not consider soup a necessary of life, particularly in hot weather, the dinner question was dismissed, and we gave our attention to the fine arts during the four hours that were to intervene before it was ready. There is a large salon set apart for strangers, and several bedrooms are at their disposal should they wish to prolong their stay. If they remain more than one night, they pay at a moderate rate for their board. The house contains three hundred sleeping apartments, not to speak of refectories, library, studies, chapter-rooms, etc. The three solitary monks must feel the winter's nights very dreary in their lowly retreat, walking through all those empty, echoing corridors and cloisters, where scores of white-robed brothers once promenaded, and other scores of gay school-boys laughed and romped.

We first visited the cloisters, which run round a square open court in the center of the building; here there is a deep well of cool fresh water, with delicate ferns springing from the stones that compose its wall. The cloisters were once open to the court, but the government has ordered glass to be put in, the better to preserve the frescos from the effects of rain or damp. These frescos consist of a series of pictures representing the history of St. Benedict, the founder of the order, and scenes from the life of Bernardo, the founder of this institution. Of these frescos twenty-nine are from the hand of Sodoma, who was pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, and one of the greatest fresco-painters of the fifteenth century; nine are by Signorelli, an equally famous artist, and more conscientious worker; and one by Riccio—making in all forty pictures which cover the whole four walls of the cloisters. These are the most interesting works to be

seen at Montoliveto, and take a long time to examine. It would be impossible to describe them all, so I will just mention a few of the most striking and finely executed: one in which St. Benedict starts for school, accompanied by his parents; another in which he has fled from the seductions of the city, and is seated in his solitary hermitage in deep thought; in a third, two Roman princes present their little sons to him for education, Placidus and Maurus—afterwards martyred saints; two more admirable pictures represent some traitor monks offering poisoned wine to St. Benedict, and his detection of the artifice; and a wicked priest, enemy of St. Benedict's, introducing light women into the precincts of the monastery to dance and sing before the monks. When Sodoma, who, like most of the artists of his day, was a graceless scamp, was painting this last-named picture, the monks often asked him when he would have it done. As he painted behind a partition no one saw his work till it was finished; and when the boards were removed, the good abbot was horrified to see that the dancing girls had hardly any clothes. He severely rebuked the artist, who wickedly replied that the *frati* teased him so to finish it quickly that he had no time to dress the ladies decently. The scandal was quickly removed, and now they appear properly attired. Besides these cloister frescos, Sodoma has left other works in different parts of the monastery.

We next visited the library, a spacious, lofty apartment, large as a city hall in a provincial town, the walls lined with old parchment volumes of great value. There are many books of music beautifully illuminated. The Italian monks carried this miniature painting to wonderful perfection, and there is no religious house that has any pretentions to art which does not count its dozens of these great wooden or leather bound volumes, edged with brass and fastened with lock and key.

Our host had been called away, and had left us in charge of another brother, an attenuated little creature with a world of discontent in his melancholy dark eyes. When he had shown us the library and other apartments, he brought us into a small private apartment full of wooden chests, and proceeded to unlock these and take out a great number of handsome altar-pieces and priestly vestments—all the work of his hands. They were embroidered exquisitely with wreaths of gold or silver flowers on a silk foundation; or silk garlands of every color on a ground of cloth of gold or cloth of silver, the effect of which was superb. He had executed a great number of these, and I imagined that it would have taken him half his lifetime, but he assured me that he never sat all day at this work, but took his part in all the multifarious duties of the house and farm, as well as helping in the education of four boarders.

We then went down, still conducted by the brother, to see the church, which is large and handsome—the altars of colored marbles, richly ornamented with gold and silver chasing, and surmounted by pictures of great masters. The choir, however, is the great beauty of the church; it is inlaid wood, representing various objects in nature with a grace and distinctness little inferior to painting, and was executed by Giovanni da Verona, a great monk artist of the fifteenth century, who completed forty-seven pieces on the walls and forty-eight stalls within two years. Before quitting the church, the little brother led us to a little side chapel, on the altar of which was a tabernacle, the doors lined with blue silk. He took a key out of his pocket, and opening this revealed a miniature cradle of silver filigree work, containing a beautifully molded waxen baby, wrapped in swaddling-clothes such as no human baby ever wore, silver cloth wreathed with flowers of the most delicate lines, and a coverlid of the same description. The little brother seemed to prize this more than all his work, and before shutting it up he cast a lingering glance of paternal fondness upon it. While wandering through the church, I remarked upon the rare works the monks of olden times had left behind them.

"Yes," said he, "they were the great en-

couragers and conservers of art. Our orders were the propagators of all civilization, and now we are chased from our convents as worthless good-for-nothings! We who remain here as government servants—we work without ceasing, and have to surrender everything to the government, who pays us one franc a day for our labor."

"One franc!"

"Yes; but we would have begged to remain for nothing sooner than quit the old place and see it pass into the hands of strangers."

"But you have your living gratis, have you not?"

"Nothing, nothing; we buy everything but the wood, and there is so much of that that for shame they could not charge it on us."

Poor little man! His pent-up feelings should have vent, and I listened in silence, feeling a sort of sympathy for him, but none for his order in general.

Before dinner our host joined us, and remained with us during the meal, though he tasted nothing, having dined at noon. He dressed our salad with his own hands, and helped to wait on us; for, to speak the truth, the service is but poor, and there is little evidence of the splendor and luxury generally attributed to religious houses; at all events, if it ever existed at Montoliveto, it has disappeared. After dinner we walked about and paid a visit to the silk-worms, which are cultivated extensively here; and as the government has no claim on them, they must make a considerable augmentation to the one franc a day. We saw them go through all the phases of their brief existence; some were creeping out of a roll of yellow floss, and others were laying their eggs. One insect is capable of laying five hundred eggs, after which, its object in life being accomplished, it dies. One ounce of eggs will produce one hundred and eighty pounds of silk. It is a pity that the Italians are not enterprising enough to establish a silk manufactory here, instead of sending all the raw material to France.

I have left myself little space to speak of the deep-wooded vales, home of the nightingale and a thousand sweet-voiced birds; or of the seven tiny chapels scattered throughout the grounds, erected by *Olivetani* of as many different nationalities. The prettiest is the most recently built, and stands over the grotto occupied by Bernardo when he first settled at Montoliveto. The walls are of colored marbles, and there is a very handsome altar-piece representing the Madonna and saints. An opening under the altar leads by a few steps to the grotto, where a sculptured image of the saint—life size, in Carrara marble—is seen reclining in an attitude of deep meditation. One recognizes at once the fine outline of that perfectly Tuscan head which meets the eye in every chapel, passage, and corridor, and is even frescoed over the gateway. The air of Montoliveto is redolent of Bernardo the Blessed, and one's mind becomes filled with thoughts of him and his times while wandering about the charming spot which his genius created out of a desert—the strength and beauty of whose character left an impress which ages have hardly yet erased; and one cannot help speculating as to how the presence of a few such monks now would affect the destinies of the church.

G. S. Godkin.

KING COPHETUA'S WIFE.

CHAPTER XIII.

"A shining isle in a stormy sea,
We seek it ever with smiles and sighs;
To-day is sad. In the bland to-be,
Serene and lovely to-morrow lies.

"It mocked us, the beautiful yesterday,
It left us poorer. O, never mind!
In the fair to-morrow, far away,
It waits the joy that we failed to find."

In the spring I went to Germany. There was need of a change in my abiding place, for I was growing rapidly nervous and morose, and each day in Boston or New York hung over me like a cloud that hid some lurking horror behind it. I could not sleep at night, and I could not work in the daytime. So I covered up my manuscripts, laid away my little household treasures, took the doctor's advice that chimed in tune with my own wish, and started for Germany.

I had said good by to all my friends either personally or by letter, yet there was quite a gathering of these good people to see me off; and when we steamed out of the harbor I was glad enough to get down into my stateroom, where there was scarcely room to turn around in, so many flowers had been placed there. Those who send bouquets and baskets and wreaths of fragrant blossoms to a person about to take a sea-voyage are very kind, but I wonder if they realize how sickening the smell of flowers can become. I ordered these all taken out and thrown overboard, and much gratitude went with them; almost as much that they were out of my sight and smell as that any friends had been good enough to remember me. Had the flowers been changed into fruit, I think that I should have been glad to keep them in my room.

With a great deal of outward bravery and inward trembling I went to my first dinner on board. A man sitting opposite me ordered a glass of brandy and seltzer before he touched his soup, and as he had spoken of having "been across" a dozen times, I thought he must know the proper thing to do, and followed his order. Oh, how I suffered for the imitation!

In a couple of days, however, I was able to go to the smoke-room, and play at "nap" or whist, and burn my cigars with the stoutest seafarer. Meeting the gentleman whose call for brandy and seltzer I had so disastrously followed, I related my experience.

"O, that is my ordinary custom at home or abroad," he replied. "If you had not followed my example no doubt you would have kept on your legs. It's the worst of drinks for a man unaccustomed to sea-voyages."

We landed at Hamburg, and I realized at once that I was abroad. Hardly had I become accustomed to my hotel, however, before a morning when Adam Jaquith called upon me. It was pleasant to know that I had a friend in the strange city, but I should have been glad to feel for a while—just a little while—that there was no one near who might care to note my moods or my wanderings.

What I had fled from was again upon me. Heaven forbid that I was ungracious in the thought!

Jaquith had been staying in Hamburg for a long time—as time goes on—and knew of many nooks and corners into which I should never have penetrated alone. The narrow, dark streets, and the canals overhung by balconies belonging to quaint houses with tiled roofs, grew bright under the companionship of my friend, who seemed to have brought out from somewhere in the depth of his nature a lightness and jollity I had never found in him before. Full of wit and good cheer, he bore me along with him until I half forgot that I had any burdens to carry, or that I had left my home to escape the ghosts that haunted it.

Only at night, when with wide-open eyes I lay in bed thinking, did the past come across me, and I would sigh heavily over my heartlessness in allowing myself to forget in this foreign city what I could not forget in Boston.

So foolish are we human creatures, whose chief happiness is in having something to pity ourselves for, and who regret the laying aside of any sorrow or weighty evil, more because it leaves us without anything to mourn over than because of any desire to expiate our offenses by carrying the iron cross about with us.

Yet I went on from day to day, roaming from one part of the town to another, and perfectly content to be in that strange place, whether I stood looking at the house in which Mendelssohn was born, and wondering if, when he became famous, he was ashamed of having first seen the light (what little light there was to see in the dark rooms) in that plain house on the narrow street; or leaning from the hotel window looking out over the bay on which my temporary home faced, and watching the pleasure-boats sail to and fro. I could find it in me to smile at the costumes of the peasants, and even to admire the fresh, healthy beauty of the faces that now and then looked out from the lace caps of the maid-servants.

Ah, Hamburg! I owed you much then; I owe more to you to-day.

"Will you go with me to-morrow to call on an American friend of mine at the *Kronprinzen?* He is a quiet sort of fellow like yourself, and I have no doubt that you will find him companionable and agreeable. He has been in England and France for two or three years, and is in Hamburg now for a month. I ought to tell you also that he has two sisters who are traveling with him, and they are very attractive young ladies."

Adam filliped the ashes from his cigar, and looked out on the bay, for we were sitting in my room.

"Ah, two young American women! I wondered where you were gone so long yesterday. And you have met them elsewhere in Europe, I venture to suppose."

"Yes, in Paris. And I passed some days with my friend at Cartmel down in Lancashire, while I was in England."

"How is it that I have not heard you speak of your friend before this? Was it because of the young ladies?"

"No—O no. I did not mention them for the reason that they were strangers to you, and they arrived—quite unexpectedly to me—in Hamburg yesterday morning. I want you to know them, however, for an American is a Godsend to one of his countrymen when he appears in the Old World; and Strafford is an accomplished linguist as well as a man who has a wide acquaintance among delightful persons in Germany. He is a little soured by fate just now; but promise me that you will go with me to call to-morrow."

"I promise. But the sisters—am I to meet them as well as the brother? How do you know that they will like to have an acquaintance thrust upon them in this way?"

"That will be all right. I have asked their permission to bring you, and they were 'only too delighted,' and it would be 'very lovely' in me. Do not bother your head with the finical technicalities and provincial twists that abound in our society at home. We are not so much tied down by them when we meet one of our own countrywomen abroad. Miss Strafford and Miss Louisa are regular American women, and not so much spoiled by their residence in England as one might imagine they would be. It will be well for you to know them while you are here in this dull old town."

"It is not dull to me. I came here for rest, and the quietness that I knew I could not find in London, or any of the European cities where the current of life hurries and surges along. I could be as sluggish and prosy as I chose in this place, that seems never to have lost its early slowness and repose. But I will go with you to call upon your friends, and afterwards I may please myself by continuing the acquaintance or not as I choose. Is it not so?"

"Yes; but I had hoped to find that you shook off your moods and contrariness when you parted with the Boston dust, and that

you meant to come down from the pedestal of solitude, and mingle more with men and women who are outside the narrow circle you so delight to move in. I tell you, Eldridge, it makes a man selfish and unnatural if he devotes himself entirely to an art or profession and lets the world go by, unless it can serve his purpose to let himself drop into its midst and struggle for a while with its worry or pleasure. You have lived alone too long. You scan everybody through a microscope, and finding that no one is absolutely faultless, you draw back again into your groove, and move around its confined limit without thinking that you are doing a harm to the broader part of your nature—a part you have no right to keep concealed.

"You are misunderstood and misjudged while you show only your coldness to the world. I tell you, man, that this selfishness —I do not intend to imply that you are not liberal: yes, liberal to a fault in some ways —this selfishness is creeping into the work of your pen. One who knows you can find it permeating your writings, and for that reason, if for no other, you should drop work for the present and find pleasure in going about: not only in looking at the outer movements of life in these cities, but in pushing yourself into the very heart of humanity.

"Throw your cigar away: it has been unlighted these ten minutes; take a fresh one, and think over what I have said to you. I went to you, my friend, when I had no one else that I dared to, or felt that I could, trust, and in return for your generous goodness then I want to help you now. Perhaps you think that I have presumed too much upon the friendship you fully extended to me at that time, but it will be best for me to tell you, Frank"—he came to a chair nearer mine, took my hand in his, and leaned over to look into my face—"to tell you that the struggle you are undergoing is not so much of a secret as you believe it to be. I have read it in your face, in your moods, and in your poetry. You are in love—or fancy yourself in love—with Madge Barras."

"How—how dare you?" and I started from my seat only to fall back again among the cushions and bury my face in my hands.

"How dare I? I will tell you how and why I dare. When you gave me your friendship I took it as a gift of rare value, knowing you to be one who does not lightly open his heart to let a new-comer in. And, because I rated this at its true worth, I determined to be as faithful, as helpful to you as I could, for I knew then that the time must come when you would need to be told something like what I have just told you. You thought that your great heart could hold its secret, that you could hug the anguish to yourself and bear it alone. But, my friend, it has eaten its way out, and being within my reach, I dare to lay hold upon it and ease you of the bitterness as much as I can. Harry Ascot—even to him you would not speak of this—has gone from you for the to-day of this life, and I mean to do for you what he would do, were he here and strong to understand you as I think I am. With the knowledge that a man of experience—a so-called man of the world—has, I have watched and studied you, and I shall share this burden of yours with you. It has its shame, I know. You, with the delicate sensitiveness of your kind, feel this love for your friend's wife to be a sin from which you can never be cleansed, and so you let it burn within your heart when, if you will, you may rise above and look down upon it.

"Tell me that you are glad I know the truth, that it will be less hard for you now to struggle against yourself and to conquer, because there is one who knows of your passion, and will strive with you to uproot the dream and throw it aside."

I had regained my calmness, but there was a certain horror in feeling that any one had so cleverly read what I thought was hidden out of sight. I, who had presumed to teach others their duty to God and man, stood at last stripped of all pretense, my error laid bare at least to this one man's gaze. Alas! I could not tell how many others had looked into my heart. But Adam Jaquith

meant only good to me, and I realized it. I told him all there was to tell of the story, and slept the better that night because there was one from whom I need not conceal, from whom I could not hide, what seemed to me almost a crime.

It was in a pleasant parlor in the *Kronprinzen* that I met the Misses Strafford. Strafford himself we had found smoking a cigar outside, and gazing into the depths of the Alster Basin, upon which the hotel is located.

Miss Strafford was sitting at a window busy with a mass of wonderful embroidery, which she told me she had bought that morning for "almost nothing"—an expression I have since learned to look upon suspiciously, for it does not always mean such a very little money after all.

Miss Louisa had a lapful of tulips, and was slowly gathering them into a large bunch. She made a laughing apology for not rising, and I sat down beside her, offering to help assort the colors, an offer that was immediately declined.

She had a sweet face, this American girl—not beautiful, but attractive. Her hair was auburn, and I do not doubt that the boys at school used to call her "Red-head." Indeed, I know they did, for she told me so once when we became better acquainted.

I thought as I looked at her that she was like a pansy, the flower we would choose from a garden full of more beautiful, more pretentious blossoms, if we were in certain moods when heart and soul needed comfort and contentment.

A daily call upon the Straffords grew to be a regular thing with us. We walked, talked, drove, and visited all the interesting spots together. Henry Strafford I could not like: he was moody instead of reserved, and carried a sort of I-wish-I-were-dead air about with him. I remember that one morning after we had reached Heidelberg, Adam and I went up to the castle. It was very early, but we wanted to wander over the ruin without company. The sentimental atmosphere of the German land had crept into our systems, and we made up stories about the different parts of the beautiful old building—more beautiful perhaps as a ruin than it ever was in its entirety. We peopled the whole of it, from the never-empty tower where so many prisoners had been kept, down to the chapel. There is such a delightful thrill of mystery in the words "once upon a time," that I confess to never liking a story half so well if it begins with a more prosaic sentence. Loitering along, we came to a great chimney, and as we stood looking into the huge recess below it Strafford came gravely forth from a dark corner. I say gravely, for indeed in the romantic fancy of the place and time a sheeted ghost could not have startled me as much.

"How are you, Henry? How long have you been up here?" Adam's voice rang through the vast emptiness about us.

"All night," was the answer, and he strode along and out of sight.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" was all that Jaquith said; but the spell that had been upon us, the spell of the old days, was broken. We could not bring up the life of bygone centuries after seeing a man of to-day who had chosen to hide himself in a chimney for over night. So we went back, took our breakfast in the Schloss garden, and later called upon Strafford's sisters, with whom we found the brother in a more monosyllabic mood than ever.

So our lives went on in Germany. I heard frequently from America; Madge wrote to me of her successes and of her plans; but her letters did not disturb me, did not make my heart ache and the blood leap in my veins as they had once done, and I could not have told how the change had come about. I learned the reason why in Vienna.

It was four months after my landing in Hamburg that we went to Vienna. By we, I mean the Straffords as well as Jaquith and myself, for we had planned to travel together as a party of five.

We had been to the *Volksgarten* one day, and Adam was at his best. He and Miss Louisa ate their ices and drank coffee to-

gether, while there were many whispered confidences and merry peals of laughter at the little table where they sat alone.

At length Miss Strafford brought me back from my thoughts. "Are you unwell, Mr. Eldridge? You look pale and tired; besides, you are very silent, are you not? Let us call Louisa and Mr. Jaquith and go home."

"No, I am not tired, and it is delightful here; let us stay."

"You don't seem to find it very 'delightful,' judging from your face," Strafford broke in roughly, and I could have kicked the fellow as he spoke. "*I'm* going home anyway, and my sisters had better go with me." So he went over and said a few words to his younger sister, who rose from the bench upon which she was sitting and came to us.

"Henry wants us to go to the hotel. He has letters to write, and we must write ours so that they may all be posted at the same time; for our home people think that letters from abroad ought to arrive in a budget."

She looked at me as she spoke, and the blood reddened her cheeks for a moment and sent a pink tinge even over her pretty ears.

"I will stay here with Eldridge if you will excuse us"; and Adam stood behind me. We watched the three go along the garden walk, and then my friend seated himself opposite me, and putting both elbows on the table, leaned forward and said, "What is the trouble to-day? you look as if you had seen a ghost."

"Nothing is the trouble—that is—"

"Yes, the *truth*, if you please."

"Well, nothing of a ghostly nature. Unfortunately it is a reality, and I do not know how to escape it."

"Foolish boy! Escape it? It is the best thing that ever came to you, and now you want to run away and hide from the only thing that can bring happiness to you. I have watched you carefully, and you have come out of a miserable dream into a blessed reality; yet you want to escape it. Bah! I should have no patience with you if I were not your sworn friend. You did not know what was coming over you, enveloping you and lifting you so far above your former self. *I* did. What else did I bring you into contact with Louisa Strafford for? Face your reality and make a man of yourself."

"But you—are not you and she—"

"I? Why, man, did you not read my secret in your study long ago? I am bound heart and soul, and am happy as I hope to see you happy."

We went away from the *Volksgarten* arm in arm, and that night as I walked with Louisa Strafford under the bright starlight, and with the far-away music of the orchestra sounding in our ears, I told her the story of my past; and more: the story of my present—the story so often told, and yet forever fresh and new. And before her lips answered me, I read in her eyes, even in that dim evening light, the truth, and knew that I had found my heart's-ease, and that it was mine forever.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Thy cheek hath lost its roundness and its bloom;
  Who will forgive those signs where tears have fed
On thy once lustrous eyes, save *he* for whom
  Those tears were shed?

"Hath not thy forehead paled beneath my kiss?
  And through thy life have I not writ my name?
Hath not my soul signed thine? I gave thee bliss,
  If I gave shame.

"Then, if love's first ideal now grows wan,
  And thou wilt love again, again love me,
For what I am—no hero, but a man
  Still loving thee."

Into the small room in New York that Madge used for her study I was shown one winter day. No one was in the room, but it had evidently been occupied until within a few minutes, for a book spread open was lying face downwards on the table. A handkerchief lay in the middle of the floor, and the room was sweet with the mingled smell of flowers and fruit from where the sunshine struck upon a china dish of oranges, and the bowl of jonquils and lilies-of-the-valley that stood beside it. A woman's room this, with its upholstery of gray and pink. Everything cushioned, luxurious and graceful in design. Such a room as a man likes to enter, taking in with a sort of strange bewilderment all the details

that go to make up the charming whole, and yet quite unable to say wherein the charm lies.

I had stood looking out of a window for a few moments before the soft *portiere* was pushed back with the musical sound of silver rings striking against each other, and Madge came to greet me. She had a peculiarly sweet smile in those days—a smile that had a pathos in it, quite unlike the merry, girlish smile with which she met me first at Ellenwood.

"I think you always come to me when I need you most," she said by way of salutation, and with her hand in mine. "I have been restless all the morning, and everything jars upon me. Books have exasperating endings, poems are full of false rhymes and overstrained sentiment, my piano has a note out of tune, and my voice is harsh to-day. Altogether, I am simply unhappy, and you have come, as you always do, just when I need you."

"Then let us pray that I may leave you in a happier and more restful condition," I answered half-banteringly. "And I think that it may be we can do no better than to lay our tribute on the altar of this 'Praying Boy.' Perhaps his outstretched arms raised toward the sun will bring our petitions near to light and fulfillment." And as I spoke I put the bowl of flowers upon the pedestal of the statue.

"It may be the wisest way." She took my attempt at lightness seriously enough. "I think we all like to stand off and leave insensate things to do our praying for us; but, do you know, I have been wishing lately that I could believe I had a patron saint, and pray to him or her. I think my prayers, in the multitude that are going up to God from broken hearts, must seem so very small and pitiful to him. It would be a happy thought that some one stood ready to bear my petitions straight to the Master, some one at favor in court who might look direct upon the face of the king."

"Why, Madge, my friend, what is the trouble to-day? You have been so brave, so steadfast in your course hitherto: are you giving way now? Is it anything new?"

"No, nothing new. I think nothing that is new can ever come to me now. I seem to have lived through every phase of existence, to have endured and enjoyed all that one possibly could endure or enjoy, and the only new experience for me could be death. Yet even that I have been through with, for death is only a dissolution of hopes and fears, and"—after a pause—"I have neither now."

"But your music: surely you appreciate your success before the world; your fame is something to you, is it not? I stood at the back of the hall while you sang last night, and to me your face seemed lighted up as though you had reached some inner temple of life's sanctuary, and found peace and happiness there."

"Ah, last night! While I was singing one of the arias in the Oratorio the audience melted away from before me, and I seemed to be standing on tip-toe, and singing right into the ear of God. I had lost all thought of myself, and so of course I was happy and content. But when, as to-day, I am conscious of myself—of all my ills and uncomfortablenesses—I grow so restless, so distrustful, that I am unfit for anything. Why"—and she rose and stood before me—"why am I not constituted like other women? I know many a soft-voiced, pure-eyed woman who, if she had one-tenth my anguish, would drown it by the morphine powders of excitement. Look at these letters. Here are invitations to private dinners, assurances of ardent devotion, perfumed sentences of love—all the tricks of insult that men know so well how to direct against a defenseless and suffering woman. How many, how many of the woman friends you and your wife possess would let these go unnoticed, and not seek to forget, in the poor delirium they offer, the pangs and distress of the sickness that is upon them? Do not speak: you can say nothing to calm me; let me say out that which is within my heart to say.

"I have not spoken of my husband since you came home from Europe. Do you think it has been because he is not in my thoughts? I have lain down at night with

my heart filled with love for him. I have risen in the morning, and found strength to get through the day only by the stimulus of remembering that he loved me once: yes, I know that he loved me once." She said this slowly and softly, as if answering a questioning voice that had spoken from her heart. "And, Frank, do not think me crazy or foolish; I am but a loving, clinging woman. I believe that he will come back to me some day, and that is the only reason why I do not die. For oh! God knows that I should have died long ago if I had not had faith to believe he spoke an untruth when he said that he did not love me."

She was exhausted by her emotion, and sank back into a chair. We sat a long while talking about Neil, for I saw that to speak of him was the only way to calm and relieve her mind. The sunshine slipped its light from the dish of fruit, it lingered for a few moments on the pink cushions of the window-seat, and at last a gray light filled the room. There had been several cards sent up to Mrs. Barras, but she would see no strangers. The light grew dimmer and dimmer, and still I did not go. I heard the distant tinkle of the door-bell once more, just as I was repeating the few lines of one of Clough's poems. Madge sat with her eyes fixed upon the folded hands in her lap.

I heard the servant opening the door, and a murmuring of voices, but Madge had not noticed the sounds. Her thoughts, I knew, were far away, and that, although she might be conscious of my voice, it was only as we are conscious of the current of the river that bears our drifting boat on and on.

A trembling of the curtain before the door that led into the hall, the gleam of a hand amid its folds, a gentle pushing back of the heavy plush, and a man came into the room and stood motionless. Madge looked up, and I had finished the poem.

"My wife, my friend, I have come back. Not proud, not stubborn and selfish as I went away, but, by the grace of God, a better man than I was of old. Madge, I have come back to tell you that I lied to you. I love you, and you alone. My heart was not false to you; it was only for a moment that my fancy strayed away from you. Frank, the last time I saw you, you refused to take my hand, and rightly, because I seemed to you a weak man, untrue to his best vows and to his better self, as well as to the woman who loved him with all her soul. Once more I hold out my hand to you: will you take it now? it is as worthy of your clasp as ever."

I had taken his hand and stood with my other hand upon his shoulder as I looked into his face that was white in the dusky light that filled the room; but Madge had not moved.

"Go to her," I said; and he went. He kneeled down by her chair and kissed the hand that laid in her lap. She raised her hand and it rested upon his head for an instant, then she rose and drew herself away from him.

"You have come back, my husband, after all these many months to tell me that you love me. Can this telling kill the memory of the time when you said that you did not love me? Can I forget the agony of this waiting, the murdering of my faith in humanity, of the belief in all that is noble and true in men? Have you not drawn between yourself and me an impassible line? Did you not take away from me all that made life beautiful and sweet? and have you not turned it for me into a hard, stern routine, worse—yes, ten thousand times worse—than the life you took me from? O, why did you not let me die when my mother died, instead of feeding me with all the sweets of love and existence, and then stabbing me to the heart when your passion had cooled?"

Neil had stood with his head bowed upon his hands while she was speaking, and when she ceased he lifted it and said, in a voice husky with despair and tears: "You are right, of course. It was foolish to hope that you could forget all this, and forgive me for the wrong I have done you. But I loved you so that I could not stay away longer, and I came back to pray for pardon and for love. Good by." He started towards the door. I took his hand, and he lifted my

hand quickly and pressed it against his cheek that was wet with tears.

"Stay, Neil!" I said. "Madge, you have lived all this time upon the thought that Neil would come back to you: you told me so a little while ago. The very books he had used, the clothes he had worn, the vase that held his cigar ashes, were trifles that you found it hard to forsake when you left his house, and now you are sending *him* away from you, and forever. Think of what you are doing, and then give your husband your final answer." And dropping Neil's hand I went out of the room, down over the stairs, and into the street. I walked about for an hour, thinking of the past and of the true heart that was waiting for me in my own home in Boston, and I prayed that I might be worthy to have and to hold the love I had won.

I went back to the house where I had left my friends, and looked into the room. Neil's head was lying in his wife's lap, and she was fondling his hair as I had so often seen her do before. And I heard her say, "I can forget now, dear heart, that there ever was an interruption of my happiness, and we must be dearer to each other hereafter for this separation."

It was no time for me to break in upon their peace, and I came away.

My wife and I sat in my study, and the bright fire in the grate crackled merrily. I was alone no longer. Once more my home was made a home to me by loving companionship, and the bright, flower-like face of her whom I had first seen in quaint and stately old Hamburg. We had been planning many things for the future, and our hearts were full of joy.

Into our quietness came Adam Jaquith, and his face was radiant as with a fulfilled hope.

"I have gained my heart's desire," he said. "Beulah told me that she could not be my wife until Mrs. Barras and her husband were reunited; and now my full happiness has come to me, and I want your good wishes and congratulations to be the first after my mother's."

That was three years ago, and as I pen the last words of this little story my boy sits playing on the floor beside my chair, and I bend down to kiss the rosy lips for the sake of the patient, gifted artist whose name he bears, my dear, dead friend, Harry Ascot.

James Berry Bensel.

[THE END.]

GONE.

THE light irradiating this worn face
  Has fled the waxen brow, the peaceful eyes;
  This form, that with drawn lids deserted lies,
But yesterday was his abiding place.
We had forgot he was of alien race,
  And dared to pause, in anguish and surprise,
  When he prepared, along the ways that rise,
The well-remembered journey to retrace.

Bear it away, earth's crumbling heritage!
  Yet tenderly, for where he once made stay,
And told the hours of time's disquiet stage,
  To our bereft hearts still is sacred clay.
This we have cherished, this could him encage;
  Not earth's blue dome can shut him in to-day.

Wilbur Larremore.

THE SWITZERLAND OF THE NORTHWEST.—I. THE MOUNTAINS.

THE nebula of the Great West is being rapidly resolved. Railroads are the telescopes and spectroscopes before which the vague masses of plains and mountains and "great American deserts" have fallen into orderly systems of farms and cities. The miracle of Pyrrha and Deucalion is repeated in this vast West beyond the West. The iron and stone of the railroads are thrown down and nations rise. Across the great plains, which the popular imagination of fifty years ago filled with Indians and buffaloes, hundreds of people and thousands of bushels of grain are daily borne by steam. Down the cañons of the Rockies, which were as mystical to our ancestors as the mountains of the moon, the eager prospectors are chasing the veins of gold and silver, and upon the very backbone of the continent banks and churches and costly dwellings rise like apparitions. The Oregon whose forests the greatest of American poets coupled sixty years ago with the Barcan desert as a symbol of solitude is now surpassed by one river only of the Union in the extent of cultivated country dependent on it, and its banks are trodden by constantly increasing throngs of tourists from the East and the Old World.

All this vast Northwest, hitherto set at the end of the earth by its isolation, is now about to be unlocked to the world. The Northern Pacific Railroad system, sooner than we can realize it, is to bring within a few days' easy journey of the great Eastern cities all this vast domain, with its strange and contradictory elements, its steam-spouting cañons and snowy wastes, its deserts and valleys of almost tropical fruitfulness, its vast forests and yet vaster prairies.

There is a singular fascination about the Pacific coast. Ever since the human family set forth from the banks of the Euphrates to claim its heritage, the cry has been, "Westward, ho!" But here on the sunset sea the East and West have found each other. Here the East becomes West and the West becomes East. Here the world-tide stops and turns back upon itself.

The pioneers who have successively drained the swamps of Germany, stormed the chalk-cliffs of England, chained the Atlantic, sown the plains of the Mississippi with cities, and vaulted right over the ridge-pole of the continent, have here at last broken ranks; and mingled with the ancient cry we hear the shouts of Eastward! Northward! Southward! Here is the world's West. Here will be the *cosmopolis*.

As the human tides are here whirled backward into innumerable eddies, many most interesting, odd, fantastic, and often grand elements of character are brought to the surface. The true Westerner is the boldest, the most humorous, most extravagant, and least conventional of men. The East seems insipid, timid, colorless to him. This is largely due to the extremes of natural scenery and production of this region. To the inhabitant of the Pacific coast, any other skies than his own seem dull and muddy; any other mountains half-grown; any other trees dwarfed; and any other people singularly deficient in feeling and native passion. This is indeed a country of extremes. The skies are brighter and the storm-clouds blacker, the deserts more desolate and the valleys more rich, the mountains more abrupt and the plains more level, the rivers both swifter and slower, clearer and more turbid, than elsewhere on the continent. Corresponding extremes among the people make them very interesting.

Mountains are the skeleton of a country, rivers its assimilative system. Strangers look first at its mountains to see its structure, then at its rivers to see its laws of growth. In this article I invite you to our mountains. In the osteology of this great Northwest, the artist, the poet, and the scientist alike can find material for work.

I hope at a subsequent time to float with you down the Columbia, which, as if the aorta of the country, throbs across it from the mountains of the Far North to the Pacific.

Though the Northern Pacific Railroad is not yet completed, we may in anticipation cross the continent upon it. Let us take a recent map of the region traversed by it, and imagine ourselves borne across that rudimentary empire. Dakota with its interminable prairies, budding into cultivated fields and busy towns, is succeeded by the wonderland of the Yellowstone. You are borne across the vast plateaus of the Rockies, down the Bitter Root Mountains, along the torrents of Clark's River, across the wooded slopes lying between Ben D'Oreille and Cœur D'Alene Lakes, and at last emerge upon the rolling plains of the Spokane. Here you are. This is the great plain of the Columbia. But it is a long distance to the great peaks which you are to visit.

Suppose we go two hundred miles south by the O. R. & N. line, through the most highly cultivated portion of the great plain, and climb one of the beautiful spurs of the Blue Mountains, twenty miles south of the bustling town of Walla Walla. It is a morning in June. The last rains of spring have laid the dust, and given the sky a dazzling clearness never seen east of the Rockies. At our feet, and stretching northward until earth and sky become one dim blue land, is the wheat-field of the Columbia basin. The grain, just yellowing on the higher land and green as an Italian vineyard in the valleys, waves in the wind, and scintillates like flames as the blinding sunlight pours upon it. Look westward. The sun is in the east, so the western sky is perfectly undimmed. Your eye follows the maze of hill and plain to the horizon. Singular clouds out there, you think. Clouds? You look again. Their shape remains unchanged. The delicate pinkish tint of the early morning has faded to a chalky hue which *seems* rather than appears. When you have counted eight of those weird cloud-masses fringing the blue line of the west, you begin to realize the truth. This is your first view of the snowy cones of the Northwest.

Nowhere in the United States, unless it be in the Sierras of Southern California, is there a distant mountain view of such satisfying grandeur. In crossing the continent by the route of the U. P. R. R., our imaginary traveler has seen few great isolated peaks. It is simply one vast ridge. In Colorado, though there are many mountains of greater absolute height, there can be seen no such succession of great peaks drawn up as if in battle array, rising in isolated majesty from the level of the sea. Standing there upon the Walla Walla butte, you view in miniature the region which we have ventured to call the Switzerland of the Northwest. The eight great peaks stand there like sentinels, nearly two hundred miles from our watch-tower.

At this great distance, the individual peculiarities of the mountains can be as well fixed in mind as at any nearer point. That rounded mass flanked on each side by black cliffs, farthest north of all, but stupendous even in the distance, is Tacoma. Next southward is St. Helen, a smooth dome of matchless symmetry, almost hidden by the shapeless vastness of Adams. Then, a little south of west, and apparently nearest of all, stands a bold and jagged peak, whose steepness exaggerates its apparent height.

It is Hood, the most be-rhymed and bepainted of all its stately brotherhood. Jefferson, next southward, is a spire-like crag, a smaller edition of Hood. Then comes a beautiful Alpine group, called the Three Sisters. If the atmosphere be exceedingly clear, we may see with a good glass still another white pile, named Diamond Peak.

Among those snowy lumps, so vague in the vast distance, lakes are scattered thick as stars; unnumbered rivers pour from those palaces of ice; waterfalls, hundreds of feet in height, leap from cliffs compared with which the Palisades of the Hudson are mere toy-hills; there flows the Columbia; towns and farms and saw-mills and all the appliances of growing civilization are beginning

to clamber in pigmy effrontery around the feet of those kings of winter.

While you are thus taking these great landmarks of our Pacific Switzerland, we will give its geographical outline and situation. And first we may notice that its limits are somewhat arbitrarily set. The regions both north and south possess essentially the same features. It is rather because of its contiguity to the main lines of travel that we have set this region apart, and given it a distinctive name. What we call the Switzerland of the Northwest has for its northern limit Mt. Tacoma (pronounced Tah'coma by the Indians, and usually called Ranier on the maps), and for its southern, Diamond Peak. It extends two hundred and fifty miles along the Cascade Mountains from north to south, and fifty miles east and west directly across them. The Columbia River divides it nearly in two. The narrowness of this entire mountain range, whose northern division is called the Cascade and whose southern is called the Sierra, is very noticeable here. It is scarcely wider than the Green Mountains of Vermont. With an average height of five thousand feet, and scores of volcanic crags of eight thousand feet and upward, it is in few places more than fifty miles wide, and in some places much less. To this excessive narrowness, and consequent steepness, is due much of the wild grandeur, especially the waterfalls, characteristic of this enchanted land.

We have seen our great mountains framed together in one grand picture against the western sky. It is time to descend from our eyrie, and venture on a more intimate and individual acquaintance.

From Walla Walla, we go by rail and river to Portland. From this place, the metropolis of the Northwest, as a starting point, we radiate in any direction as fancy and convenience may dictate. Since we first named the mountains from the north, we will visit them from the north. Tacoma is, therefore, the first.

After descending the Pisgah, from which we first saw the promised land, we get no view of Tacoma until we reach the mouth of the Willamet. There we see it, the farthest north of the magnificent line of peaks along the east, just reversing the direction of our first point of observation. But it is still far away. We go by steamboat from Portland to Kalama; thence by rail (N. P. R. R.) to the town of Tacoma, on Puget Sound. While crossing Yelm Prairie, southeast of Olympia, we get our first unobstructed view of the great peak, hitherto hidden from us by the dense forests extending from the Columbia to Puget Sound. It is perhaps fifty miles distant, but it seems to cover all the east. Before its solitary grandeur all the surrounding objects dwindle into insignificance. Even the Olympic range northwest of us, its blue heights spotted with snow, seems to shrink and crouch.

Into the almost impenetrable forests by which Tacoma is surrounded, a dozen glaciers stretch their fingers. Its height is 14,450 feet. Surpassing by three thousand feet the next highest of its brethren, it is yet more remarkable for its enormous bulk. Those who have been in positions to best judge say that it is not less than a hundred miles in circuit. With its outlying spurs, it would occupy so much of an average New England State as to leave little space for anything else. Five large streams, one of them the Yakima, which is nearly equal in volume to the Connecticut, derive their main support from its melting snows. The summit is a smooth dome, whose snowy purity is never soiled. On each side of this, and nearly equal in height, is a splintered basaltic crag. Below these three summits are frightful cañons, into which a few such hills as Mt. Washington or Monadnock might be dropped without materially altering the appearance of things. In these cañons the glaciers lie.

Some noted Eastern visitor, seeing this mountain for the first time, and having a sunset view at that, looked long and silently, then turning to his expectant friends, he begged them to prepare his coffin at once. He had no wish to return to the earth again. To us who were born on this coast, and whose earliest recollection is of snowy summits, the only regret is that we can never

feel the sensation of seeing them for the first time.

So far as we know, but two ascents have ever been made to the summit of Tacoma. The first to achieve this triumph was General Kautz, U. S. A., now stationed at Angel Island, who made the ascent of Mt. Tacoma away back in the "fifties." He has written a very graphic sketch of it, which appeared in the OVERLAND MONTHLY for May, 1875, but does not latterly seem to have claimed the honors that are his due, since very few persons know anything of his bold and hazardous and successful ascent. The sketch published in the OVERLAND has since been placed among the records of the San Francisco Geographical Society, and its final publication among these will put General Kautz on record as the first to perform this mountaineering feat.

One of the two who performed the second, and so far as I know the only repetition of General Kautz's exploit, gave an account of it in the "Atlantic Monthly" some years since. And a great exploit it was, too. The remoteness of the mountain from any roads, its encircling wilderness of woods and swamps, the difficulty in getting Indian guides on account of their superstitious awe, render even the approach more difficult than the ascent of most of the other great peaks. When the snow-line is at last reached, the fearful crags and cañons, the well nigh endless snow-fields swept by fierce winds, and the rarified air of the summit, combine to make the ascent the most perilous enterprise in the mountain climbing of the Northwest. When these two men reached the top, the gathering darkness and the increasing cold indicated that their chances of remaining alive through the night were very poor. They dared not descend in the dark. From this situation they were suddenly relieved by discovering a volanic breathing-hole under an overhanging cliff. Crawling in, they remained in safety during the night, and in the morning returned, more dead than alive from the severity of their labor and the alternate freezing and roasting and suffocation experienced in their sulphurous chamber. Since then Tacoma has remained the despair and ambition of mountaineers.

Tacoma is peculiarly *the* mountain of Puget Sound, as is Hood of the Columbia River. Of almost every picture on that wonderful inland sea, Tacoma forms the background. The most noted view of the mountain is at the town of Tacoma. The most remarkable ever seen by the writer, however, was from a "deadening" on Tenalcut Prairie, twenty miles southeast of Olympia. The mountain lay under the light of an April moon, while the charred and limbless trees, creaking in a heavy wind, lent an indescribable loneliness to the weird grandeur of the scene. The mountain, over fifty miles distant, sparkled under the frosty touch of the moon, till it seemed rising and falling in regular pulsations. The illusion that it was drawing nearer and nearer, about to fall upon us in an avalanche of frozen moonbeams, became almost irresistible.

I have alluded to the superstitious feeling among the Indians for Mt. Tacoma. The cause of this they give in a legend too interesting to omit. Ages ago, they say, all the Indians around Tacoma became very bad. The *Sochlah Tyee* (their name for God) concluded to dispose of them. Wishing, however, to save some few good Indians, together with representatives of the animal creation, he directed a noted *temanimus* (medicine) man to undertake their deliverance. This the *temanimus* man accomplished by shooting an arrow up into a cloud. It stuck in the cloud. Then he shot another arrow, which stuck into the first. In this way he fastened together a long line of arrows, extending from the cloud to the earth. The good Indians and the animals climbed this rod, and so were safely lodged in the cloud. Then the floods came, and fire spouted from the mountain, and all those bad Indians were swept from the face of the earth. After many days, the *temanimus* man, thinking that the volcanic fury might have abated enough to make it safe for them to come down, sent several animals out to explore. The fish, finding a nice brook, con-

cluded not to go back at all. The duck also deserted, but the beaver came back with a lump of mud on his tail, assuring them that the volcano had ceased to spout, and that they might safely venture out. For this reason, the beaver has ever since been held in high esteem; while the fish was then and there sentenced to remain all his life in the water, and the duck was condemned to a wabbling gait henceforth forever. The good Indians and the animals accordingly descended, the snake coming last. When the *temanimus* man saw him crawling out to the rod, he broke it off. Hence the snake did not come down at all, and to that is due the fact that there are no snakes at present around Mt. Tacoma.

Some cynical persons suggest that the Indians destroyed by the volcanic visitation are much better now than the present race. I have also heard it suggested that the superstition felt by the noble red man as to ascending Mt. Tacoma is part of his general superstition in regard to any form of labor. However that may be, it is sure that the Indians are much opposed to going anywhere near the mountain.

The Cascade branch of the U. P. R. R. will doubtless pass not very far from Tacoma. It will then be more easy of access, though it will probably never be a common subject for mountain-climbers. A road has been cut this spring (1883) from Wilkeson to the glaciers on Mt. Tacoma.

Mt. St. Helen, the queen of the mountains, as Tacoma is their king, is fifty miles southwest of the latter. A greater contrast can hardly be imagined. Tacoma is all grandeur, loneliness, mystery. St. Helen is all beauty, symmetry, warmth. Even its glaciers look warm. Aside from the central dome, Tacoma is a monstrous mass of volcanic crags. St. Helen is wrapped as smoothly in her mantle of snow as a garden lawn. Her flowing curves gently broaden outward from the dome, and the vast surface of unbroken snow gives her a steel-blue glitter which we observe on no other of the great peaks. Though five thousand feet less in height than Tacoma, Mt. St. Helen is hardly less remarkable as a landmark. It must have early attracted the attention of the old French *voyageurs*, to whom we owe the pretty and appropriate name. Though it has been climbed but seldom, it is said to be easy of access and ascent. The route to it from Portland is *via* Vancouver and Lewis River for thirty miles, thence by an Indian trail for forty miles farther. This trail follows an ancient river of lava, in whose stiffened eddies the half-consumed roots of trees are still found.

In our southward progress we are now approaching the Columbia River, the great artery of travel on the northwest coast. The next two great peaks, Adams and Hood, are therefore more within the reach of tourists, and more often visited and described than any others. Mt. Adams is forty miles north of the Columbia, and Hood thirty miles south. Both are in view from all the principal towns of northern Oregon. They may be taken as typical mountains.

If you who are daily stifled with the heated air of some great city, or you from whose prairie home the greatest elevation visible is the grain-elevator or new court-house, could only stand for an hour on one of these glacial summits, and quaff this air which comes, like froth from the goblets of the gods, straight from the Pacific, you could appreciate at once the extravagant love felt by mountain-dwellers for their mountains. But you must content yourselves with what diluted breaths we can thrust between the leaves of a magazine. If they give you the true mountain thirst, you can satisfy it only from the mountain springs themselves.

Mt. Adams is the most easily accessible, the most easily climbed, has the pleasantest surroundings—and in short, in itself and all its accessories, is the most satisfactory of all the great peaks. Its height is about 9,500 feet, nearly the same as that of St. Helen. It is triple-peaked, and vast in extent. It forms, in fact, an immense mountain-ganglion of itself, standing considerably east of the main range. On all sides but the north it slopes gently down upon a park-like re-

gion, dotted with scattered pines, and carpeted with grass and flowers.

In July, dry, bracing, and dazzlingly bright, the pleasantest of Oregon months, we leave Portland for the summit of Adams. Ninety miles by steamer up the grandest section of the Columbia brings us to White Salmon. Here we linger a few days, laying in our stock of eatables. We take no tent. He who does not go to sleep with his eyes closing on the stars tangled in the giant pine tops is no true child of nature. We are not annoyed in this blessed place with hotels or guides or curiosity-mongers, or any other of those pestiferous agencies which blight almost all the mountain retreats of the older States. We camp under a giant oak close at the edge of the river. It is a place of marvelous beauty. Towering hills overlook the narrow strip of farming land, while right in front flows the mighty river, a mile wide and a hundred feet deep.

There is a wagon road from White Salmon to Camas Prairie, which lies at the foot of the mountain. We, however, went horseback the entire distance, securing several skittish Cayuse ponies of an intelligent and clever Indian named Johnson, who has a little farm near here. We took up our line of march on one of those days seen only on the Pacific coast. There was not a breath of wind. The sun, just peeping over the shoulder of a huge butte, turned every spicule of the motionless pines into a thread of the purest gold. Mt. Hood, thirty miles south, glittered as though its internal fires had broken forth anew. Not content with setting the snow-banks on fire, the sunbeams darted into the cañons, and touched the streams with flame. We had to almost shut our eyes from the brightness. This blaze of light, unaccompanied with great heat, is peculiar to the Pacific coast.

We leave the valley of the White Salmon and enter that of the Klikitat. We cross Camas Prairie (so named from an onion-like plant used as food by the Indians), with its cattle-ranches and dairy farms, and mount a high ridge in order to enter again the valley of the White Salmon. Descending this ridge, we seem to be entering an immense park. Trees are scattered over the rankest of grass and the brightest of flowers. We are in some ancient Eden set here when the world was new.

We ford the icy torrent of the White Salmon, and journey for six or seven miles through this paradise, passing a romantic little lake filled with trout and wild fowl, cross the White Salmon again, and find ourselves at the foot of Mt. Adams. One unaccustomed to these great peaks will gain some idea of their magnitude when told that the distance from the foot to the summit of Mt. Adams is not less than thirteen miles. In some places it is very steep, though the average grade is not more than eleven or twelve degrees, and one can easily go horseback to the snow-line. We need no trail. The white pile ahead of us, seen through the open woods, is a sufficient guide, and there is no undergrowth to impede our steps. We seem to make no progress. Glade follows glade, and one grassy lawn succeeds another. We begin to see, however, that the spring flowers take the place of those of summer. The pine spicules have a freshness as if just opened. The fluttering aspen-leaves and the lonesome-looking rose-buds have the newness of a colder zone. The trees look twisted and contorted, as if they had had many a struggle with the wind. The sun has dropped half down the west, when we begin to hear a distant tumult, as if a tempest were coming to give the trees another shake. But we soon discover that it is a little creek—the first water we have found in the long day's sunny climb. Ice-cold and clear as crystal, it comes tumbling over the volcanic *débris*. The trees grow smaller and more gnarled. We sink to the ankles in the ashy soil. A huge mule-deer springs up from a couch on a grass plat just ahead. Before our Nimrod recovers from his excitement the deer recovers from his and vanishes among the trees. A slim, silvery animal slinks out of sight as we again mount upward. It is probably a wolf. The creek grows more tumultuous. Pretty soon a smutty snow-bank appears among the trees.

It looks as though it had lain there forever. The snow-banks thicken. We look for a camping place, and find it in a little valley, a half-acre in extent, fringed by dwarfed hemlocks, carpeted with new-grown grass, and fortified by a huge snow-bank above. The creek tumbles over a precipice fifty feet high, and then ripples gently through the valley as if to atone for the unseemly haste of its entrance.

Here we rest for the night. Rest is sweet away up here. Not all the pleasant sounds of the night nor the moonlight on the snows above can keep us awake. Up in the morning before daylight, and we are fairly out on the snow in time to see the morning sun turn all the eastern flank of the mountain into a mass of molten silver too bright to look at. We must blacken our faces and put on goggles to avoid snow-blindness. The mountain air exhilarates like wine. We hurry on, and congratulate ourselves on the ease of climbing a great mountain. It is no job at all, we think. As soon as we reach that cliff projecting like a porch just a little above us we shall be half-way up. But somehow it takes a singularly long time to reach that cliff. We have to climb several others which come in the way. Then we find a vast snow-field. The snow looks so old that we can imagine it has lain there since the beginning of the world. It lies wedged in among the rocks in drifts and counter-drifts, like sand on the seashore. In places it is as pure as if it had fallen yesterday; in others it is smutted with the sand blown from the overhanging cliffs. Down there are deep green crevasses: it is a glacial formation. We avoid crossing the glaciers, since the slightest slip among those green cracks might be fatal. Now we leave the snow-field for a long ridge of rock from which the snow has been melted. These rocks, varying in size from a man's fist to a piano, form a gigantic flight of stairs.

At the end of four hours we stand upon the cliff which we had thought so near us. We are half-way up. Now we cross another enormous snow-field, nearly level, and so exposed to the sun that it is becoming soft. We toil across it, frequently sinking knee-deep. At last we see before us the final steep climb of a thousand feet. Its average grade is forty degrees. The projecting rocks, though in some cases sheathed with ice, give tolerably secure footing. Great care is needed, however, as a misstep at this point might involve a slide half-way down the mountain—provided one were not interrupted by a crevasse, in which case he would slide into the mountain instead of down it. The rock stairway terminates in the southeastern peak of the mountain. The central dome is four hundred feet higher and half a mile farther. Between the two is a snow-field, terminating on the northeastern side in a tremendous precipice, over which hangs a frozen Niagara. That greatest of cataracts, with its green waters above, its black depths below, and the rain-bow-girdled flood between, with its perpetual mist, and its roar and rumble from the under world, is a revelation of the sublime in motion. Here at the other end of the continent is the ghost of the great waterfall, the sublime at rest. With a movement apparent only to the eye that sees it always, with a silence more awful than the loudest noise, the great ice-fall creeps over the black cliffs. An island of basalt stands midway and presents the only barrier to the general congelation. A pyramid of ice a hundred feet high stands on the verge of the glacier. In form it is perfect. As to color—one would think that all the tints of heaven and earth had been scattered broadcast on its slippery sides. In this tremulous atmosphere it seems on the point of tumbling headlong.

From the foot of the glacier two thousand feet below us a white thread issues, and crawls away amid the rocky desolation. This is the Klikitat River. From it floats a faint murmur, almost lost in the calmness of the upper atmosphere.

We toil on to the summit, and reach it at three o'clock. A few moments of rest from utter exhaustion—then what a panorama! We see two-thirds of Washington and half

of Oregon, a territory equal to all New Engand and the greater part of New York. St. Helen to the west, Hood to the south, and to the north Tacoma, the mightiest, lie glowing in the sunbeams. Far away eastward we see the Blue Mountains. Amid them, smoky patches indicate the rolling plains of the Great Basin. A dim blue line westward shows the position of the Coast Mountains. A yellowish patch to the southwest stands for the Willamet Valley. We can distinguish no towns. One thing, indeed, that chiefly surprises us is the smallness of all objects. Extensive plains are the merest spots. Mountains that we thought very lofty are reduced to inconspicuous knolls. The park through which we came seems to extend clear to the foot of Mt. St. Helen. We see many lakes shining amid woody solitudes.

As the sun drops down, a serenity, a sublime calmness, descends upon the world. We can no longer think of these rocks as having been thrown up bubbling from the caverns of the earth. We no longer think of the pitiless cold that whitened these once seething rocks. We no longer think of the winds that swept those snows. The volcano, the cloud, the tempest—all are sleeping. The long day hastens to its close, and we must hasten with it. But the strange fascination of our surroundings holds us still there. Here, we think, the Past and Present lock hands. The Past, with its earthquakes and volcanoes and glacial plowshares, grinding the rocks and establishing the water-courses, still reigns here among these crags. The Present reigns in those far-away wheat-fields, whose fertile soil was spread and sowed with grass and trees and flowers by the hands of glaciers.

Partly running, partly sliding, we hurry down. It is dusk when we reach our camp. A chilly wind descends as night falls, and the solemn snow-fields above have a strange look of unreality. Another night of sleep, such as only a canopy of stars, a bed of moss, and the music of the stream can give, and we descend through the park to the White Salmon, and stand once more upon the common level of the earth.

Before returning to civilization we must visit the ice-cave. It is in the park, between Adams and St. Helen, about twelve miles from the former, and is about 2,700 feet above sea-level. Its exterior appearance is that of a huge well fifteen feet in diameter.

Entering this, we find at a depth of fifteen feet a floor of ice. Two chambers branch off from this central opening. We are drawn to one of them by a cathedral of ice, standing just under the eaves of the cave. We light our pine-torches and step cautiously across the slippery floor. The cave we find full of icicles, some as large as a tree, others slender and having knife-like edges. The ceiling, with its fretwork of ice, and the clusters of icicles like the pipes of an organ, give an indescribably beautiful effect under the light of the torches. This chamber, two hundred feet long, terminates in a narrow crack too small for a man to enter, beyond which it is evident from the sound of rocks thrown in that there is a long cavity. The other chamber is larger, but contains no ice. It is, however, adorned with beautiful specimens of lava, some hanging from the roof in clusters, like grapes.

With its surroundings of mountains and open woods, in which is an abundance of game, this is a most delightful place to spend a week. As yet it is unspoiled by any modern improvements. There is no hotel within forty miles. But too long already have we lingered amid the charming woods and lakes and caves of Adams. We leave it, assuring the Eastern visitor that, if weary of the White Mountains with their numberless hotels and little railroads up nearly every little hill, he would seek a solitude where nature dwells alone, he can find it here.

Hood comes next upon the list of mountains. Its name is at once suggested by the very name of Oregon. It is the only one of the great peaks of which the average Easterner has any distinct idea. Seen from all the principal towns of Oregon, welcoming the dusty emigrant from across the plains and waving its white banners to the white-sailed ships, made familiar to the world by the brushes of Bierstadt, Gifford, Keith, and

many other painters of lesser note, Mt. Hood is altogether the most famous of all our mountains, though surpassed in grandeur by Tacoma, in beauty by St. Helen and the Three Sisters, and in pleasantness of surroundings by Adams. Nevertheless, its bold and jagged outline, its delicate coloring, and its conspicuous position will doubtless always make it *the* mountain of Oregon. It is 11,225 feet high, and is situated sixty miles east of Portland. It is rendered comparatively easy of access by the Barlow road, a road by which the early immigration entered the State.

The space lying between Portland and the mountain need not detain us, though the slender firs swaying with every breath of wind, the vine-maples, moss-draped almost to the tips, the ferns that nod over the banks of the milk-white Sandy, and the gigantic cliffs that guard its narrow valley, are very beautiful. The valley of the Sandy is abruptly terminated by Laurel Hill, having climbed which we find ourselves on the main ridge of the Cascade Mountains, and at the foot of Mt. Hood. As we look back we can see the zigzag road down which the emigrants of thirty years ago used to let their wagons with ropes—when San Francisco was a range of dismal sand hills, Portland a tangled forest, Walla Walla an Indian campground.

We camp on the southern side of the mountain, preparatory to making the ascent the next day. The ascent of nearly all these great peaks is made on the south side. There is a general tilt northward of the strata of this part of the range. This makes the north sides very abrupt.

Mt. Hood seems in all respects wilder and more rugged than Adams. The stunted hemlocks among which we camp writhe and groan in the chilly wind, and the Alpine blossoms cringe. For years and years these withered little evergreens have been struggling here upon the edge of winter, and though so little they look very old. The glaciers in their turn have been crawling down toward the summer, and on the border land they trickle away drop by drop, and lose themselves in the thickening vegetation. The eternal interplay of life and death! The flowers climb upward, and the snowflakes fall.

A night of brilliant moonlight, a roaring wind right from the lips of the ice above us, a bed of grass and a chunk of bark for a pillow, no roof but the sky—what could be more magnificent? After so many centuries of house-life, the nomadic instinct still is strong. The typical man needs to be an Arab at least one month in the year. We seemed that night to hang in the air above a sea of ink relieved only by the glimmer of lakes, through which we could fancy ourselves looking into luminous depths below.

A morning of dazzling brightness and freezing coldness follows. Vast masses of fog rest on the seaward side of the mountain. The east side is perfectly clear, and the vast plains of central Oregon seem to be already palpitating in the heat, while we in our breezy eyrie six thousand feet above can slake our thirst with ice; for all the running streams have run entirely out of our reach during the night. And so we start, armed with ropes and hatchets, with faces blacked and veiled or goggled. The air is astonishingly clear. We amuse ourselves by guessing at the distance of a huge drift rock in the center of the snow-field on which we first enter. It appears to be about five hundred yards. The guess of a mile is received with jeers. But for three hours that imperturbable mass of matter looked down upon our strugglings and groanings and frequent prostrations full-length in the snow. It was over two miles from our starting point. This two miles is all a field of snow. It ends in the Sulphur Rocks, so called from their brimstone smell and frequent sulphurous spoutings. They are the remains of the southern rim of the crater. On all sides but the north the crater-walls have crumbled, and been borne away on the backs of glaciers, like the gates of Gaza on the back of Samson. When the crater-walls were entire, the mountain was doubtless far higher than now. Only a few shattered columns

now remain to attest the colossal majesty of the ancient structure.

Having mastered the Sulphur Rocks, we slowly make our way across a long ridge of snow, nearly level, and evidently gradually making its way into the crater. From this Tartarean pit the smoke puffs at intervals, as if from a steamboat. The sulphurous smell, together with eating snow, makes us all sick. However, we struggle across and find ourselves at the foot of the northern rim of the crater. This is about a thousand feet above the crater, has an average steepness of sixty degrees (which by making the ascent diagonally we decrease to fifty), is sheathed with ice, and marked at the foot by a crevasse of unknown depth. This crevasse we can cross in one place only. This is by a bridge of ice not more than six feet wide. As we cautiously pick our way across this bridge, we pause long enough to see the wondrous play of color as the sunbeams light upon the lips of the chasm. Green and gold and saffron and purple chase each other across the icicles, and flit like birds from one icy ledge to another. That must be where the rainbows hide when the storm is past.

As we enter upon that last steep climb we find it necessary to chop steps in the ice. It is safer to take a long rope and tie the different members of a party together. A slip at this point would very likely be fatal. An hour of the most exhausting toil brings us to the top. The volcano is beneath our feet. A fierce north wind flings the dry snow in eddies around our heads. The sunlight is blinding, but seems to have lost all its heat. It is, in fact, freezing hard. For a few minutes we stand utterly bewildered at the dim immensity below us. The hills and valleys over which we came are flattened as with an enormous roller. Over the lower part of the Willamet Valley vast masses of clouds pulsate like a sea. Fifty miles southward, seeming within rifle-shot, stands Mt. Jefferson. Just beyond are the Three Sisters, their bold outline softened by the blue haze. Still farther is the vast flat pile of Diamond Peak. And vague in the two hundred miles of distance a cluster of snowy peaks closes the southward view. Eastward the great plateau of central Oregon, with its bitter lakes and sunken rivers, with its abysmal cañons and monstrous springs gushing out in the midst of deserts, with its cities of rocks and its grassy plains, its mastodon cemeteries and petrified forests, stretches mazily away, bounded by a blue line of mountains. We look northward for the Columbia. Though thirty miles distant, it seems to flow at our very feet. The town of the Dalles we can distinctly see, though it looks no larger than a chess-board. The dark green current of the river flowing past the town and gleaming here and there among the crags imparts a strange look of briefness and littleness to the works of man. The three great peaks already described dominate all the northern landscape. Tacoma in the center, sublimest of American mountains, most beautifully contrasts with St. Helen, a smooth and shining dome rising from a purple base—fit bride of Hood, according to the Indian legend. Our eyes again seek and follow the river in its sublime and perpetual journey, until, unvexed by mountain barriers, it broadens like a sea and fades in the mist of the ocean.

Having looked in all other directions, now look down. Creep cautiously to the northern edge of the crag and peep over. The view is frightful. Three thousand feet almost perpendicular! The basaltic columns point right up at us, like huge fingers. Ten of the loftiest firs, plucked from among the "continuous woods" which lie west of us, if set "each to each" on the glacier stretching like a marble pavement at the foot of the precipice, would hardly reach us. This fearful precipice, together with the freezing wind, the whirling snow, the blue-black sky, the smoking crater with its brimstone stench, and the rocks continually rolling below with resounding crash, invest Mt. Hood with a terror far different from the pleasant calm of Adams. We gladly descend and leave the shaggy peak to commune alone with the storms. A few long slides, a few wild tumbles in the stiffening snow, and we are at our camping place. The ascent required

seven hours; the descent, an hour and a half.

No one should attempt the ascent of Hood without a guide. This it is not always possible to get. For some years a man, very intelligent too, who had made a hermit of himself for unknown reasons, lived in a cabin on Summit Prairie at the foot of the mountain, and could be induced for the consideration of ten dollars to lead a party to the summit. He has made the ascent eight times, and once spent the night of a Fourth of July on the summit. He says that the mercury fell only to twenty degrees on that occasion, though it might just as well have gone down to zero, in which case the scanty clothing that he could take would hardly have sufficed to keep him from freezing. It is not possible to venture at all on these great mountains through more of the year than two months. So vast a quantity of snow is liable to cause at any time the formation of storm-clouds on the summit. Furious snow-storms occur on Mt. Hood in midsummer, when it is warm and pleasant at the foot of the mountains. Then a visitor can appreciate fully the beautiful description by Moore of Mt. Lebanon:

> "His head in wintry grandeur towers,
> And whitens with eternal sleet,
> While summer, in a vale of flowers,
> Is sleeping rosy at his feet."

Mt. Adams, too, serene and hospitable as it was on the visit hitherto described, is frequently the scene of most furious storms. Two years after the visit I have described, I again tried to reach the summit. I reached Trout Lake, at the foot of the mountain, expecting to climb it the next day. The noonday sun shone brightly, and against the blue-black sky the monstrous mass of rocks and snow lay in serene repose. But even while I looked, now at the mountain, now at its image in the lake, a white haze began to gather on its western slope. Clinging there motionless for a time, but constantly thickening, it soon began to eddy and swirl. Huge white masses, rolling over and over, obscured the whiteness of the mountain. The white masses became dun, then black, and rolled swiftly upward like smoke from a burning city. Then we could hear the thunder and see the lightning drop from the clouds. A black wall had gradually formed from the wheeling vapors. Little knots of cloud of dazzling whiteness flew like troops of swans across the battlements. Deep caverns appeared here and there in the dark pile. Grotesque forms writhed amid the revolving towers, and hideous faces peered grinning over them. All this time we were stretched at ease upon the fragrant grass and flowers, with the genial sun playing on the wimpling surface of the lake. Though right under the storm, we felt not a breath of it. Just as the sun was ready to set the black wall cracked apart. The sunbeams poured in like a flood. The purple banners of sunset were planted on the reappearing heights, and all the rolling vapors fell away like a garment, leaving the mountain in its unclothed purity against a cloudless sky. Then we saw that far down the mountain sides the trees were powdered with snow.

We afterward learned that a party was on the mountain that very day. They suffered severely. This liability to sudden storms makes it necessary to use much care in selecting a time for ascending a snow peak. Mr. Muir nearly lost his life in a snow-storm on Mt. Shasta, and our northern peaks are even more liable than those of California to such visitations.

Of the remaining peaks of our Switzerland we need not speak at so much length. Mt. Jefferson has nothing of so great interest in itself or its surroundings as the mountains already described. Its height is about ten thousand feet, a little more than Adams, which is, however, of vastly greater extent. The summit of Jefferson is a basaltic chimney five hundred feet high and entirely inaccessible. The mountain has, however, been frequently climbed to that point. The region extending from Jefferson southward to Diamond Peak, though crossed by two wagon roads, has a higher average elevation, is more rugged and more full of lakes and torrents than any part of the region we are describing. There are many lofty peaks

covered with snow for most if not all the year. Only a few of these have been named or even visited. Mt. Washington, Three-fingered Jack, Table Rock, and Olallie Butte are the most noticeable of these secondary peaks. The last named is near the Sautiam wagon road, and is quite extraordinary in appearance. It is a shaggy mass of volcanic rock, rising like a huge spine from the backbone of the range. It has never been measured, but its height must be about seventy-five hundred feet.

Directly south of it is that most beautiful of all the pictures furnished by our mountains, the Three Sisters. They are entirely separated from each other by tremendous cañons, but from this point of view form one magnificent group unsurpassed among our mountains. The average height of the Sisters is nine thousand feet. They are exceedingly steep, and more Alpine in appearance than any others of the great peaks. Presenting such an immense united surface of snow to the sun, they are of necessity often enveloped in clouds. The sight of these three peaks emerging from their cloudy canopy, with the horizontal beams of the setting sun turning the cold white snow to the warm blush of a rose, and the protruding cliffs to a royal purple, would dim the fiery brushes of Turner, and paralyze the pen of Ruskin. The northern Sister has been several times ascended, and commands probably a more diversified view than any other point on the northwest coast. Eleven great peaks—Tacoma, St. Helen, Adams, Hood, Jefferson, the two other Sisters, Diamond Peak, Mt. Thielson, Scott's Peak, and Mt. Pitt—can be seen on a clear day; while a score of lesser peaks, of which Olallie Butte is an example—peaks that would be great anywhere else—are scattered near. Countless lakes shine among the mountains. The Willamet Valley, bounded by the blue Coast Range, lies westward. The bare and sandy valleys of the Des Chutes and John Day stretch eastward, ramifying through the Blue Mountains; while to the southeast can be seen vast sage-brush plains, bounded only by the horizon.

Among the lakes which are so important an element in the scenery of all this region, the most remarkable is Clear Lake, unless indeed we go some miles south of Diamond Peak and visit Crater Lake, the most wonderful sheet of water on the whole coast. Clear Lake is the head of the MacKenzie River, the largest branch of the Willamet. It is fed by a spring which gushes from a lava-bed with a stream thirty feet wide and two feet deep. The lake is of unsounded depth, though not more than three miles long and a mile wide. We found a canoe of the most fragile description to be the only means of transportation across it. A nervous person would hardly repress a shriek in first pushing out. We seemed to be floating on air. Whitened tree trunks, eighty feet below, were distinctly visible. Frequently we would float over a submerged tree still standing. We could glance down a hundred glistening feet of trunk. These submerged trees show that the lake was formed or at least enlarged by a recent volcanic dam. It is said that on the opposite side of the Sisters from Clear Lake is a spring, similar to this that feeds Clear Lake, but so large that a good-sized steamer might float in its basin. From it comes, in fact, the greater part of Des Chutes River. Myriads of such wonders, as yet undiscovered, will doubtless reward the search of the ambitious tourist.

Of Diamond Peak, it is sufficient to say that it is a small edition of Mt. Adams. It is about 8,500 feet high, and easy of ascent. It is seldom visited, though its surroundings of lakes and forests filled with game, and its interesting geological remains, are unsurpassed.

Crater Lake, though outside the limits of our Switzerland, cannot be passed without a brief description. It is most easily reached by a wagon road from Jacksonville, in southern Oregon. It is about a hundred miles northeast of that place. Its elevation above the sea is five thousand feet. Its banks are perpendicular walls, having an average height of twenty-five hundred feet. From above, the lake is said to look nearly black. At one place only are the

walls crumbled enough to permit a descent. A party descended at this point, taking with them materials for a rude boat. With this they explored the lake, which they found to be several miles each way, and of a depth beyond any measurements they could make. There was a frightful quietness over its entire surface. The wind seemed never to strike it. In the center of the lake they found a volcanic cone, in the top of which was a little sunken lake, an almost exact copy in miniature of the large one. This lake is indeed one of the wonders of the Pacific coast, but, far distant from any of the great thoroughfares, it is little known to the general public.

Such is a rude outline of our mountain land. Isolated and unknown as it has been in the past, it will soon throw its volcanic gates wide open to the multitude. In a future article I hope to describe the river which flows among these mountains. The mountains, grand and wonderful as they are, may be surpassed in some respects by the Sierras of southern California. But the river, with its inclosing crags, stands alone, unrivaled, unapproachable, among the rivers of the continent.

W. D. Lyman.

ANNETTA.

XV.

Had Annetta been in Bartmore's thoughts while he was quarreling with Treston? Simply as a controllable factor of the trouble. He had never considered her private and personal bias. The storm and stress of his own feelings alone had swayed him. Nor when Treston had been gone some days, through which Annetta's countenance had touchingly betrayed the gnawings of her silent anguish, did Bartmore observe, reflect, or regret. Nay, he fought his wordy battle with Treston over and over again in his sister's presence, after his wont. And yet there was a difference between this carping and that of older occasions; a subtle sense, unrecognized, indistinct, that Annetta did not agree with him, which kept him lashing away at the theme as if he would never be done. She, poor child, holding her peace at cost of keen self-reproach, making none of the hot defenses of the absent that surged impulsively from full heart to dumb lips, could never bring herself to murmur any sedative approval of the fraternal course. Despite the old line, there is a silence which does not give consent. Bartmore may have felt the prick of some such undefinable feeling. Had it become tangible, he would have forced his sister to take part with him, or, at her peril, against him.

Impalpable as was Bartmore's impression of antagonism, like a thorn which we feel but cannot find, it irritated him. Annetta tried, God knows, in those first so terrible days to omit no sisterly attention. She grasped at every possible domestic service—grasped to find her hands full and her heart empty even to faintness. Her mind was a prey to thoughts that led her round and round in one narrow track soon worn painfully bare. If Treston cared for her, why had he gone away? If he did not care for her, what meant such and such a tone, a glance, an act? But he had gone away. This was the reiterated end of all reflections. Amply able to defend and protect, he had left her.

How many times she woke out of dreamy revivals of happier hours to struggle in vain against that oppressive nightmare!

And now returned to torture, all the secret doubts she had felt of him at their first meeting. His courtly smile had never been aught save mere polished worldliness. His critical disapproval of Tom, and of her whom he saw in the midst of Tom's boon companions, gayly furthering their jollity, had never been modified. This conviction gradually

fastening upon her, her heart lost so much of its sisterly submissiveness, that she began shudderingly to fancy herself growing hard and bitter, and to wonder what the end would be.

At last when she was in a condition closely bordering upon melancholia, a healthy resolve, an ambition, sprang up within her and grew rankly toward inflorescence. She could never be happy again, but she might, at least, be thoroughly self-respecting.

Bursting impatiently into the house one afternoon, Bartmore rushed about seeking his sister. He had something upon his mind which he wished to tell her.

Taking each room below stairs in an irregular career, he appeared suddenly in the parlor. No sounds issuing thence seemed to have given him any warning. He stood dumb at the vision of a small figure with dangling legs perched on the piano-stool, Annetta sitting close by and beating time with emphatic finger.

Curtly nodding to an inquiring sisterly glance, the intruder moved toward the sofa and sat, his air suggesting strong opinions held in reserve.

There was a silence, spasmodically broken by several immature musical efforts, then a dismissal. The little learner, embracing her large green book, marched from the apartment and the scene, making way for a dialogue dryly begun.

"Who's that?"—so Bartmore, jerking his head toward the door of exit.

"Don't you remember her, Tom?"—a little factitious surprise doing duty to hide some secret trepidation.

"Would I have asked?"

"Bessie Banks."

"What's she doing here?"

"You saw—I was giving her a music lesson."

"Humph! what are your terms?"--sarcastically.

Annetta forebore to answer this query.

"I meant to tell you very soon, Tom. I am teaching to pay for my own tuition."

"Who put that notion into your head?"

"I hated so to trouble you with my bills."

"I always paid 'em, didn't I? Come!"

"You paid the first month's bill."

Bartmore rose to swing back and forth, turning toward her to ask, still restrainedly:

"How did you get scholars?"

"By canvassing the neigborhood." Annetta had not spoken without fear, yet with increasing hardihood.

Her last words were a bitter bolus to her listener. He made a wry face, then, as it were, spat out a prefatory oath.

"What do you suppose folks think of it?"

That aught save good could be thought of it had never occurred to Annetta. She so expressed herself.

"Good lordy! what do you want of money? Haven't you all you need?"

"Tom"—with a little burst of antagonism and resolution commingled—"I want to earn my own living."

"Then you'd better get at it in good shape."

To his surprise, and partly her own, Annetta answered crisply, eagerly, deaf to his sneer.

"How to do just that is what I want to ask your advice about."

In an ensuing silence which Bartmore stirred only by impatient and restless stridings, many things were vividly present in his mind. Annetta—his sister—going out to seek employment, the effect upon this, that, and the other friend: worse, upon this, that, and the other enemy; the comments, the criticisms, the endless questions.

Anxious, alert, trembling a little, knowing him displeased and excited, Annetta waited for him to speak.

She felt that she could live on no longer in the old way. She must have some change; why not through the means she had suggested? But Tom was far angrier than she had any idea of. He startled her by suddenly crowding up close to her as she stood, and saying furiously:

"Dare to mention this subject again, and I'll—I'll—"

His eyes flashing out of reddened rims, his quivering nostrils, his clenched hands, hinted at a menace unuttered and unutterable.

Mere physical repulsion caused Annetta to shrink back—but a step. She voluntarily steadied herself. Her cheeks blanched with the horror of the moment, but not an eyelash trembled. Erect, tense, she returned glance of resolution for glance of coercion.

Tom had never suspected her of possessing such pride and spirit. "Damn you!"—the words coming as if escaping from a seething mass—"why do you stare at me like that? You've got to submit to my authority, do you hear?"

"I do," in a low, clear, unsubjugated tone.

"Curse you! Does that mean you won't?"

"It means that I will not yield to force, Tom."

"You shall yield, by God! to whatever I choose."

The feelings of desire to be free from her brother's government, which Annetta had shuddered at as hard and bitter, moved strenuously now, barring the doors of her mind against any conciliation.

Her lip may have curled ever so slightly.

Tom was in no mood to endure the least hint of contempt. His frame quivered and then gave itself to action. There came a sharp, quick sound.

An angry redness had rushed into Annetta's cheek—but one cheek—and was spreading over one temple. The scorn had ripened on her lip. Bartmore was storming about the room, muttering dizzy imprecations.

Finding that he had no intention of approaching her again, Annetta walked steadily to the nearest sofa, sat down, and found herself shaking from head to foot. In the very center of the confused whirl of her thoughts was this conviction:

"The end has come."

Living with Tom would now be impossible.

But all the more because of what he had done did Bartmore resolve to control her. Still in the ashen pallor of his rage, smothering something very like remorse, he turned upon her, setting his under jaw and pronouncing a deliberate threat.

"No one shall cause me to be sneered at—and live. I told Treston that—damn his easy insolence!"

"Treston!" The blood tingling in Annetta's veins congealed once more. That name, never to be heard without an electric shock, was now coupled with a reference new to her. She had fancied Tom concealing certain details of the quarrel. The fancy became at this moment a petrifying certainty.

She dared scarcely breathe for fear of losing a single syllable of what Bartmore, impelled by a mysterious and elusive association of ideas, went on to say noisily:

"He'd played fast and loose with me long enough"—using wide-spread fingers in spasmodic gestures. "I'd made up my mind to get at bottom facts. So I spoke right out that noon—we were in Jim Bernard's office waiting for him—kind of smiling like"—here he showed his teeth in an illustration purely mechanical. "'Frank,' says I, 'I don't really believe you've any notion of buying my property.' 'Bartmore,' says he, after hesitating a second, 'you're right. I want a location for a home, and that doesn't seem to meet my ideas. Bullion & Davis have an improved corner which is far more desirable for my purposes. But I hope, Bartmore, if you haven't been able to make a bargain with me, we may continue friendly. I hope my plain speaking won't interfere with our pleasant understanding.' He put out his hand, smiling one of them insinuating smiles of his. I looked at it as if 'twas a dog's paw. 'You're mighty late in the day with your plain speaking, Treston,' says I. 'But now I've begun,' says he, 'I'll go on with it. I did intend to purchase that land, at first.'"

Then continued narration rendered impossible by an access of spleen. "He was for marrying you—my sister! He was for marrying you with my consent, or without it if you'd agree. And"—rolling a flaming eye upon her—"he seemed to have little doubt that you would!"

There was a pause, through which Bartmore threw himself into a chair, only to rise again impatiently. He resumed in a tone of

indomitable determination, his glance craftily narrowed:

"I knew the man too well to threaten him with personal violence if he proceeded. But"—forcing the words between grinding teeth—"I took my solemn oath then and there, if he so much as breathed a syllable of what we'd been talking about to you, I'd fix your pretty face so that no man would ever want to look at it. And I'd have done it. Nobody shall push me out of the way, or go again my plans and get off scot-free. I'll punish 'em one way or another, by God!"

Annetta had let her head sink gradually and softly against the wall. Her arms were loosely fallen their length, her hands were open and passive. Her whole feeling was that of a terrible tension relaxed. Had she been alone, she would have fallen in a half-swoon of mingled gladness and grief. Tom's unsympathetic presence forbade any impulsive giving way or passionate outbreaking. Nature, thus denied, conquered its need. The effect of a few moments' breathless and arduous silence was healing. Annetta's heart leaped up in her bosom, freshened, strengthened, purified.

The shame Tom had put her to was all forgotten in the honor Treston had conferred.

Those thoughts of leaving Tom, of making a new and independent existence for herself, were now remembered as misdeeds to be impulsively atoned for.

"O Tom!" she cried in a soft full voice; "O Tom!" rising, but not approaching him. "Can you forgive me? Since my foolish notions displease you, I put them aside. I never meant to act contrary to your express wishes. Your anger creates an atmosphere of horror about me. Forgive me, Tom."

Bartmore heard and let something very like apprehension exhale gustily with the breath he had held to hear Annetta through. But he was ready to yield no whit until after a long and severe rating, in the course of which, now his sister was verbally castigated, now Treston, with an impartiality which he could not himself have accounted for.

"I never really liked the darn fellow from the first," he declared with a touch of frankness, when the fires of his wrath had lost their malignancy. "He didn't have the true ring, somehow. And there was always a kind of look out of his eyes as if he felt himself wound up a turn tighter than me and my friends. I wasn't going to have the girl I'd taken care of all these years taught, by jingoes, to despise me and my ways."

"I trust that I never could be taught to be unsisterly, Tom," murmured Annetta, contritely.

For how clearly she saw now that as Treston's wife she would soon have to come to have little in common with her brother.

His wrath gone quite out, Bartmore showed his white teeth in a smile genuinely conciliatory.

"Let your music-pupils take their dimes elsewhere, Netta; that sort of thing would injure me. It would create an impression like that this last contract was too much for me. I'll scratch together enough to pay for your singing lessons. Here, take this"—filliping a shining coin toward her. "When you need more you know how to get it."

Annetta knew, at least, what he meant. A few weeks passing, she modestly presented her claim on her brother's pocket, to meet this petulant rebuff:

"Darnation, Net! How many twenties do you want me to throw into your throat?"

Annetta troubled him no more. But this last has been anticipatory. Bartmore had burst in on Annetta's secret, his mind full of something very different. When she and he were friends again, he remembered to tell her what he wished and expected of her.

"They say that you're not like you used to be. Never a bit free-hearted or social."

Camp gossip, of course, although Bartmore did not directly admit it.

"Make yourself agreeable there, Netta," he urged. "It's business. The boys must be kept good natured. I'm only paying 'em half wages, and less if I can manage it until I get through this confounded contract. Thirty thousand dollars carted away already

with them darned sand hills, and as much more must follow before my feet strike bottom."

Annetta repaired to camp that very evening, but not quite in the old light-hearted fashion. Those sordid surroundings weighed upon her spirit—the approaches, deeply worn by clodding feet, the accumulated odors of the ceaseless succession of breakfasts and dinners and suppers, the ineffaceable smears clinging to the walls in rows over the long, low benches, and bespeaking dozens of leaning heads. She felt herself painfully susceptible to these cheerless influences.

As she ran up the creaking stairway into McArdle's room, the guttural hurry of many gossiping voices was suspended an instant, to burst forth again in accents of delight.

She had brought her guitar, an instrument joyously known in camp as "Miss Bairtmore's fiddle."

She sang many songs, and her delight grew with the measure of delight so undisguisedly expressed. Who can tell what touch of something better than they had known wakened in the dull workaday hearts she felt it her mission to cheer? One could see by reddening cheeks and kindling eyes that those same hearts were set throbbing a bit faster at sounds of her clear, lilting voice.

For a song, Annetta frankly forgot the hopelessness of a life-long separation, and rejoiced in mysterious and rapturous anticipations. Yet there was a power of pathos in her tones, unknown before the coming of deep suffering experience. How did that pathos pour forth with the stanzas of this old ballad:

"Lovely clouds! departing yonder,
Let, O, let me with thee stray!
Here alone why should I wander
When all I love is far away?
Beauteous vapors, why so fleeting?
Creatures of the life-fraught air,
List a while my sighs entreating,
Leave me not in lone despair.

"No, they care not; onward speeding,
Here no kindly aid they spare;
But my mournful strain unheeding,
Lightly waft themselves afar.
No, poor heart, there's naught to cheer thee,
Pining thus thy home to see,
O my love, that I were near thee,
There alone is peace for me!"

Then Terry, sitting to listen devoutly, his head aslant, a hand on either knee, said slowly, in his high, thin voice:

"It's no lie to say but thim's great and mournful words, Miss Bairtmore. Sure, they'd bring tears from the eyes of a man who didn't have anny eye. Yit it's but wan here an' there wud be afther comprehendin' their m'anin'."

A set speech, over which the general company murmured hoarse, indiscriminating approvals, instantly to break into acclamations.

Terence O'Toole was proposing that they might have a "chune," something a bit livelier, if Miss Bairtmore wud axcuse him for makin' so bould.

Annetta gayly and obligingly dashed into the crisp measures of "Killarney."

Immediately began the rhythmic stir of nodding heads and waving hands, the clumsy tapping growing loud and louder of heavy boots, and at the end a burst of Hibernian applause that shook the building.

This last vocal performance having aroused latent terpsichorean memories, hasty calls were made, and peremptory, for a jig. After much coaxing Terence O'Toole and Eddie Gavan were gotten upon the floor, where they danced to the tinkle of Annetta's guitar and the encouraging music of such ejaculations as "Aha, Eddie!" and "Sure, ye shuck your heel that toime, Terence lad!"

Annetta could not leave the beat and jar of these rude sounds behind her as, escorted by Maggy, she left the camp and walked wearily homeward. They followed her to her lonely chamber, and made her wide-eyed and sleepless.

She knelt at her bedroom window, tasting the balm of the flower-scented night, and growing calm under the benediction of vast starry silences. She looked toward the dark westward hills, feeling after the ocean behind them, and the ocean answered her need in a faint, far roar.

That day upon the beach—one day of

many—was in her mind, and the final word Treston had spoken concerning his first unfortunate love.

Then her bright hopes had run mistily high and full with the running sea. Now that dim hollow boom smote upon her ears with sound of somber irrevocableness.

"I was so happy, so confident," she murmured, her breath coming in half sobs.

Lifting a face suffused and radiant toward the sky, she whispered devoutly:

"But he loved me. He would have had me for his wife. Why should I not live on proudly, serenely, in that knowledge?"

Had her voice unconsciously arisen? Some one spoke up quickly from the garden balow.

"Was yez afther wantin' me in, Miss Annitta?"

"Why, Maggy! Haven't you retired yet?"

"I was a bit restless like."

"And I too. Maggy!"

"Yes, miss."

"Come closer."

Maggy obeyed, her black head stirring on a level with the window-sill, then her face vaguely upturned.

"You are thinking of Dan, Maggy."

There was a mellow, sympathetic certainty in Annetta's soft assertion.

"Of Dan?"

This resonant repetition alone to be distinguished amid inarticulate and confused mumblings of denial.

"It is true. I know that you miss him, long to see him."

And again, correcting a sigh, and urging forth tones of hearty good will:

"Write to him, Maggy. Dan always liked you. How glad I should be to see you two together! I have his address; at least, I can tell you how to get a letter safely to him."

"Not I, miss!" cried Maggy, sturdily. "I'll ne'er put pen to paper first for anny man, Dan Meagher or another."

"But, Maggy—"

"Wait a bit, Miss Annitta. Wud yez be afther doin' that same yoursel'?"

"I'll write to Dan for you, if that's what you mean."

"Now, miss, don't yez be thwisthin' out iv it! Wud yez write for your own sel' to him who hasn't been here for the weeks ye've been goin' round like a ghost?"

"O Maggy!"

"Glory to God, miss! don't think as I wint to hurrt yez. But there's strong shtirrin's o' pride in the kitchen as well as the parelor."

"Forgive me, Maggy."

"Forgive me for shpakin' out a bit rough like. As for Dan, who seen betther nor Maggy the road his poor hairt was dhrawn? An' Maggy seen other things."

"What, for instance?"

This with an intuitive assurance that Maggy only waited encouragement to speak —not of Dan, but of that other.

"He thought heaven an' airth of yez, miss. Yez was spring an' summer to him."

"I could not really tell that he cared for me, Maggy."

"Yez was too upset like wid your own feelin's. But 'twas in his shmilin' whinsumever he looked at yez, as plain as the time o' day on a clock's face."

XVI.

December had come in, and was dragging by stormily. The valley and its encircling hills parted with their overplus of moisture by way of the long open road leading thither. That red-rocked highway soon found itself the bed of a turbid, brick-colored stream; yet even so, was as a race-course, down which the dismal weather made the most of its opportunities. There stretched wind and rain, twinned in a wild, gray career. There mists, now finely granulous—mere water-dust—now woven into a billowy continuity, sped and fled, were tossed and torn. If thinning betimes to show the Quarry like a red-brown scar against richly grassed and rounder hill-masses, it was only to thicken and drive more obstinately.

The leaden pond stealthily grew until it washed over a newly graded street, got into gardens hitherto untouched, marked inch after inch higher upon the props lifting habited and uninhabited houses into fancied se-

curity, and one desolate morning was found to have extended its western and murkiest edge into the graveyard, there to set a coffin or two forlornly afloat.

The sounds of the season were as dolorous as its sights. The wind, whose summer hilarity had expressed itself in many changing keys, seemed possessed by a legion of devils. It beat as if with myriad wild vans, gray by day, black by night, against every obstacle. It had divers and hope-defying voices. It was driven forth with evil exultation. It was drawn on and on in attenuated lamentation.

Annetta had wisely set herself some tasks which would help her to live through the days of imprisonment. So many blouses to make for Joe Flynn, so many fresh print aprons to brighten McArdle's dingy kitchen array, and the two closing volumes of Froude's England to study, besides her music. Yet, bar out despondency as she might, there were instants of intense perturbation which no service, no song could soothe.

Never a pleasant storm-comrade, Bartmore was now more than unusually unsatisfactory. The wet, the mud, were fetters which he chafed against incessantly.

An extension of time had been granted him on his heaviest contract, yet he was condemned to watch those precious days of grace drag by, his stables thronged with idle horses, the camp swarming with idle men.

This the first week only. In the second he borrowed money at the bank, paid up arrears of wages, and reduced his force of laborers to fifty, most of these old hands. Yet he found no peace of mind, but wandered about the house in slippered restlessness, or made wild trips to camp for no other purpose, as it seemed to Annetta, than to vitiate the indoor atmosphere with steamy odors of drying garments, and to set the seals of an utter desolation in miry boot-prints upon well-swept carpets.

Yet slightingly as she might think of those flying visits to camp, McArdle greatly feared them. She had learned to curtail her usual culinary lavishness in wet weather. For then at any moment the "boss" might appear, himself to superintend her conduct of affairs, with an eye which nothing escaped. Then did she assume a rectitude if she had it not, sending Barney Flynn and others of his sort away empty of stomach and of hand.

Never had she forgotten how, to use her characteristic hyperbole, "it was teemin' bullocks wid the horns down'ards" on the dreadful day when—

But she enjoyed going the "rounds" of the story herself, and never allowed it to be taken out of her garrulous mouth.

"There," she would say, pointing toward a perennial grease-spot upon the kitchen-floor, "she shtud," meaning, as all her auditors knew, Mrs. O'Toole's daughter, Molly, often sent to see what could be picked up in an atmosphere where, to use a Chaucerian metaphor, "it snewed of meat and drink."

"I was tattherin' betune the table an' shtove"—so McArdle, with an unfailing air of reminiscent awe—"gitten dinner; I had jist t'rown three whag-yokes iv beef intil the pot, whin I picks up another an' gives it a casht intil Molly's ap'un, an' begorra! before I cud git the crook out o' me arrum, there shtud the boss, his eyes prickin' right an' left. Och-hone"—waving wild, lank hands aloft—"me hairt was kickin' in me t'roat but! I twishted a look at Molly. Her ap'un was all of a virtuous pucker, an' so was her mout'. She turrns an' was gittin' away quiet, fut fer fut. 'Hould on!' says the boss, cuttin' his worrds in two, as if his lips was a pair o' sharp blades. Back comes Molly, an' me turrnin' iv a green shweat. 'What's that yez iv got in your bib?' says the boss—he not bein' the man to know the grammar o' wummin's things.

"'A bit iv an ould soup-bone,' says Molly, bould as brass. Wid that the boss plucks at her ap'un, an' pulls it down.

"'Is it this, begorra! yez was afther contrivin' behind me back, Molly O'Toole?' murthers I. But the boss was pickin' out the mate an' settin' Molly intil the rain be her two shoulders.

"What did he say till me? Arrah, niver a wurrud, livin' or dead, but he fetched a shtraight luk at me wud shplit a shtone."

The storm broke at last, but not that drying weather might hastily ensue.

For another week Annetta must needs stay indoors, the garden and streets near by being well nigh impassable. For another week old Refugio must needs sit limp and shivering by the kitchen fire, a prey to gloomy horticultural anxieties and rheumatism. For another week the men must lounge about the camp smoking, and telling ghost-stories in which Johnny Melody's name figured frequently. Of him all had some grisly experience to recount. To judge from their recitals, he had indeed frequently revisited the scenes of his last earthly labors. Terry had seen him during that very "spell o' weather," his hair and beard "pinted with wather," and his steps leaving "dhrips o' wather" wherever he moved; had seen him walk through the stable to the feed-cutter, and thence to the stall where his drowned horse had always stood, there to disappear with a flickering haste, as a shadow from the screen of a magic lantern. And McArdle had a tale to tell of slumbers interrupted by mysterious scrambling sounds in the dining-room.

"'Twas Johnny, jist," she declared, lapping her tongue forth to moisten her thick, dry lips, and shaking her shock head. "He was for sittin' down to supper, an' some wan wudn't lave him. Whin he cries out onct, 'O Dan!' an' ag'in, 'Misther Bairtmore dear'; thin he boockled to wid whosumever 'twas, an' ras'led a long boockle. An' if yez don't belave me," she would end in a tone of triumph, "begorra, why, thin, was the benches all iv a twisht the mornin'?"

For that last heaviest interval of inactivity, Bartmore watched the gray, stealthy mist-ranks crowding over the hills and trailing through the valleys, to groan when they were condensed into a petulant, driving drizzle, and to exult when they dissolved away before an impetuous sunburst.

A dozen times a day he told his sister, in large, round numbers, how many dollars he was out of pocket.

Finally two joyful events conspired to put him into high good humor: the sun came forth in broad, sparkling earnest, and a purchaser was found for the —— Street property.

"Sixteen thousand!" Tom cried, vigorously walking about, and jingling whatever coins he chanced to have in his trousers pockets. "Seven — hundred — and — ten more than I asked that damned Eastern chap."

Only by some such circumlocution had Tom referred to Treston since the quarrel with Annetta.

"Sixteen thousand, sis! And I must spend every darn cent of it before I can begin to collect. But when money does pile in"—his nature expanding in the anticipation—"we'll have more than we'll know what to do with. You shall have silks and diamonds, by jingoes! till you can't rest; or what do you say to a pony and phaeton all your own?"

Annetta said nothing, but clung to her brother with wistful pressure of arms and of cheek, thus wordlessly conveying warm appreciation of his good will. But her heart refused to leap, as once it might, at any promise merely material.

On the morning when the teams could go grinding away to work, Tom was up early, and Annetta with him; yet not any earlier than old Refugio, returning happy as a child to his philandering among the flowers.

Annetta walked about in the garden after the familiar click and clank had gone suddenly out in the distance, living a little more fully than of late in mere sensations, finding her heart somehow expanding in strange, blissful hopes. What and whence those hopes she knew not; but Treston's presence was the very soul of each and all.

She looked abroad and rejoiced with the rejoicing earth. Already the ugly corrosions of the storm were healed. Only its cleansing and purifying effects remained in the sweet fresh air, the smooth roads, in rapturous bits of verdue.

Enjoying these, Annetta was telling herself in a warm glow of feeling how helpful, how patient, how true she would be in years to come: helpful to Tom and patient with

him; true to Treston's gracious memory, however long their separation. God would not keep them always apart. Something told her that to-day. She was young, she could wait. She could trust on, though the silence be unbroken.

These reflections further enriching her mood, she went indoors, not singing, but with an exaltation of spirit too great to express itself in aught save a *Te Deum Laudamus.*

Nor did the trivial tasks of housekeeping lessen her fervor. She moved here and there ever so radiantly, touching everything into a finer polish than served honest Maggy's turn of mind.

The chambers thrown wide to airy ministries, she went into the office and gazed, refusing to be dismayed, upon evidences of Tom's careless occupancy scattered in muddy boots, torn papers, gaping drawers, cigar ashes, and empty glasses. Having introduced a broad beam of sunshiny sweetness into that stale atmosphere, she fell to work gayly, only pausing once or twice, her countenance rosed by the active exercise of sweeping, to lean on her broom and look from the window with eyes that instinctively wandered toward the farthest and vaguest point of a wide horizon.

But no ordinary setting to rights could fully satisfy Annetta's housewifely ardor on this beautiful, exhilarating morning. Her dusting done, she sat down, the towel still wound about her head, at Tom's desk. She knew that the very abomination of confusion reigned in every drawer. Zeal less ardent than hers had not been equal to beginning the task she entered upon cheerfully.

A piece of work like this is apt to lengthen out indefinitely. The segregation of bills paid from bills unpaid, of notes canceled from notes uncanceled, of copies of public contracts from copies of private agreements, of business communications from social letters, cost her much anxiety.

Being unwonted in the matter, she may have made a few mistakes, going on serenely unconscious of them.

And besides these papers, there were innumerable waste sheets whereon Tom had begun but never ended some bid or letter or calculation; and scraps difficult to assign to any fit place, being covered merely with figures meaningless to her.

And stay: what letters were these in a lower drawer? Easily enough Annetta recognized the long loops and leaning capitals of their wan superscription. Bulky epistles from Tom's wife while she was yet only his *fiancée* crowded into little pink or blue lined envelopes. Alas! the ink was not more faded than her gentle influence from Tom's buoyant career. Annetta tied them all carefully together with a soft, deep sigh, then delved anew into the bowels of the disorder. A moment later she had taken up another letter, and had partly read it before glancing at the signature; her tranquil sorrow was thrilled through and through by strange, quick pulses of agony.

Treston had again come out of the realms of dreams, past and future, into her life.

The page bore a date later than any knowledge she had of him.

So he had written to her brother from the East. This was the sentence which after a formal introduction had sent her eyes darting downward:

"I herewith soberly relinquish all thought of pursuing the hope disclosed to you."

Should she read more—all? This was something Tom had not told her in any expansion of confidence or eruption of anger. She would possess herself of no secret, of no added syllable. She had read enough.

Still in the sickening numbness of heart produced by that inadvertent discovery, Annetta was startled by a deep, sudden sound striking the house like a blow, jarring every door, rattling every window.

They were blasting to-day at the Quarry; Annetta now remembered seeing the cans of powder in Tom's buggy as he drove away.

She rose and looked from the window.

The thick white cloud rising funnel-shaped in the stainless atmosphere was already whirling into sullen shapelessness, and dozens of dwarfed figures were swarming back up-hill from as many different points, whither they had withdrawn. Tom's buggy,

a mere toy from that distance, reached the deserted platform ahead of the men. Annetta watched its slender wheels spin glinting along the edge. She noted how high Nelly carried her head. She stood a moment, then went back to the swinging chair and her silent work.

She was still very busy—nay, it seemed but a moment afterward that she heard the returning carts closely, reluctantly at hand. Tom would very likely return with them. This probability was hardly formed in the mind when she caught sound of his voice shouting some order in the direction of the stables. Then again those tones, vigorous, excited, exigent, formed themselves into words resonantly intended to reach her ears, at whatever distance she might be. He was rushing through the back yard toward the office, he was opening the outer door.

"Netta, Netta; have you seen that bill of—"

He stopped there, foot and tongue, at the smiting vision of his sister and the work she was at. By his expression of countenance he did not think well of it.

Annetta read his face with eyes uplifting somewhat heavily. She read and murmured, her faint smile meant to be reassuring.

"I haven't destroyed a single scrap of anything, Tom."

Which speech, although received with not too easy credulity, brought him back to his unfinished query.

"That bill of Clay's, sis. For wines and liquors. He's presented it again, and darned if I don't believe I paid it one evening at the club-rooms. If I did, the receipt is somewhere here. I can't find it in my pockets or memorandum-book."

"Several receipted bills of Clay's are in this drawer," said Annetta, searching for a packet suitably backed and displaying it with laudable pride.

Bartmore tore the papers eagerly apart. The one he sought was not there.

"You've put it in another bundle by mistake, perhaps," he exclaimed, glancing about to see what to pounce upon next.

Annetta answered obligingly, "I will look, dear."

Which assurance left Tom free to pace the floor and devote his mental energies entirely to belaboring Clay with an unction derived from that again revived sense of political defeat: this for the mere minute his patience lasted.

"By Jove, sis! Haven't you come across it yet?"

"There are so many papers, Tom. I don't think—I was really very careful—"

"You've destroyed it!" roared he, falling straightway upon Annetta's nearly finished work with marauding eagerness.

As packet after packet was rent apart in hasty and hastier pursuit of the missing paper, the confusion swelled beyond the confines of the desk, and overflowed upon the floor.

"There! what did I tell you?"—presently displaying the now familiar billhead among a bundle of business letters. "You see you'd better leave things alone than mix them up like this."

But though Annetta stood quite dumb before this glaring proof of her inadvertency, Tom's triumph was short-lived.

His discovery proved to be of the original bill merely.

The desk being quite empty, and Bartmore's temper by no means improved, he harshly ordered his sister to cram all the scattered papers back into his desk, and then to cease to meddle with what didn't concern her.

He rushed from the office and the yard.

His loud dictatorial tones coming up presently from the street below, Annetta went mechanically to the window. He was standing with legs wide, using his arms in strenuous gestures.

Recognizing Clay in the slenderer person sturdily facing him, Annetta feared there might be trouble. But whatever Bartmore's grievances, real or fancied, for this time he confined himself to domineering utterances profanely emphasized. Annetta's suspended breath exhaled in a long sigh, partly of relief, partly of sorrow, as, parting from his companion, he impetuously vowed that he would settle the matter in dispute, if at all,

when, where, and how he pleased; and swung off with a splendid consciousness that his physical strength was an argument Clay could not answer.

Tom did not return to dinner, although so near.

There were days such as these given to the rush of business when he forgot to eat, and that without seeming to suffer from his fasting.

The carts having gone grinding heavily away again, Annetta ceased to expect him, and sat down to a meal made doubly lonely by the experiences of the morning.

Mrs. McArdle was at the house in the afternoon. That tall, uncouth compound of ignorance and superstition was always strangely nervous and restless on days when the men were blasting. And this day, marked by other bursts of sound as ominous as the first which had startled Annetta, was no exception.

Her tongue ran glibly through the chapter of accidents which had been written by the pen of fate since she had worked in the camp, beginning with Mrs. Flynn's Larry brought home dying from a premature discharge of powder, the fortnight before Joe was born, and ending with Johnny Melody.

His name naturally introduced her story of the ghostly midnight wrestling match.

"Cats!" cried Maggy, with a great wholesome roar of laughter. Yet she was to remember the tale thereafter; and the mysterious association of Bartmore's name with the dead man's was to be triumphantly recalled by McArdle.

Just at dusk, supper then waiting for Tom (the carts were already home), Annetta was watching now from a window, now from the front door.

Standing at the last place of espial, she saw a phaeton dash around the high-fenced corner of —— Street. A strange phaeton and a strange horse in a neighborhood where every regular passer-by soon comes to be known is something of an event.

The light vehicle, the swift horse hurried forward to stop at the front gate. A man was instantly upon his feet and the ground, advancing toward her. A stranger, who as she was drawn insensibly to meet him, her slightly widened eyes fixed upon his black-bearded face, lifted his hat, and asked in a deep tone, oddly hurried, Annetta thought:

"Is this Tom Bartmore's residence?"

"It is, sir."

"I am looking for his sister."

Annetta bowed slightly.

"Miss Bartmore," exclaimed the gentleman, in a firm, somewhat dictatorial tone, "will you not get your hat and cloak and come with me—immediately?"

The last word was so uttered as to convey an impression of dreadful exigence. The girl felt the chill wintry air and began to tremble visibly. She stood in the walk, her face blanched, her manner dazed.

Something had brought Maggy to the front door. The gentleman looking beyond and above Annetta, said peremptorily:

"Her hat and cloak."

Another moment, and passively arrayed in whatever Maggy had fetched, Annetta half stepped and was half lifted into the conveyance.

Nothing was said during a drive which whether long or short Annetta never knew, but these two curt sentences:

"He has been carried into my office. For his sake be brave."

Then there ensued a dizzy sense of a great surging crowd growing stiller and denser toward its center, which was Tom's face, ghastly almost beyond recognition.

"Speak to him."

Was it the person who brought her that said this?

"Tom, Tom!"

The girlish voice, rich, steady, with a strange power that did not seem to be of herself, thrilled through the crowd and through the fainting sufferer's dulled senses.

Bartmore opened his eyes, their sudden light seeming weirdly out of place amid that deathly pallor.

"Sis, sis!" he gasped. She bent close to catch these words uttered with a terrible eagerness.

"Listen to what they say about me."

Evelyn M. Ludlum.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

FAMILY NAMES AND THEIR MUTATIONS.

When Sam Weller said that the orthography of his name depended "on the taste and fancy of the speller," he put in words what is practically done with a large number of our proper names. At the present rate of corruption, it will soon require a philologist to determine the relationship of many of them, as it already does to decipher their meaning; for it hardly needs to be said that all such names were originally significant. The heading of this paper refers merely to family names, nor is it proposed to examine into the abstruse reasons which induce men to spell the baptismal Philip with two "l's," Stephan with an "e" in the final syllable, or Anselm so that it differs from Absalom only in the second letter. We omit entirely the discussion of that peculiar idiosyncrasy of the female mind which makes three-fourths of the fair sex (schoolma'ams included) rejoice in such names as Hattie, Sadie, Lulu, Mamie, and hosts of other appellations in "ie," never bestowed on their wearers at any baptismal font in Christendom. But the same vanity plays tricks with the other sex, and though it crops out but rarely in Christian names, yet runs in a well-defined lead through many if not most of our family names. S. Madison Stubbs, J. Cheseborough Snooks, Q. Cadwallader Wiggins, and their *confreres* are quite frequent on cards and signboards, producing on the mind of the average American much the same prejudice as does the first sight of the man who parts his hair in the middle: it requires time to remove the bad impression.

Years ago the writer became acquainted with a lately arrived Hollander, Moritz Van den Eiken by name, whom he has subsequently met in an Eastern town, married, with seven children, and transformed into Morris Oakley. In this instance the change was total, but the reason assigned was a plausible one. Heer Van den Eiken assured me that my countrymen could not pronounce and would not spell his Hollandish name, and that he consequently took its nearest English equivalent in meaning, just as, in France, he would have taken Duchêne. In Pennsylvania there are numbers of Butchers, Carpenters, and Tailors, whose original patronymics were Metzger, Zimmerman, and Schneider. If the descendants of these should be lucky enough, through striking oil or otherwise, to join the ranks of the shoddy aristocracy, they will doubtless be able to find an accommodating professor of heraldry who will, "for a consideration," deduce their descent from families of those names in England, furnish them with a family tree and coat of arms, just as valuable and probably just as true as would have been supplied then under their original and real names. A French gentleman, long Americanized, once assured me that it was a constant source of annoyance to hear himself addressed or referred to as Mr. Peel-about, his name being Pélabout. The cases of Van den Eiken and Pélabout are fair instances in which there was rational ground for changing the name; and in such a cosmopolitan country as ours, there are thousands of similar instances. Vanity and ignorance, however, are, we fancy, the principal elements at work in such changes. The former, like the poor, we shall always have with us; and the latter does not as yet show any material signs of decrease.

Readers of the printed "Domesday Boke" will have no difficulty in perceiving that up to that time one name, and that the baptismal, was considered by our Anglo-Saxon forefathers amply sufficient for all purposes; though in cases of ambiguity, the name of the father is added, or still more frequently the place of residence suffixed by means of the Latin preposition "*a*." Hence, Gib Wat's son, Hal Jamie's son, Giles à Grange, Hob à Seven Oaks (Se'enokes, Se'nokes, Snokes, Snooks). Further on in English his-

tory we see the necessity for a clearer family nomenclature manifesting itself still more strongly, since none but saints' names could be given at baptism, and the number of saints by no means increased at an equal rate with the population. From reprints of documents dated in the reign of Henry III., we find that the recurrence of the same name had already become such an annoyance that fully two-thirds of the population had subjoined to their baptismal name some other word which served as a family name, and has, in one form or other, however mutilated, been bequeathed to their male descendants. These names were general nicknames, as Craven, Hardy, Stout; names of trades, as Baker, Fuller, Smith; names of color, as Black, Dunn, White; names of physical qualities, as Limpy, Shanks, Cripple; names reflecting origin, as Fleming, Welsh, French; the father's name, with "son," as Jackson, Johnson, Hobson.

Thus it will be seen that we originally got our names in a very hap-hazard way, very much as was the case with the Israelites in Germany during the last century; the only difference being, that legal enactment forced the Hebrews to take names by which they might be known in law; while among our ancestors, laws to that effect were only made when all had either already selected names, or had them *will ye nill ye* imposed by their neighbors. Except for the length of time during which we have borne them, our family names have no more to do with us personally than have the names of our fellow-citizens of African descent, who simply took the name of the master that bought them. Certainly our Browns, Robinsons, and Smiths have either had large preponderance in numbers to begin with, or have had more male children than those of other colors, names, or trades. There are numerous other names not far behind these in frequency; nor is it much to be wondered at that some of the fraternity should try to accomplish what their names fail to do, and by adding or omitting letters, strive to individualize themselves among their all too numerous namesakes. Hence, Smithe, Smythe, and the ludicrous Smitthe; Browne, Bron, Broune; and Robison, Robeson, Robesen.

These changes carry their cause quite patently. Not so, however, when, a quarrel over a legacy having sprung up in a portion of the extensive *gens* White, one branch of the family thenceforward writes the name Whyte, to emphasize the fact that they have no connection with the firm across the way. Not so when the son of a reputable blacksmith (whose name appears upon his sign as Devlin, surmounted by three horse-shoes) on receiving an appointment in the army blooms out into De Valin; nor can we find any excuse for Mr. Sewell, who having prospered pecuniarily announces himself as Mr. Sa Ville—a change uncalled for by the frequency of his real name, and far from creditable to his knowledge of French cognomens.

With all the patriotism of the Irish—and it is prodigious—large numbers of them, both in England and the United States, have dropped the "O" from their names. The Connors, Connells, Shannesies, and Fallons are far more numerous than the full Milesian names; nor are instances uncommon where the literally patrician baptismal name of Patrick is slurred, ignored, and stowed out of sight like a poor relation, under such guise as P. Eugene Carthy.

> "Per O et per Mac veros cognoscis Hibernos:
> His demptis nullus verus Hibernus adest."

It is idle to attempt in a magazine article to write exhaustively on a subject co-extensive with the directories of our chief cities. But suggestions may be thrown out which will enable those who feel an interest in the matter to derive ample material for reflection from the signboards that meet their view on any walk in the streets of any town. Matthew and Matthias were both evidently names very commonly given in baptism in early England, and our ancestors seem to have had the same tendency to the curtailing of names which their descendants manifest as to language at large. Matthie, Mattie, and Matt were therefore current contractions of both names. Hence, in the outset, the family name Matthewson, Mattie-

son, and Matson. But we have nowadays, in addition, Madison, Madeson, Matison, and Mattisson; while the son of Mag or Maggie (widow or spinster), apparently ashamed of his matronymic, has dropped the true spelling, and fancies that he throws philology off the scent by writing himself Maxon.

The repute of the hero of Trafalgar, without any doubt, preserved to us many far-off sons of Nell, under their original *sobriquet*, who would otherwise long since have figured as Nellistons; and the retention of the plebeian Howard (Swineherd) by the Dukes of Norfolk has given this name in the minds of those who wit not of its origin a halo of aristocracy which prevents its being exchanged for Howarth and Hogarth. By the way, this latter often appears under the phonetic spelling Huggart. But for the fame of the Protector, the Cromwells would by this time all have lapsed into Crummles. Since the Franco-German war, there has been a marked decrease in the readiness of German immigrants to change the Teutonic patronymics for American ones; and if a Snooks should arise with luck or ability enough to attain the presidency of this republic, towns, counties, cities, streets, and children would be named in his honor by people who never saw him.

Without considering the names that come to us from foreign languages, a glance at a few of our own English or British names will suffice to exemplify the queer transformations that they have undergone, when those bearing them desired a change, or, through want of acquaintance with the schoolmaster, fell into the phonetic system of orthography. The circumstances surrounding each mutation, did we know them, would at once disclose whether the new form was due to ignorance, to vanity, or to the necessity for some more accurate distinctive mark than the name afforded. In many instances, the *prima facie* evidence needs no bolstering, and the reader can judge of the motive from the appearance of the original and the impostor.

Aitkin, Atkin, Adkin, with their clansmen in "*son*," were in origin one, and if there be any good at all in correct spelling, only one of them can be the genuine name; nor is the case at all different with Moore, Muir, More. Altford was a name, the significance of which is patent; but in Alford it is partially obscured, to go into total eclipse under the guise of Alvord, which has no derivation in any tongue. If the reader will set himself to think in how many different ways something similar in sound to Holiday or Haliday might be represented by letters, he will at the end have but an inkling of the transformations to which that word has been subjected since it became a proper name. Applegarth is a very good Saxon compound, and from that "*orchard*" the original Applegarths have the name; but whence came Appelgraith, Apelgrit, and Appelgate? We have Aitchinson, Achison, Aitchison, Aitcheson, Aicheson, with other changes yet, rung upon one original. There is a violent suspicion of cockneyism in the name of Mr. Arper, and it would need evidence to convince us that it is not a corruption of Harper, engendered somewhere in the vicinity of Bow Bells.

Bacchus, Baccus, Backus, though sounding alike, differ in origin, the last being a false spelling of the German word for "Bakery." The Bairds and Beards might both be admissible; but whence did Bayrd come? Not all who bear the name of Bayard are in any way entitled to the cognomen of the knight *sans peur et sans reproche.* Berkeley has a meaning, but Burklee and Barclay have none. Batchelder, Baxter, and Beall or Beale, should, if rightly written, appear as Bachelor, Bagster, and Bell; while Beebe and Bibb, Burke and Bourke, Bigsby and Bixby, Birdsall and Burtsell, Bowles, Boales, and Boles, Brennan and Brannan, Burns and Byrnes, Burroughs, Burrowes, and Burrus, are but mispellings of the first-mentioned in each set. Breen would fain escape the Fenian O'Brien, and there are too many Queens whose ancestors were Quinns! Cadogan and Cardigan are both good Welsh names; Cadigan and Cardogan mean nothing, and are nothing but failures in orthog-

raphy. Cahill, Coyle, Coill, and Kyle are but one and the same name. Blocksham, Farnham, and Barnham, with many words of similar ending, have in some hands degenerated into Bloxom, Bluxom, Farnum, Farnim, Barnum, and Barnim. Cadwell, Colwell, and Kilwell, all indicate but one original; and Callahan is the simon pure, of whom Cullen, Cullan, Cullin, and Callan are counterfeits. Who will dispute the identity of Kavanagh, Kevenny, Kevney, etc.? Carr, Kerr, and Ker are unmistakably one. Perhaps it was well to get rid of the look of the real name; still the sound is much more important than the appearance of a name; and Messrs. Cilley, Cockerill, and Cronk had recourse but to half-measures when they misspelled their genuine names. Comerfort naturally tempts the American to say and spell Comfort. The Hebrew Cohen is spelled Kohen, Kone, and Cone; and Connolly, Cannelly, Kenealy, Keneely; Corrigan, Kerrigan; Cowley, Cooley; Kirby, Curby; Kramer, Creamer; together with all the possible ways of approximating the sounds of Donaghue and Dougherty—give us examples of a diversity attained under the most discouraging circumstances.

Bevans, Bowen, Powell, Price, Pritchard, and probably Breese, are modifications of the Welsh "Ap" (equivalent to *Mac*, *O*, *Fitz*, *Son*), prefixed to Evans, Owen, Howell, etc.; but what induces the first to spell his name Bivins is more than we can answer.

No argument is needed to show that Dowd and David, Davis and Tevis, English and Inglis, Eustace and Eustis, Ennis and Innis, Forester and Foster, are, pair by pair, one. Gough, Hough, Geraghty, Garret, and Gleeson appear each under five different guises in the directory. Some Hardy was taken with a fancy for Hardee, and others of the clan struck for Hardie; a branch of the Holcombes write themselves Hoakum; Hyatt becomes Hite, Kearney becomes Carney, Kelly is Keiley, Kelehy, Kiely, Keely, and suffers other metamorphoses too tedious to mention. Let the reader recall to his mind in how many different ways he has seen Lawrence spelled. Irwin has been spelled in eleven different fashions, though it is but one name. Ralph, Rolfe; Percival, Purcell; McHugh, McCue; Philips, Phelps; Pierson, Pearson; Reynard, Rennert; Russell, Roszelle; Strahan, Strain, Strane—are instances of two names made in each case from one original. Sim's son is none the less a son of his father through his device of inserting a *p*; nor will the same subterfuge conceal the paternity of Thompson. Is there a possible way in which the sound of Shepherd could be represented that has not already been put into use or abuse? Meagher is spelled in every intermediate way down to Mair, which is as low as we have been able to trace it. One Poindexter says that his name is Pundickster; and some years since there was a certain Murphy, who, acquiring something that he mistook for fame or repute, proceeded, as he thought, to suit his name to his new circumstances, and became Paul Morphey.

Most of the facts here stated can be verified by him who, passing on the streets, has eyes and uses them. If our country is a cosmopolitan one, San Francisco is peculiarly so as a city; and nowhere else in the world could we have in one spot such an excellent opportunity for research on the origin of proper names. It cannot be said here, as the chronicler says of Cornwall—

> "By Pol, Tre, and Pen,
> You may know the Cornishmen";

nor, as Sir Walter sings of Annandale—

> "Within the bounds of Annandale
> The gentle Johnstones ride;
> They have been there a thousand years,
> A thousand more they'll bide."

Our population is diversified and changing as our names, races, and languages are various; the reader may therefore easily follow out for himself the line of observation I have indicated by these few instances of what appears to be a growing abuse of an integral part of our inheritance, the mother tongue.

CURRENT COMMENT.

SINCE the issue of our last number, the OVERLAND has met with one of the heaviest losses that the death of one man could bring it; and in this loss it is only a sharer with almost every good effort and institution in the community. On the 31st of July, Mr. W. W. Crane died, a man of whose work and worth it is speaking narrowly and selfishly to say only that he was one of the very inner circle of stanchest friends and supporters of the OVERLAND, both the early magazine and the present series, both in prosperity and still more in adversity. Mr. Crane has been an occasional contributor to our columns from first to last, oftener in editorial and otherwise unsigned writing than in signed articles. But greater than the loss of the services from time to time rendered the magazine is the loss of the untiring steadfastness of friendship and interest that we have always from first to last been able to count upon with absolute confidence. It is no secret that in our community where, as yet, the forces of life and activity are rushing strongly into material channels, the battle for the intellectual civilization everywhere in progress is carried on with fewer forces than in other places, and, under conditions involving a heavier strain on each one, more weight of anxiety for the issue. Therefore, the sudden fall of one who stood among the few most steadfast, most intelligently active, most personally unselfish, is an inexpressible loss. Almost every interest of the public that constitutes our reason for existence—the interests of education, of pure government, of literature—lose as warm a friend as the OVERLAND loses, by the death of Mr. Crane in the prime of his life and his work. We hesitate to enter here, and hastily, upon any analysis of the character or history of the life of one as to whom so much is to be said by those that knew him, and ought to be read by all in our community that did not know him; and shall in as early a future as possible publish some more adequate memorial of Mr. Crane: only pausing here for the few words of honor to his memory and sorrow for the public loss, without which we cannot let this issue go forth.

IF the friends of education were surprised to hear that Charles Francis Adams, Jr., had declared, on behalf of himself and the Adams family generally, against the classical curriculum of Harvard and its preparatory academies, no noun weaker than "amazement" describes their feelings after reading the oration in which he thus takes stand. We found it entirely comprehensible that Mr. Adams—whose specialty, as every one knows, is railroad questions—should have ranged himself with the many intelligent though one-sided or partially informed men who believe the scientific education to be at odds with the classical, and in the right of the quarrel. There is nothing to discredit a man in this; in the majority of cases he is quite in the right, except for the one point that—as in the case of Herbert Spencer—he is attacking the traditional and obsolescent classical education, and supposes that the classical education scholars are now defending is the same thing, which is not the case. Between the wide and generous scientific training and the wide and generous classical training there is no conflict, but great mutual helpfulness. If, on the other hand, Mr. Adams had taken ground with the specialists in behalf of the technical training, which *is* opposed to the classical, it would not have been incomprehensible: though the men of wisest and widest outlook and forward look will never be found among the advocates of the technical, there is—once grant the point of view—so much that is really sound to be said in its behalf, that one need not be surprised to see many a fellow-citizen of solid brain and great public services turn up on that side.

But Mr. Adams's real position proves to be, not for science, not for *technique*, but for *French*. Burlesque though it may sound, it is only a fair summary we are giving when we say that Mr. Adams's oration is to the following effect: He himself, and in fact many of the Adams family have been bitterly mortified and seriously inconvenienced because they did not know French; John Adams, when he went abroad as United States Minister, had to learn French in mature age, and the inconvenience this was to him in diplomatic intercourse seems to his great-grandson no less serious a matter than the position of one who "fought for his life with one arm disabled." On his own behalf as well as his great-grandfather's he betrays the same surprisingly exaggerated sensitiveness, in describing his own feeling at industrial congresses in Europe, where his French was inadequate. Now Greek, he says, was always to the Adams family a bore; they learned it by rote in the first place, and with enormous labor; they never understood it, and never cared for Greek literature. He believes the majority of his classmates felt the same way about it. Therefore, for the benefit of those of similar tastes and mental bias, he advises the establishment of academies which shall substitute for the teaching of Greek the modern languages—French, German, Spanish, Italian—and that Harvard shall accept a thorough knowledge of any two of these as an equivalent for the elementary knowledge of Greek now required.

Now the absurdity of all this lies in a nut-shell; and the nut-shell is that any man, not phenomenally

obtuse in language, can learn French or German or Spanish or Italian, even to the degree of perfection that Mr. Adams asks, at any time in the first ten or twenty years out of college; if he has learned his Latin and Greek well in college, and got even the scant conception of language relationships that the best Latin and Greek grammars now in use give, he will have the general "hang" of the Aryan languages well enough to learn the German and Romance tongues with ease, even without a teacher, save for the one point of pronunciation. The pronunciation, we freely grant Mr. Adams, he could not have acquired to a scholarly delicacy after early youth. If it is to save his sons from the mortification of mere deficiency in pronunciation that Mr. Adams would make this reform in the academies, it is a large apparatus for a small piece of work; for we have repeatedly seen young men and women equipped with the pronunciation enough, not merely for industrial or diplomatic purposes, but for the more exacting standard of social purposes, in no longer time than those very hours now given to modern language in every college schedule; we speak from knowledge when we say that any intelligent young man of a fairly good ear, with a good teacher, can if he will put his mind on it acquire all the French or German or Spanish pronunciation he will ever need in three class-room hours a week for six months—and there is no college in which the ogre Greek devours the hours so utterly as not to leave easily this remnant to the student. All the rest there is to be learned of a foreign language—and we are not advocating the "grammar and dictionary" knowledge that Mr. Adams snubs as worthless—can be learned thereafter, and the pronunciation "kept up" by simply acquiring and keeping up a habit of reading and conversing in it. It is just here that Mr. Adams's position strikes us as most incomprehensible. He says plainly that he, in his profession, has found it a most vitally important matter to be able to read French industrial works, and, in following out lines of research abroad or meeting co-laborers of other lands, equally important to speak and understand French. Of course we comprehend that he means by this, to read and speak with the same or nearly the same ease as his native tongue. Now this mastery of a foreign language, he says, he has found it impossible to acquire, both from lack of time and from loss of the mental facility of youth. When a man of so high intellectual standing proclaims that he has been unable to master a modern language after arriving at the age of thirty years or so, one is almost compelled to believe that the achievement is really so enormous. And yet one needs but to look around him to find American society bristling with refutation; to find men reading German and French as part of their business or professional work, women speaking them as part of their social convenience, all of whom—starting from the ordinary smattering of the schools and colleges—simply learned to read the language by reading it, to speak it by speaking it. Young men go every year from our American colleges to German universities, young girls to study music abroad, and have themselves equipped, almost before the voyage is over, with a fair use of their material, a basis on which they can raise as complete a building as they choose by simply continuing to use the language. There is in this facility for acquiring language a great difference in people; but as a general rule it may be said that any one who has once thoroughly comprehended and learned his Greek and Latin grammar, and acquired even a dictionary power of reading these languages, and this in the intelligent way and from the point of view of comparative philology (habitually used by the best teachers on this Pacific coast, and—we must believe on other authority that seems to contradict Mr. Adams—at Harvard too)—any one, we say, who has thus learned Greek and Latin grammar has learned the grammar of the Aryan languages once for all, and need only note a few points of variation in each to have command of all that is needed as a foundation on which practice will build good working mastery of any Romance or Teutonic dialect. It would be rather curious if it should turn out that Mr. Adams's oration had unconsciously revealed a hitherto unnoticed mental deficiency hereditary in the brilliant and scholarly family for which he speaks—that curious obtuseness in the one matter of language, whatever the other mental powers, occasionally discovered by every practical teacher. The fact that he represents Greek as having been a terrible drudgery to them all, and the grammar merely learned by rote and never understood, seems to point in the same way.

It is really high time the talk of classical study as an old-fashioned, fossilized thing was dropped, for it is becoming an inexcusable display of ignorance; and ignorance with regard to the very thing, at that, which it claims to know most about—the spirit and tendency of modern science. Language occupies a smaller place in school curricula to-day than at one time; but it has never since the Renaissance held a more important rank among the progressive activities of men, or been more a vigorous "New Learning," than now. There is among men who are by temperament or geography a little out of the way of knowing what is going on in the intellectual centers, a doctrine that the new learning of to-day, the science that carries the standard for the nineteenth century, is exclusively physical science. The "humanities," they think, are still what they were a hundred years ago. They think of the group of sciences that deal with man as a rational being as still consisting of such studies as metaphysics, theology, orthodox political economy; and do not seem to know that these dry bones are now walking around with precisely the same modern blood that flows in the veins

of the group of sciences that treat of matter, and of man only so far as he consists of undoubted matter.

To one who has once dipped fingers, be it never so lightly, into the great currents of historical and sociological research that go flowing nowadays around the globe, all this seems an amazing ignorance. Just as chemistry, geology, or botany lead up to biology as their highest result, and owe their deepest interest in the minds of all but specialists to that very fact, so the group of human sciences, history, philosophy, literature, economics (the distinctions are rough, we grant, for they are all really history, past or contemporary), lead up to sociology, and owe their deepest significance to that fact. And just as the unlearned are made most quickly to feel the hand of science in the making of their own lives, and to respect it accordingly, by being shown the result of mathematics, mechanics, astronomy, meteorology, in engines, improved routes for vessels, and storm-signals, or of biology in Pasteur's and Tyndall's discoveries about infection, so they can best appreciate the results of the historic sciences when they come to the point that is technically called dynamic sociology, and lay an actual reforming hand on the abuses of society and politics.

Now the activity that is in this year of grace 1883 pervading this group of historic sciences, the thoroughly modern and common-sense methods that are followed, the strong breeze of "nineteenth-century spirit" that fills their sails, and keeps them well on in the van of progress (progress even in the narrow sense often fastened on the word, of change, independence of the old, and the like)—these are most evident, to him who even in a far-off and unlearned way keeps an eye on their course. They seize on the young student who puts himself in the way of their influence, and sweep him along into their current with a more joyous and vigorous enthusiasm than any other class of subjects. We do not speak of the places in which these subjects are taught and studied—as botany and mathematics are apt to be in the same places—in an unscientific, rote-learned way: we speak of the places where they are taught and studied accordingly to the best and most fertile method; and we suspect a careful census would prove these places to be as many as those in which the physical sciences come up to the same standard; and that their radiation of really valuable influence is as great, their working army as numerous, though they do not seem to attract camp-followers so much.

Now he who knows something of the present progressive spirit and fruitful development of the historical sciences knows also that nothing has done more to place history in its present position than the recent development of comparative philology — that language-study is the very tap-root through which comes the main current of nutriment of this vigorously growing and fruitful plant. It is almost hard to tell which is historian and which is philologist now, and it is fair to say that no one is very much of a historian in the modern spirit who is not a philologist, nor very much of a philologist who is not a historian. We call E. A. Freeman a historian—but how much of Mr. Freeman would be left if the philology were taken out? Prof. Cook of our own University is technically a philologist, because a man must be technically something; yet the chief credit that attached to his name before he came here was, we understand, in connection with institutional history. Prof. Max Müller is technically a philologist; and his philology has been the direct cause, both to himself and others, of enormous contributions to the comparative history of religion, law, government—and in fact, well nigh all civilization. If any one doubts the practical value of all this, let him consider whether, in the interests of character and morality, the very general craving among the intelligent but not scholarly classes for some new light, and that cast from outside sources, on theology, had better be satisfied by the smattering of crude fact and falsehood that the sensational pulpit stands ready to supply, or by the sound facts of the religious history of mankind which will—like all sound facts—undermine the taste for the sensational.

It will probably be readily granted that this vital history of to-day, in one or all of its forms, is an indispensable element in a liberal education. Our own observation inclines us to go farther, and say that there is, on the whole, no path into history and sound historic methods so accessible, practical, and satisfactory as the philological. And for philology, there practically is no foundation except Latin and Greek—and Greek rather than Latin. This is a thesis that needs no proof to one who has studied even the elements of the two languages intelligently and by the methods of comparative philology, and that is incapable of proof to one who has not. The reason that they constitute the basis of all language study is in the nature of the languages, the particular stage of development at which they were crystallized into literature. To the trained philologist, their value is not pre-eminently great—in fact, they are comparatively squeezed lemons to him; but to the young student there is no substitute for them.

As to whether the classics are actually taught in schools and colleges according to the vital comparative method, we can only say that the text-books of Latin and Greek now foremost in the field are thoroughly in its spirit, that we have seen, even on this far Pacific coast. and for ten years past, a fair amount of it, and that the centers of education are turning out yearly men competent to impart it. As a further indication that the spirit of scientific language study is supplanting that of barren classicism in our colleges, imparting a new strength to the position of Latin and Greek, we note the movement toward Anglo-Saxon in our colleges, pointing to its ultimate status as a regular part of the classical curriculum. It will, however, legitimately stand third in time there, not because it is less worthy, but be-

cause it can be to best advantage studied third. This will perhaps seem fallacious to one who entertains the hasty impression that, while Latin helps you to learn French, because most French words are derived from Latin, Greek cannot possibly help you to learn German, because there are few words in common. The student, however, knows that the thing which makes the acquisition of new languages easy is not any array of half-helping, half-misleading hints as to vocabulary, but a sound comprehension, previously built into his intellectual structure, of the "general hang" of language and its methods.

A SMALL point of international discussion, namely, the right of England to charge us with the double given name as an Americanism, has already been to a great extent settled by the triumphant citing on the part of patriotic Americans of "those well-known Americans," Thomas Babington Macaulay, Henry Kirke White, William Ewart Gladstone, William Makepeace Thackeray, or of "the distinguished Britons," Abraham Lincoln, Bayard Taylor, Horace Greeley, Edwin Booth. Though it may be easy to prove that America bestows the double name far more freely than England, she can at least protect the custom from the charge of being an Americanism by an amply substantiable *tu quoque.* But we have been accustomed to bow with entire submission to strictures on the American middle initial, feeling that we cannot allege any "Thomas B. Macaulay" or "William E. Gladstone" against our "John G. Whittier" and "James A. Garfield." Mr. James, Jr., has done his worst by the friendless initial; the journalism of the West has accepted it as purely American and a good butt for purely American humor, and accordingly the burlesque novelette of Western journalism is now depending largely for humorous point upon calling the lover "Alonzo J. Smith" or "Henry S. Wilton" at impassioned points. Such a sentence as, "Father, I will not conceal it longer: it is my love for Alonzo J. Smith that is killing me," is considered a full demonstration of the unfitness of the middle initial for romantic or poetic purposes; while its peculiar fitness for business purposes is everywhere implied—the very sound of Peter A. Miller conveying an impression of commercial importance. This unfitness for romance and fitness for business in the middle initial is probably the point that has reconciled America to settling down under imputation of an Americanism without a sign of her usual eager search through Chaucer and Donne and parish registers to prove that it is really an old and authenticated Anglicism. And as to England herself, she has received the knowledge of this curious custom of the barbarous people with much amusement, and adopted it in a class of novels as the very latest and best means of writing "This is an American" across the brow of a transatlantic character.

It is therefore with much surprise that we read the signatures to a testimonial presented to United States Minister Adams, upon his departure from London in 1868. There are seventy-two signatures to this document; of these, twenty-two are either titles or firm names, and throw no light on the number of initials possessed by the signer. Of the remaining fifty, twenty signatures consist of one given name and surname, to which may be added that of Disraeli, who signed his last name alone, like a title. The other twenty-nine signatures we will give in two divisions:

I.

Thomas Milner Gibson.	C. E. Trevelyan.
A. H. Layard.	C. P. Fortescue.
C. B. Adderley.	W. E. Gladstone.
John Abel Smith.	A. C. London.
H. E. Rawlinson.	H. H. Milman.
E. P. Bouverie.	W. E. Forster.
Sir S. E. Colebrook.	R. W. Crawford.
H. A. Bruce.	J. J. Morgan.
James K. Shuttleworth.	

II.

Arthur P. Stanley.	William J. Alexander.
James W. Colville.	George J. Goschen.
G. Shaw Lefevre.	Spencer H. Walpole.
M. E. Grant Duff.	Rod. I. Murchison.
Stafford H. Northcote.	J. Wilson Patten.
Francis H. Goldsmid.	Thomas N. Hunt.

Not only, then, do twenty-nine out of fifty Britons, distinguished in church and state and letters and finance, sign three names apiece, but twelve of these use either the middle initial, or—in three cases—the first initial with full middle name. In the face of "Arthur P. Stanley" and "Stafford H. Northcote," the future status of this last and least-questioned of Americanisms seems doubtful.

THE National Civil Service Reform League have sent out a circular, in which they urge as the next step of reform the repeal of the law of 1820, by which many of the higher offices in the civil service are limited to a maximum tenure of four years. The Pendleton bill met the abuses of the spoils system with regard to the lower branches of the service, but left all the higher offices untouched by reform, except as they are indirectly affected by the restrictions on appointment to the lowest grades. To the reformer, or to any one who is in sympathy with reform, the mere statement of the question at issue is sufficient to win hearty assent to the proposition, and sympathy with the effort for the repeal of the law; the arguments that are urged are in the main the same by which the first step was gained. The point is made with some insistance that the repeal of the law would be no experiment, but a return to the custom of the early republic; and the quotation of the opinions of Webster, Benton, Clay, Calhoun, etc., has much weight. That of Jefferson, on this very law, we quote as the best summary of the whole: "It saps the constitu-

tional and salutary functions of the President, and introduces a principle of intrigue and corruption which will soon leaven the mass, not only of Senators, but of citizens. It is more baneful than the attempt which failed at the beginning of the government, to make all officers irremovable but with the consent of the Senate. This places every four years all appointments under their power, and obliges them to act on every one nomination. It will keep in constant excitement all the hungry cormorants for office; render them, as well as those in place, sycophants to their Senators; engage them in eternal intrigue to put out one and put in another, in cabals to swap work; and make of them what all executive directories become, mere sinks of corruption and faction."

BOOK REVIEWS.

Studies in Literature.

THE third issue of the Putnam's "Topics of the Time" series is *Studies in Literature.*[1] This series is practically a monthly eclectic magazine, of which each issue is devoted to one special line of articles. It is a novel and a good idea, for it enables the reader to select among reprinted English essays more according to his preference; and on the whole a higher grade of essays are sifted out for this more permanent form than for the magazines; on the other hand, there are not so many in each number, and they are not so recent. The present number has a specially good selection of essays. It is perhaps a drawback that four of the six are from the Nineteenth Century and the Contemporary Review, whose pirated issues in this country make it probable that these essays have been read before by many. The Blackwood paper on American literature in England is the first of the six, and, by virtue of its bearing on a current controversy, the most interesting. It is in the main a temperate, gentlemanly, and reasonable article; but it bears some droll testimony to the very thing it is denying—that is, that English readers are not in a position to understand the New England school of literature. It takes ground that American literature is still provincial, and that when Americans exalt various names of whom England has never heard, it is not the English under-rating but American over-rating that is at fault. When the critic supports this position by quoting Mr. Lowell's early eulogy of N. P. Willis, it certainly looks strong; but is promptly weakened when he goes on to illustrate further the superiority of English standard of judgment as follows: "Nor can we help asking . . . . whether if Mr. Longfellow had not been an American any man in his (literary) senses would have considered him worthy of Westminster Abbey? He is a very charming and fluent writer, his verses run smoothly and catch the ear, his subjects are unexceptionable, and he has a little characteristic melody of his own which gives a gentle pleasure. But nobody surely would rank Evangeline or Hiawatha among the great poems of the world."

Had not this Blackwood essay been so generally commented on at the time of its first appearance, we could dwell at some length upon several misapprehensions of the critic; but we will only call attention to the truth of his general proposition that in all great literature the humanity is larger than the provincialism, and intelligible to all whose opinion is worth having. American critics have never claimed that Howells is great in this highest sense of the word; they only claim for him the discovery of a new handling of fiction so modern, so true, and so charming as to be in itself a sort of greatness; in other words, he is great in the more superficial elements of novel-writing, and admirable, but just short of great, in the deeper qualities. But the assertion that we have *no* literature in which the human rises above the provincial simply discredits the writer: we have a good deal of poetry, and a little fiction, notably Hawthorne's, not to speak of any other sort of literature. One thing always confuses the English second-rate critic in this question of provinciality: he cannot feel that the political issues touched in the Biglow Papers are no more provincial than those touched in Gulliver's Travels, and objects that the wit of the paper is obscured by the necessity of studying up petty details of American history. We Americans expect to study up English history that is quite as petty as either the Mexican War or the Secession, in order to understand English literature.

The second essay is on a "new reading" of Hamlet, by Franklin Leifchild, and is from the Contemporary Review. Overlooking the slight tinge of the fanciful that seems to haunt essays about Hamlet, the position taken is to our mind, in its general outline, the only sound one: that the keystone of the drama is not the father's murder and the duty of vengeance, but the mother's fall, and Hamlet's consequent loss of faith in humanity and life; and that the numerous inconsistencies are explained by the rather incongruous grafting of this psychologic drama on the materialistic frame-work of the stage-play. Nothing could more plainly exhibit this incongruity than the instance

[1] Topics of the Time. Edited by Titus Munson Coan. Vol. I. No. 3. Studies in Literature. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

here quoted of the soliloquy following after the interview with the ghost: "The undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns"—and this in the face of an incident that contradicts half the burden of the soliloquy. The next essay, "The Humorous in Literature," is rambling nonsense, not worth printing the first time, still less the second. "The Bollandists" is a very interesting account of the little known and less appreciated work of the Jesuit society founded by Bolland to write a complete cyclopedia of the "Lives of the Saints." This remarkable work, begun in 1629, has continued with only one break to the present time, and bids fair to go on a generation or two more. One cannot lay down this paper (by the Rev. George T. Stokes, in the Contemporary Review) without a warm admiration for the character and work of the society, especially of its founders. Matthew Arnold's essay, "Isaiah of Jerusalem," already much read and quoted on this side the sea, is simply a plea to the revisers to preserve the beauty of the old translation of Isaiah, even at the sacrifice of verbal exactness, because literary beauty is an invaluable religious force in the sacred books of a people. A pleasant article by Thomas Wright, "The Journeyman Engineer," discusses in an optimistic way the readers of the "penny novel serials" (which appear to be much the sort of literature that Pomona used to read in the Rudder Grange); these readers, he says, are of the "genteel" class—young ladies in the millinery business, and so on; and they will read the next grade higher of fiction by preference whenever they can get it for a penny.

Renan's Recollections.[1]

Ernest Renan is sixty years of age. He is known chiefly to American readers as the author of a Life of Jesus, which was published in 1863, which in five years ran through five editions, and which was translated into most of the continental languages. He was intended for the church, and following the guidance of his early introduction to the Oriental tongues, he became a student and master of the Semitic languages, and to-day probably has no living superior in that department of learning. He was by nature religious, and by training scholarly. He first accepted the teachings of authority, but the questions that arise in every mind prone to philosophy, and speculation, and complete acquisition, kept him in the paths of investigation, until the doubts which authority would silence were answered for him by solutions that brought him to grounds of belief different from his teachers and his church. He has in all reverence and honesty passed over the whole gamut of Christian religious thought, from the permanent and rigid dogmas of Roman Catholicism to a complete and unqualified disavowal of belief in what is known and accepted as Christianity in its most liberal expression. These recollections of his youth are not a narrative of the events of his early life, such as make up the substance of most biographical writings. "The recollections of my childhood," he says, "do not pretend to form a complete and continuous narrative. They are merely the images which arose before me, and the reflections which suggested themselves to me while I was calling up a past fifty years old, written down in the order in which they came. . . . . The form of the present work seemed to me a convenient one for expressing certain shades of thought which my previous writings did not convey. I had no desire to furnish information about myself for the future use of those who might wish to write essays or articles about me." With such prefatory warning, and with the further expression that "the one object in life is the development of the mind, and the first condition for the development of the mind is that it should have liberty," he gives hints of the progressive development of his own religious opinions, as he passed from one place of study to another in his youth. His teachers are placed before you as they were intellectually and religiously, and his own struggles and doubts as they arose and conquered him, until, in the honesty of his being, he broke the promise of early intent and gave up the life of the priesthood, for which he had made all the primary preparation. As he writes of his youth, the conclusions of his maturity often come uppermost, and interpolate themselves between the stages of his earlier development, and at intervals we meet his best conclusions concerning the truths of religion, philosophy, and life. Whether Renan agrees with the reader a little or differs from him a great deal, one must reflect that he is reading the work of one who is most deeply learned in all the beginning and maturity of Christian learning. If he cannot solve the reason of the differences between himself and the author, the author, at any rate, does not come within the range of his pity or his criticism, by reason of lack of learning upon this subject, to which he has given most of the thinking of his life. He is one of the most elegant writers of his time, and in this work the grace and simplicity of his style will allure many readers who might be repelled from another who reached conclusions so wide apart from most modern religious thought. His morality is on a plane above our criticism. His conclusions may be a bewilderment to the church in which he was fostered, but the immaculateness of his life and the purity of his purposes are evidenced throughout this last work of his and in every expression of his pen. He is grateful to the priests who taught him for the rigid morality of his life, but he does not concede to every one the right to doubt what have been accepted as great religious truths. "There are, in reality," he writes, "but few people who have a right not to believe in Christianity. If the great mass of people only knew

[1] Recollections of my Youth. By Ernest Renan. Translated by C. B. Pitman. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

how strong is the net woven by the theologians, how difficult it is to break the threads of it, how much erudition has been spent upon it, and what a power of criticism is required to unravel it all. . . . . I have noticed that some men of talent, who have set themselves too late in life the task, have been taken in the toils and have not been able to extricate themselves." On a level with this thought we may add, that this book is not for all readers; that there are but few people who have their own opinions so far within their control that they can afford to follow this author into what may be toils from which they may not be able to extricate themselves. For the average reader does not have that foundation and reason for his final religious conclusions that Renan is able to give: "I cannot honestly say, moreover, that my faith in Christianity was in reality diminished; my faith has been destroyed by historical criticism, not by scholasticism, nor by philosophy."

Life on the Mississippi.[1]

It is, on the whole, a pleasure rather than otherwise to find that Mark Twain's latest book, while unquestionably an entertaining one, is not distinctly humorous. There is a limit to the desirability of repeating the sort of humor that has put this delightful writer into the position of representative American humorist. "Never try to repeat a success," the saying goes; and it is particularly true of humor. We doubt if there is a humorist on record who has been as nearly inexhaustible as Mark Twain; nevertheless, it must be realized that the "Innocents Abroad" and "Roughing It" have been written, and cannot be written again. Mark Twain has lived to find himself in something the position celebrated by Tennyson in "The Flower." So enormous a crop of imitators has grown up, so thoroughly have they permeated, saturated the press, especially the Western press, in all degrees of cleverness and of stupidity, that the *bona fide* article can never be fully the same thing again to us. We are, therefore, very willing to find in the present book more of autobiographic value than of deliberate humor.

The autobiography is mixed with nonsense, with whimsical sells, with various adornment; but any intelligent reader can discriminate enough among these to get a very fair idea of the environment that produced (supplemented by the mines of Oregon and California) a larger portion of typical "American humor" in one man than has been incarnated in any other three. While for the most part semi-serious or even quite serious, the book is sprinkled through with very characteristic bits of broad farce and absurdity: the story of the " ha'nted bar'l," for instance; the elaborate and somewhat ghastly fiction of the errand at Hannibal, solemnly inserted among veracious incidents; the refuge for imbeciles at St Louis; and a number of briefer anecdotes and remarks. The greater part of the volume narrates the incidents of a trip made last year by the author over his old region, down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and up it again to St. Paul, reviving old recollections, meeting old acquaintances, and noting the changes in the country. With so much enthusiasm and spirit is his earlier life there described in the first chapters, that the reader enters to a great extent into the author's feeling for the river and the pilot's life, and feels much sympathy with his desire to revisit the old scenes, much interest in knowing what became of Horace Bixby and George Ealer and the rest. There is unquestionably padding in the book; the idea of the publishers seems to have been that if five hundred pages from Mark Twain were good, six hundred were better; and in so assuming, they certainly had a public to count upon who will consider every page extra so much clear gain. The critical, however, would prefer to have *Life on the Mississippi* with the padding out, to the exclusion of some well-worn facts, some dull itinerary details, and some strained jests that seem to have been forced in among better ones to make the number up to what the public will naturally expect from Mark Twain. If anything entitles Twain to the gratitude of his country more than does the delightful drollery he has contributed to it, it is the success with which he has sustained the difficult position of humorist-laureate for so many years. When one considers what human nature is, it is marvelous that he has not dropped long ago into flat caricature of himself, into a copious flow of strained jokes; the temperance, taste, and critical judgment he has in the main shown in this matter constitute in themselves a high literary quality, and are probably the very thing that saved him from the swift deterioration and disappearance that has befallen one after another all his imitators. The desertion of newspaper work for magazine and book work has been a great element in this permanency of his qualities. Nevertheless, it will occasionally happen that he writes a sentence that would evidently never have been written but for the sense upon him of a reputation for jokes to be sustained.

[1] Life on the Mississippi. By Mark Twain. Illustrated. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

Briefer Notice.

Three books[2] of European travel fall to our notice, which are marked examples of three totally different moods in which book-making Americans look at things abroad. Mr. Ruggles is the severely practical man; he always has his measuring-tape in his hand, and always gives the cost of what he talks about, be it the king's palace or a mug of beer. He writes in the style with which we have become dis-

[2] Germany Seen without Spectacles. By Henry Ruggles, late U. S. Consul at Malta and Barcelona. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1883.

Pyrenees to Pillars of Hercules. By Henry Day. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Italian Rambles. By James Jackson Jarves. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

mally familiar in the letters of the special correspondent to the "enterprising" newspaper, a style marred by attempts at the sensational and the occasional mistaking of vulgarity for wit. And yet it is a book that one reads to the end, though with a little self-contempt for doing it, and it gives a fair picture, doubtless, of the outside view of the German people, of whose inner life Mr. Ruggles has neither the ability nor the hardihood to write. *Pyrenees to Pillars of Hercules* is a good name for Mr. Day's book on Spain. He begins at one end of the country and goes through it in a methodical sort of way, writing as if his book were to be used as a text-book to be committed to memory by unwilling children. Therefore his statements are put in the simple declarative, with a solid basis of fact and a bristling array of figures, gained confessedly from the guide-book. There is nothing sympathetic or powerful about the book, and the reader is forced to admit that the humility of Mr. Day's preface is justified by the pages that follow. Mr. Jarves is neither the rampant Philistine nor the plodding disciple of Murray, and he has given us a book that contains many charming pictures of odd corners of Italy, and notes of some value of many of its art treasures. He gives his readers the credit of knowing something to start with, and thus does not make the mistake of informing us that we probably are ignorant that Stuttgart is the capital of Wurtemberg, as Mr. Ruggles does, nor does he, with Mr. Day, refer us to the map of Europe, that we may discover that Spain is a peninsula. Indeed, he sometimes assumes a knowledge of art matters that leaves the general reader much in the dark, however it may flatter his vanity. The pictures of peasant life are the most enjoyable part of the book, although the chapters on manners in Europe and America are, in general, just and valuable.——The Rolfe series of editions of Shakspere's works comes to an end with the publication of two volumes, the *Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, and Other Poems*,[1] and the *Sonnets*.[2] Like the last of the dramas issued, these are unexpurgated, since they are unsuitable for schools and reading-clubs. The "Other Poems," which he considers undoubtedly Shaksperian, are the "Lover's Complaint," "Passionate Pilgrim," and the less frequently admitted "Phœnix and Turtle." From "The Passionate Pilgrim" six songs and sonnets are remanded to the notes as unquestionably the work of others than Shakspere, while much doubt is cast on others that are nevertheless left in the text. The volume of sonnets contains much discussion of the question of their meaning, the outcome of which is that investigation fails to supply any more probable solution than the obvious one suggested by the sonnets themselves; Mr. Rolfe sets them down as undoubtedly genuine autobiography, not dramatic fancy. His collation of all the evidence and speculation on this point makes its meagerness apparent enough. ——The material for the biographical sketches contained in *Twelve Americans*,[3] we are told, "was in every case obtained during long and frequent personal interviews" with the subjects. The character of the sketches may easily be inferred from this. The "Twelve" are Horatio Seymour, "The Farmer-Statesman"; Charles Francis Adams, "A Descendant of Presidents"; Peter Cooper, "The People's Friend"; Hannibal Hamlin — "He Served the State"; John Gilbert, "For Fifty Years an Actor"; Robert C. Schenck—"The Recollections of a Veteran"; Frederick Douglass—"Through Slavery to Fame"; William Allen, "An Old-Time Democrat"; Allen G. Thurman, "The Senator from Ohio"; Joseph Jefferson—"A Lifetime on the Stage"; Elihu B. Washburne, "The Watch-dog of the Treasury"; Alexander H. Stephens, "A Man of the South."——The fourth issue of the excellent "Theatre Contemporain" pamphlet series is again a comedy, *Le Gentilhomme Pauvre*,[4] by Dumanoir and Lafargue.

[1] Shakespeare's Venus and Adonis, Lucrece, and Other Poems. Edited by William J. Rolfe. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

[2] Shakespeare's Sonnets. Edited by William J. Rolfe. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

[3] Twelve Americans: Their Lives and Times. By Howard Carroll. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883. For sale by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[4] Le Gentilhomme Pauvre. Comédie in Deux Actes, par MM. Dumanoir et Lafargue. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1883.

OUTCROPPINGS.

Rus in Urbe.

The city sensations of a countryman are nothing new, except to the countryman himself. Luckily, *he* never loses the delights of novelty when he exchanges his rose walks and cabbage beds for the noisome odors and rapid excitement of his metropolis. Let it be understood that the city toiler who plays at country life for the summer is an impostor. He does not belong to the truly rural at all. He knows as little of its hardships as he does of its joys. He is a nondescript, a sort of social circus-rider trying to bestride two horses at once.

The real article lives out all the seasons in an atmosphere of produce. He watches the sunset flame, the whirling autumn leaves, the "mackerel sky," the sharp green blades peeping through the mold,

with a knowing eye. The touch of the wind on his cheek, the cry of the wild geese overhead, are to him messages as direct as any telephonic communication. His ambitions rarely run ahead of his successes. It is not for us to say whether the sluggishness in his blood depends upon his traditional diet of hot bread, pork, and pie, or is due to the soothing influence of nature pure and simple—anyhow, "the country is good enough" for him. But half a dozen times in the year he is called to the city. It is always an event—a pebble thrown into the still pool of his existence. He has the bearing of a voyager. He is intrusted with many commissions which are equal sources of annoyance and satisfaction. When he leaves home, he believes in himself implicity, he has a complacent content in his appearance, his judgment, his surroundings, which every mile of his journey diminishes by a shade, until, as he enters the smoky suburbs of the town, his own little world, which seemed all the world an hour or two before, shrinks into nothingness. As he steps out of the train into the busy, eager human tide, and is borne along with it, a faint unacknowledged sense of isolation comes to him. Even his best suit loses its significance, and its defects loom up by comparison with the dapperness of the citizen, till Rusticus grows awkward and ill at ease. He would fain take time to consider, but is soon made to feel that nobody can wait for that sort of thing, save some suave Israelites, who entreat and persuade as if time was not.

Rusticus loses his spectacles often while inspecting unfamiliar goods, and takes out his memoranda to consult at every corner, touching his breast pocket to make certain that his funds are safe. Though he is not a total stranger and can follow the streets pretty well, he walks grievous distances to reach places only a few blocks apart, and is constantly adjured to get out of the way by car-bells and hackmen. He is deluded by shop-keepers into buying everything he was told *not* to buy—things for which he has no need; and his pocketful of hard coin melts away as though the city were the furnace of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Rusticus grows more weary with this unaccustomed toil than he would with a day's plowing. He takes lunch at a cheap restaurant, strives to put on the air of an *habitué*, fails signally, and worst of all, knows that h fails. He waits until everybody else is served, and eats mysterious compounds cheerfully and without complaint. Thrice happy is he if he meet a country neighbor; a familiar face in the throng is as welcome as a guide-post to a belated traveler.

Perhaps Rusticus stays overnight; he goes to dine with some urban friend; but the hospitality lacks savor and the house is cold. After he gets away from his entertainment—awkwardly enough—he feels it his duty to go to the theater, which to the average countryman represents pleasure in its most exalted form. If he is the single-minded man I have in my mind's eye, the play bores him; for say what you will, theatricals, like oysters, are an acquired taste. But Rusticus tries to think he is enjoying himself mightily, and stores up as much of the plot as he can to unfold to the home circle. He waits conscientiously till the curtain falls, and then goes away to his inside room at the hotel, where he sleeps the sleep of the just, in spite of the hard mattresses and sleazy blankets. He wakes with a start at dawn, from force of habit, remembering the "chores" to be done, and only recovers his own indentity among the unfamiliar surroundings after a painful struggle. He begins to wish his business accomplished. *Nostalgia* seizes him. He thinks of his yesterday's purchases with misgivings; he looks at his depleted purse with a sense of defeat; and then wonders mechanically, as he goes out into the smudgy morning, whether John will forget to have the roan horse shod. He is too early for breakfast, for business, for anything but the contemplation of hucksters and milk carts, or laborers and mechanics, hurrying over the slippery pavements to their routine. The first street-cars down town find him waiting irresolutely at street-corners, waiting for the city to wake up; and long before the slim-legged broker's clerks and rotund merchants have found their way to their respective offices, Rusticus is worn out with doing nothing. Thereafter he is in as great hurry as the busiest of them all. He chafes at delays. He is at the depot an hour too soon. He feels as though he had been a looker-on, not "at Vienna," but at the building of Babel. His homely pride in his crops and his local influence (he has just been elected school director), his honorable self-esteem, is shriveled up to a very small interrogation point. There is a bewildered "why?" surging around in his brain, which only can be answered in sylvan silence. He is as well educated as nine-tenths of the men he meets, he is dressed well enough, he is counted shrewd enough in a trade at home; but in this new atmosphere he is helpless, mesmerized by the tremendous vitality of the crowd. But he can't help asking, "Why?"

The overdressed wife and daughters of his host, with their gay, slashed jackets and cotton-velvet gowns, with their false bangs and their suspiciously pink cheeks, seem tremendously fine to his dazzled eyes. A gulf lies between them and his good Priscilla, who, at the moment he is drawing comparisons, is salting the butter she has just churned, or, maybe, putting a patch on little Tom's knees. Priscilla is a gentlewoman—he glories in her mental superiority, in her physical helpfulness; yet he almost shivers to think of her in her cheap black alpaca and her old-fashioned bonnet, side by side with these brilliant butterflies of fashion. Their airy *persiflage*, their ironic comments on celebrated people, overwhelm Rusticus with something of the same admiration which the Vicar of Wakefield's family felt for "Lady Blarney" and "Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia

Skeggs." He cannot reassure himself by going down the list of Priscilla's virtues; he only asks dumbly, "Why?"

On his journey home he picks up his broken threads of self-satisfaction one by one, and by the time he arrives has recovered his moral tone. For a few days he comports himself with added dignity, and criticises with some sharpness the household at large, the children's deportment, Priscilla's lack of style, her neglect of certain home comforts; but the relation of his adventures and the consciousness of his vast worldly experience tempers his discontent and finally restores his bucolic equanimity. The vexed questions which troubled his mind lose their importance under the sunny sky—in the fresh, crisp air. We who are wiser than Rusticus know without asking or answering why there is a line between him and Urban, how far it reaches, and what an impassable barrier it is; but our prejudices will not let us decide honestly whether the town or country mouse has the best of it in the bewitching game called "Life." *K. M. B.*

How Jennett saw the Comet.

In yielding to the demands of society with regard to the comet, I had come to grief. For a week I remained in my bed, faithfully attended by the cause of my woe. For a time I thought that Jennett's devotion to me was penitential, and that the three lumps of sugar she persistently dropped into my tea, although I never wish but one, were by way of atonement; but she was apparently so oblivious of her connection with my abject condition that I became doubtful of her responsibility myself, and was inclined to throw the blame on Mrs. Grundy or the comet. One must blame somebody or something. At the end of a week the cold I had caught yielded to the persuasive influences of hot and cold, wet and dry, sweet and sour, etc., after the usual manner of colds, and left me; but also left a haunting sense of duty unfulfilled: I had not seen the comet. I could not take up a newspaper without being reminded of my duty, and not a friend called that did not reproach me for my neglect.

Finally I awoke one morning, and from my bed caught a glimpse of a star that was peeping through the blinds and promising a clear sky. I called Jennett, and throwing on a wrap, stepped out upon the balcony. I shall never forget that scene. Before me lay the city, indistinct and shadowy; beyond it the waters of the bay and the mountains of Contra Costa, faintly defined against the sky, which was already beginning to flush with the approach of the coming day. Above were the stars, the perfect crescent of the waning moon, and the beautiful comet. The air was soft and full of perfume from the flowers that were just awakening in the garden below—awakening to gaze upon its beauty. Presently in a tree close by a little bird awoke and gave one sweet sleepy call to its mate, and was as softly answered; then all was silent.

Jennett stood beside me, and seemed lost in admiration of the weird beauty of the scene. What solemn thoughts gave her that air of rapt meditation? Suddenly she asked:

"Is that the comet's tail, ma'm?"

"Yes," I answered quickly. Surely it was time to go in.

Jennett followed, and contemplatively tapping her chin, continued:

"I was thinking—cows are strange—so different from us. There is their hoofs and horns—and they eat grass and drink water—and then the milk they give—cows are strange. There was Squire Avord. He got to be governor through being hooked with a cow." Here Jennett faded from the room after her usual manner, having launched me without a pilot upon an unknown sea of speculation.

I crept back to my bed and vainly tried to sleep. I thought of all the small boys in our schools who are being taught to look forward to the presidential chair as their natural destination, and with a view to the future of my three small nephews, speculated as to the breed of the cow, whether Durham or Devon, and her method of hooking, that resulted so felicitously for Squire Avord. Then the mathematical side of the question presented itself. If a cow could hook a full-grown man into the gubernatorial chair, what might reasonably be hoped from the political influence of—say a goat?

It was broad daylight before I concluded these were things past finding out. Then came Jennett with a large silver salver, on which were grouped a cup of coffee, a piece of bread, and an egg, all in the center of the tray, and looking like three small islands in a sea of napkin. Placing these before me, she said with a slight accession of animation:

"Why, ma'm, goslin's is 'most as cheap as eggs."

"Well, do you advise me to eat goslings instead of eggs, for the sake of economy?"

"No, ma'm, I was only thinking."

"Yes, Jennett, but how did the cow hook Squire Avord into the gubernatorial chair?"

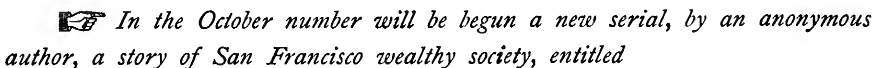
"The which, ma'm?"

"How did the cow make Squire Avord governor?"

"He got hooked with a cow, and it set him agin farmin'."

And this is how Jennett saw the comet.

L.


In the October number will be begun a new serial, by an anonymous author, a story of San Francisco wealthy society, entitled

"A Shepherd at Court."

THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

VOL. II. (SECOND SERIES.)—OCTOBER, 1883.—NO. 10.

LAZY LETTERS FROM LOW LATITUDES.

I. FROM A CUPOLA.
II. IN A HAMMOCK.
III. ON A MAKAI VERANDA.
IV. THROUGH THE MOSQUITO FLEET AND AT A HULA-HULA.
V. BY THE SEA.
VI. UP THE VALE OF NUUANU.
VII. WITH ALOHA.

I.

HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU, H. I.

Do you remember, dear C——, the day that you and I sat alone in this glass house and heaved a stone at civilization, business, worry, and the world in general? We heaved it fearlessly, for we were above the tree-tops and out of reach; even had our victims deigned to retaliate we might have still shouted defiance, for were we not prepared to withstand a siege in the cupola with ample rations of champagne and cigarettes?

You had dropped in upon us, as is your wont at intervals while vibrating 'twixt the colonies and the coast, and in the few hours we spent together we rediscovered the little kingdom, and restored it, for a time at least, to its original and beautiful barbarism.

Do you remember one silver strand of spider-web that chanced to catch our eye? It was stretched due east and west overhead in the cupola, and we called it the Tropic of Cancer; and weaving a Puck's girdle of this filmy fabric, we fled in imagination over sea and shore in the very ecstasy of circumnavigation. How we laughed to scorn the ignorance of those who know us not, and reviled the amateur geographer who vainly confounds us with Tahiti, and sweeps us away toward New Guinea and the uttermost parts.

Following our air-line eastward, we tripped on the tail of Lower California, plunged through the heart of Mexico into the Caribbean Sea, dashed across Cuba, and were lost in the Atlantic; then we returned for a season, but rested only long enough to roll a fresh cigarette, when we took wing for the Orient—and such an Orient! Through the solitary sea, crossing the track of Laputa, the "Flying Island," just escaping Luggnagg—sorrowfully enough, for "the Luggnaggers are a polite and generous people," says Gulliver—we saw Hong Kong, Calcutta, Mecca, and, beyond the Red Sea, the Nile waters and the measureless sands of Sahara

What a rosary we strung on that glimmering thread? And then we held our breath for a moment, when we thought how above us and below us rolled the everlasting deep from pole to pole.

O Hawaii! Hawaii Nei! Cinderella among nations; a handful of ashes on a coral hearth slowly fructifying in the sun and dews of an eternal summer. How lonesome you are and how lovely! and how we who have known you and departed from you come back again with the love that is yours alone! At least, C—— and I do, don't we?

You are t'other side o' the line now, old fellow, on the edge of that great continent which is as yet not half explored; the kangaroo is your playmate and the snake your bed-fellow; do you ever think of us who have no game more majestic than the mosquito? Here, as you know, the noblest victim of the chase is the agile flea; now and again, though rarely, appears that chain of unpleasant circumstances, the centipede; or perchance the devil-tailed scorpion, whose stroke is by no means fatal, reminds us that nothing can touch us further. And indeed, but for these foreign invaders this life were almost too Edenesque. The marvelous temperature, which is never hot and never cold; the rich and variable color; the fragrance so intense after a shower, when the ginger and the Japanese lily seem to distill perfume drop by drop; the tinkle of gay guitars; the spray-like notes dashed from shuddering lute-strings; the irreproachable languor of a race that is the incarnation of all these elements —this is quite as much as man wants here below—latitude 21° 18′ 23″, longitude 157° 48′ 45″; and all this he has without the asking. What if the impertinent minas perch upon the roof and fill the attic with strange noises? What if they infest the groves at twilight, and deluge the land with cascades of silvery sound? They are a pert bird, that has rid the kingdom of its caterpillars, and now they propose to luxuriate for the rest of their natural lives.

I think it was the war-whoop of a mina on our window-sill that called our attention to old Desmond Head, which at that moment was glowing like a live coal: it was the picture of the ideal red-hot volcano with the smoke rubbed out; there was a strip of beryl sea beyond it, and at its feet a great plain, shaded by feathery algaroba trees; this was framed in the sashes on one side of the cupola.

On another side, mountain peaks buried their brow in clouds that wept copiously—so sentimental was the hour of our communion; forests of the juiciest green drank those showers of tears; Tantalus and his brother never looked more sublime.

Turning again, we saw the sunburnt hills beyond Palama, and the crisp cones of small volcanoes, and more sea, and then the exquisite outline of the Waianæ Mountains, of a warm, dusty purple, and with a film of diffused rainbows floating in the middle distance.

There was but one other window left; it opened upon a sea stretching to the horizon and mingling with the sky; a shore fringed with tapering masts and the crests of sentinel palms, and beneath us the city submerged in billowy foliage, through which the wind stirred in gusts and eddies.

Our experience was ended—our experience bound in green and gold: the green of the grassy hills and the gold of the sunset sea. We had monopolized the cupola to the despair of those guests who fly to it as to a haven of rest; but there was no further thought of monopoly in our minds, for the afterglow was overwhelming, and already from the cool corridors of the caravansary —a caravansary that in its architecture reminds one of Singapore—sweetly and silently ascended the incense of the evening meal.

II.

Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu, H. I.

Yes, my friend, it hangs in the same corner of the top veranda, and swings to-day as it swung the day when you lay in it under a fleecy wrap and a be-butterflied Japanese parasol.

It has its vicissitudes, this hammock; sometimes it is a pale invalid who retires into it as into a chrysalis, and is rocked to

and fro in the wind; then the sympathetic and the sociable gather about it and subject the patient to the smoke-cure—of course "by special command"—or the mint-julep cure, or to bits of frivolous converse thrown in between the numbers of a matinee-reception-concert at the Princess Regent's, or a band night at Emma Square. Sometimes a bewildered guest from the colonies or elsewhere rolls into it and sleeps with all his might and main; sometimes a whole row of children trail their slim legs over the side of it—which is all that saves them from being compared to peas in a pod. But to-day I inhabit it with a pencil and lap-tablet, and nothing but a convulsion of nature shall drive me hence.

The breeze is blowing fresh from the mountain, the health-giving trade-wind; I can look right up the green glade which is the gateway to Tantalus, and see the clouds torn to shreds across the wooded highlands. Have been watching a crew of men-o'-wars-men in dazzling white duck trousers climbing the brown slopes of Punch Bowl; watching the mango trees where the mangoes hang like bronze plummets; the monkey-pots are in bloom, and their tops resemble terraced gardens; now and again the *kamani* sheds a huge leaf as big as a beefsteak, and as red also; but what are these splashes of color to the *Ponciana Regia?*—it is a conflagration! The *Bourgainvillea*, a cataract of magenta blossoms that look like artificial leaves just out of a chemical bath, obtrudes itself at intervals; it is the only crude bit of color in a landscape where the majority of the trees are colossal bouquets at one season or another. The hibiscus is aglow with flowers of flame the most of the year, and the land is overrun with brilliant creepers, even to the eaves of the hotel where the birds quarrel and call noisily from dawn to dusk. But why particularize? All this you know; all this you saw when your end of the veranda was curtained and set apart, a nook for loungers in a land where all mankind lounges a portion of the day; where it is not considered indelicate for a merchant to pose in the midst of his merchandise guiltless of coat and vest, for his respectability is established beyond question, and his bank account a potent fact; where ladies drive in morning *dishabille*, and shop on the curbstone without alighting from their carriages, and where any of them may pay an evening call unbonneted and unattended.

Now, those sailor boys are perched upon the rim of Punch Bowl, like a row of penguins; the distant mountains are glassed with fragmentary rainbows, and there are unmistakable symptoms of an afterglow.

Through verdant vistas I catch glimpses of the cavalcade that always enlivens this hour, and down the shaded avenues that lie between the hotel cottages troop the returning guests; she who has rocked at her doorway—the Venetian blinds thrown wide apart—all day, involved in the toils of the Kensington stitch, has passed within doors to smooth her ribbons before dining; a card-party in the middle distance—surely it could not have been whist—has broken up with much show of good feeling; children are pelting one another with flowers among the balconies, to the dumb horror of a coolie in white raiment and despair.

I hear a piano in the distance, and recall a voice that is stilled; and I feel, all at once, that the transfusive air is throbbing with light—the light that is as fleeting and as fascinating as a blush; "the light that never was on sea"—but I spare you the rest of the quotation; the light that at any rate transfigures all things, beautifies all things, glorifies all things, and makes this hour the most exquisitely sentimental and pathetic of the four and twenty.

The light, by Jove! that has gone out while I've been endeavoring to wind up this lazy scrawl. . . . .

III.

HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU, H. I.

You wonder how we kill time in the tropics, dear boy? We never kill it; we never get quite enough of it, and murder were out of the question. Time with us flows softly and swiftly, like a river, and we drift with it.

It were vain to struggle against this stream; those that attempt it die young and pass out of memory; but we who drift without rudder or compass find the first light of dawn flaring up into the zenith before we are aware, and anon it is flickering in the west, and day is over and gone. We may not have made any visible effort; we certainly have not hurried ourselves, but you will find upon investigation that we have accomplished fully as much as you would were you here with your high-pressure engine in full blast.

When evening comes we repose. Repose is not to be thought of in your country; we repose mightily. The shops are shut up after dark, nearly all of them: why should business transactions be extended into the night when they can just as well be accomplished during the day, and in a very few hours of the day? You are probably at this moment pitying the poor salesman on Kearny Street, or trying to sit out some play at the theater, or boring yourself at the club, or wondering what you can do next to fill up the hours until bedtime. Alas for you and the likes of you!

At the present writing, my friends are chatting upon the Makai veranda—that is, the veranda on the seaward side of the hotel. Troops of people are constantly arriving and meeting with mutual compliments; the verandas are speedily filled, so are the settees upon the lawn, where foreigners and natives in great numbers are swarming like bees and buzzing like them.

It is Monday evening; the customary open-air concert is about to take place; in the illuminated kiosque Professor Berger and his clever native lads are adjusting their instruments; the avenues leading to and from the hotel are lined with flambeaux, the verandas are also lighted, and the gathering of "youth and beauty"—pardon me, it is quite the thing for Honolulu society to do the open-air concerts, and therefore I will go farther: I will add the "fair women and brave men," together with groups of ministers, commissioners, naval officers, etc.; the multitudes who prefer to lounge about under the trees, the native populace that seems to pasture upon the sward, the soft air, the moonlight sifting through leafy canopies—all this is quite enchanting, and it never loses its charm.

The band plays delightfully; applause follows; the audience is attentive and appreciative, especially the native portion, for the Hawaiians are passionately fond of music, and they have not yet learned the art of conversing audibly to a musical accompaniment.

An English brougham approaches; a portly gentleman alights; it is Kalakaua in citizen's dress; he is graciously received with the scraping of chair legs—for the veranda is crowded—and much fluttering of fans—for the ladies are *en masse.*

Later in the evening I hear the suggestive popping of corks—a sweet reminder; cigarettes have burned unceasingly—does it recall the Champs Elysees? A brief shower sweeps over us, but it is only sufficient to cool the air; we don't even deign to notice it.

Now the band boys sing a plaintive refrain, *andante*, *sotto voce*, etc., etc.; wonderfully pleasing are these self-taught singers, and quite without the affectations of the more cultivated; down one of the side streets passes a troop of troubadours strumming a *staccato* measure that dies away in the distance like a shower of sparks. A delicious waltz reels out from the kiosque, and the parlor is at once filled with dancers—encore, encore, it is a night for music and mirth! In the intervals of silence, I hear the click of billiard-balls and the huzzas of the victors; and now approaches a troop of horse; ladies in native costume bestride them; a few gentlemen escorts, unusually dusky in the dusk, await the pleasure of the chief horsewoman, who anon gallops away—Whist! a princess, beguiled by the latest hit of Lecocq, paused for a moment in the moonlight, and then vanished away.

But a truce to this, my boy; you must be asleep by this time, as I will be a few moments hence, for the Makai veranda is now thunderous with the footsteps of departing guests. . . . .

IV.

HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU, H. I.

Camerado! It is not necessary for you to remind me of our cruise in the Mosquito Fleet; every returning moon revives a memory that "time cannot wither nor custom stale"; but did I tell you of the origin of the name that will long be associated with a very central yet very secret quarter of this beautiful burg? Well, in the beginning was the kalo-patch. Nothing can be prettier than a well-kept kalo-patch; a lake full of calla-lilies, deflowered, might resemble it; when seen from a little distance, and especially from a height, a disk of burnished silver across which green-enameled arrow-headed leaves in high relief are set in lozenge pattern, could not be more attractive; but the trail of the mosquito is over them all.

There was a time when the narrow paths that ran between the kalo-patches in the quarter of which I write led from one grass house to another; grass houses, like mushrooms, crop up almost anywhere, but especially beside still waters; and so it came to pass that a little village like a toy Venice sat watching its reflection in the unruffled waters of the kalo-patches, and the voice of the multitudinous mosquito in that vicinity was like a chorus of buzz-saws; the place was known to Jack ashore as the Mosquito Fleet, and therein his feet went astray with alacrity and the charmers that charmed never so wisely.

The kalo, as you know, was long since pulled and beaten and eaten in fistfuls of succulent *poi;* the patches have been filled in and sodded over, and the grass houses have given place to miserable wooden shanties, but the original crookedness of the lane that led to destruction is preserved. The way is not broad; on the contrary, it could hardly be narrower, but many there be who go in thereat—as we went once upon a time to spy out the land, and take note of one of the most unique quarters in Honolulu.

What a worm i' the bud it is! the church-going bells toll over it; the rear walls of highly respectable residences bear upon it; it is within the shadow of the palace of the late Princess Ruth, the last of the Kamehamehas, and Emma Square with its mimosas and palms, matinee music and applause, actually faces it. But what of all this? If you were alone at the mouth of the mysterious path that winds through the Mosquito Fleet, you would unconsciously turn from it, would you not?

We made accidental entrance on one occasion, and traversed what appeared to be a *cul-de-sac;* at the last moment we were shifted as if by magic into a passage hardly broader than our shoulders, and twenty paces long. Suddenly a diminutive village sprang up about us; we felt like discoverers, and wandered jubilantly about among houses with strips of gardens nestling between them, and all fitted together like the bits of a Chinese puzzle. Now it was quite impossible to be certain of anything, for the lane, which seemed without beginning and without end, turned unexpected corners with bewildering frequency, and, though we succeeded in threading the perilous mazes, the wonder is that we did not stumble into windows that opened upon us or through doors that blocked the way. We met no one in that narrow path; had we done so one or the other must needs have backed out, or vaulted the fence beyond which it was not seemly to penetrate.

There was music, as there always is music where two or three natives are gathered together—the chant, half nasal, half guttural, such as the mud-wasp makes in his cell, relieved by the boom of the agitated calabash—which reminds me:

Not many moons ago came an ancient mariner. He had seen the world, and was aweary; but a *hula-hula* had never gladdened his eyes; so a *hula* was at once appointed in a dingy house off from one of the joints of the labyrinth in Mosquito Fleet.

It was a long, low room, dimly lighted; male musicians squatted on the floor against the wall; female dancers posed in front of them; lamps were ranged before their feet like footlights; the ancient mariner and his

guests reclined upon musty divans at the other end of the room.

There is nothing more exhilarating than the clang of gourds, half a dozen of them, tossing in the air and being beaten by savage palms; and this to the running accompaniment of voices that are precipitated by the concussion of savage throats. You mark its effect upon *hula* dancers as the evening wanes; the tireless hands and feet, the quivering limbs, the convulsions that succeed one another with ever-increasing violence; the extraordinary abdominal gyrations, the semi-nude gymnastical rivalry that ultimately plunges the dancers into paroxysms that far outstrip the sensuous ecstasies of the whirling dervish—but it is quite impossible to describe a *hula;* moreover, the improprieties are mute according to law after 10 P. M., and by that time the room we occupied was like a sweat-box; windows and doors packed full of strange, wild faces, and the frequent police gently soothing the clamoring populace without, who, having ears, saw not, which is probably the acme of aggravation. But there we drew a line, and lo! it was a perfectly straight one. . . . .

V.

WAIKIKI BY THE SEA, HONOLULU, H. I.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND:

When you have reached the mature years which make the easy life of the tropics my chief joy, you will begin to realize that there is something quite as satisfactory as the celebrated domestic hearth or the prospect of promotion in the army, and that is a bachelor bungalow at Waikiki!

That it is within easy drive of the capital is not enough; that it is within a stone's throw of the park and the race-track, where one may secretly speed one's trotter before daybreak by merely turning over in bed, as it were, is not enough; that the telephone recalls you at convenient intervals from a lotus dream, which otherwise might possibly be eternal, is scarcely sufficient unto the day. But a *Lanai* as broad as it is long, and almost if not quite as dazzling as a transformation scene in the pantomime on boxing night, together with books and pictures and weird instruments with miraculous bowels, that play of their own accord with amiable persistency, and a beach as white and as firm as marble, and canoes—a whole fleet of them—and a real reef that night and day makes moan, and monkeys and paradise birds and all the delicacies of the season, save only that most delicate of all—the wife of a fellow's bosom—surely this is enough and more than enough to stay one for a season or two!

Ah me! you will freeze in the north and you will sizzle in the south, while I luxuriate upon the half-shell by the sea, with the mercury serenely ebbing and flowing twixt 75 and 85 degrees the whole year around.

Of course nobody works hereabout; they toil not, neither do they spin; they only imagine they are busy, and in this frame of mind they accomplish just as much in the end as if the lash of the task-master were over them perpetually.

When mine host departs, as if by accident, somewhere in the early P. M., pleading a business engagement and looking rather serious in consequence, it is his little joke, and I at least relish it; I know that the whole town, the business portion of it, runs like a mechanical piano, and that if you will only give it time some one or another will wind it up, and then it will play its pretty chorus of summer toil as gayly as if it were so many bars out of a light opera, a jingle of musical coin that is kept up till 5 P. M., when all all at once it shuts up or runs down, and life at the beach really begins. It begins with a sunset across a tropic sea, and a twilight that seems longer than common in this vicinity; sometimes there are shadowy ships in this twilight, and there is always canvas enough afloat to make one wish to quote the easy lines about autumnal leaves and brooks in Vallambrosa.

Then comes dinner, and then moonlight and music on sea and shore, and naked fishermen bearing aloft huge torches that gild their bronze-brown bodies; and bathers under the stars, and torch-light fishing with trusty retainers in our host's canoes beyond

the silvery surf. And so ends the evening and the morning of days that are much alike; but not for worlds would we vary them, especially such nights as these when the moon is an opal and the stars emeralds and the whole wonderful picture of earth and sea and sky is done in seventeen shades of green. . . . .

VI.

At the Pali.

Dear Aboriginal:

When you turned your brawny back upon the bush, resolved to cast your lot with the fell Egyptian, your ship lay by in our harbor for six sunny hours. You asked me what there was to be seen of merit beyond the pretty girls on the pretty lawns posing æsthetically at tennis. I at once suggested a drive to the *Pali*, for the *Pali* is what every one must and does see; and, more than this, it is worth seeing.

We drove, you and she and I. You beguiled me with tales of old Australia, for you had not yet cast off the cloak of pride, which is colonial to a degree. But when we had quit the town, and were slowly ascending the cool, green valley where the rapid streams gurgle by the roadside and the valley walls grow high and steep and close; where the convolvulus tumbles a cataract of blossoms at your feet, and the creepers go mad and swamp a whole forest under billows of green; where there are leafy hammocks to swing in and leafy towers to climb in and leafy dungeons to bury one's self out of sight in—you sprang out of the carriage and rolled in the grass like a boy; you drank copious draughts of delicious mountain water from the hollow of your cork helmet; and you sent—yes you did!—you sent Egypt to the Devil, and swore to abide with us forevermore. A shower of shining rain didn't dampen your ardor, and you wanted to take root just where you were and flourish mightily on the spot; the *Pali* was forgotten—we were not yet within a mile of it—and it was with difficulty that we persuaded you to complete a pilgrimage which I am sure you will never regret.

Under the shadow of a great rock, where I am now writing, we sat that day; for a long time we said nothing; I don't believe that people ever talk much here. In the first place, if you open your mouth too wide you can't shut it again without getting under the lee of something—the wind blows so hard. But who wants to talk when he is perched on the backbone of an island, with fifteen hundred feet of space beneath him, and the birds swimming in it like winged fish in a transparent sea?

And O, the silent land beyond the heights, with the long, long, winding, rocky stairway leading down into it; no sound ever comes from that beautiful land, not even from the marvelously blue sea, that noiselessly piles its breakers upon the shore like swans' down.

A great mountain wall divides this side of the island of Oahu into about equal parts. It is half in sunshine and half in shade; on the one hand is the metropolis, on the other semi-solitude and peace. Peace, a visible, tangible peace, with winding roads in it, and patches of bright green sugar-cane, and wee villages and palm-trees upon the distant shore; it is picturesque in form, delicious in color; something to look at in awe and wonderment, and to turn from at last with a doubt as to its reality.

It is all precisely as you left it, even to the microscopic pilgrims toiling up the long stairway—fugitives from the mysterious land, who we are surprised to find resemble us not a little; while some come back to us, others are going thither—passing down into the silence and the serenity of the enchanting distance. And so this little world wags on with an easy acquiescence, unchangeable and unchanged, yesterday, to-day, and forever.

Your ship lay in the harbor—a harbor that from the *Pali* reminds one of the Vesuvian Bay—and you hurried away to your Egypt, leaving your heart here, as you protested. "A place to die in," was your last word to me; "I will return and give up the ghost in peace."

A place to live in, O, prober of pyramids! Having unriddled the Sphinx, is it not about time to think of taking life leisurely, even unto the end? . . . .

VII.

HAWAIIAN HOTEL, HONOLULU, H. I.

REVERED, BELOVED:

"Ask me no more!" While you prate of your autumnal tints, I can show you richer and riper ones at almost any season of the year. You boast of your snows; we have them also on the mountains, and we can get at any time in the twelvemonth a cool, bracing atmosphere on our highlands, such as is not to be found on yours during summer. Nor is our heat so oppressive as yours, and it is *never* fatal; and, moreover, an uninterrupted course of sea-bathing is practicable in this delectable clime. Why should we elsewhere seek literature, society, etc., when they come to us by every vessel, and here we can enjoy them unmolested?

"Ask me no more!" The wind is plucking the blossoms from wonderful trees, such as would not flower in your latitude. Tourists are lounging in the verandas of the cottages scattered over the hotel grounds; there will presently be a gathering in the big, breezy dining-room, and after that such mild diversions as are not likely to disturb your neighbor's nap.

There is no wear and tear here, unless it be at a "*poi* feed"; and even the "*poi* feed" has its special restorative, the application of which may be classed among the beatitudes.

There are no railway accidents here; no bridge panics, no holocausts, no hoodlums; the slightest event is cheerfully magnified, and made to do duty for the blood-curdling sensations upon which you feed—a diet that is, permit me to observe, hastening you to an untimely grave. All that sort of thing is out of place in this kingdom, and not to be tolerated. It is not that I love life, as you call it, less, but repose more, that I refuse to return into the world yet awhile.

The age is too fresh! It is well to withdraw from the madding crowd at intervals and compose one's soul in peace; therefore, with *alòha* I decline your gracious invitation to join you in the pursuit of happiness at Coney Island, the Adirondacks, or Yosemite; and with *aloha* I beseech you to repent while it is yet day, and share with us the unrivaled fruits of idleness in a land where it is almost always afternoon; where the wicked cease from troubling, as it were; and where the weary are, for the time being, comparatively at rest! *Aloha* and *aloha!*

P. S.—As for the idyls of my idyllic youth, the shadowy ones, the fair and frail, the beloved, bewailed, bewitching, and bewitched idolaters—zephyrs have sung them to their rest, and upon their nameless graves "the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth his poppy."

Charles Warren Stoddard.

QUEM METUI MORITURA?

ÆNEID IV. 604.

WHAT need have I to fear—so soon to die?
Let me work on, not watch and wait in dread:
What will it matter, when that I am dead,
That they bore hate or love who near me lie?
'Tis but a lifetime, and the end is nigh
At best or worst. I will lift up my head
And firmly, as with inner courage, tread
Mine own appointed way, on mandates high.
Pain could but bring, from all its evil store,
The close of pain: hate's venom could but kill;
Repulse, defeat, desertion, could no more.
Let me have lived my life, not cowered until
The unhindered and unhastened hour was here.
So soon—what is there in the world to fear?

E. R. Sill.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF OUR LANGUAGE.

About forty years ago, De Tocqueville, a distinguished French *savant*, visited our country to make a critical examination of its social and political condition. He reported the results of his observation with so much candor and magnanimity, that the Americans themselves were satisfied with his judgments. Speaking of the rapid growth of our country, he said: "This gradual and continuous progress of the race toward the Rocky Mountains has the solemnity of a providential event; it is like a deluge of men rising unabatedly, and driven by the hand of God. . . . . This is a fact new to the world; a fact fraught with such portentous consequences as to baffle the efforts even of the imagination."

Since these words were penned, "this deluge of men" has risen above the highest mountains, and swept down their western slopes toward the setting sun. The Teutonic race, to which the Anglo-Saxons belong, has ever been advancing, both in geographical position and intellectual culture. They have been marching and improving ever since they have been known to history or tradition. They have been the discoverers, inventors, and lawyers of the human race for two thousand years. They came from Central Asia, that great *officina gentium*, whence successive tides of population have rolled westward till they have quite encircled the globe. They left the early abodes of mankind, at a period "whereto the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." It was before Neptune raised his trident in the Ægean; before Jove took his seat on Olympus; before Saturn ruled over the rustic tribes of Italy; almost as soon as Father Time began to gather his harvest of apostate men at the base of Mount Ararat. They have traversed continents and oceans, till now the weary emigrant bathes his feet in the waters of the Pacific Ocean. The words of Bishop Berkeley, respecting the rise and expansion of the British Colonies in America, apply in all their force to the whole Indo-European race since they have been known to song, tradition, or history: "Westward the course of empire takes its way."

The advance of emigration, conquest, and civilization has always been from the Orient to the Occident. The bold, the restless, and the enterprising are ever prone to leave their native homes, and seek for perilous adventures in unexplored lands. Civil war, or a surplus population, often caused a desertion of the primitive abodes of mankind. Men of strong bodies, active minds, and brave hearts usually joined such expeditions. Three great tidal waves of population have swept into Europe from Asia before the date of authentic history. These were the Celts, the Goths, and the Slaves. The Celts were characterized physically by large stature, loose muscles, light complexion, blue eyes, and yellow hair. Though they were brave in war and fierce fighters, they seem not to have been the bold defenders of their own liberty. They were governed by petty princes and a tyrannical priesthood. They occupied the whole of Britain when Cæsar invaded the island, fifty-five years before Christ. The southern Celts were partially civilized. They dwelt in towns, kept herds, and worked mines. They fought the Romans from war chariots; and could they have formed a political union, might have expelled their invaders. But, as Tacitus remarks, "while the tribes fought singly, they were conquered universally." It required one hundred and fifty years to subdue these natives as far as the Grampian Hills. The Picts and Scots were never conquered; but were cut off from "the rest of mankind," at first, by a mound of earth raised by Agricola, and afterwards by a wall of solid masonry built by the emperor Severus. The Celts made some contributions to the English language. Many of the names which they gave to the

mountains, lakes, rivers, and towns have remained unto this day; as, in our own country, the Indian proper names remain after the tribes that gave them have passed away. The Celts, also, contributed, as is supposed, about one thousand common words to our vocabulary. Some philologists assign about one-third of our primitive words to that origin. About ten millions of their descendants now speak dialects of that tongue.

After the departure of the Romans, the barbarians, from behind the wall, came down upon their more cultivated relatives at the south of the island. Vortigern, King of Kent, invited some Saxon freebooters who were cruising about the eastern coast of Britain to aid him in expelling the invaders. They joined the weaker party as allies, and after achieving a victory, remained as conquerors. Tradition assigns the middle of the fifth century of our era as the date of the first arrival of the Saxons. For one hundred and fifty years, adventurers, under the general name of "pirates," from northern Europe continued to occupy and settle the island. They founded seven kingdoms, whose subjects were variously denominated, from their origin, Angles, Saxons, and Jutes. The dialects spoken by them belong to the Low German. Etymologically, German means "war-man," or hero; Angle, spear-man; Saxon, ax-man—indicating their love of war. The Jutes were jutters, or promontorians, occupying land jutting out into the sea from Jutland. It would seem that the Angles were the most numerous of these tribes, for they gave name to the island—Angle-land, or England; and until the middle of the eighth century the chief seat of learning was among the Angles of Northumberland, or land north of the Humber. The Saxons occupied territory farther south. Several of the names of their kingdoms still survive; as, Essex, East Saxons; Wessex, West Saxons; and Middlesex, Middle Saxons.

These Teutonic tribes worshiped in their native forests, at first, the powers of nature, without temples or images; later, deified men, through visible representations of them. These two forms of worship are indicated by the names of the days of our week. We also have a sign of their method of computing time by nights instead of days, in the words "sennight," or seven nights, and "fortnight," or fourteen nights. Their government was essentially democratic, though the legislative power was vested in a "King, Lords, and Commons." Indeed, Montesquieu says that the British Constitution had its origin in the woods of Germany.

This people, according to Tacitus, possessed some noble traits of character, which we think are still traceable in their posterity. They were distinguished for their personal independence, love of liberty, natural purity, respect for woman, and reverence for religion. Making due allowances for change of place and time, we may very properly claim for the Americans the same national characteristics. It is a favorite theory of some modern philosophers, that nations, like plants and trees, are the natural product of the soil where they grow. It is undoubtedly true that climate and food do modify every element of the complex being, man. His body, mind, and estate are often determined by them. Monsieur Taine seems to believe that if the "race, epoch, and surroundings" were given, it would be easy to write a people's history from these data. Hence, he maintains that the race which sprung from the ooze and slime of northern Europe, where the horizon was forever curtained with clouds, and the atmosphere reeking with perpetual fogs and rains, must necessarily have been dull, phlegmatic, and intemperate. His deductions correspond to his theory. The typical Englishman of to-day, though he has changed the place, still keeps the pain. His climate is but a slight improvement upon that of Germany. He thinks that when the Romans first landed in Britain, they must have thought themselves in Hades, so gloomy was the sky compared with that of sunny Italy. He is not unmindful, however, of the eminent virtues of the English people. Duty, law, and religion hold a prominent

place in the "Notes" he has written. Both their good and bad qualities are essentially Saxon.

Their speech also "bewrayeth" them. Though the English language borrows from all the dialects of "articulate-speaking" men, yet the words most used in books, as well as in common life, are of Saxon origin. Of the one hundred and twenty thousand words in Webster's Dictionary, probably not more than twenty thousand are Saxon derivatives; and yet four-fifths of the words of our best authors are from this source.

The Normans, the ruling race after the Conquest, introduced most of those terms that relate to church and state, to religion, legislation, and military tactics. The conquered race were counted by millions; their conquerors by thousands. The serfs obstinately retained their native speech, and with it their mother wit and rustic lore. The Saxon style is usually marked by force, brevity, and perspicuity; the Norman by dignity, elegance, and sonorousness. Dr. Johnson happily illustrated this difference in his criticism on "The Rehearsal." He remarked: "It has not life enough to keep it sweet." After a little reflection, he translated it into his own pompous style, thus: "It does not possess sufficient vitality to preserve it from putrefaction." Such quotations show that we have two almost perfect languages in one. Their union gives to the English tongue its marvelous variety and copiousness. It is doubtful whether any thought was ever originated by a human mind that cannot be adequately expressed by it.

We cannot converse in the Latin element of our language, because it is deficient in words which serve as connectives. Why the Saxon element is most convenient for use, both by the voice and pen, will appear from the following considerations:

We derive from our mother tongue—

1. All words that indicate relation, such as conjunctions and prepositions.

2. All pronouns, particles, common adverbs, and auxiliary verbs.

3. All irregular words, whether nouns, verbs, or adjectives.

4. Most of the names of familiar objects, such as first strike the senses in childhood.

5. Words that express family relations, domestic affections, and all the joys and griefs of home life.

6. Words whose signification is specific are Saxon; while abstract terms are more frequently of Latin origin, through the French. Color is pure Latin; but white, black, green, red, blue, and brown are Saxon. Motion is of Latin origin; but the specific kinds of motion, as hop, leap, jump, run, creep, crawl, walk, fly, slip, and slide, with a multitude of similar words, are Saxon.

7. The common business affairs of life, such as relate to the shop and the mill, the farm and the store, are expressed in words of Saxon origin. We buy and sell, we talk and scold, we laugh and cry, we love and hate, in the terse monosyllables of the good old mother tongue.

The prominent characteristics of our grammar are from the same source. A critic in the "Edinburgh Review," Vol. LXX., writes as follows: "Our chief peculiarities of structure and idiom are essentially Anglo-Saxon, while almost all the classes of words which it is the office of grammar to investigate are derived from that language. Thus the few inflections we have are all Anglo Saxon. The English genitive, the general modes of forming the plural of nouns, and the terminations by which we express the comparative and superlative of adjectives; the inflections of the pronouns, those of the second and third persons present and imperfect of the verbs; the inflections of the preterites and participles of the verbs, whether regular or irregular; and the most frequent termination of our adverbs (*ly*)—are all Anglo-Saxon."

English grammar is infinitely more simple than that of the parent tongue. We have reduced the plethoric body of the Anglo-Saxon to a mere skeleton, and yet our language serves for all the purposes of general conversation and elegant composition. Its flexibility has no parallel in any human speech. It is probable that a complete biography or book of travels might be

intelligibly written with the use of a single verb. An English clergyman has written an account of a day's experience, employing no verb but "get." It begins thus: "I got on horseback as soon as I got your letter. When I got to town I got a chaise and got aboard; but I got wet and got a cold, which I have not yet got rid of. When I got to the bank I got my money, but got a rebuke because I got there so late." This is a fair specimen of the entire narrative.

I have made a similar experiment with the verb "took": "Last autumn we took a voyage to London. We took leave of our friends at home, and took the cars for New York on the second day of November. On our arrival in the city, we took lodgings at the Astor House, where we took two days for preparation. We took staterooms on one of the Cunard steamers, took our trunks on deck, and took our departure on the fifth of the month. On our arrival in London we took a carriage, which took us to the American Hotel, while a servant took care of our baggage. We immediately took rooms, where we took two hours for rest, and then took supper. In the evening we took a walk and took a survey of some of the public buildings by lamp-light. We accidentally took the wrong street on our return; but a policeman took pity on us and took us to the point where we took the wrong way, and there we took a coach which took us to our hotel, for which service the hackman took exorbitant fare. We then took a night's rest, and in the morning took time to dress. Father then took the newspaper for amusement, and I took a book, while the servants took care of rooms. We then took breakfast, and immediately took our way to the bank. We took notice, however, that the officers took no foreign drafts till they took dinner. We therefore took a drive to the Tower, and took a look at its antiquities. The keeper took his key, took us through the open door, and took us over the building. He took a fee for his service, and apparently took satisfaction at our enjoyment, till we thoughtlessly took some of the precious things into our hands, and thus took a nearer view of them. At this the official took offense, and took up his cane to take vengeance upon us. We took warning from his threats, took to our heels, and took ourselves out of his reach; but in our flight from the Tower the police officers took us for thieves, and took measures for our arrest. They even took us to prison, and the jailer took us under his power. We then took care for a speedy trial, and our friends at the hotel, who took notice of our arrest, took measures for our discharge."

The verb "make" may be made to perform similar multifarious duties in composition without losing its literary identity. The young student sometimes wonders at the great number of definitions appended to a single Greek or Latin word in his lexicons. The old Saxon roots are far more prolific in meanings. The thought which they express seems to take new coloring from the words which precede or follow them. How different is the meaning of the verb "made" in the following expressions: He made a mistake; he made a fortune; he made a ship; he made a vow; he made an oath; he made a bow; and so on, *ad infinitum.* Examine the verbs "get," "put," and "take," in similar relations.

The indefinite use of such words renders the English language intensely idiomatic. To a foreigner, it seems incapable of translation in its familiar and colloquial phrases. A burglar attempts to enter the chamber of a gentleman in San Francisco. As he is mounting the ladder, the occupant of the room raises the window, presents a pistol, and shouts, "*You get*"; the robber leaps down, crying, "*You bet*"; and thus the dialogue ends. Who could turn such idioms into Latin? A Texan, describing a fierce dog, says, "Other dogs got up and got when that dog got round." It was said of a criminal, "He got on well with his trial, and got off with impunity." A rustic says of his heroine, "She has got black eyes"; a reporter says of a rioter, "He got a black eye." A rough who "got drunk," and "got into a row," and "got stabbed," and so got into the city hospital, was reported by his surgeon as

"doing well." A wag replied, "This is the first time in his life when he has been recorded as *doing well.*" A school-girl said to her companion, of a new text-book, "You've got to get it; you have to have it." Her meaning was clearly understood. The use of the verb "take," which has already been partially illustrated, is still more vague, yet its meaning is perfectly intelligible in every case. Notice the following phrases: To take on; to take off; to take dinner; to take life; to take comfort; to take a purse; to take time; to take medicine; with other combinations without end. Common people say, "The dog took after the thief"; "the child takes after its mother." "Punch" has a good illustration of the latter sentence. A happy family—father, mother, and babe—sit around the domestic hearth. The father is reading Darwin's "Descent of Man." He pauses to announce the author's conclusion.

"Sarah," says he, "we are all descended from hairy quadrupeds with long tails and pointed ears. Baby had such ancestors."

"You speak for yourself, John," said the indignant wife. "I had no such descent, and baby *takes after me.*"

Do you "take"? It takes time to take the full force of genuine wit. Some men cannot take a joke; others take offense at mere pleasantry. But we should take care not to take a man in earnest when he is in jest, nor to take him for a fool when he takes the role of a harlequin.

The word "put" helps "make up" a host of idiomatic expressions. In conversation we say he was put up or put down; put by or put through; and sometimes we hear it said, "He was put to it to breathe"; or it is used absolutely like get, as, "he put," meaning, he fled.

It may be doubted whether conversation can be carried on in any language with so few words as in English. A Yorkshire peasant was called upon to testify in a case of manslaughter. This was his affidavit: "He'd a stick and he'd a stick; he struck he and he struck he; if he'd a struck he as hard as he struck he, he'd a killed he, and not he, he." The judge understood the witness perfectly. Men transact business in various parts of the world with a jargon of English and foreign tongues composed of less than two hundred words. Pigeon English, in China, is "business English." Words without number, gender, or case, and a few verbs without mood or tense, constitute the warp and woof of this "tangled yarn." Pigeon English for this question, "Will the horse kick?" is, "Hoss make kick?" "Ask the Consul to come," is thus expressed: "Catchee Consul; bring, come this side." Similar abbreviated modes of intercourse are found along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea and on the western coast of our continent. A dragoman in the East, who is supposed to speak five or six different languages because he can guide traveler through as many countries, may not be familiar with more than one or two hundred words in each tongue he interprets. These serve, like current coin, for the purposes of business. Educated people are supposed to employ about three thousand words in conversation. Milton used in his various works six thousand. The Bible has nine thousand; Shakspere, twenty thousand. The words in the last-named books have been carefully counted, but the number used by orators and scholars can only be learned from conjecture. The uneducated peasantry of Great Britain are said to attend to all their affairs with the daily use of three hundred words. Many of them know no more of letters than the cattle they drive.

This class of English laborers retain a multitude of the old Saxon idioms, which their ancestors used when slaves. This accounts for the fact that the vulgarisms and provincialisms of England are of Saxon origin. We are sometimes reproached, by supercilious critics in the "mother country," on account of the numerous vulgar words and idioms which we employ. But a majority of them are pure Saxon. They still live in the English provinces; many of them are found in the old English authors. In a poem entitled, "The Owl and Nightingale," written in the thirteenth century, such words abound. We will quote four lines:

> "Hulë, thu axest me (ho seide),
> Gif Ich kon eni other dede,
> Butë singen in sumer tide
> And bringë blissë for and wide."

Here we have "ax" for ask—a common Yankee pronunciation; we also have "gif," the old form of if, a verb in the imperative mood, meaning give or grant. We find, too, "butë," a verb in the imperative, from the Saxon "butan," which Horne Tooke says means "be out," take out, except.[1] We find in the same song "craftes," craft used for skill; also, "hovene-rich," heavenly kingdom, and "hovene lihte," heavenly light, showing the etymology of heaven from heave, hove, hoven, that which is heaved up or hoven up. Head is thought to be from the same root, meaning *heaved up*, that is, the highest part. Chaucer, in his beautiful description of the Parish Parson, introduces many words now obsolete or supposed to be of American origin. He has "snub" and "nonce" in one line: "Him would he snybbe sharply for the nones." He also shows that two negatives were used by the best writers:

> "Wyd was his parisch, and houses fer asondur;
> But he ne lafte not for reyn ne thondur,
> In sicknesse ne in mischief to visite
> The ferrest in his parisch, moche and lite,
> Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf."

The common people still use "fer" for far, and the churl happily illustrated the use of two negatives, when he said, "What I give is nothing to nobody." The little girl did still better in defining scandal. It is when "nobody does nothing, and everybody goes on telling of it everywhere." Chaucer, in his description of the "Yong Squyer," has this line: "Of twenty yeer he was of age I gesse." Here we have the Yankee use of guess, for think, and the singular year for the plural. You may, perhaps now, hear a farmer say, "Twenty year ago, I sold a hundred bushel of corn for three shillin' a bushel." We may find, in the same author, as well as in our version of the Bible, the oft-criticised words "sick," for ill, and "ride," for drive.

Mr. Grant White has given an amusing illustration of the use of the latter word. I quote from memory. An English friend met him one morning in the city, and asked:

"How did you come in?"

"I rode in a chaise," said Mr. White.

"Ah!" said his friend, "in our country we always use 'drive' in such a case."

"How," said Mr. White, "did you come in?"

"I came in a horse-car."

"Did you ride or drive?"

With people of fashion and quality, it is a sufficient condemnation of a word to know that vulgar persons use it. Hence, many strong words and terse phrases of Saxon origin are contraband in polite society. If a physician were to say to a lady patient, "I must administer an emetic," he would cause no offense; but were he to say, "I must give you a puke," he would excite nausea without the medicine, and yet the two expressions are identical in meaning. It requires no critical acumen to decide which is the more forcible assertion of these two: "You are drunk, sir," or "You are inebriated, sir"; or of these two: "You lie, sir," or "You prevaricate, sir." But the lowest terms may be elevated by association with lofty thoughts. Take the inspired message to the church of Laodicea: "So, then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." No one calls these words low or vulgar. The thought gives them dignity. Take another passage from the Psalms: "They shall bear thee up in their

[1] No part of speech has caused more trouble to grammarians than "disjunctive conjunctions." War exists in the very name. The *usus loquendi* does not decide whether the nominative or objective case shall follow *but*. Common parlance says, "All but you and I." Pope says, "All but the lone Philomel and I." But if this word be a verb in the imperative mood, the doubt is solved. The meaning of the word is in dispute. It is certainly a very troublesome *avant courier* in conversation. The Antiquary says: "I hate *but;* I know no form of expression in which he can appear that is amiable, excepting as a butt of sack—*but* is to me a more detestable combination of letters than *no* itself. *No* is a surly, honest fellow, speaks his mind rough and round at once. *But* is a sneaking, half-bred, exceptious sort of conjunction, which comes to pull away the cup just when it is at your lips—it does allay

> 'The good precedent—fie upon *but yet!*
> *But yet* is as a jailer to bring forth
> Some monstrous malefactor.'"

hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." The barefoot boy says, "I stubbed my toe against a rock." The first expression is grand, by its association with a noble idea; the second is mean, because the thought is sordid.

Wordsworth maintained that the colloquial language of rustics is the most philosophical and enduring that our dictionary affords, and that it is best fitted for verse. He signally failed, however, in his attempts to adapt the dialect of boors to verse. Professor Lowell, in his "Biglow Papers," has made it the vehicle of his inimitable humor, and thus rescued it from the charge of unfitness for popular poetry. The language of clowns cannot be dignified by measure. The very words are degraded by association.

Still the best thoughts of the most approved English authors in prose and poetry are clothed in words of Saxon origin. It is sufficient to name Milton and Bunyan as authors whose prevailing habit is to use the Saxon words; though Milton liberally employs the more sonorous Latin element. "Big thoughts," said Dr. Johnson, "require big words. As a brief specimen of eloquent Saxon, I will quote two stanzas of Mrs. Barbauld's address to "Life":

"Life, we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather:
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear,
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear.

Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not good night; but, in some brighter clime,
Bid me good morning."

The Anglo-Saxon words, except when compounded, or rather, placed in juxtaposition (as lead-pencil, horse-shoe, and the like), are for the most part monosyllables. Hence they are more pithy, forcible, and expressive than the long, high-sounding classical derivatives. Compare such duplicates as pierce and penetrate, wrench and extort, die and expire, kick and recalcitrate, do and perpetrate, work and operate, kill and exterminate, wrinkle and corrugate, and a host of others, which give to our language such marvelous copiousness and variety.

The Latin element also supplements the Saxon, where the latter is deficient in qualifying words or abstract terms. For every part of the human form we have adjectives from the Latin; as, capital, frontal, ocular, nasal, labial, dental, lingual, pectoral, pulmonary, femoral, pedal, and the like. The old Saxons had little occasion for abstract or scientific terms; consequently we borrow these from the dead languages. Macaulay somewhere says, in substance, that these terms have increased so rapidly within the present century, that were Bacon to revisit the earth, he would need a dictionary to enable him to read modern philosophical works. The entire English vocabulary, in his day, would not equal the number of technical terms which a modern scientist is required to know and use.

The English language is also making conquests geographically. It is now spoken more extensively than any other living tongue. Three centuries ago, the Latin was the language of scholars and philosophers. It is now almost disused, even in works of science. M. de Candolle asserts that in less than two centuries English will be the dominant language, and will be almost exclusively used in scientific works. The French naturalist certainly cannot be prejudiced in favor of the scientific supremacy of our tongue. His opinion will not be deemed extravagant when we consider the area now occupied by men who speak English. The entire North American continent will soon be under their control. England has strongholds, forts, factories, and trading-posts on all the mainlands of earth, and in many of the islands of the oceans.

Edwin D. Sanborn.

IN A GREAT LIBRARY.

As Ali Baba in the cave of treasure,
When he had proved the password, stood alone,
With gems and gold around in boundless measure,
And could not tell which first to make his own:

So, standing 'mid these cases, where the learning
Of all the past the ordered books contain,
I know not what to seek, nor whither turning
I shall the richest of these treasures gain.

But nay: too low the thought for place so holy,
This is a shrine of all the great of old;
For, though in temple grand, or church-yard lowly,
Or grave unknown, is laid their earthly mold,

By wave Ægean, or where Avon plashes,
Or where Italian skies their dome uprear,
It matters not where rest their mortal ashes,
The best they left on earth, their thoughts, are here.

Here may I learn what worthy acts achieving
Great men of old have helped their fellow-men;
And here rehearse what lofty thoughts conceiving
Wise men have toiled to widen human ken.

Thus, like Æneas in the realm of shadow,
I may hold converse with the noble dead;
Here is, for me, a true Elysian meadow,
Where souls are lifted up and comforted.

And, as Æneas from the field Elysian
Saw at the last the wraiths of men unborn,
And from the past attained prophetic vision
To know the heroes of a future morn:

So here, amid the throng of elder sages,
Who, living, wrought not only for themselves,
Appear the mighty shades of coming ages,
Whose words and deeds shall crowd the waiting shelves.

And each on me his earnest look is bending,
As twilight shadows fill the solemn place,
Each to my heart the silent question sending,
Canst thou do naught to benefit thy race?

Charles S. Greene.

RUDIMENTARY SOCIETY AMONG BOYS.

It has been facetiously suggested that a satire on war might be made out of the contests of two rival schools for the possession of a snow fort. The fierceness of the struggles, the enthusiasm of the combating forces, the heroic deeds, the profound strategy, the humiliation of defeat, the glow of victory, and the importance of the object striven for —all would be paralleled in the two cases. However great a fund of mirth-provoking incident may be found in child-life, in equally large quantity do the acts and opinions of children furnish material for serious thought.

As shown in the recent lectures and papers of Dr. G. Stanley Hall, pedagogy and psychology are striding forward, with the aid of observation and experiment upon the children in the public schools. Following this example, other sciences may well make use of the same methods of research. With careful handling, the biological doctrine that the development of the individual gives a picture in little of the development of the race may be used as a basis for work in the study of moral and social phenomena.

It is easy to adduce facts bearing out this assertion; some must be known to every parent and to every teacher. In the minds of children are to be found many of the notions of the savage. The boy that delights in shooting sparrows with his India-rubber "sling" is passing rapidly through a stage from which large portions of our race never emerge. We may fitly compare the youthful depredator on our orchards with the primitive stealer of wives. The ethics of childhood, unless among precocious, unhealthy children, is at best the ethics of a low civilization. A like relation may be discovered between the economic phenomena of primitive communities and the like phenomena shown among groups of modern children.

Such an expression as the last may sound fanciful, and yet it is made in sober earnest. To be sure, all the property enjoyed by most children comes by gift from parents or friends; but occasionally some unusually enterprising child begins to traffic with the capital he has thus acquired; and there is scarcely any school but has at least one boy ever ready to swap knives or to sell marbles. Sometimes a school community is so situated as greatly to develop such tendencies among its members. An instance of this kind has fallen under the observation of the present writer, and furnishes some remarkable instances of the workings of a rudimentary society.

Among the boys of a school near Baltimore, several forms of property have sprung up. The boys own walnut trees, bird's-nests, and squirrel's-nests. They have also a system of exchange, and a currency of their own devising. Moreover, they have appropriated portions of land, and the land ownership has passed from the stage of community of interest to that of individual holdings; has become concentrated in the hands of monopolists, and has been demanded by a socialistic party as the inalienable right of the whole body of scholars.

The school is in the center of a farm of eight hundred acres, and over this tract the boys are permitted to roam at will. It is now ten years since the first party of boys were received at the opening of the institution, and they soon discovered that in autumn walnuts were to be had for the taking, and that in spring bird's-eggs and young squirrels were treasures that would recompense the seekers. All who took the trouble to search were rewarded with an abundant harvest of the coveted articles. The boys were in the condition of early man before the earth had become so crowded as to require him to toil for bread or to fight for a hunting-ground. The golden age did not last. The school grew, and not even eight hundred acres could supply nuts and nests enough for fifty

adventurers. Competition and disputes arose, and these led to warlike consequences, until some youth devised a method of decision better than that of the fist. Then the age of force and violence passed away, and the age of custom and law succeeded. The ages were short, it is true, but they were comprehensive.

Just after dawn, some morning late in September or early in October, when the first frost has ripened the nuts, parties of two or three boys may be seen rushing at full speed over the fields towards the walnut trees. When a tree is reached, one of the number climbs rapidly up, shakes off half a bushel of the nuts, and scrambles down again. Then they go to the next tree, where the process is repeated, unless that tree is occupied by other boys doing likewise, in which case the first party hurries to another tree. Any nut-hunters coming to a tree after the first party has been there, and wishing to shake it still further, are required by custom to pile up all the nuts that lie under the tree, for until this is done the unwritten law does not permit their shaking more nuts upon the ground. Any one who violated this rule, and shook the nuts off a tree before piling up those beneath, would be universally regarded as dishonest, and every boy's hand would be against him. The society is as yet too rudimentary to possess courts of justice; but just as the frontiersmen are able to protect themselves against horse-thieves, so the injured boy or his friends can usually maintain his rights. It is true, a weak or friendless boy sometimes loses his heaps of nuts; but, in like circumstances, similar objections are occasionally made to the results of the best systems of judicial administration. To collect all these nuts into a pile costs no small labor, and rather than undergo this, the second party will usually go off in search of another tree. Consequently, this partial shaking enables the boys that first climb a tree to get possession of all its fruit. A certain justice underlies this custom. Labor has been expended in the first shaking, and the moral sense of the community agrees that no part of the labor should be lost to the shaker. But, as will be shown farther on, no moral feeling began the usage. With boys and with men morality is of late growth, and it is not until customs of ownership have been long established that either class begins to question the ethical propriety of the *status quo.*

As to bird's-nests and the dens of squirrels, another usage prevails. Before the first bluebird has laid in April, the egg-hunters provide themselves with little strips of paper bearing their names and the date, thus:

Miller & Crook.
1883.

These tickets and some tacks they take with them whenever they go into the woods. When a hole in a tree betrays a brood of squirrels, one of these tickets is nailed upon the trunk beneath; and under any bird's-nest they see, another ticket is placed. No other honest boy will molest nests thus identified; and when the eggs are laid or the squirrels born, Masters Miller and Crook go at leisure and collect specimens for their cabinets or pets for their pockets. In the immediate neighborhood of the school-house, the boys place boxes for the birds to build in, in order that eggs may more easily be gotten. When a boy has put in a tree one of these traps for unsuspecting maternity, no other boy is permitted to use the tree for the same purpose. Lately a case occurred in which, amid general approbation, the second box was destroyed by the owner of the first.

Neither the rights to the nests nor the rights to the walnuts last longer than one season. To acquire a good title for the time being, new tickets with the date must be nailed up every spring; and every autumn the walnut trees must again be shaken. The nuts and the nests are recognized as in the common mark, open to all the residents. They are the property of the whole community, which is careful to keep strangers from any use of the products of the place.

So far as any rational basis can be found, the title to the nuts and to the eggs seems to rest upon the act of appropriating these articles. The mere appropriation, however, is not enough. The evidence of its performance must be clear, or the title will not vest. In one instance the ticket that had been nailed beneath a hawk's-nest afterwards blew off, and a boy, coming along and seeing no ticket, took the eggs. Although the missing paper was found by the owner lying within a few yards of the tree, the other boy refused to return the property, saying, "There was no ticket on the tree when I got the eggs, and they are therefore mine." Public opinion seemed to sustain him in his position, and with a regard for precedent common among holders of disputed property, he quoted other cases where he had been so treated. He may seem a hard and austere boy, "oölogizing" where he had no rights; but unless strictly enforced, the system would be useless. The tenant who does not keep the receipt for his rent may be compelled to pay again, because observation proves that the word of an interested witness cannot be relied on. If a boy were permitted to assert a title resting solely upon his declaration that he had at one time ticketed the tree, doubtless frauds would be made easy; and though injustice may be occasionally done by the present method, in the long run the results are good.

No direct evidence can be brought on the point, but there need be no hesitation in saying that neither of these systems arose from any ethical ideas. Tradition among the present scholars declares, and from what is known of boys in general it may be said without fear of contradiction, that some muscular members of the community enforced the observance of these methods so far as their own interests went. Other boys, struck with the plan, took it up, and in a few years it was generally used. A few repetitions alone are needed to establish a custom among boys; and with boys, perhaps more than with primitive man, what is customary is right. Sir Henry Maine tells us that the Hindoos, when adjusting the difficulties of land tenure that arise in their village communities, never appeal to equity, but always to custom. Such is exactly the process of the American boys in question. As soon as a dispute begins, each party asserts that he or some one else yesterday or last week was treated just as he now treats his opponent. The boy making out the best body of precedents usually obtains for his position the support of public opinion.

Beside this ownership of trees, property in land has been developed. Almost the whole process here is known, and conjecture is scarcely needed. We can see clearly the stage of common land-holding; of individual ownership; of the monopolizing of land; and last of all, the rise of a socialistic party clamorous for a redistribution. When the explorations of the boys revealed the presence of nuts, eggs, and squirrels, numbers of rabbits were also discovered. Attempts were at once made upon the lives of these animals, for the purpose of adding a delicacy to the commonplace round of boarding-school fare. But here, too, the demand exceeded the supply, and it soon came about that all the rabbits fell into a few hands. As will presently be shown, this involved exclusive ownership in those places where rabbits most breed and haunt. The rabbit-trapping season, it should be premised, begins about the middle of October and ends early in December. In the first autumn after the opening of the school, many of the boys had one trap, or at most half a dozen traps, to set. But the spots where rabbits can be caught are comparatively few even on eight hundred acres of land, and hence the closeness of the traps interfered with the amount of the catch. After two years of this unsatisfactory state of affairs, a large boy who had set his traps rather early proceeded to destroy any traps set closer to his own than he thought desirable. In such matters a great personage like a hard-fisted fellow of fifteen has much influence. His example was followed by others, and by common consent a limited distance between traps was agreed on as proper. Within a circle having a radius of about twenty yards,

and having for a center a trap already set, no other trap was to be placed. Over this area the owner of the trap became supreme lord. The game inhabiting it was his, and no other person was permitted to trap there. Some tall and muscular land owners even forbade the general public to walk within their bounds, and the general public, being kindly disposed toward these notabilities, and anxious to find favor in their eyes, politely consented to trap and to walk elsewhere or nowhere. If any covetous boy expressed a continued desire for the rabbits in these protected spots, their owners were soon able to convince him of the dishonesty and impolicy of gratifying his wishes.

A disused trap, one not baited, but merely lying on the ground, gave its owner no such right as this to the surrounding soil. Nor did a right established in one year last till the next. The trap must be used, or no exclusive privileges came from its presence.

Some more grasping spirits were not satisfied with even this state of affairs, and desired to obtain greater numbers of rabbits. Accordingly, a few of these boys combined together in early autumn, made as many traps as possible, and a day or two before the opening of the trapping season, set them at short intervals over a valuable rabbit district. The customary law did not permit a trap to be placed near one already set, and consequently, when the next party of trappers went to this place, they found it already occupied. It was dotted with traps forty yards apart. All that region was then as completely closed to ordinary people as if it had been a piece of common land fenced in under the Enclosure Act by some British landlord. In this way, the most enterprising and unscrupulous boys obtained the ownership of an entire ditch or swamp or wood. The common land had then fallen into few hands.

Here, then, several boys have succeeded in establishing an individual land ownership, lasting part of the year. The ground that was before the common property of the school-community has become for a time the property of individuals. If some philosopher had arisen among the first boys in the school, who enjoyed the land in common, he might have justified their custom by saying that each member of the community had a right to gratify his desire for rabbits as long as he permitted the others an equal opportunity for gratification. If the same thinker still existed among them, perhaps he would not find it so easy to produce an ethical basis for the system of individual ownership. Such questions, however, did not perplex the individual owners. These monopolists comfortably enjoyed their more luxurious breakfasts, and looked down upon those who had no land and no rabbits as poor devils who should be glad to get the occasional necks and backs that were handed them from the tables of their richer neighbors.

At the end of the season in which the system of individual ownership was adopted, the large holders of land left their traps upon the spots where they had been set, and the following autumn the same boys had merely to walk leisurely over the ground and set them. Thus it was easy for these boys to be the first in the field, and again to prevent others from trapping in the best places. When this occurred, most of the boys ceased competition with these more fortunate rivals. Others who persisted had to be content with any spot so poor in game that it had not excited the cupidity of the monopolists. By this process the land not only fell for a time into a few hands, but it ceased to be redistributed as formerly. The few kept it from year to year. The old system of common enjoyment disappeared, and in its place came individual property, heart-burnings, and discontents.

Rights of devise are also recognized among the boys. By a regulation of the board of trustees of the school, the boys all leave the institution on reaching their seventeenth year. When the time came for some of the monopolists to depart their little world, they could carry nothing out. None the less did they continue to take an interest in what they were about to lose. They bethought themselves of bequeathing

their possessions to their friends. Two or three boys were commonly associated in these enterprises, and when one departed, the remaining shareholders maintained the testamentary rights thus established; for, in truth, no opposition to their proceedings seems to have been shown. In this manner, the title to the land was not only taken from the community and put into the hands of individuals, but the wishes of the individual owners were respected after they were no longer present to enforce them.

The system of individual ownership has had a curious theoretical development. Upon one occasion, a landless boy, accompanied by a dog, was crossing a field, when the dog started a rabbit and chased it. Near by was a ditch, belonging to a monopolist, who chanced to be at hand. The rabbit made for the ditch, as the nearest cover. Thereupon the monopolist declared with much emphasis that the rabbit, if it should be caught in his ditch, would belong to him. The boy with the dog refused to admit the justice of this pretension, and announced himself prepared to maintain his right to the rabbit by force. Fortunately for the interests of peace, the rabbit stopped in a corn-shock, and the dog seized it as it came out. Of course, it then belonged to the owner of the dog, and could not be claimed by the owner of the ditch. However, the interesting question of the true title to rabbits chased into and caught upon the lands of monopolists remains unsettled.

After two or three years of this system of individual ownership, it came about through devises and judicious purchases that all the land available for catching rabbits fell into the hands of half a dozen owners. They found it too laborious, however, to visit all their traps, and to relieve themselves of the burden, they hit upon the scheme of leasing or selling portions of the land to other boys. A swamp famous for its game was let in consideration of the payment of half the rabbits caught. On another occasion, a boy found a great treasure, the eggs of a humming-bird. These he gave up to a land monopolist for some other minor consideration, and the right to catch rabbits forever on a part of the lands of the monopolist. No written agreement was made, but the bounds of the buyer's plot were carefully noted, and though the purchase took place some years since, he can still recall the position of his corner-stones. The sale of a perpetual estate is not common, however, and most land owners prefer to lease their possessions for a single season.

It was at one time the habit of the trappers to eat the rabbits caught, but when all the game became the property of half a dozen boys, this method of disposing of it would no longer answer. It then became customary to sell the surplus to the other boys. Money was not very plentiful among the scholars, and knives, tops, slings, and marbles were bartered for a rabbit or a piece of a rabbit. So was another commodity, namely, butter. The butter given the boys at meals is divided into exactly equal parts, and a piece weighing an ounce is put on each plate. Butter is intrinsically valuable, and particularly so in the youthful estimation. It is also strictly limited in amount. Here there were several of the requisites of a currency, and for currency they began to use it. A rabbit's leg could be purchased from a monopolist for three "butters," a whole rabbit for ten "butters." A knife cost from six to thirty "butters"; a pair of skates forty "butters." But here, as before with the traps, an enterprising dealer would often accumulate more "butters" than in his own person he could conveniently consume. In that case he permitted his debtors to keep the "butters" they owed until he was ready to use them. Frequently the creditor wished to purchase some other article—a cake, an apple, or a top. He will then refer the seller to one of his debtors, with instructions to collect from him the butter-value of the purchase. Thus boys often pay debts with amounts of butter that they never see. A case like the following is frequent: Smith bought a knife from Jones, payment to be made in "butters." Jones was told to collect from Robinson, who owed Smith "butters." Jones, however, owed "butters" to

Brown. Brown was then given the claim against Robinson, and from Robinson he obtained payment. In this way, as the commercial transactions of the boys increased—partly because of the development of their system of land tenure—a need for a currency was felt, and accordingly they devised a currency.

But to return to the subject of the ownership of land. At present all the most productive rabbit regions are in the hands of three boys. A year ago, envy of the prosperity of the monopolists, and a growing sense of the injustice of their claims to exclusive ownership, caused the rise of a socialistic party. These reformers desired that a redistribution of land should take place, and that every boy entering the school should have an equal share with those already there. "The land," said the leader of the agitators, "is intended for all of us. Every boy here has a right to catch rabbits, and no boy can deprive another of his right. Boys that have left the school have no right to give away their land. It properly belongs to the boys who come to take their places. We are forty-four to six. We must combine and force these fellows to divide."

These demands were so vehemently urged, that the monopolists found it necessary to make some concessions. Accordingly they picked out some of the least productive ditches, and gave them to some members of the agrarian party. This had the effect of quieting the agitation for the time, but probably it will soon be renewed. The three boys who own most of the land have promised to bequeath it, on their departure from the school, to a single owner. Will he be able to resist the combined efforts of the rest for redistribution? The sentiment in favor of a return to common ownership is strengthening, and the result can hardly be doubted.

John Johnson, Jr.

A SHEPHERD AT COURT.

"Why, if thou wast never at court, thou never saw'st good manners; if thou never saw'st good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state, shepherd."—*As You Like It.*

Some warlike ancestor must have handed down to Steven Gurney a certain military bearing, which made his patrician lady friends assert that he had been in the "regular army." At any rate, this spurious reputation lent him high favor and harmed nobody, the wearer of invisible spurs being wholly unconscious of the social niche allotted him. Indeed, he mostly accepted polite attentions with polite indifference. It was the not uncommon selfishness of a man who cared nothing for society *as* society, who was oblivious to the good qualities of any outside his chosen circle of friends, who won regard and held it without effort, and was yet modest enough to undervalue this best of gifts. He had cool gray eyes, which looked into and beyond the surface-show of the fashionable world, and whose changing lights misled many a woman into innocent heart flutterings, and made her sure she had found the clew to his love.

The warm, soft hand-clasp told how unemotional he was—how steadily his blood flowed; but it was easy enough to understand that when his pulses stirred it would be to some purpose. He was called handsome, but his reviewers only meant that he had broad shoulders, long limbs, and a manly presence: a stupid but common mistake in word-fitting. Few of Gurney's friends knew that his chief charm lay in his deep, steady voice with its caressing intonations, and in the rare, slow smile that made his grave face like a glint of sunshine. Perhaps I have given him too many graces with no blemish at all; but whoever poses for a hero needs all the softened lights and retouching

our poor art can give, and the good, indulgent public will find the blemishes fast enough.

Not far from the coast in one of our lower counties, and set in the loveliest of all the picturesque valleys abounding in the Coast Range, is a curious Spanish-American residence, that has an air of the *ancien régime.* The trees of foreign growth that overshadow the house must have taken a long time on their journey upward, and are stout, full-naturalized citizens. The close-trimmed orchard, the orange and olive groves, the giant trunks of the climbing roses, and the gnarled bark of the trellised grape-vines, all say emphatically to the passer-by: "We are wiser than you; we have ministered to the wants of a generation you could not know. In this land of butterfly towns and dissolving fortunes we, at least, can make you believe that there has been a past."

Everywhere on the place can be heard the sullen roar of the breakers ten miles away, as they roll up to dash themselves on the rocks, and one can fancy how they fall away in foamy fantastic shapes on the long lines of crinkled sand. But the hills between put up their broad shoulders, and shut off the wild wet winds and white fog—holding the valley close and warm in their arms. And here, when we meet him, Steven Gurney had lived for fifteen years a careless, unambitious existence, which would have fossilized a man of less latent energy, but which had come to *this* man like pardon after a death-sentence.

Had he so willed, he might have made one of the noble army of martyrs who devote themselves to the good of the Commonwealth without hope of reward; but he was not made of martyr stuff, so he let another man represent his district in Congress. He hunted and fished and smoked and read, and rode among his flocks and herds, as contentedly as though life could hold nothing more. He liked the freedom, the isolation—the somber old house that held a tragedy sad and bad enough for a mediæval romance, if one could believe the "oldest inhabitant" — a melancholy, gray-bearded Spaniard, who was a pensioner on the place. Stripped of Jose's magniloquence, the story was this:

At the time when the California Franciscans were at the height of their prosperity, and the jealous friars looked forward to a rosary of blooming missions whose beads should outnumber their holy days—say seventy years ago—there was sent to mismanage the affairs of the Santa Barbara pueblo a Spanish gentleman of spotless lineage and diminished fortune, named Romierez. He brought with him his wife and daughter, burning his ships behind him with a recklessness that matched his pride. After a year of unhappy feud with priests and people, he threw up his commission and retreated to the mountains, where he made himself a home, and lived in half-barbaric splendor, with a swarm of Indian retainers and two or three of his own Spanish servants. His daughter, meanwhile, bloomed into a rose that had no rival in all the length of his sunny gardens. But the monotonous life wearied her, and finally she fell in love with a handsome young half-breed, her father's boldest *vaquero.* Though foolish enough to spoil her life, she was too wise to expect a smooth love path. So there were stealthy meetings, and love messages borne by the Indian waiting-maid. A secret marriage was planned, but at the last moment the maid played traitor, and when Doña Luisa slipped out of her room to meet her bridegroom, she found her father at the door.

"Are you waiting for your *vaquero?*" he said, coldly. "Well, he is hanging at the heels of his own horse somewhere down in the valley—what is left of him."

And when the terrified girl pleaded her innocence, and begged for mercy:

"Mercy is for the saints to give," he said, unmoved. "A Romierez cannot live with even the doubt of dishonor on her name. Go and meet your lover." And before she could speak again, the slender dagger he held was thrust once in her throat, twice in her heart.

Justice did not wait to be blinded in those days, but just shut her eyes discreetly. So

when Don Romierez gave his home over to the church, and took his heart-broken wife back to Spain, there was nobody to stand in their way. But a cloud hung over the place, and its successive owners swore that in the chambers of the old house the Doña Luisa walked on moonlight nights, protesting her sinlessness, pleading to be forgiven, while the blood-drops trickled from her slender throat and stained her white dress. Gurney knew all these tales, and though he was not superstitious, he felt that a certain pathos clung to the house, and that the old-time shadows in which it lay made it a fit refuge for one whose life had been darkened by shadows.

CHAPTER I.

"It is a curious fact," said Gurney, reflectively, as he threw away his cigar and pulled down a lonely autumn spray of honeysuckle —"a very curious fact, that whenever a man sits down to idle ease and comfort, somebody must be at hand to disturb his repose"; and he looked rather impatiently at the blue-lined letter that had dropped from his hand and fluttered half-way down the broad steps of the porch.

He had no audience but a big brown setter, who was watching him with wistful eyes, his nose on paws and feathery tail slowly waving; so these views must have been expounded for the benefit of Max, in case he looked forward to an inglorious dog-life.

Gurney laughed lazily as he caught his favorite's beseeching attitude and look. "Let us gather our roses while we may," he murmured; "come, old fellow"; and sauntered slowly down the sunny walk with Max leaping about him in joyous expectation.

The dog's rough, eager caresses were more grateful to him just then than human companionship would have been.

He had a womanly tenderness for dumb things, and children treated him with a frank friendliness which they rarely accord to grown-up people. They are clever little things, these mites of humanity, because they trust their instincts.

Now the freckled, blue-eyed boy who rushed out of the shrubbery at sight of Max was about as wise as the setter in worldly knowledge; but who shall say he did not know friend from foe better than the experienced man of thirty-five who watched the boisterous greeting between the two playmates.

"O, may I go with you, Mr. Gurney?" said the child, entreatingly.

"Where?" asked Gurney, with well-feigned surprise.

"Wherever you are going to walk."

"And the house-mother—what will she say when she finds you gone?"

"O, we can stop and ask her on our way."

Gurney shrugged his shoulders. "You have settled it all nicely, haven't you, Master Karl," he said, but he followed the boy as the latter danced along the garden path, and then ran down a narrow lane to a little brown cottage tucked snugly away among the trees.

"See, *Grossmutter.* I am going to walk with Herr Gurney," he called out to a stern-looking old woman who stood in the doorway. Her face relaxed somewhat when she caught sight of Gurney, and they held a short parley in German.

"Be a good boy, Karl." The child nodded, and kissed his hand to his grandmother as they walked on.

"She makes so much fuss about nothing," he said, with childish *naivete.*

"Yes, a great many people do that," answered Gurney, gravely. "Even very young children, wise as they are, fall into the same error occasionally."

"You mean me," said Karl promptly, for he was used to Gurney's bantering tone; "I don't think *I'm* fussy at all."

"It's too deep a subject for me to discuss. Turn this way—I want to see Loveatt"; and they toiled up the brown hill where the men were fallow-plowing.

A shower the night before had made the earth a little moist and shaded the long, smooth furrows with light and dark. The faint, sweet smell of the loam mingled with the more pungent one of burning weeds and brush, and blue smoke-wreaths floated out

here and there, as the bronzed farm-hands went to and fro, sending up this yearly incense from the altars of Ceres. The air was still and mild; the sun shone with a curious yellow light. Distant sounds came floating to them through the hazy air, with a musical cadence that was almost uncanny. A flock of quail ran a little way before them, and rose with a whir into the trees. It was a pretty pastoral picture—a very familiar one to Gurney; but in his wandering glance there was none of the eager air of possession or the keen calculation that marks the proprietor.

Meanwhile, Mr. Reinecke's letter was fluttered back and forth by the soft autumn wind, until it lay on its back helplessly, far down the wide drive, where Gurney, coming home an hour or two later, found it and picked it up with an impatient frown.

The sun had gone down and left a cold light on the hills to contradict the warm, bright day; while in the south an ominous bank of cloud was rolling up steadily. Foolish dreamer, did you think it was yet summer? Another day shall show you your mistake.

Karl had gone home. Max, worn out with his unnecessary exertions, walked dejectedly behind his master. A little gust of wind shook the trees, and two or three brown leaves drifted down and fell on the stiff paper which Gurney still held in his hand.

"We will talk this over later, Mr. Reinecke," he said to the sprawling signature, and went into the house with the air of a man whose conscience and inclination were at sword's points.

Max followed his master into the hall, hoping in his dog-mind that he would be forgotten until he had fairly established himself on the rug, when he would be in good likelihood of retaining his position. Unfortunately, a majestic Maltese cat happened to come out of an opposite door just then, and sidled up to Gurney, rubbing against his legs with an assured air that was too much for Max's jealous disposition. Instinct was stronger than reason, and he made a dash for the interloper. There was a minute's conflict, a sharp *staccato* of growls and spittings, and then the dog was thrust ignominiously out, while Cassim was admitted to the fire in full fellowship with the owner thereof. It was a funny epitome of the irony of justice, and so Gurney possibly thought, for he threw himself back in a big easy-chair and apostrophized Cassim as the latter lay luxuriously stretched out, taking up more than his share of the hearth-rug.

"That was a very feminine success, my feline friend," he murmured, "in spite of your sex. You were quite as much to blame as Max, and yet he expiates his offense, while you not only go scot-free, but are given what you most desire."

Then he slowly drew out his letter. "What's the use of putting off the evil hour?" he went on. "To say yes to this summons means to leave my comfort and seclusion for bare rooms in a hotel, and the companionship of people I don't like and don't want to like; to dangle attendance on my lawyers all winter, and pay roundly for the privilege. I am like Max: I've done nothing very bad, and yet I must be punished by fate, who is the most capricious mistress of all; while my wily neighbor, who has brought me into trouble, has nothing to lose and everything to gain, and lies down, so to speak, all over the hearth-rug.

"After all, there can't be such a furious haste. I'll go next week, if it is absolutely necessary."

Just then there was a quick tap at the door, and a smart servant girl brought in his letters and touched up the fire. The wind had risen from a fluttering breath to a ghostly sobbing. It rattled the windows here and there, and wailed around the house like a Banshee. Then there came a hush, and the rain pattered fast against the pane.

Gurney opened the letters—some half a dozen—with the careless air of a man without any absorbing interest. Among the rest was another note from Mr. Reinecke, an urgent plea for his client's presence. "Kismet!" murmured Gurney, reverently bowing his head. "Who can resist such a call as that?" and without pausing a moment, he

scrawled a few words on a piece of paper and summoned the smart maid.

"I want Frank to take this to the telegraph office at once, and you may tell him to have Flora ready to drive me over to take the steamer in the morning."

Jessie opened her black eyes very wide. "The master" had not been away for so long a time that she thought him a sort of fixture; but she only said, "Very well, sir," and went out hastily, eager to deliver her message.

"You see, Cassim," touching the cat with his foot, "the penalty of possession. I toiled that I might have, and now I must toil that it be not taken from me. And I am constantly beset with conscience-pricks for my negative goodness. I boast that I do no man any harm, but if I hold back when I might do some man good, what then? A philanthropist is but a dreamer who stirs up the slums that he has not the power to purify. Each man who isolates himself does some good, if we may believe Thoreau: 'Not content with defiling each other in this world, we would go to heaven together.' That's it, I think. A caustic theology, Henry, for Walden Woods to teach. After all, it resolves itself into, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' No, no; that's too perplexing; we won't follow it any farther."

The cat here drew himself up slowly, yawned a mighty yawn, and climbed up on his master's knee.

"Now *you* represent conscienceless prosperity," said Gurney, stroking the fine blue-gray fur. "You might be a metempsychosed stock manipulator or railroad king. By the way, I wonder how my friend Graves is reconciling his religious creeds of God and Mammon by this time. He had just joined the church when I saw him last, and bought the highest-priced pew in Saint Mark's temple. I shall have to brush myself up, Cassim, and pay my *devoirs* to his portly wife, and to Madam Rivers too, if I go to Vanity Fair. That means dress-coats and silk hats and—"

"If you please, dinner is ready," said Jessie, at the door. Thereupon, Cassim was deposed, and the one-sided discussion ended.

The next night found Gurney on the deck of the coast steamer, with the churning of engines and the tread of feet making monotonous accompaniment for his monotonous thought; the next week found him established in our arrogant, sand-swept little metropolis, and beset by legalities and illegalities that taxed his good nature to the utmost, and threatened to last beyond his own lifetime.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. John Rivers had ambitions. To be sure, they were not very big ones, but she devoted her life to them as sincerely as though they were destined to revolutionize the world. To give pleasant parties, to keep her house furnished in the latest style, to belong to the most conspicuous set, to know the latest gossip, to dress in the newest mode—well, these were enough to keep her from *ennui;* and then came countless minor desires. She had married, early in life, a gentleman of moderate means, and if it was a love-match, it must have been a very matter-of-fact Cupid who sent his arrows their way, for neither of them had sentiment enough to turn a paper windmill. However, they lived happily enough to pass unscathed the gossip-gauntlet of society—which was a crucial test. Mr. Rivers was a self-made man, but he kept that fact out of sight, cheerfully believing that if *he* forgot it everybody else would; for with every year they grew more prosperous, till at last they stood on the small plateau where we meet only the "best people."

One day Mrs. Rivers sat in her handsome library with a stupendously big book before her. She was not reading. She had not even a wish to be thought literary. It was simply her fine sense of the fitness of things. When she was in the library, she took up a book—whether it was Plato or Peregrine Pickle mattered not at all. But her conscience was elastic enough to let her mind go free, instead of dwelling on the printed page, and her expression was intent enough to do double duty. In the midst of her reflections, her husband came in with the

children—a freckled ten-year boy, and a girl two or three years younger.

"Did you have a nice ride?" asked their mother, abstractedly. "*Don't* pull up the blind, Tom; the light hurts my eyes. Go and get dressed for dinner. No, Laura: *not* your green plush; the gray one is *quite* nice enough when we're alone."

"O, by the way, Althea," said Mr. Rivers, "I met Gurney down town to-day. He has come up from his place on business, and will be here several weeks. We must make it pleasant for him, you know. Can't you send him one of those things?" and he pointed to a pile of invitations lying on the table.

His wife looked at him with a perplexed wrinkle in her forehead. "Gurney," she repeated—"Gurney—O yes; how stupid I am — Fanny Lawlor's friend" — and the wrinkle was smoothed away in an instant. "Of course I'll send him a card. He isn't a dancing man, is he? I've forgotten. Dancing men are so scarce"—with a sigh of responsibility—"and there are dozens of girls coming out this winter who only live to dance. Where did you say he is staying? What a blessing it would be if Fanny could marry him!"

When Gurney found the imposing inscription, "Mr. and Mrs. John Rivers request the pleasure," etc., under the door of his room that night, he looked anything but grateful; but after deliberating for full fifteen minutes, he tossed up a shiny half-dollar and took "heads" as a fatalistic sign that society wanted him.

He had spent half a dozen non-consecutive winters in San Francisco, and knew a good many people. He had money enough to make him an object of interest, both to business men and—yes, and business women. He was born a man of the world, just as he was born a gentleman; but fifteen years of seclusion had made him a little provincial. That is a fate the wisest recluse cannot escape. The timid or bold overtures of bashful "buds" and match-making mothers amused for a while, and then bored him. To himself he called these *festas* of kettle-drum, german, and reception "sparks from the Devil's poker."

Mrs. Rivers's "At home" was one of the first sparks of the season, and therefore brilliant. The ladies all had on fresh dresses, unless it was the *passées* and the poor relations; and people were more easily entertained at the start. Later on, just before Lenten time, they grow captious. There was a medley of silk and lace and pearl-powder and rouge and frizettes, with dress-coats, waxed mustaches, tender-hued gloves, and *boutonnières* to match; half-tipsy army titles; apoplectic stock quotations, bored "Benedicts," rough, human lava-stones thrown up by some political upheaval; parasites of all kinds, clinging snail-like to the fairest things and leaving a trail of sticky flattery to mark their path; and a few cultivated, generous souls, which resembled far-off stars, inasmuch as they were not visible to the naked eye; hot-house flowers, music, unwholesome diet, dancing, and small talk;—that was the "spark"—the party, german, or what not.

Gurney stood leaning against a stuccoed pillar of the ball-room, just outside the swaying throng of dancers, watching how many came to grief in their ever-recurring collisions, when a rapid couple knocked him out of his position and sent him reeling into the alcove beyond, and against a lady who was sitting there alone.

"Bedlamites!" he muttered, as he recovered his footing and his self-possession together.

"Did you speak to *me*," said the lady, cheerfully; and Gurney looked down only to meet an expression of intense and unconcealed enjoyment anything but soothing to an angry man. He felt more profoundly disgusted than ever with party-givers and party-goers.

"I don't know," he said, with an aggrieved air. "If I spoke your name it was accidentally, since we have not met before, I think. I can't tell how to apologize for unintentional rudeness, so I offer my sincerest regrets that I am here at all"; and he bowed seriously, and walked away.

Making his way through the crowded rooms a little later, he saw his lady of the alcove the center of a gay knot of young people, who alternately laughed and listened. Her vivid pantomime, and the glances that followed him as he passed the group, told him who was the primary cause of their mirth. A moment more and the young lady went down the room in the arms of an effeminate carpet-knight, with a step rather too rapid to be "good form" in that day of languid waltzes. Gurney held some antique notions on the subject of womanhood; and the fast young woman of the period, of whatever type, was peculiarly distasteful to him. Without giving another thought to the special specimen he had just encountered, he strolled into one of the deserted rooms and sat down in an easy-chair, sheltered by some friendly, hideous Japanese vases. The waltz came to an end, the dancers streamed through the halls chattering and laughing. Suddenly there was a hush, a few bold chords struck on the piano near him, and a clear, fresh voice rang out full and sweet in "My Nannie O." It touched Gurney in spite of himself, and sent him straightway back to his college days. He turned with some interest to look at the singer, but at sight of her lost his enthusiasm.

"Can I ever get away from that woman?" he said to himself wearily, but turning to go out was confronted by his hostess. She was a curious study to him sometimes, and he admired her pluck in social struggles; but he was not in the mood just then to take character-notes, and tried to slip away. It was too late. She caught his arm with the little rippling laugh that was one of her weapons.

"O, Mr. Gurney, here you are at last. I've been looking for you everywhere. Are you having a nice time? You must vow you are, anyhow, just to be polite. Now come with me; I want to introduce you to a cousin of mine. She wasn't staying with me last winter when you were here, but you must have heard me speak of her. Such a clever girl. I know you'll like her"; and she led him up to the person he most wished to avoid.

"I'm sure you'll like each other," she said, with careless decision; "two such clever people as you are ought to be good friends"; and she hurried away to hunt up more affinities.

The two clever ones looked at each other rather stupidly, and then Helen Oulton bit her lips to hide the smile that trembled on them, and played with her fan, *a la débutante.*

"I am glad to have an opportunity of apologizing to you in your proper name," he said at once, taking the vacant place beside her.

She glanced at him demurely. "Perhaps *I* ought to apologize for laughing at you when you stumbled, but only Mr. Turveydrop could have resisted such temptation, and my early education in deportment was neglected."

"Two such clever persons as we are ought to be able to dispense with apologies altogether," said Gurney, trying to make the best of his enforced *tête-à-tête.* "We *must* be clever, you know, because Mrs. Rivers *said* we were. It has placed us in rather a responsible position, but maybe we can keep others from finding out how brilliant we are, and shirk our duties sometimes. Now, for instance, if you don't feel like doing Madame De Staël, I will be satisfied with a little frivolous gossip."

Miss Oulton's embroidered fan fell together with a sharp clash. "You are not only clever, but charitable"; and she looked him squarely in the face for the first time. "Having discerned my inability to talk any thing *but* gossip, you lead me into my own field. There must be some particular bit of information you are anxious to grasp."

"I assure you," he began, and then stopped and sank back lazily. "Well—yes, there *are* some things I want to know. How, if you please, did you choose to sing that particular song to-night?"

To his surprise, she blushed hotly, and answered, with some hesitation: "To win a wager. It was in the worst possible taste, of course, to sing anything—let me forget it. 'What's done is done.'"

"I'm not sure of that," he said coolly.

"The ghosts you raised for me with that innocent little Scotch air are not so easily disposed of. I hold you responsible for them. But to go back to questions: who is the discontented little beauty just opposite?"

"Miss Tina Graves," she answered promptly; "age nineteen, joint heiress with her sister of two or three millions. Sister is the pink young lady standing in the corner. Both eligible. Miss Tina, the favorite, is capricious but clever—not clever like *us*, to be sure, but she hath a pretty wit. Shall I introduce you?"

"By and by. I don't care to have my thirst for knowledge quenched so suddenly. You are a model cyclopedia—your items are so skillfully condensed. The hall must be cooler than this; shall we continue our observations out there?" and he rose and offered her his arm. "Now here are five or six hundred persons," he went on, seriously, "each one with a history more or less interesting. At your rate of boiling down and by cutting those I already know, we can do the whole party to-night, and have an hour or two left for autobiography."

"Very well," she said cheerfully, "only we'll reverse the order, and you will then be the first story-teller. I can borrow Cousin Althea's invitation list to-morrow, and you may invent histories to suit the names or your own fancy, which will dispose of the rest in *very* short measure."

As they walked back and forth in the long, white-carpeted hall, their talk was constantly interrupted by other couples, who stopped to speak to Miss Oulton. She introduced her companion to all the pretty girls, and there seemed an endless chain of them. The young men, as a rule, were *not* pretty. Gurney wondered what their occupation was outside the ball-room, they seemed so wholly inseparable from it.

"Well, you see," said Miss Oulton, to whom he confided his perplexity, "society keeps them down town behind the railings of dingy offices and bank and brokers' counters, 'to be kept till called for.' A dozen or so are professional men (by courtesy), and a scant dozen are supported by rich fathers. They are mostly amiable and harmless, and the only objection I find in them is that I can't tell them apart. Now, I have a vague fear that the very bald young gentleman on our left is looking for me—"

"He will look in vain"; and Gurney drew her quietly in another direction. He could not help seeing that the young woman on his arm shone down most of the pretty girls they passed and repassed, and his antipathy somehow melted rapidly away.

They stood just inside the ball-room—"Would you mind giving me one turn?" he said, to her astonishment, when the waltz was half over, "or are you afraid?"

"Afraid?" she echoed carelessly.

"Yes, twice afraid," he said laughing, as he swung her deftly into line, and they moved harmoniously in and out the vacant spaces, like the pieces of a Chinese puzzle: "afraid of Mr.—Smith, and afraid of my awkwardness."

"If there were more such awkwardness as yours, I'd be willing to go on to that delicious Strauss forever and forever," she murmured breathlessly, her red lips parted a little, her eyes ablaze with light.

Mrs. Rivers was lying in wait for them when the waltz ended. She had but just welcomed the last of the coming guests, and already her thoughts turned anxiously supperward. Outwardly she was serene and radiant with smiles, but in her heart there lurked distrust of her caterer—and a consciousness that Mr. Rivers had not ordered enough champagne.

"So many more gentlemen than I expected," she said absently to Gurney—"than I dared to hope for," she added hurriedly, and then murmured something to Helen, who nodded, and said softly:

"I'm sure it's all right, but I'll attend to it—ah, Tina! I was just looking for you. Haven't you a waltz to spare for Mr. Gurney, who is anxious to know you? We'll change partners, for I want Mr. Crandall to do something for me. Yes, I *must;* I'm the queen's messenger. Supper will be served in just ten minutes," she whispered over her

shoulder, "so possess your souls with patience."

Gurney found the little heiress not at all responsive, but very amusing. She said, with uplifted eyebrows, that she didn't care to dance.

"I'm *so* tired"—with a petulant drawl. Then she added, suddenly, "Don't you think it's nicer to sit on the stairs and watch the people?"

So they sat on the stairs, from which vantage-ground Miss Tina flirted with a group of admirers on the banisters. After exchanging audacious sallies with them for a few minutes, she turned to Gurney with a wearied air that had the effect of a stage aside, and talked a little to him stiffly, just to show that he was not *quite* forgotten.

At last the tide began to turn toward the supper-room. Mr. Rivers, coming down stairs, stumbled over the pair, at which performance Miss Tina laughed immoderately.

"There, there," he said hastily, "go in to supper. Take her along, Gurney. Yes, yes, go right in"; and he escorted them to the very door himself, so there should be no backsliding.

They found a vacant niche, and after bringing his charge a plate of chicken salad, Gurney stood holding a glass of champagne that she had carelessly rejected, and trying to defend her from the assaults of lawless raiders. He glanced curiously around. It was not a new panorama to him, but it impressed him more forcibly just then, because he had been so long out of the world.

A good many dowagers had secured seats and established a sort of sutler's camp in the midst of the fight, keeping half a dozen young orderlies hard at work, and commenting on the various dishes with engaging frankness.

From the upper end of the room the scene was spirited, even if it lacked the "fairy-like splendor" ascribed to it by next morning's papers. The clatter of dishes, the popping of champagne corks, the clamor of voices, made a confusion of tongues that would have put Babel to shame. The black coats of gentlemen and gentlemanly waiters struggled frantically amidst a billowy expanse of rainbow-tinted dresses to attack the miniature fortresses and flagships of boned turkey and ice-cream that rose the whole length of the table from behind an environment of crystal and flowers.

Evidently time was precious here. An eager young gentleman, bent on securing some coveted dish for his bright particular star, ran his foot through the lace flounce of one dress and upset a glass of wine over another, repairing the injury with a careless "beg pardon" as he went on his way. Through an open doorway, Gurney saw in the punch-room a bevy of sweet youths cramming their pockets with cigars, and reviving their drooping spirits by copious draughts of something stronger than champagne.

"Why are such creatures invited to respectable houses?" muttered Gurney, half to himself.

"Because we have axes to grind," said a saucy voice behind him, and Miss Oulton gave him a mocking smile as he turned quickly.

His attempt to talk to Miss Graves had fallen flat. In fact, he found himself rather a heavy weight in conversation with all these young people. But when the Mercury who had been sent on Mrs. Rivers's errand left Miss Oulton's side and began a whispered conversation with Tina, ate with her spoon, and made himself generally familiar, she became animated enough.

Gurney looked at the new-comer, and gravely shook his head.

"Don't flatter yourself that you're too profound for us," said Helen, who interpreted his gesture in her own way. "That's a mistake the Arcadian always makes—especially after he has been labeled clever," she added slyly. "The trouble is"—looking at the brimming glass he still held—"you won't drink your Roederer till the pop is all gone out of it. This is a pretty scene, isn't it?"—following his wandering glance over the room.

"Very," he answered dryly. "I wonder from what our modern system of entertainment was derived. A man pays four or

five thousand dollars for the privilege of lending his house for one evening to a crowd of ill-mannered, over-dressed people, a good third of whom, I'll be sworn, he doesn't know. I, for one, should never want to occupy a home again after such a rabble had invaded it."

"Ill-mannered? — over-dressed? I wish Cousin Althea could hear that. Why, we pride ourselves on our good manners; that's what society is built upon. Do you know that you're talking high treason, and that I may betray you?"

"There can be no betrayal where there is no trust," he said rather coldly. "My opinions are open to inspection."

"That's the valor of ignorance," said Miss Oulton, with something like pity in her tone "You don't know what torture-chambers this brilliant inquisition holds. When you are torn by the rack and thumb-screws, please remember that I warned you. You must flatter, not only the king and the court, but the tiniest page and the raggedest charwoman. If you don't believe, you must *pretend* to believe. *That's* the big secret, after all."

Gurney shrugged his shoulders. Miss Graves had slipped away with her play-fellow some time before, so they were both deserted.

"Won't you have something to eat?" he said, waking up to a bewildered sense of his responsibilities—"some ice-cream? a glass of wine?"—but looked much relieved when she negatived both of these suggestions. "Well, it's certainly your duty to pilot me out of this crowd, unless you want to leave me wandering around amid the *débris* of the supper-table until morning," he said gloomily.

"About your warning," he added, as they made their way back to the little reception-room, where Mrs. Rivers was beginning to expect farewells; "I don't believe in this sort of society, and I won't pretend to believe in it, so I cut it; but by your own confession you hug your chains."

Before she could answer, they came upon the house-mistress, who looked at them keenly, and shook her finger at Gurney.

"What have you done with Tina?" she said, with a fine pretense of anxiety.

"She deserted me for a younger and better man, and I was only rescued from disgrace and despair by this Good Samaritan. And now I must thank you for a great deal of pleasure, and say good night."

Mrs. Rivers was voluble in her regrets that he should leave so soon.

> "'He who fights and runs away
> May live to fight another day,'"

he said, with a queer little glance at Miss Oulton.

"Have you been fighting with Helen?" asked Mrs. Rivers. "I'm afraid she didn't treat you nicely. Didn't you agree about things—about books and such things?"

"Miss Oulton is a pattern of politeness," he said suavely; "and we have sworn eternal friendship."

Miss Oulton bowed slightly, but with an impassive face. "That sounds well," she said—"*very* well for an amateur; and there's just enough truth in it to save you from perjury."

"Well, you *will* come again another day," said Mrs. Rivers, leaping lightly over all this nonsense, which she did not listen to. "You've promised, you know. Come to dinner with us some time when you've nothing better to do—just to meet a few friends, you know. Now don't forget. So glad you came"—and then somebody else claimed her attention, and he bowed himself out.

As he walked down the deserted streets to his hotel, he thought regretfully of his stern old hills that the moonlight must be flooding just then with white glory, and the somber house, vine-clad and peaceful. But the echo of the last *valse* still rang in his ears, the ebb and swell of gay voices seemed all around him, and Miss Oulton's piquant face came and went before his eyes. He began to realize how this glittering little world might have dangerous charms, but he calmly derided the notion that they could be dangerous to *him*, which was in itself a tacit confession of weakness.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

KATE.

Hers is a spirit deep, and crystal clear;
Calmly beneath her earnest face it lies,
Free without boldness, meek without a fear,
Quicker to look than speak its sympathies.
Far down into her large and patient eyes
I gaze, deep-drinking of the infinite,
As, in the midwatch of a clear, still night,
I look into the fathomless blue skies.

So circled lives she with love's holy light,
That from the shade of self she walketh free;
The garden of her soul still keepeth she
An Eden, where the snake did never enter.
She hath a natural, wise sincerity,
A simple truthfulness, and these have lent her
A dignity as moveless as the center;
So that no influence of earth can stir
Her steadfast courage, nor can take away
The holy peacefulness that night and day
Unto her queenly soul doth minister.

In-seeing sympathy is hers, which chasteneth
No less than loveth, scorning to be bound
With fear of blame, and yet which ever hasteneth
To pour the balm of kind looks on the wound—
If they be wounds which such sweet teaching makes,
Giving itself a pang for other's sakes;
No want of faith, that chills with sidelong eye
Hath she; no jealousy, no Levite pride
That passeth by upon the other side;
For in her soul there never dwelt a lie.
Right from the hand of God her spirit came
Unstained, and she hath ne'er forgotten whence
It came, nor wandered far from thence,
But laboreth to keep her still the same,
Near to her place of birth, that she may not
Soil her white raiment with an earthy spot.

Like a lone star through riven storm-clouds seen
By sailors, tempest-tossed upon the sea,
Telling of rest and peaceful havens nigh—
Unto my soul her star-like soul hath been,
Her sight as full of hope, and calm to me.
For she unto herself hath builded high
A home serene, wherein to lay her head—
Earth's noblest thing, a woman perfected.

Annis Montague.

SCIENCE AND EDUCATION.

A COMMITTEE appointed two or three years ago by the American Association for the Advancement of Science reported that all efforts heretofore made to teach science in the public schools had totally failed. The committee say that to cram a child's mind with the *words* of a scientific text-book, when he does not know the *things* which these words represent, is delusive in the extreme. By this process, just that result is secured which true science aims to prevent: the name is confounded with the thing. Nor does the trifling amount of experiment and observation possible even in high schools suffice to correct the evil. In the ordinary processes of teaching science, the mind is almost wholly receptive, and the inventive faculty is neither trained nor aroused. This committee repeated with approval the significant remark of the eminent botanist, De Candolle, that the leaders in science have generally been born in small towns, where they were pretty much destitute of scientific education. The disadvantages of these men proved advantages. Through deficiency of external aid, they were thrown upon their own resources, and thus obtained that familiarity with the processes of nature which was essential to success. In obtaining a knowledge of nature, as in many other things, an excess of privileges is as bad as a deficiency; and people are more likely to starve to death during a time of flood than during a drought.

The advantages of a scientific education may be regarded in two aspects: first, as related to the physical welfare of the race; second, as related to the interest and satisfaction of mental culture.

The practical value of scientific culture is generally supposed to consist chiefly of the ability given us, through the knowledge of the course of nature, to direct its powers to our service, and to escape the dangers continually arising to those who ignorantly thwart the laws of nature. But, on the other hand, it should be observed that not only does a little knowledge widely diffused fail to accomplish the ends, but it may breed undue confidence, and so be a dangerous thing. The knowledge which leads to invention, and which can protect us from disease and increase the productiveness of nature, is of a highly specialized form, and can be attained only by the favored few. A small number of geniuses will invent all the labor-saving machinery which the world will ever require. A wise and efficient board of health will devise more rules to prevent the spread of contagious diseases than the people can observe. The drainage of a city, and all its other sanitary conditions, can be amply secured under a centralized form of government. It is not necessary for the production of corn and cotton that every man who uses fertilizers should be a chemist. A single laboratory or experimental station will provide the information necessary. No amount of ordinary knowledge disseminated among the people would have discerned the value of the phosphate deposits of South Carolina, or of the deposits of apatite in the older geological strata. It was only the highest order of genius that could have ascertained the cause of the blight which a few years ago came upon the vines of France, and threatened the complete destruction of the grape industry in that country. Evidently, the homeopathic doses of scientific education bestowed upon the pupils of our common schools are not destined to make them fruitful discoverers in the realm of science. The mystery of the North Pole will not be solved by any number of persons who go only half-way to it. The observations of one person who goes all the way is what the world awaits.

Charles Kingsley cherished the hope that his children would see the day when ignorance of the primary laws and facts of

science would be looked on as a defect only second to ignorance of the primary laws of religion and morality. As we have seen, however, it is out of the question for the masses of the people to make original investigations in science. For this, one must have laboratories, and wide acquaintance with discoveries already made, and above all, must be a born investigator; for it is even more true of scientific discoverers than of poets, that they are born, not made. Sir Humphry Davy stands in the highest rank as an original investigator in chemistry; but he well said that Michael Faraday was his greatest discovery. The world in general must be content with receiving and using at second-hand the occult facts and principles of nature brought to light by such a genius as Faraday; and they reap the practical advantages of his work in every department of the arts which makes use of the marvelous power of electricity. But telegraph operators, lighthouse keepers, and others employed in electrical industries, are not called upon to investigate much for themselves. There is a chief electrician to assume that responsibility. The telegraph operator's knowledge of electricity need be no greater than the engine driver's knowledge of the molecular constitution of steam. In every realm of physical science the inventive genius of a few places the forces of nature at the command of the many. When thus the results of science are applied to the practical affairs of life, it requires little more intelligence to use them than it does to ride on the cars, to strike a match, or to shoot a gun. To secure the highest practical results, we should aim not so much to give a smattering of scientific education to everybody as to keep the way open for the real geniuses to rise, and to persuade the world to let intelligence rule. In this country there are scores of educational institutions continually upon the lookout for the appearance of these geniuses, and there are thousands of capitalists and corporations only too glad to share with the inventor, under the patent laws, the profits of any discovery in physical science which is of intrinsic value. But, as the cumbered condition of our patent office at Washington emphatically shows, the chances that the average inventor will become a rich man, or that he will greatly add to the wealth of the world, are very small.

The efforts made to disseminate scientific knowledge are justified in part, also, by the intrinsic interest of the facts themselves. It would seem that new dignity might be given to the life of the agriculturist, by calling his attention to the nature of the forces which prepared for him the soil, which bring to him the needed moisture, and which condense in the plant and animal the substances upon which man is dependent for his livelihood and comfort. It seems evident that the miner in his camp might find it extremely useful, in whiling away his lonely hours, to know of the means by which the gravels have been deposited, the veins secreted, the mountains elevated, and the valleys formed, in connection with which he is constantly caused to labor. It seems clear, also, that the merchant or the banker might have much of the drudgery of the routine of his occupation removed by being able to array before his mind the widely operating forces of history and political economy which produce the fluctuations in business and commerce. Nor is it extravagant to suppose that the housewife might not only improve the quality of her cookery and increase the success of her efforts to exterminate vermin and dirt, but she might add a vast amount of delight to her life by studying the natural history of the objects with which she has to deal. The yeast plant and the cockroach are deserving of study for their own sakes, as well as for learning how to use the one and exterminate the other. And so on, throughout the whole range of occupations—all furnish fruitful fields for study and investigation. The chief peculiarity of the scientific mode of contemplating commonplace things is, that in the use of such a method we come to view these objects, not singly, but in their relations to the wide range of facts with which they are causally connected.

For example: when I was a boy upon my father's farm, my attention was attracted by some large granite bowlders which were scattered over the limestone ledges and clay deposits of which the general surface was composed. My interest in these chiefly centered in the question whether they grew or not, and in the observation that fragments from these bowlders were sharp enough and hard enough to scratch glass (which I had supposed was a peculiar property of the diamond), and I was not sure but that my father possessed a diamond as big as any that Sindbad the Sailor encountered in his travels. But in later years I have come to have new interest in such bowlders, because of a more correct knowledge of the marvelous forces by which they have been formed and distributed. It has been my fortune to trace for hundreds of miles the exact southern limits of that vast ice-movement which picked up these granite bowlders from their northern places of abode, and transported them to the latitude of New York on the Atlantic coast, and of Cincinnati in the valley of the Mississippi, and even carried them across the Ohio, and landed them upon the hills of Kentucky. Working men and children all along the line have been interested to know where these wandering stones came from, and how they traveled, and why they went no farther south. So that, when asked by friends who had a keener eye for business than for science, what was the use of this line of investigation, and why I did not apply myself to studying the limits of the oil-belt, and the peculiarities of the coal measures, I have had this ready reply: The knowledge of the facts give pleasure in itself, and will erelong enter as an element of delight into the life of all educated persons, and, indeed, of every youth who shall hereafter study physical geography. In this view the scientific discoverer may regard himself as a philanthropist, adding an untold amount to the stock of human happiness, and by so much making the life of every rational being more worth living. Daniel Webster is reported to have said to President Hitchcock that he would gladly exchange all his political laurels for the honor of having discovered the "bird-tracks" in the limestones of the Connecticut valley; for that was a clear addition of unalloyed pleasure to all the world and to all generations.

It must be confessed, however, that this view of the case is not fully sustained by facts. Truths obtained at second hand do not produce the thrill of joy which accompanies their first discovery; and familiarity with even the most wonderful facts is pretty sure to breed indifference, if not contempt. The astonishing astronomical discoveries of Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton are now unconsciously absorbed from the text-books, and looked upon as commonplace things. Even the lecturers who attempt to galvanize these facts with new interest by unlimited use of the multiplication table, and who can inform us just how many tons of coal the sun would consume each day, and just how many candles would be required to compete with it in brilliancy, and if a man were tall enough to reach the stars, and should reach them and burn his hand, can inform us just how many thousand years it would take for the pain to traverse the nerves and report to the brain; even these ingenious men are not able to retain perennial interest in astronomical facts. There is a degree of truth in the assertion that the *search* for knowledge gives more delight than the knowledge itself does when obtained. One of the happiest parishioners I ever had was an imbecile in the poor-house, who thanked God for a poor memory. He loved to read the Bible dearly, and had read it through fifty times; and since he forgot it each time as soon as he read it, he had the pleasure of reading fifty new Bibles, and of finding each one as interesting as the other. If, in some such way, traditional knowledge of scientific things could be disposed of, and each generation could have the pleasure of discovering everything new, there would be unbounded satisfaction in the study of science. But as it is, the most marvelous facts become commonplace, and we receive the contents of the

text-books with far less clamor, and with not much more satisfaction, than is manifested by young robins over the morsels of food which their mothers drop into their open mouths.

The fact must forever remain that the increase of scientific knowledge and of material comforts cannot greatly modify the main motives upon which human beings act. Man is most of all a social, a political, and a religious being, and his keenest interest must ever center about the problems connected with those departments of activity. In these departments science seems to have very little direct influence. There are no well-defined rules to regulate social customs, or to direct in the formation of those friendships upon which the larger part of human happiness depends. Who can tell us where the fashions originate? Where is the weather bureau that can foretell what pattern of calico will please the eye of young maidens a year from now? and can tell us why it will no longer please them ten years later? Of all things in the world the subject of marriage is that upon which it would seem that science should bring relief from stupendous and growing evils; and from Plato down to Francis Galton, it has been the dream of philosophers and philanthropists to devise some method or invent some motives that should induce people to marry upon scientific principles. It seems the height of folly that persons afflicted with certain hereditary diseases should marry, and should transmit to their offspring their physical debilities. It is unspeakably unfortunate that the vicious and poverty-stricken should marry early and multiply with exceptional rapidity; yet such seems to be the inevitable tendency, and science is able to apply no remedy for the relief of the world that is not worse than the disease.

The Chinese have endeavored to provide against an overcrowded population by allowing or encouraging infanticide. But, under the operation of a curious law, this has tended to a direct increase rather than a diminution of population. It has encouraged couples to an early marriage, under the belief that if mouths multiply faster than they can feed them, they have a lawful way of diminishing the number; yet when the trial comes, maternal instinct is almost certain to prevail over the dim forebodings of future evil. In Europe the efforts made to repress improvident marriages lead to a marked increase of social evil among the poorer classes, and prevent the educated and well-to-do (who of all classes should be encouraged to propagate their kind) from having a numerous progeny.

The difficulty of depending upon scientific courses of study in any general system or education is twofold: first, it is almost impossible to secure the proper breadth of discipline under them; second, the studies themselves do not concern those matters which are of most absorbing interest to the human race. When students of Harvard College were first allowed their present large liberty in selecting their studies in the course, Professor Gray complained that they seemed likely to make a "Botany Bay" of his department, to which all those should be driven who could not pass muster in other departments. So special pains had to be taken to render the study difficult, by compelling them to learn hard things without much regard to the question whether it was profitable to the majority who elected the study. It remains a fact, that no course of study has yet been devised in which scientific subjects have formed the staple, and in which the general demands for discipline and culture have been satisfactorily met. The study of classic literature bids fair to maintain its place in educational systems, not only because of the nobleness of the subjects to which it introduces students, but fully as much because the translation of an unknown tongue compels one at every step to consider and apply the principles of inductive reasoning upon which we are most dependent in our ordinary dealings with men. The evidence upon which a particular shade of meaning is assigned to a word or phrase is not demonstrative, but probable; depending for its force upon a concurrence

of indications, either one of which, and even all together, may *possibly* be inconclusive. Correctly to ascertain the train of thought, regard must be had to the etymology of the word, to the ordinary use of the word at the period of writing (gathered from the literature of the time), to the general style of the writer, to the nature of the subject under discussion, to the views regarding it current at the time and place of writing, and to the general progress already made in art, science, politics, religion, and literature. All this brings the student very close to human nature and its varied activities, and those are the subjects of perennial interest.

But even the study of the languages may be too scientific to be profitable. The study of Greek and Latin as conducted in many schools is not the study of the literature of those tongues, but of philology and of the grammars of those languages which Bullion and Andrews and Harkness and Crosby and Hadley have prepared, and of the lexicons with which others have provided us. Whereas, the chief value of linguistic study lies in its introduction to the literature of other peoples and to the subtle turns of thought in which they differ from us. The proper study of Greek and Latin is indispensable in securing the broadest culture, because in pursuing those studies the mind is forced to contemplate the history of the noblest human thought, and of the most varied human action, and is thereby introduced to the most finished eloquence, to the most charming poetry, and the most tragic dramatic art that uninspired man has ever produced or is likely to produce.

The physical laws of nature are tolerably uniform, and when once we have explored them they lose their mystery, and we use them as matters of mere convenience. But the development of human destinies is subject to no fixed laws. In the history of individuals the unexpected is pretty sure to happen, and every generation of mankind has in it tragic elements of intensest interest. In the millennium of the future, we fancy the absorbing topics of conversation will be, not the latest discoveries of science, for all discoveries will then be old, since scientists will long since have reached the end of their tether in sounding nature's secrets; but, in that happy day, as now, men will still talk chiefly of the behavior of their fellow-men, of their loves and hates, of their heroism and deeds of bravery. They will exercise themselves in the production of new conceptions in art, will invent continually new forms of beauty in sculpture and painting, and new and nobler combinations of melody and harmony in music. They will attempt loftier flights of imagination in the region of poetry and eloquence. In philosophy they will delve deeper, and in fiction will devise more charming plots, and execute them in more perfect detail. The stage will be purified and rendered more attractive. And since time is short, though art is long, the daily paper will be reduced in size, and immeasurably elevated in character. The monthly magazine, with its judicious assortment of literary food, will be least changed of all, and will be read and preserved as the compendious, popular repository of scientific discovery and of progressive thought, and as the indispensable exponent of man's purest, deepest, and most ineradicable sentiments on all social, political, and religious subjects. Then, as now, what we know will be far less interesting to us than that for which we hope.

G. Frederick Wright.

THE SWITZERLAND OF THE NORTHWEST.—II. THE RIVER.

We were stretched on the greensward at the foot of the lighthouse on Cape Hancock. "We" were a New England clergyman, whose internal goodness and keenness of humor were surpassed only by his external coldness and decorum; a New Yorker, who was viewing the West patronizingly, after the manner of his nation when in distant lands; an Illinois maiden of that delicious mingling of gravity and wit, thought and fancy, which characterizes the best products of the Prairie State; next, and in his own judgment conditional for all the rest, a young Oregonian, to whom, with the sister who accompanied him, was appointed the delightful task of exhibiting his native land to the uncle and cousins from the "States." We had all come the day before on the stout ship Oregon from San Francisco. After spending one night at Astoria, we had embraced the earliest opportunity to visit "the Cape" and see the great river fall into the arms of the ocean.

Cape Hancock is the northern promontory of the river. Its height of three hundred feet commands a magnificent view. The ocean rolling illimitably to the west and south; Point Adams seven miles southeast, long, low, and barbed with a sand-spit; between these two capes the stately flood of the Columbia, the water away eastward for thirty miles shimmering amid the woody solitudes;—such was the scene that the hazy air of the sea revealed.

The New Yorker was making some comparisons as to the amount of commerce here and on the Hudson. He was also venturing the assertion that as yet we had seen no heights equal to the Palisades of the Hudson; which assertion, in view of the fact that we had yet seen *none* of the heights of the Columbia, was readily admitted. The Doctor, who was the uncle of all the rest of the party, was viewing with a deep and wholly unmanifested interest the vast breadth and volume of the river, varying in that part of it that was visible to us from four to eleven miles in width. Iona was looking across the shimmering sea, on which the sunbeams rested like fiery hands. They seemed to beckon as if to some hidden treasure. She was trying, too, to catch the wailing of the whistling buoy, a sound sometimes, though rarely, heard at the lighthouse.

This buoy is a singular contrivance, the first one of the kind in the world. It whistles by the automatic action of the waves—the heavier the sea the louder being the sound. To a ship drifting on these dangerous coasts, with a December fog enshrouding all things, nothing, I imagine, could sound more dismal than this sudden *crescendo* and wailing *diminuendo* rising from the midst of the waters. As the long waves quiver with the agitation of six thousand miles of unbroken sea, the wild sobbing of the buoy seems to come from the ocean's very heart—an inarticulate cry for rest.

As the sea-sounds fill our ears and the sea-lights fill our eyes, historic phantoms begin to stalk upon the heights and walk upon the water. But to the Doctor the Columbia did not seem a very historical stream. Until within fifteen years, he tells us, very few people had any idea of the Columbia, except a vague, general impression that it was on the western side of North America. And yet, as we sat there and saw a dozen ships standing toward the Bar or the close-hauled sails beating down the river, those old stories of Gray, Vancouver, Bodega, and Juan de Fuca came to us faint and dim, like the odor of flowers from some distant forest. We thought of old Gaspar Cortereal, the Portuguese, who, away back in the year 1500, discovered on the eastern side of the continent what he called the Strait of Anian, which he maintained extended clear through the continent. It was probably some part of Hudson's Bay, if indeed it

existed at all outside the imagination of the brave old navigator. But at any rate, this Strait of Anian seems to have wonderfully exercised the minds of those fiery men with bodies of iron and hearts of steel—those poetical desperadoes who daily lived in El Dorado, even when about to die of starvation. In 1592 came Juan de Fuca, a Greek, whose real name was Apostolos Valerianos. He sailed past the great river without making any discovery. But some days later he entered the straits which now bear his name, and probably penetrated even into Puget Sound. He says that "he passed by divers islands in that sailing, and at the entrance of said strait, there is, on the northwest coast thereof, a great headland or island, with an exceedingly high pinnacle or spired rock like a pillar thereupon." Then Aguilar, eleven years later, found in latitude 43° "a rapid and abundant river, which they could not enter on account of the strength of the current." He thinks this to be connected with that famous Strait of Anian. It is quite probable that it was the Columbia, though he had it three degrees too far south.

The Spaniards found no gold. Cruel, beautiful, unconquerable fanatics that they were, they seldom looked for anything else. But their El Dorados fled before them, and strange to say, they passed and repassed without entering the mythical great river of the West. In fact, Meares, an English navigator, actually entered the river and anchored inside of this very headland from which we were ooking. Notwithstanding the powerful current, he did not realize that here was the very object of his search. Never did a discovery so play the *ignis fatuus* with explorers as did this. Away in the Rocky Mountains trappers heard mysterious references to some great stream that flowed toward the setting sun. All the old navigators seem to have had vague ideas of a river somewhere on the northwest coast, the discovery of which would be an event in history. But it seemed forever to elude their search. Maurelle, a Spaniard, declared that there was no longer any reason to believe that such a place existed.

Nevertheless, on the 11th of May, 1792, Captain Robert Gray, master of the Columbia of Boston, came to a broad bay, which he had noticed some months before but had not entered. Setting all sail, he ran boldly in between the breakers, and "at one o'clock anchored in a large river of fresh water." He ascended the river some distance, but, finding channels uncertain, gave up any extended exploration, and on the 20th of May crossed the Bar and bade farewell to the great river—found at last. He named it Columbia, from his ship.

The sun approaches his setting, but still we linger, while phantom ships appear and then vanish in the darkness, and the ghosts of ancient sailors peer eagerly out from the haze of approaching night. But the little steamer is waiting, and while the long streamers of sunset are darting across the water, we go rocking over the waves to Astoria. This is the oldest American town on the Pacific coast. It was founded in 1805 as a fur station. It is now the center of the fishing interests. Its population varies from three thousand to seven thousand, according to the time of year and the activity of its leading industry. With the exception of The Dalles, it is perhaps the worst place morally in the whole Northwest. This is due, however, to the floating population of the fishing season. The permanent residents are among the most intelligent in the State.

Nothing could be more interesting than an inspection of one of the great canneries at Astoria. There are probably nearly as many salmon caught on the Columbia as in all the rest of the world put together. During the season of 1881, over half a million cases of canned salmon, aggregating about 35,000,000 pounds, were put up on the Columbia. They find a market in every quarter of the globe. On a June morning, one of the prettiest sights imaginable is a fleet of fishing boats returning from their night's fishing. With the morning breeze striking their mutton-chop sai s, they fairly dance across the water, and the sun sparkles on the piles of slippery fish with which they are loaded.

Seines of great length, sometimes a quarter of a mile long, are employed in this business. The best fishing is just inside the Bar, and many poor fellows are drowned every year in their eagerness to make a big catch in some dangerous place. They sometimes catch fifty at one haul on the Bar, which at the former customary rate of half a dollar per fish amounts to $25, as one night's work for two men. The rate is higher now, but competition is so great that the profits are less. The interior structure of one of these huge unpainted buildings that constitute a cannery is full of interest and salmon.

But we must not forget that we are bound to the Switzerland of the Northwest, and cannot linger on the threshold. We cast about as to the cheapest, pleasantest, and most profitable way to spend the month that was before us. We finally concluded to purchase a fishing-boat, provide ourselves with blankets and cooking utensils, and, bidding defiance to all the conventionalities and conveniences of the world, carry our home along with us. These Astoria fishing-boats are as fine specimens of boat-craft as I know of. Pretty, convenient, swift, and capacious, managed easily by either oars or sails, they furnish by far the best method of navigation to the tourist who wishes to spend a long time on the river. Just after the fishing season is over, in August, a little managing will procure one for a very reasonable sum. One hundred dollars provided our party with one of the daintiest little crafts imaginable, two pairs of oars, a mutton-chop sail, and a little coffee-stove in the stern. Proud and happy as old Norman Vikings setting forth to ravage some newly discovered land, we bid Astoria adieu, and flew away from the "Silver Gate," as it has been well suggested that the mouth of the Columbia might be called.

The lower Columbia, from the ocean to the Cascades, about a hundred and seventy miles in distance, is singularly well adapted to the kind of travel which we proposed. Notwithstanding the magnitude of the stream, it is usually smooth. The summer winds are almost uniformly from the sea, and are just fresh enough for the most delightful sailing.

It is a hundred miles from Astoria to the mouth of the Willamet. A sail of twelve miles up this beautiful stream brought us to Portland, the metropolis of the Northwest. Its elegance and wealth are a matter of pride to its inhabitants and of surprise to strangers. A few days of preparation passed, and on a cloudless morning in the first part of August we left Portland.

As is frequently the case on the Willamet, there was not a breath of wind. Not a ripple stirred the clear though sluggish stream. The lazy clicking of the oar-locks was the only thing that broke the stillness. We glided through infinite reflected deeps. The clouds, touched with softer hues, looked up to us from the depths of water, and the green shores floating by seemed like new worlds far down below. Three hours of alternate rowing and floating brought us back to the mouth of the Willamet. The richest imagination could not conceive a finer gateway to the wonders which were before us. The Willamet, stealing timidly in among green islands, is gathered up by the mighty sweep of water twenty miles long and a mile or more in width, which lies ahead, washing shores fringed with groves of fluttering cotton-woods. Five snow-peaks, mingling their whiteness with that of the clouds, form a fit background for this noble scene. How unfortunate are the people whose mountains lie stretched in indolent repose upon the plain, instead of standing, like these, up on their feet and thrusting their faces into the clouds!

After we had fairly entered the Columbia, we found a light sea breeze blowing. So unfurling our quaint little sail (a sail similar to those in use along the Mediterranean, and introduced here by the fishermen, many of whom are Italians and Sicilians), we rapidly mounted the powerful current; passed Vancouver, which awakens some historic phantoms like those of Astoria; passed various embryo towns and lonely farms; and just at the setting of the sun landed at the first great rock, called Rooster Rock. This is on

the Oregon side, and is just at the border line between the enchanted land above and the land of common day below. Thenceforward for fifty miles—and, indeed, at intervals for hundreds of miles—the banks of the river are lofty walls of basalt. Traces of a volcanic origin are visible through all the basin of the Columbia.

As we basked in the firelight that night, while Iona sang a song of her far-away prairie home, and the Doctor picked inquisitively at a volcanic tusk protruding through the soil, and Duke, the member from the Empire State, told fragments of his experience in the Alps, the Oregonian deemed it an appropriate moment to give an account of those old volcanic artists who made this dark and majestic architecture, along whose frowning friezes we soon shall see all shapes of earth and of imagined realms.

This was the story, based, we may say, on the conclusions of Professor Thomas Condon, of the Oregon University :

The Cascade and Sierra Nevada ranges received a partial elevation at the close of the Jurassic period, prior to the uplifting of the Rockies. With the formation of the latter range, therefore, a vast sea in three divisions was formed in the space between the Rockies on the east and the Sierras and Cascades on the west. The southern part of this great sea was drained through the Colorado River. The central part was so completely inclosed as to find no outlet, and finally evaporated, leaving Great Salt Lake as its chief relic. The northern part, covering what is now the Columbia Basin, was constantly augmented by the streams flowing from the great mountains of the Far North. The salt water became brackish, and then probably nearly fresh. The waters of this great lake kept mounting higher and higher, peering up toward the rim of their prison to see where they might best break through. Goaded by the wild torrents that rushed in upon them from the snows of the Rockies, they surged restlessly to and fro, and with the eagerness of imprisoned hosts, hurled themselves against every depression.

The adamantine wall does not yield. The panting waters scale the wall and peep over the edge. Far below the fire-scarred flanks of the Cascades, together with fragments of the Columbia hills, stretch dimly away. Farther away are shining bands of water, for the Willamet Valley was then a sound, like Puget Sound; and still beyond, the boundless levels of the ocean. "Yonder is our home," cry the mounting waters of the lake, and with the word they begin to leap over the crest of the mountains. They cut slowly through the basaltic vastness of their task, but constantly increasing in strength and numbers, they begin at last to tear away the rock in mighty masses. Castles and cathedrals go tumbling, and dragons plunge down seaward; while the torrents, swelling to monstrous proportions as the reservoir three hundred miles square and two thousand feet deep crowds them from behind, rival the warrior angels of Paradise Lost in "plucking up the seated hills and hurling them with all their load—rocks, waters, woods."

Thus was the great Cascade Range cut in two, and the Great Basin drained, and the waters gathered into their present channel.

While the shadows of the sun were fading in the brightening camp-fire, we looked up the black gorge and tried to imagine those massive walls melted into streams of fire, or the calm majesty of the river transformed into the fury with which it cleft the obstructions thrown into its pathway. The beauty and calmness of our camping place made a curious contrast with what we could imagine of the past.

Our seclusion was slightly marred, however, by a horde of Chinamen working on a tunnel at Table Rock, a mile below us. Their barbarous, cackling cries, mingled with the occasional boom of a blast, were the only tokens of life around us. But we heard sudden shouts just a little way above. Unable to resist the temptation to see what it was all about, we unmoored our boat and pulled into a glassy lagoon or slough, as we call them here. In the obscurity we could faintly see a dozen men struggling to lay on

the beach a huge white object. Coming nearer we saw that it was an immense sturgeon. It looked almost as large as a white whale, measuring eleven feet four inches in length, and, according to the estimate of the fishermen, weighing five hundred pounds.

These fish are very annoying to salmon-fishers, frequently completely winding themselves in the costly nets, and tearing them to tatters. They are possessed of prodigious strength, and when they attain such a size as this one it requires great skill and activity to dispose of them. A pistol-shot or a blow from an ax at a favorable moment in their struggles is the common dependence of the fishermen. Rivermen tell large stories about their strength. I have heard one captain assert that he had hitched a sturgeon to a snag which had defied the stoutest steamer on the river, and the monster fish started to sea with the snag in tow, no more regarded than if it had been a chip. The circumstances connected with the hitching up of so formidable a roadster the bold navigator did not relate. Hence I received his statement with some degree of caution.

That night passed as a night can only pass in the open air, after a day wearied with enjoyment. A part of the next morning we spent in examining Rooster Rock and the adjacent cliffs. Rooster Rock is not over three hundred and fifty feet high, but is very striking by reason of its fantastic shape—bearing, indeed, a curious resemblance to the fowl from which it is named. Gnarled and stunted firs find a precarious lodgment among its moss-grown crevices.

Just behind Rooster Rock is a mighty palisade, half a mile long, and perhaps seven hundred feet in perpendicular height. Nameless, so far as we know, it has that look of a serene eternity which is so often noticed in sublime objects. Over its face trickles a beautiful waterfall, its course marked by the greenest moss and fern. Though insignificant compared to the cliffs above, this great wall looks stupendous to eyes unaccustomed to such sights. Duke admits that this scene is very fine, though he makes no formal comparison between it and the Palisades of his cherished Hudson.

The broad river was like glass as we set forth in the middle of the forenoon for up-river. The Doctor and Web (as the Oregon member was dubbed by his fellow-travelers, in allusion to the supposed peculiarity of all Oregonians) took the oars, and while Iona and Mabel made the walls of rock echo sweetly with "Gayly our boat is now gliding along," the worthy Doctor laid about him with a vigor that sufficiently astonished his youthful compeer, who had deemed himself the main muscular dependence of the party.

Crossing the river and proceeding up stream ten miles, we slipped past the beautiful cliffs called Cape Horn. They are only about two hundred feet high, but above them are terrace-like continuations, making the entire elevation not less than a thousand feet. A great part of the structure is of columnar basalt. Its frowning battlements are streaked with several beautiful falls, their spray—for nothing more is left—dripping with just the faintest little swish into the sweeping current below. The river here is deep and swift and wide. At Washougal, just below Rooster Rock, it cannot be less than two and a half miles in width. At Cape Horn it is a little over a mile wide, which is about its average width all the way to the mouth of the Snake, three hundred and fifty miles from the sea. In view of its great width and rapidity, the depth is a matter of surprise. At Table Rock, where the tunnel was being made, the river is a hundred feet deep within an equal distance of the shore. There is, indeed, a prodigious volume of water coming down this gateway of the West. Old rivermen affirm that the yearly amount of water here is equal to that of the Mississippi. Though not half so long as that river, the Columbia rises in such immense mountains, and is fed so largely by mountain streams in its course, that the assertion seems quite probable.

Passing Cape Horn, we see that we are beginning to get into the heart of the mountains. Stupendous outlines appear before us, indistinct and multitudinous, crowned

with clouds. The Doctor looked up the cañon in mild wonder as the mighty cliffs shifted their places before our advancing boat, like a revolving panorama. There is the intense indigo-blue of distant mountain bases, their tops softening into an ethereal ultramarine, lost in the dazzling whiteness of the clouds. Yonder are dull red palisades surmounted by cathedrals and ramparts of sooty black. Here is a cliff slender and symmetrical as a spire. It is of grayish tint, banded with vermilion. There is a massive pile like the ruins of a mediæval castle magnified a thousand times. There is one of a dismal blackness, reminding us of Milton's description of the gates of hell. Numerous waterfalls add still other elements of force and color. Seven miles below the Cascades we saw an unnamed fall, the highest on the river. Its height is about fifteen hundred feet. The stream is a small one, however, and in falling this immense distance with two or three slight breaks, it becomes almost completely lost. In the spring, when melting snows magnify the streams, this fall presents a spectacle of astonishing magnificence.

Letting our eyes drop to rest after their long upstaring, we were startled by a cry of delight from Iona, who has again lifted hers. Looking up, Web shouts excitedly, "Multnomah!"

Here is the most beautiful fall on the river, much larger than the last, though not so high. Here will we camp for the night.

We turned our boat's prow toward the fall. As we approached, it seemed to grow with wonderful rapidity. The bank at this point is about twenty-five hundred feet high; but on so grand a scale is everything constructed that we had no idea of any of the real magnitudes. We moored our precious boat among the willows—Mabel regretting that she could not take it with us into the tent, for it was the most interesting and important member of the party. Scrambling through the dense brush that borders the river, and leaving small samples of our garments as well as portions of our persons thereon, we found at last a fine camping place on a fantastic knoll of rock. The eastern side of the rock terminates in a perpendicular descent of twenty feet. At the foot of this flows the pure and ice-cold stream, and on the other side of it is an overhanging cliff two hundred feet high, its surface quaintly carved by fire and water, and daubed here and there with the nests of swallows. A white-headed eagle came screaming from a cleft in the rock, darting toward us so defiantly that we involuntarily cringed. This cleft rock is simply a spur running out toward the river from the main cliff.

Looking southward toward the fall, we could see dimly through the trees a moving whiteness, seeming to drop from the clouds. Scrambling through the brush, we reached the eastern side of the rock, and the whole wondrous scene lay there before us. Any exclamations seemed inadequate. Duke recovered first, and remarked feebly that he had nothing special to offer about the Hudson. Iona, with her head lifted and her rosy cheeks moistened with the flying spray, leaned in silence against a statue of basalt. Right in front of us was a little grassy plat a hundred feet square, at one side of which was a deep black pool. Into this pool the creek came roaring over a cedar-fringed and overhanging cliff full sixty feet high. From the edge of this cliff a "bench" extends back three hundred feet. Beyond the bench we saw a dark red wall. Our eyes were lifted up, up, up—eight hundred feet that awful parapet extended above us. On its edge were rows of frightened-looking firs and pines. We imagined that they were kneeling down and peering over at us. Their contorted arms were stretched backward to clutch the fingers of their brethren behind. In a cleft a hundred feet deep in this mighty wall flows the creek. Its bright waters seem to shrink back as the abyss yawns below. But urged from behind, it can no longer hesitate, and flings itself in mid-air, a shower of pearls and spray. It touches the wall at one place only. There it turns into a snowy mass and leaps far out from the obstructing crag. Little but spray

is left when it reaches the bench, six hundred and fifty feet below.

After having viewed the scene for an hour from our camp, we climbed the bench and reached the foot of the great fall. The bench is perfectly saturated with the flying spray, and the long fern and moss impeded our steps. We mounted to the very foot of the great wall, smooth as alabaster from the touch of wind and rain. A black crater a hundred feet in diameter lay before us. Into the inky pool contained in that crater the water drips with a hollow, uncanny *chug*, a little relieved, however, by the musical patter of the spray which forms the greater part of the fall. It is sufficiently evident that the sunbeams never touch this dismal pool. Grass and fern, almost white from their sunless abode, nod and tremble as the chill gusts from underneath the whirling spray fly over them.

This fall has been variously named. The pleasant though commonplace name of Bridel Veil has been attached to it. Some bold genius dubbed it Horsetail Fall, a name now imposed upon a fall farther up the river. But the Indian name, Multnomah, with its sweet musical sounds rolling off the tongue as gently as these flecks of foam drop through the air, is the one now in common use.

We descended from the bench, and building a huge camp-fire, stretched at full-length before it, watching till far into the night the wild flickering of the blazing pitch, and listening to the shrill cry of some cougar in the cañon above. O, Mother Earth, beautiful though your face may be by day, how more than beautiful it is to listen to the beating of your heart by night! There is something radically wrong about the person who does not enjoy camping out. The hot, feverish rush of business by day, and the plastered, airless, lifeless sleep of night—if this be civilization, let us pray for a little healthy barbarism.

Up in the morning with every nerve tingling with the electric shock of perfect health, and every muscle swelling with the promise of infinite accomplishment. Duke and Web, while striking the tent, happened to look toward the creek and saw a most singular phenomenon. The reverend head of the party had gone down to the stream to wash his stately countenance. He was apparently proceeding with all due decorum, when suddenly, without a sign or sound, he leaped madly into the stream and began clutching indefinitely, though vigorously, at unseen objects in the water. Fearing that our spiritual guide was in some great need of physical guidance, we rushed to his rescue. Lifting his head for a moment, he shouted excitedly:

"Come in, boys, the creek is dammed up with fish."

As he had at all times expressed great abhorrence for the sporting tendencies of the younger members of the party, his own enthusiasm was a little surprising. He began to think so himself, as he gradually saw that to pick the fish up with his hands, even though they seemed to form one solid mass, was not within the range of possibilities. We hastily prepared our lines and cast them in. We were eminently successful. The fish were salmon-trout, one of the finest species in existence. At certain seasons of the year they enter these streams in schools, and when checked in their progress by falls, they fairly choke the streams, so that the Doctor's plan of pitching them out by hand might not seem quite so unreasonable after all.

After an hour's fishing and another of sketching, we gathered our all into the boat and bade farewell to Multnomah Fall. Beautiful amid unspeakable grandeur, a voice of welcome on the edge of unknown solitudes, gentle in its tumult and bright amid its perpetual gloom, it henceforth occupied the chief place in our picture-gallery of memory. Before the light breeze of morning we gently, and by almost insensible movements, draw near the highest summits. Colors as of countless broken rainbows flash from the sunlit heights. The dazzling white of the clouds deepens the intense blue of the sky. That black cliff looks doubly grim, as

a spire-like crag of the richest garnet towers behind. The heavy, shadowed lines of tree-clad mountains are suddenly warmed into the richest purple by the blinding touch of the sun.

About six miles above the Multnomah Fall, there begins, on the Oregon side, a long line of cathedral-like cliffs, extending all the way to the Cascades. They vary in height from a thousand to twenty-eight hundred feet, and are of all imaginable colors, brown and red predominating.

While passing the center of this wonderful group of cliffs, we were overtaken by the regular mail steamer. She blew a loud blast of her whistle and slackened speed. A little boat came from the shore to meet her. A man leaped into it from the steamer. The hands hastily tumbled in after him a dark box of some sort. A shudder went through us as we saw that it was a coffin. At the same moment the rolling masses of cloud caught up the sunlight and dropped heavy shadows in its place. The little boat with the coffin moved slowly shoreward. A group of fisherman, still as statues, stood waiting on the beach. Their red shirts and long rubber boots made a strange contrast with the vivid green of the bushes behind them. We then saw what we had not before noticed, a dead man at the water's edge. A poor fellow had tried to cross the river above the Cascades the day before, and was taken over. Thus the river gave up its dead. It was a strange sight: the shaggy crags that seemed of an eternity's age, the clouds flying like unharnessed squadrons, the few fiery blotches of sunlight, the silent figures on the beach in rude attire the white, upturned face and helpless body swaying in the moaning little waves. The day was darkened, and we sailed away. Death seemed more terrible in this wild desolation. Man seems so little here that we thought these mighty forces should pity rather than destroy him. But this river has been remorseless. Ever since the old Canadian *bateaux* went plunging down it like water-fowl, the oar-plash timing with the carol of the plaintive French songs, the Columbia has demanded its toll of human life. Fed with melted snow through the greater part of its course, it is so cold that no one can swim any distance in it. At any point above the Cascades, too, it is almost constantly so rough that a boat-crew capsized at any distance from shore are soon overwhelmed by the waves. The people along the banks of the river have, indeed, almost a superstitious fear of it.

We soon reached the Lower Cascades, sixty-five miles from Portland and a hundred and seventy from the sea. Here the river is narrowed to a width of not over a thousand feet. There are rapids for six miles, the entire fall being about forty-five feet. Boats frequently descend these rapids. Strong steamers have ascended all but the last half-mile. A canal is now in process of construction along this upper rapid, which will render this section of the river navigable for vessels of any size, provided they can overcome the lower part of the rapids. It is confidently expected that this great work will be finished within the time of persons now living.

Placing our boat on an ambitious little propeller called the Fleetwood, then "running opposition" here, we were transported to the Upper Landing, on the Oregon side, two miles from the Locks. On the bench above the landing we camped three days. Two beautiful creeks, Tanner and Eagle, enter the river at this point. Just imagine two trenches, fifty feet wide at the bottom and three thousand feet deep, the sides wrinkled from the fiery breath of volcanoes, though, except where they are bare rock, clothed with trees and shrubbery: such are the prisons in which these creeks, flowing in alternate pools and falls, are buried from the sunlight.

If such a thing were possible, I would describe the scene looking northward from our camp. At sunset of our last day there, we were standing on a bluff a hundred feet above the river. The intense yet softened blue of the sky was barred with flame. Down the river the long line of cathedral cliffs, just visible on their outer edges, blazed

with almost supernatural brightness. Just across the river from us apparently, but really two or three miles on the other side, stood the grandest of all the cliffs on the river. Let a New Englander imagine Mt. Tom magnified five times in all directions, and he would get an approximate idea of this colossal crag. Its flanks are densely wooded and on the shaded side are almost black. The sunward parts have a purple tint of indescribable richness. The front is a perpendicular wall, black, red, and gray in color, and pyramidal in outline. Its height is four thousand feet. This sublime emblem of volcanic and aqueous might, nameless hitherto, we ventured to name Mt. Eternity. Its sublime calm augmented the tumult of the panting river in front of us.

Before leaving the Cascades we carefully observed the strange phenomenon of the sliding of the river banks toward the water. In one place the railroad bed sank four feet in the course of a year. In another place it moved seven feet toward the water in the same length of time. Near our camp a number of trees had been thrown down and deep cracks made in the wagon road. On the Washington side the same thing is observed, though not so great in extent. There the railroad track moves regularly about ten inches a year, and requires constant readjusting. It is evident, therefore, that the mountains are moving into the river from both sides. Another fact came to our notice a few days later. For several miles above the Cascades, where the water is very deep and rather sluggish for the Columbia, there are remains of submerged forests, indicating that the river has recently risen to a permanently higher level. From this combination of singular facts, we arrived at the conclusion that the river had at some past time accomplished its work of cutting entirely through the mountain range, and was subsequently dammed up by the caving in of the banks. This rapid of six miles was the result.

This theory receives a partial confirmation in the oft-told tale, familar, I doubt not, even to Eastern ears, of a time when a natural bridge spanned the river at this point. Underneath the mighty buttresses flowed the deep, calm stream without a ripple. Now Mt. Hood and Mt. St. Helen were at that time the king and queen of the mountains. The former was a gloomy crag crowned with the wind; the later, a smooth dome crowned with sunbeams. But there came a time when the king was filled with anger at his gentle queen, and flames burst from his throat and melted the icicles that fringed his beard. He seized a monstrous rock and sent it whirling through the air. But it accomplished only half the distance designed, and fell upon that great bridge of rock. With an awful crash, which frightened the ocean from the shore so that long beaches appeared above the water, the bridge fell. The river mounted over the ruins, and has been endeavoring ever since, but in vain, to sweep them from its path.

Such is the legend, and the whole appearance of things indicates that something of the kind took place. Now, as we see the prodigious current of the river gnawing into its banks, we deem it very probable that this continual pressure and erosion may at some time tear the foundations from beneath these mountains. Railroad engineers have noticed here at times a peculiar grinding noise under the ground, which they have thought must be due to a movement of a loose upper mass of *débris* upon a smooth soapstone foundation. Soundings just off this point gave three hundred feet of water. Twice within five years has the Columbia risen sixty feet at the Upper Cascades. At such a time the pressure is enormous. During the flood of 1880 the massive masonry of the Locks was in imminent danger of being swept away. Not Niagara itself gives such an impression of overwhelming power as this cataract of the Columbia at high water. As this turbid mass of water, a mile wide and a hundred feet thick, is squeezed together and thunders down the rocky stairway as though it were going to split the earth, even the cliffs three thousand feet high, catching the clouds with their basaltic fingers, seem to tremble

and hold their breath. We started back, nervously looking up at the steadfast crags to see if they were not already about to fall.

"Sometime," says Iona, with a prophetic glance, "when the railroad is finished and some excursion train full of happy tourists is gliding along this loosened bank, the river will growl to the mountain, and—"

"This whole business will cave in," adds Web, somewhat obtrusively.

"And the Moloch of Rivers will be satisfied," suggests Duke, tragically.

The Doctor, meantime, after having amused himself with examining a large petrified stump on the west side of Tanner Creek, spent some hours in watching a curious fish-trap at the Middle Cascades. It consists of a wheel set in a narrow channel on the south side of the river, through which the water rushes with great velocity. The wheel is so provided with paddles obliquely set as to catch the fish that rush through the channel and slide them into a large tank where they can be disposed of at leisure. Fish of all sizes up to large sturgeon are caught in this trap.

At noon a large wagon, previously secured, assumed the responsibility of carrying our boat and various appurtenances to the Locks, better, or at least more appropriately, known as Whiskey Flat. To provide for the needs of the men employed on the Locks, a village consisting of five or six private dwellings, two hotels, one restaurant, and a dozen or so saloons, adds the graces of civilization to the sublime loneliness of nature. Why is it that the offscourings of all creation so often soil the grandest scenes? Our entrance into this beautiful and picturesque town excited great interest among the inhabitants. Even the Indians, *un*clothed in rags, dirty, vile unspeakably in mind and body, and without souls so far as could be seen, stuck their heads from their smoky and vile-smelling tents, and looked in wonder at our procession headed by the gaunt and stately form of the Doctor; while Duke, with his nose aristocratically lifted, eyeglasses in place, and sketch-book in hand, brought up the rear. Between the two walked Mabel and Iona, clad in pretty bloomer suits, and Web, who was giving the noble red men—nobler than nothing in the vicinity except the white inhabitants—to understand that the Doctor was a *hyas tyee.* But they had seen too many men making such claims to be very much impressed. As we passed a particularly vile saloon, a man standing in the door thereof, dressed in red shirt, with eyes and nose to match, and with various scars across his originally ugly countenance, inquired how soon our circus was going to perform. Being assured by the Doctor's indignant glance that we were not engaged in such sinful practices, he commended us all to the region to which it was evident that he himself was rapidly moving, and returned into his den. The third type of inhabitant of this precious town appeared in the person of an elegantly dressed young man, from whose self-satisfied and impertinent stare we had no difficulty in inferring him to be some small railroad or government official. The magnificence of bearing of these beings is in inverse ratio to the magnitude of their office. We lingered here no longer than was necessary to launch our boat from among the cotton-woods at the river's edge, and proceeded joyfully on our way.

Though we were still in the heart of the mountains, it was evident that we were entering another climate. The air was dry and bracing, the skies more intensely blue, and the sun was blinding bright. A heavy west wind drove us swiftly on our way. About five miles above the Locks we passed two monstrous pinnacles of basalt, on the south side of the river, rising perpendicularly to the height of three thousand feet. One of them is so slender as to look like an immense church spire. They are nameless. To say that a cliff is three thousand feet high conveys no impression to one unaccustomed to such sights. But if you will imagine five or six of the Palisades of the Hudson piled up one above the other, or eight or ten Trinity Church spires set "each to each," you will get some idea of these dizzy heights. It makes one's head swim just to fancy himself standing away up

there where the trees are dwarfed to bushes. I have never been able, in fact, to imagine myself in any other position on that basaltic spire than just slipping off the point. And there my imaginary self hangs forever, the awful abyss below, and here and there boats, diminished to acorns, bobbing on the waves.

A few miles higher up are Wind Mountain on the north side and Shell Rock on the south. At all points above here the west wind blows almost perpetually. So strong and constant is it that the limbs grow on the east sides only of the trees. Shell Rock is one of the most extraordinary objects on the river. It is about two thousand feet high, its upper part consisting of pointed basaltic crags of tne most fantastic shape. The lower part consists of *débris* which has fallen from the pinnacles above. This *débris* lies at such a slope—about 38° —that any disturbance at the lower part will cause an avalanche from above. Nevertheless, a wagon road, protected by a wall, has been made right across the front of the loose mass. And during last year (1882), the railroad company have laid a massive roadbed, with a huge wall on either side made of rocks varying in size from a cabinet-organ to a walnut. When the railroad men began their work they found the avalanches so dangerous that they drove piles into the loose rocks above, and though it was a very tedious and much of it a fruitless work, they stayed at last the sliding desolation.

To their amazement they found solid ice at the depth of a few feet. It is likely that the water percolates entirely through the loose *débris* during the winter, and the cold air enters sufficiently to freeze it. Freezing a little more each winter than it melts during the succeeding summer, it has finally become a monstrous mountain of ice and rocks.

It is a common impression that when heavy trains pass along this loose mass it will slide downward, overwhelming the track. A hundred-foot line cast just off Shell Rock failed to reach bottom. Into that deep water a chunk of rock, a hundred and twenty feet long, a hundred feet thick, and sixty-five feet high, was blown in July, 1881, by the largest blast, with one exception, ever laid on this coast. So great was the shock when the huge mass fell into the water that a wave twenty feet high swept along the shore, washing away a number of Chinamen who were at work. None of them were drowned, however, much to the disappointment of the white employees.

Above Shell Rock the whole character of the river seems to change. Below the Cascades the grandeur of the scenery is calm, solemn, soothing. Above the Cascades it is violent, weird, terrible, awe-inspiring. The wind blows fiercely, the sand flies like smoke, the sun glares, the waves roll high, all life is stimulated and hurried. Below the Cascades the rocks are draped with moss, and even the wildest crags have a soft, cushioned appearance. Above the Cascades the cliffs are dry and bare, and clad with a scarred, burnt, angry, terrifying desolation. This appearance reaches its culmination in the ten miles between Shell Rock and Mitchell's Point. Nobody, unless he were of the lineage of Victor Hugo or Ruskin, would dare to describe the dark, turgid magnificence of the crag-locked river between these two points. Mitchell's Point is more like the abomination of desolation than anything else on the river. Though only about a thousand feet in height, its isolated position makes it very conspicuous. It is a perfect knife blade, two thousand feet long, the upturned edge not over a foot thick, and the back of the blade buried in loose rocks. It can be climbed, however, without great danger, though no one would want to stand upright on the wind-swept edge. The most conspicuous object on the Washington side, in this section of the river, is Bald Mountain. While its base is of the most rugged and shaggy character, it smooths away above into the softest waves, and is clad in the greenest grass. At the immense height of its summit, four thousand feet above us, we could see cattle like white specks moving on the velvety sward.

At the distance of twenty-three miles from the Cascades we reached Hood River. This is the most interesting point on the

river, and here we prepared to make a long stay. Hood River is the headquarters of the artists and correspondents and tourists who have learned the attractions of the Columbia River. Many people of intelligence and refinement make it their summer resort.

The Hood River region consists of a plain four hundred feet above the river, from four to six miles wide and sixteen miles long, extending nearly to the foot of Mt. Hood. On either side is a beautiful range of hills, that on the west rising up to the summits of the Cascade Mountains. The vegetables and fruit of Hood River are superb. Its climate, though occasionally very hot (we saw the mercury deliberately climb up to 112°), is on an average one of the pleasantest and healthiest on the coast.

Though the means of providing for tourists are as yet quite limited, they will soon become ample. Hood River will become erelong what the Highlands of the Hudson now are—covered with villas, and very probably the seat of educational institutions. It may be regarded as the radiating center of the Switzerland of the Northwest. Located just at the eastern edge of the timberline and at the western edge of the sunny interior, reclining just at the foot of the mountains, while the vast grassy hills and plains of central Oregon stretch eastward from it, the snows of Mt. Hood and Mt. Adams glowing on either side, accessible by one of the finest bodies of navigable water on the continent as well as by a railroad soon to be the great thoroughfare of the Northwest, Hood River is one of the most fascinating regions in the world. I speak of its native attractions, for of course art has as yet done nothing for it. The view down stream from the bluff with which the Hood River plain fronts the river is declared by artists to be unsurpassed in beauty and grandeur of forms and richness and variety of colors by any scene in the world.

A great contention exists among the inhabitants on the two sides of the river as to the fineness of this view. After long gazing in speechless admiration and wonder at the view from the Hood River side, we sailed up the river a few miles and crossed to the opposite shore to what is called White Salmon. This is a beautiful region, similar to Hood River but not so extensive. A journey of two miles from the landing carried us to a low bluff, at the top of which we found a beautiful farm. Again and again did we cross this farm and stand at the edge of the bluff to see the sunset. To the southward the Hood River plain, with its long lines of protecting hills, terminated in the jagged, icy summit of Mt. Hood. Southwest, the flowing lines of Mt. Defiance, clad with purple forest, rose to the height of seven thousand feet. Flowing at our feet and stretching twenty miles westward is the river. Mitchell's Point on the left frowns across the water at the monstrous bulk of Bald Mountain. The rough, gray mass of Shell Rock, softened in the distance, fades into the twin crags, the nameless ones, beyond. We half think we can see to the right the outline of Mt. Eternity. Then a wall of crags seems to stretch right across the west, blocking the cañon.

Grand and beautiful as is this scene under the common light of day, it becomes transfigured at sunset. The sun sinks behind the northern wall of the cañon, and on a sudden the mountains on that side turn to a weird blue-black, while broad purple banners stream from their tops. All the south side is wrapped in a purple blaze. The river, before like a flood of molten lead, catches on the instant the orange and carmine glory of the sky, and seems to move in softer waves, soothed by the touches of the fading light. The deep-blue tint, shadowed with umber, darkens one by one the sunlit headlands. The down-fallen towers of Shell Rock and its shattered fingers clutching at the sky sink slowly into dark blue mists. The conflagration of those yet mightier steeps beyond is quenched by the dusk that flies like black-sailed ships along the surface of the river. It creeps up the sides of Mt. Defiance. At last only the summit of Mt. Hood, blazing like the rising sun, upholds the banner of the day. But even that banner trembles,

droops, and falls, and over it trails the flag of surrender, the ghostly white of unsunned snow. The sun has set and the glory has departed.

Of the grottoes and cañons at White Salmon, the magnificent camping places among the pines on both sides of the river, of the road to Lucamas just at the foot of Mt. Hood, of the view from there of the great peak with a fall of five hundred feet gushing from a glacier in its side, of Lost Lake, lost amid the forests, time forbids us to speak. But we must delay a moment at the Finger Rocks, for there our boat lay moored for half a day.

A natural wharf of rock furnishes a beautiful landing place. The waves lap against the polished sides of the rock, and we think of Sir Bedivere, how "he based his feet on juts of slippery crag." But the Finger Rocks—a monstrous basaltic hand four hundred feet from its bracelet of cotton-woods at the water's edge to the tip of its forefinger! Seen from Warner's Landing on the other side of the river, the resemblance to a hand is astonishingly close. One would think that this was the hand of some buried volcano giant, thrust through the stiffened rock-waves, snatching at the air for help. Web and Duke climbed the "stretched forefinger," while the Doctor and the girls looked up from below apprehensively, fearing that the bold climbers might slip should they attempt to stand upon the tip of the finger. But there was no danger of their making such an attempt. Their ambition was fully satisfied to let their heads hang down on one side and their feet on the other, clutching desperately the edge of the rock with their hands meanwhile.

From Hood River to The Dalles, the mountains diminish in height, though still lofty, and there is more of a regular palisade appearance than below. The west wind wafts us on and on, until we pass beyond the bounds of our Switzerland. The sun grows hotter and hotter, and the sand flies more and more wildly, till at last The Dalles appears, wrapped in a perpetual storm of sand, the narrowed sullen river at its feet, and the boundless, treeless, rolling prairie behind.

Eight miles above The Dalles is the most singular place on the river. It is called the "Chute." Here the whole mighty current of the Columbia goes through a channel only *two hundred feet wide.* Owing to the violence of the current, the depth has never been satisfactorily taken. It is supposed to be very deep. Many believe the river to be *turned on edge.* Recent investigations by a government engineer seem to indicate, however, that the banks of the "Chute" overhang the water, so that the bottom is much wider than the top. It seems likely that there has been at some time a natural tunnel at this point, which finally fell in on account of the wearing away of its supports. As we crawled to the edge of this frightful place and looked over, we saw that the water was almost black. Streaks of foam gridiron the blackness. There is no roaring of the water. Only a kind of choking gurgle is audible. The immediate surroundings of the "Chute" are sand and rock. No living plant is seen. It is a perfect desolation. Seen from the hills above, the river has here a strained, swollen look, as of a vein about to burst.

The railroad now extends all the way from Portland to the wheat-fields of eastern Oregon and Washington. Boats run regularly, however, from Celilo (fifteen miles above The Dalles) to Ainsworth, a hundred and thirty miles, and then on the Snake, the great southern branch of the Columbia, to Lewiston, a hundred and fifty miles farther. It has also been found that with a few difficult rapids the Columbia is navigable to Kettle Falls, nearly four hundred miles from Ainsworth. Above Kettle Falls there is a section of over three hundred miles that is continuously navigable, extending to Boat Encampment, in British Columbia. Thus the Columbia, though somewhat broken by rapids, is in the main navigable for a thousand or more miles from the sea.

Such is the Columbia. We have considered it chiefly from an æsthetic standpoint.

But from a commercial point of view, it might be likened to the Pactolus of fable: only in its case the sands of gold are grains of wheat. But as yet neither the scenic grandeur of the river nor the immense productiveness of the two hundred thousand square miles adjoining it are known to any great extent. But the time is already near at hand when its products will be surpassed by those of the Mississippi only of the rivers of the continent.

With sorrow our little party ended its month of boating on the Columbia. We bade farewell to these wonders and beauties, every day more wonderful and beautiful. Whoever has left these scenes, having once learned to love them, feels henceforth a thirst elsewhere unsatisfied. All other scenes seem weak and incomplete. Where is there a river like our river? Gathering its waters from the shining mountains of the far north, it presses swiftly on toward the noonday and the sunset. It glides gently beside the fairest valleys, from whose fertile fields the grain sacks pour like armies to float upon its bosom; then laps the barest sands or rages around the most forbidding crags. It wanders across vast plains with a flood like an inland sea, and then is squeezed into rocky walls, across which a pebble can be thrown. In its sublime progress it gathers every image of flower and tree and crag and glacial mountain; it gathers all sounds, from the tinkle of the mountain rain to the thunder of cataracts, from the wailing scream of the cougar to the whistle of the steamboat; it treasures up the voices of ancient vanished tribes, and of the birds that sang in the days before man was; it bursts open the sepulchers where lay "the first bones of time," and spreads the garnered dust upon the wheat-fields and orchards of the present time; it catches the reflection of every star in the sky, and of the sun and moon and clouds; then, unfolding all its gathered treasures in one wide, shining flood, it pours them into the lap of the sea.

W. D. Lyman.

HIS MESSENGER.

"—from Naples to-day."

Only that they were the first words I had heard in my mother tongue for some days, they would not have attracted my attention. For in that circle of many nationalities, only Mr. Beacoll, besides Deane and myself, were to English speech born. During the last few days the former had been sketching at Paestum, while for a much longer time—in our pursuit of foreign languages—Deane and I had seemed to avoid each other like two pestilences walking at noonday.

I looked along the line of those curiously illumined faces, and discovered the speaker on my side the table, down among the Rembrandt glooms of the other end. I wondered to see her alone in that place, sacred to the eccentricities of *savant* and artist, for she looked much younger than is the wont of independently voyaging "paintresses." I saw Deane looking at her with the thoroughly æsthetic satisfaction that sculptural lines and statuesque pallor always gave him when united in a woman's face.

We always dined thus in demi-obscurity, the early darkness of autumn filling the vast vaulted room, unbroken save by two feeble oil-lamps. Elsewhere this curiously transfiguring gloom might have indicated merely a vulgar parsimony of petrole; but just there, with a murdered city but a step across the way, and ghostly sounds wailing over from it towards us, the situation had something almost awful in it.

"I never feel Pompeii so thoroughly tragic as at this time," Madonna was saying—Madonna only in this light: by daylight a battered antique largely "restored."

"Nor I. It is that weirdly wailing wind, I suppose, sobbing over the wall from among the ruins," said Galatea, her daughter, a marble embodiment of an artist's ideal, if never seen in the plaster-of-Paris aspect which ordinary light always revealed.

"And the strangely imaginative and melancholy influence of the peasants droning out their dreary chants on the way home from labor," added Mr. Beacoll—behind the round, fiery orbs of his spectacles the tenderest brown-eyed man in the world.

"The Padrone and Francesco have something to do with it, flitting so mysteriously behind our chairs, like specters of waiters," said the Major, bald and bilious, but now an ivory young Hylas on background of onyx.

"Even Miss Marron's ghosts are shuddering," added the Russian consul.

So they were, in the draught from the Roman-arched doorway, opening upon a vista of ilexes against white Italian walls. Even the peacocks, blinking sleepily, with brilliant tails furled and drooping out of all keeping with their decorative mission upon the terminal pedestals where they roosted every night, seemed to shudder. So did the classic urns, heaped high with golden, amber, and limpid fruit, as well as even the lava walls about us, under the fitful shadows created by our two pale lamps.

Everybody looked at my ghosts.

They were a number of tall reeds springing up through the lava floor between columns of arches which vaulted the roof. They were sapless, tremulous things, and always waved their long, palm-like leaves in every breath of air.

"They never 'slip their grip' on their letters, under any circumstances," smiled Mr. Beacoll, with lurid glare in my direction, being a Shropshire man, with an Etruscan-pottery mind and a consuming curiosity on the matter of transatlantic slang.

All in among those drooping leaves were pinned letters, smoke-stained, age-yellowed, and bearing postmarks in many strange languages. They had come hither from different parts of the world after those to whom they were addressed had gone hence, never to be heard of there more. Some of those letters had been there for years. Both the hands that had written them and the eyes for whom they were intended were now perhaps dust, yet still they wait, wait, wait, in charge of those shuddering specters, sighing in every breeze.

Occasionally in the lulls of that polyglot chatter, I could hear the stranger still speaking English with burning-eyed Beacoll. And as I noticed her growing consciousness of Deane's unconscious stare, I could not but wonder if from where she sat he looked the ideal beauty, with low, broad brow and pensive, dreamy eyes—a sort of passionless abstraction of beauty, like a Leonardo Christ's—that he looked from my seat.

It chanced next day that I did not take luncheon with me and work all day among the ruins as usual. Letters and papers had come for me from America, so as soon as breakfast was over I ran across the lava-white road, up a weedy bank upon which the white dust lay thickly, across a sunny field, beneath which part of the ashen tragedy yet sleeps undisturbed in its repose of nineteen centuries, to the ruins of the Colosseum. There, established upon a vine-clad stone over which airy feet tripped and sumptuous robes trailed before yet my race was born, I began to read.

The first sound I heard, save of bee, bird, rustling flower, or gleaming lizard in the grass, was a full hour later. Then it was a ferocious rubbing, as if somebody, bitten by the restoring mania, were pumice-stoning down these pathetic and solemn ruins. I looked whence the sound came. An elegant figure was sitting upon a lower stone than mine, with a sketch-book upon her knee, and the weedy stone about her covered thick with bread crumbs.

I wondered to see the beautiful stranger of the night before hastily draw a short veil over her face, as with the *sans ceremonie* of artistic Bohemia I descended to speak with her. A glance showed me that she was older than I had fancied her to be, and even through the thickly dotted tulle I could see

that her color was more that of creamy ivory than the polished marble it had seemed in last night's transfiguring gloom. But wonderfully luminous eyes looked at me through heavy fringes of dark brown, and her features, as indistinctly seen, seemed perfect enough to be cut upon cameo. I spoke to her in French, remembering that her English had seemed labored. She answered me with an unmistakably French accent, but with evident pride in using my own language.

"I wish to speak the English upon all the times, and to all the occasions. I wish to learn *parfaitement* all the idiotisms of it."

She showed me her sketches, the "idiotism" of which accounted fully for the bread crumbs. I showed her mine, over which she smiled and sighed with gentle envy.

"*Malheureusement, je suis Française,*" she said: "*malheureusement*, because we cannot study and improve what talent *le bon Dieu* has given us, as you Anglaises can. *Moi, je suis tout à fait perdu comme dame*, lost to be a lady, among my friends, because I call myself *artiste*, and voyage *sans chaperon*, *moi* at twenty-eight!"

There was a simplicity almost pathetic to my larger experience in the author of those sketches calling herself "artiste," and I was wondering if I might dare offer a suggestion that vistas recede from rather than project upon the eye, and objects lessen in perspective—when *crash* across the field came the sound of the luncheon bell.

I wondered at Mademoiselle's coquetry, in sitting at *merenda* with her veil down, especially as only Madonna and Galatea, widow and daughter of a Bavarian officer, besides myself, were at table. But in an Italian *albergo*, whose chambers are not beautiful, and rates but five *lire* a day, "*pour Messieurs les artistes*" (Mesdames included, although not mentioned), are many eccentric people—so I gave the matter no second thought.

But at *pranzo* that evening, when the peacocks blinked and shuddered, the ilexes shivered against white walls, and the mystic gloom and transfiguring half-light possessed our Pompeian *Sala*, she wore no veil. With masses of golden bronze hair coiled low, and waving upon a low, broad brow, and in her simple dress of pale gray, she looked a very Psyche, through whose surface coldness and antique perfectness of form gleamed a passionate modern soul.

I saw Deane watching her, and heard him address her in an insane kind of lingo, which I suppose he flattered himself was French, inasmuch as it certainly was no other language under the sun.

After that evening I noticed that they talked much together. Deane always went to his work long before she descended to *collazione*, and never returned till the dusk grew thick, so they never met save at dinner.

One day Mr. Beacoll came home from Naples with a permit for our party to visit ruined Pompeii by moonlight.

The big October moon was full, silvering late grapes in the vineyards, chiseling in ivory each harsh blossom and sapless leaf upon the earth wall around the dead city, spreading sheen of crystal upon our narrow glimpse of sea, purifying the road with light snowfall, laying pearly rim upon each brown ruin, and idealizing all our mortal imperfections in a veil of white radiance. Even the walls of our *albergo*, scattered Oriental fashion around the court, were transformed by that pure magic into pearly palaces of fairy tales—

"Or colorless background of some passionless poem," murmured our Neapolitan Major, as sentimental as he was bilious, and whose idea of English-speaking women was a tragic mixture of Ophelia and the Bride of Lammermoor.

The whole party impatiently waited two missing ones in the pearly courtyard. I opened the huge door of our *triclinium*—our only public room. They were standing before the tall reeds examining the time-stained letters those reeds had held so long.

"Miss Marron insists that they are ghosts of Pompeian girls, separated in the maddening horror from their kindred," Deane was saying as I entered. Even in that dim light I noticed that he wore a new necktie of a *bleu criard*, a color which I knew set his

teeth on edge. It was the very shade of the one at her throat, hers softened now by a fleecy "cloud," draped Venetian fashion over head and shoulders. That drapery was as idealizing as a summer cloud floating across the serene, fair moon, and out of it her violet eyes looked up at him as flowers at the dawn.

The Pompeian girls shivered and cried as I entered. Said Deane, seeing me:

"Miss Marron, if ever I send you a message from the spirit-world, I will confide it to one of these ghostly young ladies."

"*Mais, Mademoiselle*, you look like a ghost yourself!" exclaimed his companion.

All down the white road the Major murmured sweetly in my ear of moonshine and melancholy, of the gall of gayety, the beauty of bitterness, and the bane of things in general, to all of which I answered in monosyllables. Scarcely were we within the pale streets, however, when I managed to elude him. I escaped to wander alone among those empty and roofless houses which in the moonlight seemed like shadows cast forward from a past, real although remote, upon a present equally remote but far more unreal.

Sitting in the shadow of a broken arch, from which pendant vines cast warm, quivering tracery upon the mosaic floor, I saw a deeper shadow upon the pictured threshold. I held my breath and shrunk closer within my darkness. The shadow moved noiselessly, as shadows should. It gazed about the illumined *triclinium*, as if seeking some other shadow. Then it faded away. As it faded I heard a long tremulous breath like a sigh.

Afterwards I stole unawares upon the same shadow. It was leaning over a wall looking across the still plain to where a flaming giant towered against the sky. The shadow this time was materialized by a spot of shrieking blue, and was looking downward upon a white vaporous figure by its side.

"*Nous-nous aimons*," I heard the white figure say. Then shadow-like in my turn I faded away.

The day following we carried out our plan of ascending Vesuvius to see the sun rise. We started at two o'clock from the inn courtyard, shivering and half awake. Deane rode by my side as our donkeys crawled over the lava-paved road. I trembled in my waterproof, and scarcely answered when he spoke to me. But when he said, with tact pre-eminently masculine, "How fresh Mademoiselle seems! just hear her laugh," I burst out with—

"Deane, are you blind? If you saw her by daylight as I do you would know—"

"What are you saying, Margaret?" he asked, for my voice had sounded hoarse and muffled, and my malicious intention perished at its birth.

Then the Major wabbled up beside me. We spoke gently together of the sweetness of dying among these fire-fed vineyards so symbolic of human life, passion-nourished into purple life-blood strangely rare and sweet enough to be called "Tears of Christ"; of the poetic beauty of the Marble Sleep with its threnody eternally chanted by yon hoarse-voiced mountain—hearing which, Deane fell back and left us alone.

A morose silence fell gradually upon us all. Our ascent was so gradual in the darkness, that to ourselves we seemed never to have changed the level upon which we left Pompeii. When the dim dawn held upon its bosom glimpses of a world almost infinitely far below, it seemed not we who had climbed, but the world that had fallen away, deep, deep, deep, a pale image in the depths of a far-reaching memory.

We had passed the golden zone of vineyards, and reached that of black, utter lifelessness, where no green thing can live, no creeping thing can come, no winged creature lift its voice amid the royal clamor beating down from smoking heights, and where not even the Major could see any beauty in the Marble Sleep with one's wrinkles full of cinders, and every crow's-foot accentuated as with heavy crayon.

Here we dismounted from our trembling donkeys and prepared to drag ourselves up the cone. Breathless already, although scarcely twenty feet from the bottom, I stopped to rest. Suddenly Mademoiselle

overtook me, gasping and frightened, laying such eager hold upon me that we both burrowed in the ashes together.

"*Pour l'amour de Dieu, Mademoiselle,* lend me your veil!"

The mightiest issues of life sometimes quiver upon a breath—upon "yes" or "no."

Why should I not say "no"—I who had all to lose as well as she?

Suddenly I saw a vision. Two shadows in a silent city, and one was speaking. "We love each other," I heard it say.

Then I handed her my veil. Straightway I felt every one of my thirty unlovely years staring grimly from my face, duller than ever now, after an unrefreshed night, in this cruel dawn. Nevertheless I even laughed as I tied the bit of lace about her hat, and said:

"Extravagant girl, do you reflect what these foolish things cost us *forestieri* in Italy, that you give yours to the wind so readily?"

Slipping, panting, breathless, the summit was reached at last. Deane and Mademoiselle were waiting for me in the dense smoke, as I quitted my guide at the top. They each gave me a hand, and thus united, we skirted the hellish crater, and came round upon the smokeless side. As we stood panting in that free air of the mountain top, suddenly, above the roar of Vulcan's forge and wild swish of the wind, I heard a cry. I turned to see my companions gazing at each other with astonished eyes. My veil had been torn from Mademoiselle's head in the fierce, hot blast, and was now drifting far away on murky, sulphurous clouds. Five minutes later, and all the gentlemen of our party were down in the crater. I watched Deane as he ran hither and yon amid rifts of liquid fire, and I screamed to him to beware, my voice thrust back into my teeth amid that Plutonian uproar. And then also was brought to my consciousness a figure lying in the ashes beside me, its face buried in blackness.

"Mademoiselle?"

The cameo-like face looked up at me with dim violet eyes.

"Did you see how he looked at me?" she asked bitterly. "Ah, mon Dieu! It is more than I can bear never to be looked at but with pitying eyes! Look at me, Miss Marron, count every disfiguring mark—they are not many, but *so* deep—and then tell me why we should call remorseless nature "mother" and not the tyrant that she is. It was nature who made me care for my sister's child in its loathsome malady—this is how she rewarded me."

I knew not what to say; I could only stammer:

"You saw *his* face; he has suffered as well as you, for watching over a lonely and unknown countryman last year in Venice; surely he cannot—he can—"

I ceased, for she was not listening.

"*Per Bacco!* who would ever have imagined to see her at dinner that Mademoiselle looked like that!" exclaimed the Major' the first chance he got at my ear. "She is about as much marked as *il Signor* Deane, *non e vero, Signorina?*"

Going down the cone, our party was broken into units scattered widely apart on that desolate expanse—all but Mademoiselle and myself. She clung closely to me, shrinking from the others, as we sank, struggled, rose together, two bits of wreck upon a black sea.

When near ten o'clock we crawled into the court of our *albergo*, it was Deane and not the glaucus-hued Major who helped us dismount. He was unnaturally pale, and his voice sounded strained as he whispered:

"Margaret, did you see the look she gave me? Am I, then, so hideous—ever to win a love I crave?"

"How should I know," I answered harshly, as I stumbled blindly past him to my room.

There was a stranger at dinner that night, one with face in that transfiguring twilight as passionless and pure as one of Fra Angelico's angels. I did not speculate if he were Tintoretto butcher or Luini Judas by daylight, for my breath was taken away when I saw that he occupied Deane's seat.

"*Si, il Signor* Deane went away to Rome

at noon, leaving adieux for everybody," said Padrone Eer.

Two days later Mademoiselle went back to Rome, and I to Florence, to my narrow-eyed Giottos, and half-mediæval, half-pagan Botticellis. I went back feeling my sight eternally extinguished to the beauty of simple existence with which the Greeks animated their marbles, and preternaturally quickened for recognition of the throb of aching humanity which commenced to beat in the art of the Renaissance.

When I parted from Mademoiselle I for the first time alluded to Deane.

"Be of good cheer," I said, "he is tender and true; I have known him for years. He will return to you, for he has told you that he loves you."

"*Loves* me?"

"By moonlight in the street of Tombs. '*Nous-nous aimons*,' I heard you answer him."

"Ah! I remember; Monsieur Deane was learning a reflective verb—he always had such difficulty with them."

I caught my breath for an instant, then I answered:

"But he does love you; he has told me so."

Her only answer was a shudder.

I heard nothing from either of them till the following year. It was in October that I went to Venice to fill an order. Felice—our old favorite Felice—was still my model; I went out with him every morning in his gondola, and in the shoal waters just outside San Giorgio Maggiore I painted till the shadows deepened with the climbing sun.

One morning, while Felice was arranging the red-and-white-striped awning over the end of the gondola, I sat glancing over a package of newspapers just received from home. A heavy black line caught my eye.

A sudden roaring darkness fell upon me in the very heart of that laughing day.

"Take me home, Felice," I gasped. And poor Felice, who cannot read, before gathering up his oar, gave a vindictive toss into the Lagune of all the fatal papers, that somehow, he knew not how, had turned my face into death's image.

An irresistible desire took possession of me as soon as my heart beat again—not, it seemed to me, for days.

I must go back, back to the spot where he had passed from my sight forever. It seemed to me a shadow of his beloved presence must linger yet there, where dwell so many shadows, dead so many centuries, and he dead — ah, God! *dead* — but one little month ago.

I must go back to deaden this horrible ache, for I knew that in the atmosphere of that mighty old-time tragedy living and dead seem phantoms alike. And in a ghost-haunted vapor like this we call life, what matters it if joy or anguish flit by our side? what matters it when all is done so soon?

It was dusk when I descended at the little brown station, and walked heavily through the lava-dust to the inn. As I drew near, a well-known sound greeted me—the dinner-bell. To-night not one face of our old company would be illumined upon that ebon background; but what mattered that to me? —a shadow forevermore.

As I entered my old room at the end of the *loggia*, I saw that it had been touched by artistic fingers in my absence. An exquisite face smiled upon me, drawn in pencil upon the white-washed wall, a face with no more blight of earth malady upon it than upon a statue fresh from a master's hands.

"*Si*," said Padrone Eer, "it is Mademoiselle—or rather, Madame. She and her husband went away yesterday to Palermo. She left you this note when I told her you were coming."

The note was in her own language, and told that she was *desolée* not to present to me her husband. "*C'est lui qui a fait mon portrait*," the note concluded; and then, with words in which I saw a world of passionate hope and yearning, "as he has drawn me, perhaps I am—to *him*."

At midnight, candle in hand, I crept like a ghost across the courtyard, where ilex branches trembled in the autumnal air. I knew the *triclinium* would not be locked,

for in that soft climate the tousled *facchino* always slept in an open wagon near the entrance, and no other security was necessary for pewter plate.

"It is only I, Antonio"—and the unkempt head, with sleepy grunt, fell again.

The reeds shivered and cried as I entered; I shivered, too, but did not cry when they waved their pale arms as if to welcome me to their phantom world. The room was unchanged. *We* might have left it only an hour ago. *His* chair was in its old place, half turned aside, as if he had just risen. Beyond were the chairs of Madonna and Galatea, turned a little aside towards lurid-eyed Beacoll. Here sat the Major, and somewhere up there in yon darkness was the chair in which I sat and watched a fair new face, startled and anxious under the shining stare of eyes that saw nothing now in their low-roofed home.

I know not how long I had been sitting there, with head bowed upon the table, when a feeling came upon me that I was not alone. Sighs, low and whispered, wavered through the darkness. I felt a cold, lax touch creep slowly over my neck and hair.

I was not frightened. I remembered in an instant that I must have left the door ajar, and the night air made the reeds sigh and shiver where I sat. I rose to close the door. As I stood up, the feeble glimmer of the candle in my hand fell full upon one of the Pompeian girls with her burden of letters. The light seemed to concentrate itself upon one letter placed so high above the ordinary level of the eye that in the diffused light of day it would naturally be the last one upon which the sight would rest.

Sitting there in his chair, trembling and cold, I opened the letter. It was dated a year before.

"Dear Margaret:

"When I saw you last I felt I could never see you again. But surely you did not mean to drive me thus from you—I, who have loved you so long. But if I have been too presumptuous, if all these months since my calamity your apparent shrinking from me has been real, then have I been mad indeed. But no; I know your true heart well enough to be sure that if ever you could have loved me you can love me now; if you cannot, it is my bitter fate and not my wrecked face that fails to win the priceless treasure. Write to me, Margaret, and tell me if I may return to one who loves me, or at least that I may find once more the friend of long years.

"Deane."

Thus had the spectral messengers been true to their trust!

Dumb and smitten, I lay in my room all the next day. At midnight I stole again across the ilex-shimmering court. Again the night air cried about me, and lax, dry fingers felt numbly over my forehead and hair. Again I laid my face upon the table, and strove to remember my love with other than the despairing face with which I saw him last. It was in vain. Ever the same torturing vision rose before me, till I sobbed aloud:

"Deane, do you not know *now* that I always loved you?"

From out the darkness came a voice .

"Margaret!"

Terrified, I raised my head. Then by wan light, fancy carved for me upon ebon background a blessed image.

The next moment, light and shadow, radiant image and ebon background, mingled into nothingness.

Strong arms were about me, tender accents called my name.

"Forgive me," they were saying, "I have watched under your window all day. I could not resist standing at the door, where I could gaze upon you unseen. You would never have known it but for your articulate sob—"

"But, dear, your death was in the paper," I insisted later; "so how can *this* be you?"

"If you had looked twice at the announcement, Margaret, you would have seen that he who died was thirty years older than I. Yesterday I might almost have wished to have died in my father's stead; but to-day, dear, you have received my message, and I desire long years in which to receive your reply."

Margaret Bertha Wright.

PACIFIC HOUSES AND HOMES.

I.

With its delightful moods of climate, California ought to rejoice in the very best conditions of social life and housekeeping. The "unceasing gayety of the Occidental year," of which The Overland editor wrote years ago, allows charming variations from the utilitarian style of homes elsewhere in the Union. While the New Englander and the Northwest settler must build their houses with a view to winter or wintry weather full half the year, and expend most attention on making the walls thick and the roof heavy, and the citizen of Atlantic towns must pile story upon story in his mansion or apartment house to save the price of ground, this side the Sierras only shelter enough is required to embody the idea of home, with its cherished hearth and roof-tree. The totally different style of building and ornament required by the opposite climates opens a wide field to the American architect and artist.

It will be a happy day in this country when we begin to study design and decoration principally to find something suited to our time and needs, instead of laboriously trying to force the present into the garb of the past. It will not be long until the architect will cease to search portfolios in quest of Jacobite or Tudor mansion, which he can transfer bodily to the grounds of a Rhode Island cotton-spinner, or some absurd imitation of feudal halls for a tradesman who has made a good thing in mess pork. Rather, he will study the character of the region where he is to build, till he knows its lovely slopes and steep cañons or natural terraces by heart and each suggests to him the type of the roof, balcony, and ornament best adapted to its vicinage: whether the sharp, spreading roof of the Swiss inn; or the gentle incline and square tower of the Italian villa, rising among almond and fig orchards; or the low walls, pierced for coolness, and the delicate fascination of color, which make the Moorish house the paragon for warm climates. It is useless to try to force originality in the art of any people; the lesson of the past reads that the perfection of style grew and unfolded with generations. It was not stimulated, cultivated, or brought out by prize competitions, but the Venetian copied the Saracen, the Lombard the Venetian, the Provençal carried the lesson to the Norman, the Norman to England—each aiming first at nothing better than faithful reproduction of its models, but evolving the changes which suited its climate, and the temperament of its people; so that from the Byzantine rose the Italian Gothic, the pointed, the flamboyant, the perpendicular, the Tudor Gothic—one flowering from another, not by intention so much as adaptation. No essayist of the day urged people to cultivate originality in the design of their houses and furniture—as if it were not as risky to set everybody designing decoration as to set them to write original poetry. The utter absurdity of expecting the mass of persons to be original in decorative art never seems to strike the popular artwrights. It is quite enough if common people can discriminate between good and bad design when they see them, and have a conscience of taste which leads them to follow correct models without hanging all sorts of meretricious ornament upon them. It was in the process of copying the Venetian Gothic conscientiously for generations that it flowered into the perfect Gothic of old French cathedrals. Here a line was expanded or retrenched, the leafage was more boldly undercut, the form of the arch refined and elevated, trefoil, rosace, and quinquefoil were added to the ornament, and those ferny, frond-like shapes unrolled, which another age tortured into the visionary tongues of the flamboyant style. It is bet-

ter to teach people to admire and respect the good things in art, of which the world has store already, to distinguish the best design, to be sensitive to nice shades of taste and intolerant of the false and affected, than to exhaust themselves in desperate efforts for originality. As if a grammar-school teacher, instead of reading Arnold and Shakspere with her pupils, should be continually urging them to write critical essays. Let no man or woman write prose or poetry, or design so much as a sofa-cushion, unless he can't help it—that is, unless drawn or driven to it by decided natural talent.

It does not take great gifts of taste to find styles of special fitness for Californian seasons of sunshine. Robin and his Chispa, whom he rightly considers a find more precious than any nugget of the Sierras, have been married long enough to make boarding tiresome, and rented houses do not come up to their idea of home. Indeed, it takes several years of hard experience in renting houses to thoroughly find out what one really does and does not want in a house of his own. Usually a freshly painted front and newly papered parlor, with a bay-window and pretty best bedroom, take the eye of the young married pair, especially if the paper be of a novel "art pattern," and some trifling touch of fresco or a Japanese lantern be thrown in to make the place look æsthetic. By this time, however, they have learned that the pretty little house with the tiled mantel and library recess, which was so charming for two, is not large enough for three, and that a whist-party can hardly find room about the center-table without crushing somebody's flounces, and that a guest can hardly stay over night without knowing family secrets in the close neighborhood of the chambers; that the kitchen pervades the whole house with smells of soup and celery and washing-days; that the living-rooms, with the rich-looking dark paper, are gloomy in the rainy season, and it tries the eyes to read or sew in them on dull days, on account of their dim light. Chispa is under the doctor's care with throat troubles, paralytic symptoms, and general debility, traceable to the defective drainage about the house, its want of light and sunshine, and the three pairs of stairs up and down which she has to race daily from chambers to basement, and very likely from that to the street again. She does not attribute her ailments to these causes, and with her coterie agrees that "women in California don't seem as strong as they used to be," without going very far to find the reason for it. Women were strong in California in the times when they used to live in comfortable one-story adobes, only a step above the ground, with snug, thick walls, and the sunshine coming full in at the windows, unshaded by any porch roof; when each village house had its half-acre or more of garden and orchard around it, giving space and seclusion out of doors, where the matron saw to the washing, soap-boiling, and fruit-drying in the back yard, under the pear and pimienta trees; when she gained the valley tan and the large freckles which designate her as one of the pioneer women, and likewise the robust health which makes her step elastic, her mind keen, and wit delightful at seventy-five. If with increasing wealth and culture you will import all the customs and conditions of Eastern civilization, with its limitations and mistakes, you must submit to its penalties. If you will build your houses in narrow town lots, where you move, breathe, and have your being within fifty feet of your own drain and cesspool, as well as those of the three or four neighboring lots, you must breathe air more or less vitiated, and the Japan trade-winds and mountain breezes cannot do away with the consequences of human contact and existence. It is wonderfully convenient to have a complete system of drainage in a thriving village, to have sinks, stationary washstands, flush-closets, and all the so-called modern improvements within your doors, which certainly dispense with a great deal of fetching and carrying; still it is remarkable how often in California one hears the remark that such and such a town "isn't as healthy as it used to be, since the sewers were put in," or "since the Mission slough was filled up."

I beg pardon, for the beautiful and accomplished Mrs. Chispa is curling her short upper lip because the consideration of the subject begins, not with that alcove salon with inlaid panels of laurel and walnut which rises in her imaginings, but with such outside questions as sewers and drains, which every polite person knows are no concern of society, but wholly matters belonging to the contractors and town council. Indeed, one would willingly leave this branch of the subject to sanitary engineers and boards of health; but the past teaches that great bodies move slowly, and as sewer-gas penetrates everywhere, and damp does not wait for a stamped and signed permit to enter parlors fitted in Renaissance taste, your Robin may prefer to take measures to prevent funerals in his family just as it is settled to its mind in the new house, or having to remove and begin over again in a new place, or at least seeing the frescos and inlaid paneling torn up, and the Turkish carpets rolled away for an invasion of hod-carriers and plumbers to take out the pipes and look after the drains every twelvemonth or less. Malaria, sewer-gas, bad air—what you please to call it, Chispa—has a ugly way of stealing into family bedrooms and robbing the bloom from faces fair as yours, tinting them instead with the thick sallowness of the "San Joaquin apricots," as one terms the pallid-lipped subjects of chills and typhoid. It is very apt to settle in rheumatism, even in lithe forms like yours, and knot the joints of slender fingers till they cannot wear their rings any more; and it gives that halting gait to young matrons which provokes the satire of satisfied belles of the piazza, or turns into that racking neuralgia, which is sure to draw such cruel lines on delicate faces, and—O horrors!—makes a woman actually look every year of her age! Women have condescended at last to learn how to care for their health and lives, since there is no other way to preserve their beauty, the two former being of no earthly interest to them without the latter, if we can believe accounts. I must pray your attention, Mrs. Chispa, or at least Robin's for you, to these ugly considerations which lie at the foundation of your future home, with the one comfort, that once properly understood and provided they seldom need be thought of for half a century or so.

Now, Robin, as you value the peachy-faced woman and the pretty child or two romping on yonder piazza, let me implore you to give that home of theirs room enough out of doors. You are not yet rich as you mean to be, it is true, neither are you as poor as the Irish laborer or the tenement people, that you must scrimp your foothold of earth to the narrow dimensions of one or even two town lots. This evil of crowding homes is one of deep importance in the increasing light of sanitary science. Every human being born must, in the natural waste of his breath and body, defile a certain amount of air and earth, and the consequences of crowding this *débris* tells fatally on the health of modern villages. The evil is just beginning to be felt in Pacific and Western towns, as they become more closely built up, and the avarice of land owners grudges every foot that goes beyond the allotment of 50 by 150 to each family. I have known speculators refuse to sell one man more than a single lot, as they fancied in some mysterious way it might interfere with the highest possible profit they could wring from selling to separate families. The consequence is that the air of villages and towns is laden with the odors and volatile matter of effete substances, unnoticed by the blunted nerves of the citizens used to it, but plainly distinct to those fresh from the air of the plains and mountain sides. How many times, passing through the streets of towns in the loveliest parts of California, by walls overhung with sheets of ivy geranium and plumbago, and arches of golden roses and Monterey cypress, in the intervals between wafts of orange-flower or jasmine, comes the ugly fetor from the gratings of sewers, or the primitive arrangements of village back yards. The odor of orange groves may overpower the smell of evil things, but unfortunately it does not take away their power for harm. The foul air increases in

density and volume, the rows of walls confine it, it sinks into airless rooms and courtyards, till the inhabitants move in a stratum of this malaria which rests within twenty or thirty feet of the ground. Pure winds dilute it with air safe for breathing, the sunshine, where permitted, is potent to neutralize it, or the plague of such towns would be like that of Sennacherib, and its people would be all dead corpses. But the evil that rises from decay is so dangerous, so vast in proportion to its origin, that, *under common conditions*, neither the perpetual sunshine nor the sea breeze is sufficient to remove it. Municipal councils cannot smell it, burly tax-payers, who could hardly be annoyed with the odors of a tannery in the next block, are unable to imagine there is anything wrong in the air, and are prone delicately to insinuate to the critical citizen or visitor that the smell is in his own nose. Their own children grow pale and feeble, and a "change of air" is prescribed, the theory accepted being that any change is for the better to get away from such air. It is not till a seven-months run of fever or two or three funerals have opened the minds of these worthy people to receive the counsels of the physician that they are willing to own that the air of paradise is any improvement over that of their own neighborhood. If California is to keep its repute as a health resort for unrivaled purity of air, its people must look well to their sanitary regulations and domestic habits. Carelessness, incorrect systems of drainage, and the mere conditions of closely settled places can readily undo the salubrity which a porous soil and ocean breezes have conferred.

It is very certain that the system of disposing of the waste of cities in practice east of the Rocky Mountains is not the best adapted to the rainless countries this side. The mode of washing away all the wastes of a family or a town by pipes into the nearest body of water is pernicious for more than one reason: first, that the water supply is in most cases so comparatively scanty that all use for flushing pipes and sewers must be limited, as it is in many cases, far below what is required for health or inoffensiveness; second, to send such matter into streams and ponds, to fester under the steady sun of this climate, is anything but a safe experiment. The whole idea of water sewage is indecent and unsafe, and I venture to predict that sanitary science will in less than twenty years render the present practice of turning lakes, streams, and oceans into vast open cesspools as abhorrent as the Middle-Age system of keeping the garbage heap at every man's door. The only safe, convenient method of disposing of the wastes of life is that in use from ancient times, of burying them in dry earth and sand. The property of dry earth is to absorb, neutralize, oxygenize, and convert refuse and decaying matters into innoxious, inoffensive form, to be reconverted into inodorous mold, fit food for green and growing life. Robin, you will strike out from your neatly made calculations that $150 for the brick cesspool, the $250 more or less for plumbing and stationary washbowls. You will instead buy at least an eighth of an acre for your building lot—better if it is a whole town square, securing passage of free air round your domicile, and immunity from the bad smells and sewage which filters through the loose soil from your neighbors' drains. Surely, if a man wants the truest idea of a home for his wife and children, one square is not too much for privacy, outdoor life and freedom, and the fullest delights of fruit and flowers. You want that broad-shaven grass-plot inlaid with flower-beds in front of the house, guarding it from the noise and dust of the street, and giving home a charm in your children's thoughts as long as they live. There must be space for the croquet-lawn and tennis-ground at the side, where your daughters will spend outdoor hours to the gain of their complexions and health forever, and where your boys will find attractions to keep them from the streets and lounging places. You want a fruit garden in the rear where you can exercise after business hours, and gain clearness of brain and steadiness of nerve. Every man of studious employment —merchant, lawyer, preacher, editor, politician—should find his garden as necessary as his library, where he can, in fresh air and sun-

shine, recruit his strength with the best tonics and balance mental strain with bodily effort. The added security in case of fire or contagious sickness, the pleasure, the safety for the children, more than make up the cost of the land. That secured, you can order your own sanitary arrangements, and enforce the delightful law that there is to be no stationary offense in any part of your grounds. The kitchen garbage is to be burned daily in the stove, or carried away in a tightly covered barrel; all sweepings are to be burned at once. The earth-closet, outside the house but connected with it, will supplant the leaky, indoor closet and the old-fashioned vault. The kitchen, laundry, and bathroom slops will be run off by pipes into the new reservoir, where all liquids pass through a large filter of sand and charcoal, which renders them clear, inodorous, and fit for use in watering lawns, gardens, or roads, to the great saving of water rates and relief of the town reservoirs. This filtering of the slops, in which nothing but washing water is allowed, and which is entirely and cheaply feasible, is an idea of great utility in California and all States where water is scarce; and its safety in a sanitary point of view recommends it everywhere. It forbids the possibility of sewer-gas by removing all waste matter from drainage before it has time to become fetid. It will simplify all questions of city and private drainage, abolish the complicated system of sewers and their attendant evils, diminish the consumption of water by half at least, set at rest anxiety about health; and instead of carrying the waste of a town to make a Golgotha somewhere, it returns the filth from the water in a shape for composting into valuable fertilizers, to which the most fastidious cannot bring an objection. The materials for filters are cheap and abundant: sand, animal charcoal, spongy iron—the best of all purifiers. Of course they would need frequent, perhaps monthly, changes, but once prepared for, such change would be far less troublesome than the inspection necessary with drain pipes. The sieve which retains most of the solid matter from the slops would be cleaned and replaced daily, the muck and grease from it composted with earth for the benefit of the garden. A later chapter will describe at length this mode of disposing of slops so as to preserve the home from malodorous, malignant surroundings.

The water supply is the next consideration; and Robin, out of care for the health of his family, will not depend on the town supply, in some years uncertain, brought from lake or stream whose purity is not unchallenged, and which by the end of summer has divers unwholesome tastes and smells. The plan of building to be recommended has roof enough to give the rain-shed necessary for two cisterns of the largest size, which, cemented and fitted with filters, will furnish abundance of the purest water for family uses the year through. You want plenty of water for the household, not only water to use, but water to waste, and two 500-barrel cisterns, will not hold a drop too much. A force pump will send it to the tank on the roof and supply the kitchen boiler. A faucet and waste-spout on the chamber floor will supply the bedroom washstands conveniently enough, and the family will follow the example of the best houses East and West in returning to the handsome, old-fashioned toilet, with its ewer and basin in place of the stationary bowl. In San Jose, for instance, among many of the towns of our State, the sewers have not sufficient fall to carry off the water, and in consequence the sewer-gas rises in the pipes with such force as to blow the stoppers out of the basins at night; and persons who have fitted their houses with stationary basins have been obliged to guard them with air-tight covers for the prevention of disease. Stationary basins are not a safe luxury—least of all in sleeping-rooms.

Susan Power.

THE ART OF UTTERANCE.

If we could safely rid ourselves of those who profess to teach us how to read aloud and speak with propriety, it would be easy to understand the frequent and flippant sneers at the shortcomings or overdoings of this or that professional elocutionist. But as the efforts are often disagreeable of those who, without previous instruction, inflict themselves upon the public, it seems that we should encourage the teacher to do better, rather than depreciate his efforts. He may not always hide his art, but he is at least audible, and so far worthy of general imitation.

Plainly, neither pulpit, bar, platform, nor stage can afford to dispense with artistic training of the voice. The best exponent in each of these departments must, whatever else, be a good elocutionist, using the term in its derivative sense. The late Rev. Dr. Hawks, for example, was widely known as an excellent reader of the Episcopal service. He read it with what would be called the utmost simplicity and naturalness; yet, paradoxical as it may sound, this simplicity and naturalness came from the study and cultivation of the noble organ which he possessed. Those who remember Edward Everett's orations hold them as models of scholarly writing delivered with elocutionary skill. Edwin Booth owes much of his success to his acquired knowledge of the finest vocal effects; and if Mr. Irving's performances should fall short of our expectations, it will be, to judge from report, on account of their lacking the polished enunciation of his American rival. Hamlet's advice to the players is the most complete argument for vocal culture ever presented.

Natural gifts may allow one to do without calling in an instructor; but instruction *per se* must be had. There are a few who are better able to teach themselves than to be taught by others; but they must be none the less students—diligent in exercises to develop and strengthen the voice; keen to observe the faults of others, so as to detect their own; taking valuable hints from every sort of public speaker who stands high in general estimation. Indeed, no pupil attains to excellence who does not finally cut loose from the teacher and assert his own individuality. The teacher's office is to suggest and inspire; not to create a mob of imitators.

How many able-bodied, strong-lunged men are physically exhausted after speaking in public for the space of an hour or less, merely because they have not been taught when to pause for breath, and how to take it! They don't know that very frequently when the breath is inhaled it should be drawn through the nostrils, *the mouth being firmly closed.* This can be done occasionally, and without attracting notice, at the close of a sentence. It is a process which gives an ample supply and reserve of breath by full inflation of the lungs, and it tends to entire vocality. The trained runner or pedestrian uses the same principle of inflation; but the man who sneers at the professional elocutionist may be content to gasp in ignorance, to be physically prostrate at the close of his discourse, and to fancy his sentiments agreeable even if inaudible. It almost seems desirable that the word "elocution" should be blotted from our dictionary: not but that it is the proper word, but because of the wide-spread misunderstanding of its derivation, history, and scope. Perhaps the word "utterance" could be freely substituted, as conveying a meaning unmistakable and emphatic to all who are not born dumb. There is warrant for the substitution in the Bible, in Shakspere, and in Milton.

"But," say some, "the age of oratory is gone—we have no time for it—the printing-press is doing away with the necessity of speech-making, other than short, decisive expressions of opinion." There may be a

degree of truth in this, so far as brevity and conciseness are more and more desirable; but whenever momentous questions are to be decided, or the souls of men to be stirred to important issues, the sympathetic power of the human voice asserts itself above and beyond the silent type. If this is not so, why encourage oratory at all in our systems of instruction? To what end those annual forensic displays common to almost every school in the land? It would be a saving of time to have the essays printed. The public would not be obliged to read them all; now, it must waste time and patience in futile efforts to understand the half of what is spoken by untrained speakers. The observations have no pertinence for such institutions as give proper attention to the study of the art of utterance; but upon how many Commencement days does the youthful orator appear at terrible disadvantage! For the first time he finds himself face to face with an unbiased public. For the first time he is called upon to penetrate with his voice the farthest recesses of a vast and it may be a badly constructed theater. With no previous training, it is expected that he will show distinct enunciation, correct modulation, and fitting emphasis. What wonder that he "clings to the reading-desk as to a life-preserver"—that if he dares to lift his arm the gesture is worse than meaningless, for he looks straight ahead, instead of glancing at the object, real or imagined, which he is gesturing about. No previous drill puts him at comparative ease, so that he can gauge the space to be filled by the voice; no use of pauses nor management of breath has taught him how to preserve the strength of that voice.

He never turns from side to side, so as to hold the attention of the entire audience, nor by gestures that are emphatic, graceful, and suited to his own individuality, enlist the favor of his hearers, and do justice to his theme and himself. All the sympathy of father and mother and sister and sweetheart cannot save him from the fatal verdict of the public. It is a failure; and through defects in the plan of education. The fact is, we have allowed the multiplicity of studies to crowd out one of the most important.

Let us not think that we can speak our English with distinctness because we are born to it. Therein certain races have the advantage over us. The laziest Italian, for example, can enunciate with ease. By the genius of his language his words glide smoothly and easily, one to another; elision with him is a matter of course. With us precision of articulation is a matter of necessity; and that, in spite of difficult syllabic combination. Our path can be smoothed only by special study. Fortunately, the growing tendency in our schools to give less and less attention to the ancient languages, and more and more to the modern, points to an increased interest in the matter of speaking our native tongue with propriety—whether it be in colloquial discourse, in the scholarly oration, or in that important branch of the art—reading aloud. Surely this last is no trivial accomplishment, if it brings us into closer companionship with the wit and the wisdom and the poetry of our literature. Those intellectual creations which we never tire of beholding in the cold and formal type are made familiar, and their creators appear like living, breathing, speaking friends, through the sympathetic modulations of the cultivated voice. Even Shakspere himself may be clearer in his teachings at the fireside of home than he is ever allowed to be in the dramatic temple. The stage is a perpetual disappointment, because the principal characters only are properly cast. We are permitted to gaze upon Hamlet, but when do we see Marcellus and Bernardo? We have Rosalinds by the score, but never a single Phebe. Shylock, Portia, Bassanio, Gratiano, and Antonio must be satisfactorily portrayed, for the main plot requires it; but as Shakspere had a way, occasionally, of putting his choicest expressions into the mouths of subordinate characters, we are justly annoyed if the part of Lorenzo is given to an illiterate and vulgar actor. In that charming love-scene, what does Lorenzo say to Jessica, as he talks of the harmony of the spheres?

> "Such harmony is in immortal souls—
> But while this muddy vesture of decay
> Doth grossly close it in, *we cannot hear it.*"

The stage has another difficulty to grapple with. Suppose the play to be Hamlet. Imagination receives a shock if we are asked to see the ghost as well as hear it. The "majesty of buried Denmark" tricked out by the theater is hardly capable of distilling the observer with any other sensation than that of the ludicrous. And Prospero's Ariel! —"a spirit too delicate to act the earthy and abhorred commands" of Sycorax, but powerful enough to destroy the vessels, disperse the royal freight, restore the senses of those he had first made mad, and in the end to reconstruct the ship "as tight and yare as when it first put out to sea"—shall this "fine apparition" be embodied?

And so I contend that Shakspere himself may be better understood and more thoroughly enjoyed in the domestic circle, or in the intelligent, studious group of friends, than he can ever be upon the stage —certainly, under its present conditions. Nor is it necessary for such humble readers to be finished elocutionists; still less that they should attempt what requires stage accessories.

Their aim should be to *suggest* rather than to *personate.* Delicate ground, indeed, it is, and on it many a public reader has stumbled and fallen.

No extraordinary spectacular display can compensate for the lack of proper casting of the play. Indeed, what with the enormous monopolizing expenses of the star-system, and of modern stage-mounting, it is very doubtful whether Shakspere's plays receive more justice in their *entirety* now than in his own day. For some reason, the "groundlings" sat more patiently in the pit, with glimpses of a real sky, and the discomforts of a leaky roof, than we in our luxurious parquet. Once it was my good fortune to listen to certain Shaksperian interpretations perhaps as completely satisfactory to the audience as could be desired. There was no scenic display, no theatrical dress. On the rude platform were the only "properties," a table and a chair. You may call Mrs. Kemble's reading exceptional—a work of genius—what you will; it was certainly the grandest possible result of a study of the art of utterance.

In view of much neglect, it is easy to understand why poor readers abound. But how is it that there are so many readers who are mechanically good but not artistic? who just fall short, and we cannot tell why, of being satisfactory? Probably the main cause is monotony—not the frequent recurrence of one tone throughout the sentence, nor yet that monotony which begins with much power and gradually weakens in tone until the final word is barely audible, as if it were not as logical to begin with a whisper and end with a shout; but there is a kind of monotony more common than any other, because harder to detect. It consists in attacking every fresh sentence *in the same key,* and that, generally, a high key. The occasional opening in a different and low key may be all that is wanted to transform mechanical rendering into artistic. And again, to tell a person who has not studied the art that he need but read "naturally," is to ask him to inflict his ignorance upon us. In one sense, it is art alone which can make him natural. The theory of Delsarte is plausible, but it seems to aim a blow at individuality. No two persons display a particular passion in precisely the same manner; more than that, no two should be asked to read the simplest sentence in precisely the same way. Take, for example, the opening lines of Hamlet's Address—"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue"—and try how many variations of tone and pause can be used without altering the unmistakable sense. These variations are subject to the reader's idiosyncrasy—to his own interpretation of the character of Hamlet, to his view of the condition of Hamlet in that particular scene, and to numberless other conditions which may be unforeseen, and yet belong to the time and place of delivery.

The study in question brings out more and more a patriotic love for our native accents. It elicits whatever melody exists. Just as instrumental music admits of certain discords to increase the effect of opposite melody, so we find a wonderful harmony of consonant strength and vowel sweetness. As the poet Story has well expressed it:

"Therefore it is that I praise thee, and never can cease from rejoicing,
Thinking that good stout English is mine and my ancestors' tongue;
Give me its varying music, the flow of its free modulation—
I will not covet the full roll of the glorious Greek—
Luscious and feeble Italian, Latin so formal and stately,
French with its nasal lisp, nor German inverted and harsh."

John Murray.

THE ANGEL ON EARTH: A TALE OF EARLY CALIFORNIA.

The entire shore of California faces the wide Pacific Ocean. The waves of six thousand miles of open sea beat against the coast incessantly. There are few harbors. Only where there is a great stream or a grand bay can an outlet be maintained. The waves pile up the sand in one long beach from north to south. The rivers in their fury break through and find the salt water; but in an ordinary stage of water allow a bar to be thrown across the outlet that seals up as it were the inland navigation. Except San Francisco, Humboldt, and San Diego bays, there is no access for water-craft to the interior.

As you journey north from the Golden Gate and double Cape Mendocino, you speedily find the great Eel River. It has a few feet of water on the bar, dangerous at all times, though within immense fleets might ride in safety. A little farther north Mad River meekly accepts the fiat of Old Ocean, and instead of running boldly out, creeps through the sand, a dumb river most emphatically—it opens not its mouth. The great Klamath River a little farther bows to the same sovereign sway. It rebels and washes the bar into the sea when the floods come, but at times you can almost walk dry-shod over the sandy embankment thrown up by Old Neptune. At others a few Indian canoes get in and out, not without some peril.

Inside the bar is a grand stream reaching hundreds of miles to the northeast. In the calm summer there are few streams so pleasant for small craft, and none with scenery more grand and romantic. The water margin fairly laughs with sunshine and flowers; while up above, the gloomy grandeur of the mountains is only relieved by a patch here and there of perpetual snow. So high are the mountain ridges, and so steep and deep the glens between, that winter and summer stand face to face within a few hours' ride.

Once inside the bar, we will take a canoe, or join the Indians in one, and paddle up stream. There is little to invite the white man. Not a bench of land to be found large enough to make a cottage garden, and the slopes so steep as to be wholly inaccessible. Here and there a deep gorge, filled with dense timber and brush, opens a pathway to the country. But you keep on, two days' journey—in 1852 two days' journey, though now you may take a horse, and on the open trail make it easily in one. Here you find Wichpeck, the Indian capital of the Klamaths, a bold and comely tribe of California aborigines who have never yet known the degradation of a reservation. In 1852, the time of which we write, the chief of Wichpeck knew not that on earth a power existed that could destroy his eagle-nest and scatter his warriors to the wind. But it was coming. The miners already scented the gold on the upper Klamath.

Wichpeck was a fortress. It could be nothing else. At the confluence of the

Trinity and the Klamath the two streams are divided by a bluff that rises out of the water to a huge mountain at one jump. On its face, a river on either flank and an impracticable peak in the rear, stands the village, on ground made level by art. Every bit of food, firewood, and building material must be carried up that steep, and first brought from the mainland in boats. On the low land on the farther bank of either river was a village for use and peace. But the hillside was the stronghold of the chief. The rugged miners, as they passed this frowning watch-tower to their golden claims above, could see no retreat save directly under its fire.

But they cared not, these rollicking fellows with their rifles and revolvers. The Indian power was contemptible to them. They swarmed up the stream. They took up their claims. They washed out the gold. They sent to Trinidad, on the coast, for rich loads of supplies. They hired the Indians to carry for them on the water. They squatted on the land, killed the game, caught the fish, beat the Indians, courted the squaws, and reveled in the country as if it were their own.

The mines were rich on the surface. The first adventurers got rich, sold out or gave out, and were succeeded by others. Already many of the companies had poor diggings—bad luck, as they called it. They had begun depredations on the Indians. They killed the men, enslaved the women, and became as terrible as the fabled giants of old. They had burned Wichpeck for a petty theft, trampled down the power of the chief, and let their wanton passions loose on all around them.

As yet only one or two white women had been seen on the Klamath, and these were rugged as the miners, coarse, and homely. None others would brave the dangers of the Klamath at that time. Once, at the house of one of these women, a Catholic priest had said a mass and delivered a short discourse. Some of the Indians had gathered round. The squaws, emboldened by the presence of the woman, had dared to listen. They well understood that this was a holy man. He spoke to them of Mary, the queen of heaven. He told them of her love, her beauty, her heavenly goodness. The Indians and their women saw for the first time these rude, dirty, overbearing miners subdued, their pistols hidden, their whisky laid aside, their oaths omitted, their brutality put to rest. They could not but connect these effects with the beautiful queen, the spirit, the angel, the fantastic and unreal being, who the priest said could come down at her pleasure and bless all who called upon her and knelt down to worship her. They often spoke of her as the beautiful spirit, and inquired when she would come. They would tell their wrongs to her. They would have her chide these rude miners who had no respect for the Indian, his wife, nor his daughter.

Time rolled on, and the priest and his sermon and the spirit were almost forgotten. The honest miner had fallen back into his evil ways. No Indian's life, no Indian maiden's chastity, was safe in his presence. War had raged. Peace was but partially restored. Neither party could venture upon the other except in open day. There was no confidence. The Indian was hidden in the recesses of the mountains, and the white man stood guard over his wealth day and night, armed to the teeth.

Away up the river from Wichpeck was a lone cabin on the south side. The claim on the bar at its door had been very rich. Many a man had filled his pockets with gold and departed. But other days had come. It took hard scratching to make the ordinary five dollars a day. The company of eight men, several of whom had paid more than they were worth for diggings that were declining more and more every day, had lighted up the candles of industry and economy, and were working hard and living close, in hopes to make a pile before the final break came on.

They were not chosen companions, those eight men. The original eight had been somewhat congenial spirits. But each one sold to whom he would, and the purchaser

became a partner in claim and cabin, and necessarily a companion. Yet, they were, perhaps, an average party. Philip Rightmire was the only one who made any pretense to refinement, moral sentiment, or conscientious deportment. He had a few books, and sent for a newspaper at every opportunity. The rest, although not bad men perhaps, drank whisky, played at cards for money, swore like troopers, would swagger and draw their weapons on the slightest provocation. Being well on the frontier, they had taken a lively part in the Indian troubles, and more than once the cabin had been robbed by powerful bands. They kept a huge bull-dog to help them to guard against a midnight surprise.

It was in June. The river had fallen to a modest condition. Work had progressed all day, though dashes of rain had made things very uncomfortable. After supper a huge fire had been built to dry things off for the morrow; the table cleared, whisky and cards were produced, and the usual game began. It was twenty-one. All hands were expected to join, and usually did. Philip Rightmire was the only one who often refused, preferring his book or his paper. This time they were proceeding without him.

Fortune is very fickle at cards, as indeed at everything else. At this table, at this game, two men who had labored here two years had diligently lost at night what they had earned in the day. Whisky and food were all that remained to them. They were desperate, but resolved to get even or die in the attempt. Two others were known as the lucky dogs, though one more so than the other. The other three were new-comers, who had recently bought, greedy, uncouth, eager for the game, and confident in their skill to take down the winners and fleece the innocents. Philip Rightmire had been one of the founders of the company. He would play occasionally, never deeply, but always with such care as to hold his own. In vain did the others seek to ply him with liquor till they could take his pile. He said he played for amusement only, did not wish to win any amount, and surely would not lose what he did not feel he could spare. They were accustomed to sit down without him, though they never failed to jeer him for his want of pluck and confidence in himself.

This time they sat down without him, but not without the usual jeers about his timid and miserly disposition. As the night wore on, the cold increased. The snow was yet on the ridge just over their heads, though the sunshine was almost intolerable in the heat of day down where they were. The fire was kept roaring. The whisky passed round freely. More than one quarrel had resulted in drawing of knives, but no further. The midnight approached. The winners felt safe for this sitting. The losers were desperate. And all were far from sober.

Apart from the rest sat Philip, reading. He must see all things safe before going to sleep; it could not be left to these excited gamblers. And so he read on and on. Among the rest a passage from a San Francisco journal met his eye. It read thus: "We regret to record that Miss Cyrile St. Haye, a beautiful young lady of eighteen, well connected and highly educated, while on her way to the upper Klamath, to meet her affianced, a lucky miner and rancher, met with an accident that may have proved fatal. Making her last day's journey on a spirited mare, in company with a pack-train, they were met by a band of Indians at a sudden turn of the road. The mare took fright, and fled with her fair burden with the utmost speed. The most diligent search has failed to discover where to. Such a ride among the peaks and defiles of the Klamath is full of danger, and fears are entertained that she has been dashed to pieces. Her friends will be deeply grateful for any news of her, dead or alive."

After a sigh or two for the sad fate of one so young and beautiful, and with such joyous anticipations, he passed on to other matters till after midnight; then looking at his watch, exlaimed:

"Boys, boys! it is twelve o'clock. It will soon be six in the morning. Is our work so

easy that we can sit up all the night? Put up your cards."

But they demurred, and wanted to build up the fire and go on with the game.

"No, no!" said Philip. "No more fire. No more cards. We must finish the hole this week, and cannot do so if we lose to-morrow."

"And cannot do so at all," said one of the gamblers, "if it rains any more. Look out at the night. If it does not clear up we may just as well play till day; there will be no work."

With that two or three staggered to the door and threw it open. They went out upon the porch. A thick mist hung over river and hill, a sure sign of fine weather. The moon rode clear in the sky above, and yet nothing could be seen through the thick fog.

But the dog was crouched down near the water, and looking across uttered a low, ominous growl. The open door brought the sound into the house.

"Indians, Indians!" was the general exclamation.

Men who could hardly stand erect before handled their pistols now, and flew to the porch. The dog, having got attention, broke into a deeper growl and a low bark of alarm.

"Indians, Indians!" was repeated on all sides. Guns were seized, and all hurried to seek the foe. Philip Rightmire threw down his paper. He went to the dog. He was sober; even the dog knew this, and spoke to him as it were with intelligence.

"Yes, indeed! Indians! Old Towser never speaks like that for nothing. Arm! arm! Put out the lights! This way! Here! Among the rocks is the best for defense. Let them attack the empty cabin. Every man to his place, and be still. Towser, down!"

But the dog would not down; he would not be quieted. For full half an hour they waited. Some of them had sobered off. No Indians. And still the dog as soon as he was loose looked at the water and repeated his low growl.

"They are on the other side. They are crossing perhaps. They will have warm work here. Quiet and steady, men. See how the dog looks down. They must be nearing this side."

And still the dog grew more and more frantic, and looked more keenly at the river. But there was no sound of oars, no sign of Indians. An hour had gone in this suspense.

"What is it? Get out the canoe! If they will not come to us, let us go to them. Some one in distress, perhaps."

And the boat, an Indian dug-out, was soon hauled down off the rocks and launched on the water. Philip Rightmire and two others stepped in. The dog followed, and, running to the end most in the water, still gazed and growled.

The Klamath was not a nice river at that season for midnight travel. Sunken rocks, great trees, eddies and whirls, and cross-currents were everywhere. They went out into the gloom. The dog was still the guide. As he looked, so they steered. You could see only a few yards.

"Ah! at last! It is here! Something white! In this treetop! Paddle round! Here it is! An arm—a leg—a head—a face—a woman! Great God, a woman!"

"Gently, boys! Bring the boat round! Here! Hold on while we lift her in!"

And, sobered now, one of them helped Philip to lay hold on the corpse and lift it out of the cold, dripping water into the canoe. Then the dog was silent. He looked on, a quiet observer.

The boat made for the shore. The word was passed. A woman! A drowned woman! When they reached the shore she was carried to the cabin and laid on a table made of two benches in the middle of the floor.

The fire was made up again, candles were lighted, and those men stood round the cold, dripping corpse—changed; how suddenly changed! No one knew how; the cards had disappeared. The liquor and the tumblers had gone. The men were as solemn and serious as a funeral dirge. The cabin was as awe-inspiring as some grand old cathedral.

They gathered round the corpse. They stretched the limbs, gathered up the straggling hair, wrung the cold water from the dress, and gazed in profound silence.

Oh, what a form was that! Young, sylph-like, and of such exquisite beauty that those rude men fell down with one accord and worshiped her. For the first time in that cabin the sound of prayer was heard. Philip found an old book of that ilk and read it for them. When they stood up, every word was a low whisper. Again they gazed. The neat gaiters, the white stockings, the dress, gloves, jewels, all spoke of wealth and refinement, and the face of heaven and the angels. The hat was gone, and the plentiful golden hair was still dripping with moisture. The deep blue eye, staring wide open, was like a star from the firmament, so bright it seemed even in death. They gazed long, and then spread a sheet over all.

The night was wearing fast. What must be done? A funeral! Of course! And the company would bear the cost. No one could have that honor. The company all must share the cost and the glory. The whole country must turn out. There could be no work till this was done. At daylight six messengers would start out; Philip and the cook would remain with the dead, and entertain and detain all comers.

Who should prepare her for the grave? The squaws, of course. There was no white woman short of Trinidad, and in the present state of the roads none could be brought. Had it been possible they would have waited a week. But no ordinary squaw could do this thing. The most stately beauty from Wichpeck must be invited to bring in her train the flower of Indian comeliness. Food should abound for all—the best of food—every Indian should gorge if he chose. There should be no scant at this funeral. The coffin should be the best that could be had. The grave—well, it must be down the river, about a hundred yards. It must be; there was nowhere else; they could not cross the river, and there was no possibility of going far either up or down. And so a little bench near the river must be the graveyard.

At daylight the messengers set out. All day Philip and the cook kept lonely vigil with the corpse. It was never alone. The shades of evening closed over the valley. The fire was made up for the night. The candles were lighted, and the night vigil was as unremitting as the day.

At daylight the company began to cross the river, for the road was on the other side —the goods from Wichpeck, materials for the coffin, rough miners, Indians, squaws, and children. They could only cross a few at once. The miners came, jovial, laughing, joking, bragging, and taking a nip at the bottle. But when they beheld that corpse, their hands dropped, their bottles were put away, their voices were subdued. It had the same effect on all. It made them sad, tender, respectful, religious. No sin could lurk in such an atmosphere. It was sacrilege.

Fellows who had never looked humanly at an Indian before, or other than as a devouring wolf to the Indian maid, met them both harmless as doves. They worked the canoe, they helped them in and out, tenderly, respectfully, with solemn and brotherly care. What could it mean? The braves were astounded. The squaws and the maidens were amazed. These rough, fearful men, with their great beards and deadly weapons, from whom they shrunk as from a monstrous demon, were as tender and gentle as mothers. What could it mean?

And when they entered the cabin, a spell seemed thrown over them. Though it was daylight, some candles still were burning. In the center the body, the beautiful body, the tiny feet, the sweet hands, the pale face, the pearly teeth, the glazed eye, and the graceful vestments. And those great stout men bowed round in silence. What could it mean? They had but imperfectly understood.

And when the Indian princess came, and her retinue of comely damsels, and Philip explained what was wanted—to take off the clothing, to dry it, after washing off the

slime, to wash the body and redress it for the grave, to bury the dead—they gazed at him and the pale form before him in doubt and wonder.

They inquired what could it mean? What body was this? Whence came it? Was it indeed a body, and dead? Was it not a spirit, an angel?

And when he said it was a woman, like themselves, a sister of the white man, of himself, of these miners, and lost in the river, drowned, they looked from the one to the other. They thought of the cruel savagery of these men, of their great stature and grizzly beards, their huge hands and strong boots, their sunburnt, fierce aspect, and they could not believe. It could not be. Some angel had come down and fallen into the river, and these men were claiming her for a sister. They would not believe; but they would do what was wanted—what woman would not? Samaritans in every station that they are.

Under Philip's direction—the rest standing round—the women began to unfasten the clothes. One by one the garments were laid aside, Philip instructing how to replace them, till the attendants could see for themselves what to do, and how to replace. The jewels were rich and costly. A watch, a chain of gold hung round the neck. Bracelets with precious stones clasped the wrists. Diamond drops depended from the ears, and two ruby rings and one plain one adorned the prettiest fingers ever on mortal hand. The value was immense, but every gem was to be laid away with her—not a cent should she lose by calling at Lone Bar on her way to heaven.

Then they left the women to complete the work. They removed the garments one by one, carefully, doubtfully. At each new revelation, they expressed their surprise. The form, the material, were such as they had never seen. Could it be human? So unlike the few white women they had seen! So utterly unlike these men. Their sister? Never! It was the queen of heaven spoken of by the priest. They remembered now his very words. She had come to them; these men had caught her, killed her perhaps, and were sorry, were afraid. But she was their friend, and they would be hers.

They began to bewail her death. They raised their voices in songs and shouts of joy. Low and sweet, solemn, sorrowful, the notes would croon along for a while, and then soar upward as if in a grand glorification. As the Indian women came, they passed into the cabin. The best singers were retained, and the grand requiem rang out upon the air like the choir of a cathedral. The miners were delighted. They assisted the cook. Good cheer was abundant; a little wine was distributed, but there was no intemperance. At last all was done, and the jewels had to be adjusted; the miners were admitted. The jewels were closely examined. On the inside of the bracelets C. St. H. was plainly to be seen. Philip looked at the paper again. Sure enough, the name of the lost lady was Cyrile St. Haye. It must be the same. So the jewels were not buried with the body; there was a chance to restore them to her friends. It should be done; these men, who would have buried them forever rather than appropriate the value of a cent, would be at infinite pains to restore the costly ornaments to her next of kin. But she was to wear them to the last moment. She was to be laid out in all her beauty. One night of holy vigils, and at daylight the clay was to be consigned to the tomb, giving the mourners all day to seek their homes.

When the work was complete, nothing on earth could have been more touching or beautiful. It was afternoon. The sun, although on the decline, seemed to throw a brighter beam than ever before. The wind was still. Even the water seemed to whisper, and glide along in unusual silence. The groups around the cabin were strange: the miners, armed to the teeth, but gentle as lambs; the Indians cowering before them, but not afraid now—helped, waited upon, made welcome, they felt that the truce was perfect while the funeral lasted. The women and the maidens, who had never before beheld

these men without trembling with terror, stepped lightly, with conscious safety, accepted whatever was offered, and made themselves at home. The absolute security had brought out those whom white men had never seen before, the fairest flowers, the queens of the wigwam.

Inside the cabin, on a low bier covered with white sheets, lay the beautiful corpse, looking as fresh as if asleep. The ice-cold water had preserved everything. At the head stood Philip Rightmire, who was to be the chaplain. Around, his companions, when not otherwise engaged—silent, tearful lookers-on. Kneeling, praying, singing, in every attitude of agony and despair, were the attending squaws. The wail of grief was incessant—now low and solemn, now wild with sorrow—but through the evening and the night and all the time appropriate.

Their words were *extempore*, but they were poetic. They did not believe that this fair being, so beautiful, so gentle, so like a spirit, could be the sister of these men. And yet, lest they should be mistaken, they mourned her as such. They were sure it was Mary, it was the queen of heaven, come either to reprove these ruthless miners, or as a messenger of love to them. They praised her beauty. They extolled her loving-kindness, They bewailed her sad fate and failure. Sometimes the conviction gathered in their mind that she had been foully dealt with, and then their wild screams awoke every echo in that deep cañon. They were the chief mourners; they seemed to feel that this corpse was theirs; they took charge of it. When the time came they lifted it into the coffin, carried it to the grave, covered it over, buried the little mound in wild flowers, and for a week the solemn dirge continued. Night and day there was no cessation. From the soft murmur of the cooing dove to the shriek of the furious wildcat, every moment had its note of sorrow.

That grave was holy ground. There they could meet, the pale face and the red warrior, in peace. There the Indian maiden was safe. There they spoke of peace; they met for news of each other and to settle grievances. She was there, and in her sight no wrong was to be thought of. It was a bond of peace. It was an altar whereon both races laid the homage of their hearts.

Alas! a great flood the next spring swept all before it, and so changed the valley of the Klamath that the sacred spot was lost forever.

H. L. Wright.

TO MY SOUL.

WHAT profiteth it me that I have fed
 These many years on noble thoughts and high;
 That I so oft, in reverence drawing nigh,
Have clasped the calm feet of the mighty dead
And heard the truth for which they toiled and bled;
 When my dear faith my life doth so belie,
 And none the less with fierce and hungry cry
My wild desires pursue, unwearied?
O soul, is this the end of all thy care?
 So many holy actions brought to mind,
  So many books by good men's fingers penned,
So much clear light and knowledge, rich and rare,
 And thou so little worth, so poor, so blind!
  O soul, is this the end? is this the end?

Robertson Trowbridge.

EARLY BOTANICAL EXPLORERS OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

SUCCEEDING the long and adventurous period of Spanish exploration by land and sea on the Pacific coast, only a stray ship bound on distant voyages of discovery touched at the port of Monterey, generally at unfavorable seasons of the year; and the few naturalists casually attached to such expeditions snatched mere fragments of its flora to be transferred with other accumulated collections from remote regions to the great centers of scientific investigation in Europe, where, deposited in vast *herbaria*, they could only be brought to light in ponderous tomes, inaccessible to the mass of botanical students. To this class belong names still worthily commemorated in botanical annals in association with some of our more common plants, including Hænke, Menzies, Eschscholtz, Chamisso, and others less known, covering a period from 1792 to 1825.

Of these it is not my present intention to speak. It was at the latter date of 1825 that the interest in Western American botany, probably awakened by these earlier discoveries, culminated in a desire to know something more definitely of the floral productions of this region, and test their adaptation to cultivation in corresponding Eastern districts.

Accordingly, under the auspices of the London Horticultural Society, David Douglas, a Scotch gardener, who had in 1823 made a short botanical trip to the eastern Atlantic States, was in 1824 sent by way of Cape Horn, destined to the western coast of North America. The Columbia River, then well known in the commercial world in connection with fur-trading establishments, was the first objective point; and after a prolonged journey of eight months and fourteen days, the formidable river bar was crossed and anchor dropped in Baker's Bay at 4 P. M., April 7, 1825.

Landing on the 9th on Cape Disappointment, the plants first to attract notice were the showy salmon berry (*Rubus spectabilis*), and the salal (*Gaultheria Shallon*), so common on the hills in this vicinity. Proceeding up the Columbia River, the magnificent firs and spruces, which then as now cover the face of the country with their somber shade, excited the admiration of Douglas and his companion, Dr. Scouler, the former probably hardly realizing that the largest of these forest growths was destined to receive the name of the Douglas spruce, by latest authorities characterized under the botanical name of *Pseudo-Tsuga Douglasii.*

Passing rapidly over the successive steps of this journey and the arduous inland trips effected by land and water, it must suffice for my present purpose to note only a few of the more important dates having a direct relation to the historic progress of botanical discovery on the Pacific coast.

During this first season on the Columbia, Mr. Douglas had his headquarters at what is still known as Fort Vancouver. From this point excursions were made in various directions, as far as The Dalles to the eastward, and a short distance southward up the Willamet River, then called Multnomah. It was on this latter trip that his attention was first called to the existence of a gigantic pine growing in the inaccessible wilds farther south, his attention being called to it from some loose seeds and scales found in an Indian tobacco-pouch. Following up this slender clew resulted in the discovery of the magnificent sugar-pine, then named by Douglas *Pinus Lambertiana*, after his distinguished patron, Dr. Lambert of London. Still later in the season, on a trip to Mt. Hood, Mr. Douglas collected and described the elegant firs *Abies nobilis* and *Abies amabilis*, and from seeds then gathered large trees of the same are now growing in the gardens of Edinburgh.

So, with various mishaps and hindrances

resulting from exposure to drenching rains, and a serious wound of the knee, was completed the first season's explorations in 1825.

The second season, that of 1826, was mainly spent on the upper waters of the Columbia, returning to Fort Vancouver September 1. On September 20, Mr. Douglas started on one of his most adventurous trips to the head waters of the Willamet and the rugged mountain region of Umpqua, near the present northern boundary of California. His principal object on this trip was to find and collect specimens and seeds of his new pine (*Pinus Lambertiana*) above referred to. Not till the 26th of October, after encountering numberless hardships and dangers, was this object of his journey reached; and here we may allow Mr. Douglas himself to take the platform, and in his own graphic language give an account of the discovery.

"*October 26, 1826.*—Weather dull. Cold and cloudy. When my friends in England are made acquainted with my travels I fear they will think that I have told them nothing but my miseries. This may be very true; but I now know, as they may do also if they choose to come here on such an expedition, that the object of which I am in quest cannot be obtained without labor, anxiety of mind, and no small risk of personal safety, of which latter statement my this day's adventures are an instance.

"I quitted my camp early in the morning to survey the neighboring country, leaving my guide to take charge of the horses until my return in the evening. About an hour's walk from my camp I met an Indian, who on perceiving me instantly strung his bow, placed on his left arm a sleeve of raccoon skin, and stood on the defensive. Being quite satisfied that this conduct was prompted by fear, and not by hostile intentions, the poor fellow having probably never seen such a being as myself before, I laid my gun at my feet on the ground, and waved my hand for him to come to me, which he did slowly and with great caution. I then made him place his bow and quiver of arrows beside my gun, and striking a light gave him a smoke out of my own pipe and a present of a few beads. With my pencil I made a rough sketch of the cone and pine tree which I wanted to obtain, and drew his attention to it, when he instantly pointed with his hand to the hills fifteen or twenty miles distant towards the south; and when I expressed my intention of going thither, cheerfully set about accompanying me. At midday I reached my long-wished for pines, and lost no time in examining them and endeavoring to collect specimens and seeds. New and strange things seldom fail to make strong impressions, and are therefore frequently overrated; so that lest I should never see my friends in England to inform them verbally of this most beautiful and immensely grand tree, I shall here state the dimensions of the largest I could find among several that had been blown down by the wind. At three feet from the ground its circumference is fifty-seven feet nine inches; at one hundred and thirty-four feet, seventeen feet five inches; the extreme length, two hundred and forty-five feet. The trunks are uncommonly straight, and the bark remarkably smooth for such large timber, of a whitish or light brown color, and yielding a great quantity of bright amber gum. The tallest stems are generally unbranched for two-thirds of the height of the tree; the branches rather pendulous, with cones hanging from their points like sugar-loaves in a grocer's shop. These cones are, however, only seen on the loftiest trees, and the putting myself in possession of three of these (all I could obtain) nearly brought my life to a close. As it was impossible either to climb the tree or hew it down, I endeavored to knock off the cones by firing at them with ball, when the report of my gun brought eight Indians, all of them painted with red earth, armed with bows, arrows, bone-tipped spears, and flint knives. They appeared anything but friendly. I endeavored to explain to them what I wanted, and they seemed satisfied and sat down to smoke; but presently I perceived one of them string his bow, and another sharpen his flint knife with a pair of wooden pincers and suspend it on the wrist of the right hand. Further testimony of

their intentions was unnecessary. To save myself by flight was impossible, so without hesitation I stepped back about five paces, cocked my gun, drew one of the pistols out of my belt, and holding it in my left hand and the gun in my right, showed myself determined to fight for my life. As much as possible I endeavored to preserve my coolness, and thus we stood looking at one another without making any movement or uttering a word for perhaps ten minutes, when one at last, who seemed the leader, gave a sign that they wished for some tobacco; this I signified that they should have if they fetched me a quantity of cones. They went off immediately in search of them, and no sooner were they all out of sight than I picked up my three cones and some twigs of the trees and made the quickest possible retreat, hurrying back to my camp, which I reached before dusk. The Indian who last undertook to be my guide to the trees I sent off before gaining my encampment, lest he should betray me. How irksome is the darkness of night to one under such circumstances! I cannot speak a word to my guide, nor have I a book to divert my thoughts, which are continually occupied with the dread lest the hostile Indians should trace me hither and make an attack. I now write lying on the grass with my gun cocked beside me, and penning these lines by the light of my *Columbian candle*, namely, an ignited piece of rosin-wood. To return to the tree which nearly cost me so dear: the wood is remarkably fine-grained and heavy; the leaves short and bright green, inserted five together in a very short sheath; of my three cones one measures fourteen inches and a half, and the two others are respectively half an inch and an inch shorter, all full of fine seed. A little before this time the Indians gather the cones and roast them in the embers, then quarter them and shake out the seeds, which are afterwards thoroughly dried and pounded into a sort of flour, or else eaten whole."

On the 2d of March following (1827), Mr. Douglas started by the then overland route from Fort Vancouver to Hudson's Bay, thence taking ship for England, where he arrived October 11, of the same year. After a stay of two years in his native land, where the fame of his botanical discoveries in such a remote region secured for him distinguished notice and eminent recognition in the highest circles of society, he became wearied of this unsatisfactory reward for his labors, and undertook a second journey to the same region. After a voyage of eight months from London, he again reached the mouth of the Columbia, June 3, 1830. Then in the full vigor of manhood, in his thirty-first year, proud of the title by which he was known among the American aborigines as "The Man of Grass," he laid out extensive plans of exploration, to include California, the Sandwich Islands, and a return to England by way of Siberia, thus completing a botanical circuit of the globe.

Owing to his late arrival on the Pacific coast in the dry season, but little in the way of botanical discovery was accomplished during the season of 1830. Failing to carry out his original plan of a land journey down the coast to Monterey, Mr. Douglas reached this port by sea, and an interesting account of this first exploration in California is contained in a letter addressed to Sir William Hooker, dated Monterey, November 23, 1831, from which we extract the following:

"MONTEREY, UPPER CALIFORNIA,
NOV. 23, 1831.

"On the 22d of December last (1830), I arrived here by sea from the Columbia, and obtained leave of the Territorial government to remain for the space of six months, which has been nearly extended to twelve, as the first three months were occupied in negotiating this affair, which was finally effected to my satisfaction. I shall now endeavor to give you a brief sketch of my walks in California.

"Upper California extends from the Port of San Diego, latitude 32° 30′, to latitude 43° N., a space of six hundred and ninety miles from north to south. The interior is but partially known. Such parts of the country as I have seen are highly diversified by hills covered with oaks, pines, chestnuts,

and laurels, extensive plains clothed with a rich sward of grass; but no large streams. Well does it merit its name! The heat is intense, and the dryness of the atmosphere invariable, 29° not unfrequently, which, if I mistake not, is not exceeded in Arabia or Persia. In this fine district, how I lament the want of such majestic rivers as the Columbia! In the course of my travels on the western and northern parts of this continent, on my former as well as my present journey, I have observed that all mountainous countries situated in a temperate climate, agitated by volcanic fires and washed by mighty torrents, which form gaps or ravines in the mountains, lay open an inexhaustible field for the researches of the botanist. Early as was my arrival on this coast, spring had already commenced; the first plant I took in my hand was *Ribes speciosum*, Pursh, remarkable for the length and crimson splendor of its stamens; a flower not surpassed in beauty by the finest fuchsia, and for the original discovery of which we are indebted to the good Mr. Archibald Menzies, in 1779. The same day I added to my list *Nemophila insignis*, a humble but lovely plant, the harbinger of Californian spring, which forms, as it were, a carpet of the tenderest azure hue. What a relief does this charming flower afford to the eye from the effect of the sun's reflection on the micaceous sand where it grows! These, with other discoveries of less importance, gave me hope. From time to time I contrived to make excursions in this neighborhood, until the end of April, when I undertook a journey southward, and reached Santa Barbara, latitude 34° 25′, in the middle of May, where I made a short stay, and returned late in June by the same route, occasionally penetrating the mountain valleys which skirt the coast. Shortly afterwards I started for San Francisco, and proceeded to the north of that port. My principal object was to reach the spot whence I returned in 1826, which I regret to say could not be accomplished. My last observation was latitude 38° 45′, which leaves an intervening blank of sixty-five miles. Small as this distance may appear, it was too much for me. My whole collection of this year in California may amount to five hundred species, more or less. This is vexatiously small, I am aware; but when it is remembered that the season for botanizing does not last longer than three months, surprise will cease. Such is the rapidity with which spring advances, as on the table-land of Mexico, and the platforms of the Andes in Chili, the plants bloom here only for a day. The intense heats set in about June, when every bit of herbage is dried to a cinder. The facilities for traveling are not great, whereby much time is lost. It would require at least three years to do anything like justice to the botany of California, and the expense is not the least of the drawbacks. At present it is out of my power to effect anything further, and I must content myself with particularizing the collection now made.

"Of new genera, I am certain there are nineteen or twenty at least. As to species, about three hundred and forty may be new. I have added a most interesting species to the genus *Pinus*, *P. Sabiniana*, one which I had first discovered in 1826, and lost, together with the rough notes, in crossing a rapid stream on my return northward. I sent to London a detailed account of this most beautiful tree, to be published in the Transactions of the Horticultural Society, so that I need not trouble you with a further description. But the great beauty of Californian vegetation is a species of *Taxodium*, [now known as the redwood, *Sequoia sempervirens*], which gives the mountains a most peculiar—I was almost going to say awful—appearance: something which plainly tells us that we are not in Europe. I have repeatedly measured specimens of this tree 270 feet long, and 32 feet round at three feet from the base. Some few I saw upwards of 300 feet high.

"I have doubled the genus *Calochortus*. To *Mimulus* I have also added several, among them the magnificent *M. cardinalis*, an annual three or four feet high. It is to *Gilia*, *Collomia*, *Phlox*, and *Heuchera* that the greatest additions have been made.

"Besides the new genus *Zauschneria* of

Presl, which exhibits the flower of fuchsia and the fruit of an epibolium, I possess another new genus and a multitude of *Œnotheras.* Also four undescribed Pentstemons, two of which far exceed any known species, and are shrubs. Among the *Papaveraceæ*, two if not three new genera; one is frutescent with a bifoliate calyx and four petals; it has the stamens of papaver and the fruit of eschscholtzia, with entire leaves (*Dendromecon rigidum*, Benth.). These, with many others, I trust you may yet have the pleasure of describing from living specimens, as I have sent to London upwards of one hundred and fifty nondescript plants, which I hope may bloom next season.

"Since I began this letter, Dr. Coulter, from the republic of Mexico, has arrived here with the intention of taking all he can find to De Candolle at Geneva. He is a man eminently calculated to work, full of zeal, very amiable, and I hope may do much good to science. I do assure you from my heart it is a *terrible pleasure* to me thus to meet a really good man, and one with whom I can talk of plants."

From later letters of Mr. Douglas we gather as items of interest in the continued narrative, that being disappointed of securing passage to the Columbia River in November, 1831, he remained in California till August, 1832, when he sailed for Monterey in an American vessel of forty-six tons' burden, reaching the Sandwich Islands in nineteen days (then considered a short passage). According to these data, Mr. Douglas's stay in California extended from December 22, 1830, to August, 1832. In his last year's exploration he estimates an addition to his California collection of one hundred and fifty undescribed species and several new genera of plants; he also gives an account of the discovery of a species of fir, then named by him *Pinus Venusta*, but which was actually discovered previously by Dr. Thomas Coulter in the same district in the Santa Lucia Mountains, and described by Don as *Abies bracteata*, the name by which it is now known. The limited locality in which it was then found is still the only known station of this elegant species, which is well worthy of being rescued from its present isolated condition to adorn our cultivated grounds. In this connection Mr. Douglas mentions his meeting with Dr. Coulter in Monterey, who had lately arrived from Mexico, of whose botanical researches we shall have occasion to speak farther on. He also casually notices his pleasant personal acquaintance with Rev. Narcisse Duran, prefect of a religious order in Monterey, and speaks in favorable terms of Mr. Hartnell, an English resident, at whose house he lived when stopping here.

The above including all which is clearly known of Mr. Douglas's botanical explorations in California, we have only to add, in conclusion, that in October of the same year (1832) Mr. Douglas returned from the Sandwich Islands again to the Columbia, and in the succeeding year (1833) prosecuted his explorations though the interior country as far as Frazer River, on which latter stream he was unfortunately wrecked on June 13, losing at that time all his collections and instruments, and barely escaping with his life.

On October 18, 1833, Mr. Douglas again sailed from the Columbia for the Sandwich Islands, and being delayed by contrary winds, anchored off Point Reyes in California, in the harbor of Sir Francis Drake. The vessel remained there, trying to beat out, till November 29, during which interval he speaks of landing at Whaler's Harbor, near the foot of a high mountain, now known as Mount Tamalpais. Finally, at the latter date, they made sail down the coast, passing in sight of the Santa Lucia range of mountains, reaching the Sandwich Islands on the last day of December, 1833.

From this time up to the date of his death, on July 12, 1834, our indefatigable botanist was actively engaged in exploring the high volcanic peaks of these islands; and at the above date fell a victim to his zeal by accidentally falling into a pit in which a wild bull was captured, where he was found several hours afterward dreadfully mangled, his faithful dog still keeping watch over the bundle he had left at the

side of the pit. Not till a late period, twenty or more years after, a monument was erected over his remains by a Mr. Brenchley, companion of the traveler Remy, commemorating his death in a French inscription.

Dr. Thomas Coulter, whose name has been casually noticed in connection with Mr. Douglas, after extensive botanical explorations in Central Mexico, reached Monterey, probably by way of San Blas, in November, 1831. During nearly three years' stay on the coast he made excursions in various directions, especially to the southeast, and was among the first to make known in his collections the peculiar desert vegetation adjoining the Colorado of the West. Among his most notable discoveries near the coast was the peculiar ponderous coned pine which now bears the name of "Coulter's pine" (*Pinus Coulteri*), and also, a little in advance of Douglas, the elegant bracted fir of the Santa Lucia Mountains, south of Monterey, spoken of above. Dr. Coulter, on his return to England in 1833, published a short geographical notice of California, accompanied by a map, of which, notwithstanding diligent search through many public libraries, I have never yet seen a copy.

Subsequently, Dr. Coulter received the appointment of curator to the herbarium of Trinity College, Dublin, in which position he remained till his decease, being succeeded by the eminent botanist, Dr. W. H. Harvey, who subsequently so beautifully illustrated the marine *algæ* of North America.

The next prominent explorer to visit this locality was the adventurous and distinguished botanist, Thomas Nuttall, a native of Yorkshire, England, born in 1786. Mr. Nuttall, on reaching this country in his early manhood, soon became specially interested in its flora, and as an active member of the Philadelphia Academy of Science, prosecuted his researches in the most remote and inaccessible districts of the United States, especially in the western interior regions, including the upper Missouri, as early as 1811, and the Arkansas Territory in 1818. In 1834, then holding a nominal position of professor of botany at Harvard College, since so ably filled by his successor, Dr. Asa Gray, he accompanied an associate member of the Philadelphia Academy of Science, Mr. Townsend, on a trip across the continent in connection with a fur-trading party under the direction of Mr. Wyeth, who is commemorated in a rather extensive genus of plants dedicated to him by Nuttall, viz., *Wyethia*, of which there are several species in this locality. A detailed account of this journey is contained in Townsend's narrative. Mr. Nuttall, whose publications were mostly confined to technical descriptions of plants, has left no printed account of this interesting expedition, and therefore we must rely mainly upon the above narrative for special details and authentic dates. From this source we gather that Mr. Nuttall left St. Louis, Missouri, March 29, 1834, reached Independence, the usual fur-trading rendezvous on the frontier, April 14, and arrived at Fort Hall, on Snake River, July 15; continuing, after a short stay in this inland trading post, his western journey, he came to Walla Walla on the navigable waters of the Columbia, September 3, and thence proceeded by canoe to Fort Vancouver, reaching there September 16, where nine years previous Mr. Douglas had made his headquarters.

In accordance with the prevailing custom of the early explorers, Mr. Nuttall left the Columbia River December 11, for the Sandwich Islands, returning again to the Columbia April 16, 1835. This season, up to the latter part of September, was spent in the valley of the Columbia, when Mr. Nuttall again took ship to the Sandwich Islands, at which point Mr. Townsend's narrative fails to give us further information—the parting notice of his companion merely stating that Mr. Nuttall left for the islands on the above date, in company with Dr. Gardener, from which place he would probably visit California, and either return to the Columbia and cross the mountains east, or take the longer voyage round Cape Horn.

It is at this serious gap in our attempted continuous record that the very interesting narrative of Dana's "Two Years Before the

Mast" comes to our help. Though without stating precisely at what time or place Nuttall first landed on the California coast, it can be safely inferred that, following the usual route of trading vessels, Mr. Nuttall landed at Monterey, the only Mexican port of entry, early in the spring of 1836. How long he remained here, or what explorations he made in this vicinity, we have no data for determining; but from Dana's narrative we learn that he shipped down the coast on the hide ship Pilgrim, stopping to take in hides at the ports of Santa Barbara and San Pedro, and reaching San Diego April 16. At this latter point he remained diligently pursuing his researches and making collections till May 8 (barely twenty-four days), when he sailed on the Boston ship Alert, on the voyage so graphically described by Dana, around Cape Horn; he reached Boston September 20, having been one hundred and thirty-five days on the passage. Gladly, did time and opportunity offer, would I fill up the details of this important exploration; but it must suffice here to say, in correction of the ordinary published accounts, that Mr. Nuttall's actual explorations in California were confined to the spring months of 1836, and extended only near the coast between Monterey and San Diego, closing on May 8, in that year. That during this limited period Mr. Nuttall should have accomplished so much for Californian botany speaks volumes to his credit, and we may derive some satisfaction from the fact that a shrub common to the Monterey hills will to all time commemorate his enthusiastic labors, under the name of *Nuttallia cerasiformis.*

The next botanical explorer to establish his headquaters at Monterey was a German, Theodore Hartweg, in the employ of the London Horticultural Society, who after spending several years in Mexico came (probably by sea) to Monterey in 1846. From this point Mr. Hartweg extended his explorations as far as the upper Sacramento, probably not a little interrupted by the unsettled state of the country in connection with the American invasion. His explorations in the upper Sacramento extended as far as Chico, and included several rare species, to which his name has been attached. The results of this collection were described by Mr. Bentham in *Plantæ Hartwegianæ*, and comprised about four hundred species. This, with the exceptions of a few transient travelers casually touching at this point and gathering here and there a stray plant, completes the brief history of botanical exploration up to our own era in the latter half of the present century.

It was the privilege of the writer, then in the service of the Mexican Boundary Survey, to spend several weeks in the vicinity of Monterey in the spring of 1850, as the guest of Dr. Andrew Randall, then collector of the port, who subsequently met with a sad fate in a murderous assault from one of the outlaws, who expiated his crimes at the hands of the Vigilance Committee. At this time, Dr. T. L. Andrews, who only survived a few years later, was diligently engaged in making botanical collections at this and adjoining districts, being more or less associated with the veteran Pacific coast botanist, Dr. A. Kellogg, who up to the present time has continued uninterruptedly his enthusiastic labors, and who more than any one else is identified with Californian botany. Dr. Andrews's early collection included several discoveries, with which his name is associated, one of the most interesting of which is the fine liliaceous plant, *Clintonia Andrewsiana*, Torr.

At this same time, in the spring of 1850, Mr. William Lobb, an experienced collector, who had spent several years in South America, was also stopping at Monterey making collections of seeds for Mr. Veitch of Exeter, England. It was the pleasure of the writer to accompany this gentleman in various botanical rambles in this vicinity, and to listen to his accounts of exploration in other remote regions, while making frequent reference to the early pioneers in whose footsteps we were daily treading. It was at this time that Mr. Lobb was planning a trip into the interior, which afterwards resulted in the first collection of seeds of the big tree

(*Sequoia gigantea*). It is now well known that Mr. Lobb's first information of the existence of this botanical giant was derived from specimens shown him by Dr. Kellogg at San Francisco. Soon after getting this information, Mr. Lobb started for the interior, and reached the big-tree grove (probably at Calaveras), made collections of seeds and dried specimens, and sent the same with a description of the tree to his English patrons, under the name of *Wellingtonia gigantea*. From seeds then collected, large trees are now growing in English parks, but the name of *Wellingtonia* has been superseded by the older genus *Sequoia*.

A fact not generally known in reference to the earliest discovery of this most magnificent forest monarch was communicated to me by General John Bidwell of Chico, who stated that on his pioneer journey to California, in 1841, while pushing his way on foot with his straggling party on the upper Calaveras, he came upon one of the largest of these trees, to which, under the circumstance of threatened starvation and Indian attacks, he could give only a casual notice, though the impression then made remained permanent till verified long after by a revisit to this scene of his youthful adventures. In 1843, General Bidwell, then at Sutter's Fort, mentioned the fact of the existence of such giant trees to Captain Fremont, then on his adventurous explorations, who, however, paid little attention to the matter, probably regarding it as a big-tree "yarn."

It only remains to add in this connection that Mr. Lobb, becoming reduced in circumstances, died some years subsequently, and now rests in an unmarked grave in Lone Mountain Cemetery. Here, then, properly this paper should reach a close. Coming back once more after an interval of one-third of a century—the lapse of an entire human generation—I am confronted by the same features of natural scenery. I have gathered to-day plants that were fresh to my early view thirty-three years ago; but the human changes that rise up before me suggest other reflections that may more properly take the form of unutterable thoughts.

C. C. Parry.

DRIFTING.

THERE was a bark:
Beneath a hard, unpitying sky it lay
From the swift dark till dawn, from dawn till dark,
Day after day.
Upon the masts the dusky sails hung dead;
The sun upon a sea of molten lead
Gazed with a brazen glare.

An ocean stream—
A mighty hidden current of the deep—
Bore on that vessel, like a baleful dream,
With silent sweep,
Away from haven and hope. And not one breath
Waked, succor-bringing, in that realm of death
And pallid, mute despair!

Arthur F. J. Crandall.

SMALL LATIN AND LESS GREEK.

IF the supereminence of Shakspere could be explained by the fact that he fortunately attained, in Jonson's phrase, to but "small Latin and less Greek," the advocates of a study of the ancient classics, as the best gift to man to fit him for the probable work of life, would be shortly silenced by the louder-mouthed millions, who would like to be sure that mere education cannot make a difference between men. The happy time for those millions seems to be approaching a step nearer every time they can get one to batter at the walls of the castle of learning, in an attempt to close, or half close, the ancient entrance, and to make a breach for another and wider entrance. Call it a mere superstition if you will, the fact that another has or has had a knowledge that you have not, of what are now called the dead languages, gives him in the minds of almost all men, a place in the domain of culture many steps in advance of you. Your own cultivated imagination and consciousness warn you of this fact, and the best cultivated minds concede it.

That any man of fifty years of age, a graduate of Harvard College, one who has hitherto been esteemed a person of considerable culture, of average ability, and possibly a fair representative of the result of the course of studies at Harvard a quarter of a century ago, should take his best opportunity to proclaim his utter lack of appreciation of the methods of mental discipline at his *Alma Mater*, and take a position (which he attempts even in doing it to disclaim) with those who belittle the classics and espouse in opposition thereto the study of the lighter modern languages, is a matter of momentary wonder. The place and the occasion and the family name he bears give temporary prominence to the fact. The insignificance of the fact itself is apparent from the utterances themselves. If we think, neither place nor occasion nor name will influence our thought, but only the wisdom of the speaker's speech. If it lacks wisdom, we feel that the place has not been honored as has been its wont, that the occasion must be recorded as a lost opportunity, and that the name must share the fate of many names

> "That keep the word of promise to our ear,
> And break it to our hope."

On the 28th of June last, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, Jr., delivered before the Harvard Chapter of the Fraternity of the Phi Beta Kappa an address which he calls "A College Fetich." It bears no secondary, alternative title, but seems to us susceptible of one, and might be called also "A Plea for Rather Dull Men." The "fetich" is the requirement on the part of the college government of certain attainment in the Greek language as a requisite to admission to the college. The reason of this designation by Mr. Adams is, that his experience assures him that the requirement of the study of Greek is a worthless "superstition" on the part of the Faculty; that it is worse than worthless, inasmuch as, while of no advantage to him and some others, it was a positive detriment; that, by reason of it, he has been "incapacitated from properly developing" his specialty; that "the mischief is done, and so far as he is concerned is irreparable." At fifty years of age Mr. Adams comes back to the college and makes it known that the Faculty is the scape-goat which "shall be presented alive before the Lord to make an atonement with him." Mr. Adams confesses to have made a failure in life, "not only matter of fact and real, but to the last degree humiliating." As reluctant as any one may be to believe such a wretched state of things, the very fact that he has so little prudence as to stand up in such a place and say such a thing, and give such a reason as he does for it, and lay the blame therefor where he does, seems to take some-

what from our reluctance, and to add an explanation and reason for his failure which he himself does not give. The burden of his lament is in these words:

> "I have not, in following out my specialty, had at my command—nor has it been in my power, placed as I was, to acquire—the ordinary tools which an educated man must have to enable him to work to advantage on the developing problems of modern scientific life. . . . . With a single exception, there is no modern scientific study which can be thoroughly pursued in any one living language, ... with the exception of law. I might safely challenge any one of you to name a single modern calling, either learned or scientific, in which a worker, who is unable to read and write and speak at least German and French, does not stand at a great and always recurring disadvantage. He is without the essential tools of his trade."

It seems very simple for a man who has graduated twenty-seven years to say that the study of Greek before entering college, and for the first two years of the college course, has prevented him from learning the French and German languages. We think we have a right to say, that a defect of his address is, that it does not point out in what way his imperfect knowledge of Greek in those early years has prevented him from acquiring a perfect knowledge of these two modern languages since then. A very careful examination of the address will make no such revelation. A reading between the lines will make reasonably clear the reason Mr. Adams did not learn those languages; but it was not because he had previously studied Greek. To be sure, he claims that these two languages "could be acquired perfectly and with ease" only during the time he was studying Greek. But this seems like a kind of *ipse dixisse*. It is only as a child that one can get the perfect accent of a foreign tongue; but did Mr. Adams's power of acquisition fail about the time the college Faculty relieved him from the study of Greek? No, indeed; for it must have been after this that he achieved a task which it was pardonable for him to brag about: "Yet I studied Greek with patient fidelity; and there are not many modern graduates who can say, as I can, that they have, not without enjoyment, read the Iliad through in the original from its first line to its last." Here is a confession that this was not in the curriculum, for "there are not many modern graduates who can say" they have so read it. It seems as if he was thinking of this feat when he wrote that, "as far as I am able to judge, the large amount of my youthful time devoted to the study of Greek, both in my school and college life, was time as nearly as possible thrown away." After reading in his diatribe against the study of this language the revelation of this fact, which may have been made in a moment when his vanity got the uppermost, it seems as if he were not only inconsistent and not true to his hate, but insincere, and as if a desire to say something which, being said in that place, would prove sensational, whether wise or not, was a controlling factor, rather than a desire to advance the cause of the best education.

We had intended, in a few extracts, to have included all the articles of Mr. Adams's arraignment of what he calls the "poor old college"—all the grounds of his opposition to the study of Greek; but our limits forbid. The story which he tells seems pathetic; and if it is true that the reason of his failure in life lies in the fact that he was a living "sacrifice to the college fetich," and that all his grounds of complaint can be substantiated by undoubted facts, the college is a hindrance instead of a help to education, and it must be a cruel superstition, or a thralldom to the general custom of partially intelligent and imperfectly educated people, that causes every year so many youths to be brought to the sacrifice, so many lives wrecked upon the rock of conservatism, so many careers purposely steered toward the abyss of failure. But we take issue with Mr. Adams upon every one of his essential facts. We know that his *Alma Mater* is no scape-goat, and that the blame of the failure of any man who has intelligence enough to make it important whether his career is a success or a failure, lies not within the limits of Mr. Adams's indictment. It is only for the reason that, at his intervals of lucid and earnest thought, he seems to be very much in earnest, and that he has been listened to and applauded,

with limitations, by men whom the world is accustomed to honor, that we feel compelled to answer him seriously. Of all his stated objections to the study of the classics as a fundamental, there is scarcely one that does not seem ridiculous. We say this somewhat timidly, after the warning he has given all who dare differ from him, when he said that "not one man in ten thousand can contribute anything to this discussion in the way of more profound views or deeper insight." We do not propose to indicate profounder views or deeper insight, but we propose to express truer views, and to indicate such insight as finds a different, and as it seems to us more correct, conclusion.

The complaint, that the study of Greek before and for two years after he entered college kept Mr. Adams from attaining a solid, practical, and useful knowledge of French and German—at least, in time to provide him with these necessary tools of his trade—seems not to have the dignity of a fair grievance, but sounds more like a dull schoolboy's whine. When, being "accredited to France as the representative of the struggling American colonies," but suffering from a "partial defect in the language, ... at forty-two John Adams stoutly took his grammar and phrase-book in hand, and set himself to master the rudiments of that living tongue, which was the first and most necessary tool for use in the work before him," no one ever heard him whimper, that because he had not learned French when he was young, "the necessary tools are not at my command; it is too late for me to acquire them, or to learn familiarly to handle them; the mischief is done"; nor did the result of his mission show that his early lack was "irreparable."

At first blush it would appear from Mr. Adams's tone, that the acquisition of two of the modern languages was a difficult and tedious labor; but he himself comes before long to our rescue, when he suggests that in place of the requirement of a "quarter-acquisition of Greek," a requisite for admission to college be the thorough mastery of German and French. If a boy can acquire, as Mr. Adams seems to imply, such a knowledge of two modern languages as needs not to be further supplemented, while he would be acquiring this imperfect knowledge of Greek, having it in place of Greek at the age of eighteen when he enters college, the acquisition is according to this complainant himself not difficult, nor one demanding a long period. But every one knows that the attainment of both these languages, to such an extent that they shall be serviceable "avenues to modern life and living thought," is a trifling task beside that of acquiring either of the so-called dead languages. Mr. Adams says that his engagements with the Greek language kept him from learning these two languages, and suggests that, had it been otherwise, life would not have been a failure with him. Was he prohibited or deterred by the conservatism of the college, "so unreasoning, so impenetrable?" A bit of history in the unwritten life of Mr. Adams will help us.

While Mr. Adams was in Harvard, in the class of 1856, French was one of the prescribed studies of the Sophomore year. What was Mr. Adams doing that he did not learn his French lessons? Performing his self-imposed task of reading the twenty-four books of the Iliad—a very willing sacrifice to the fetich? The recitations in French were three times a week. Given, the capacity of Mr. Adams, a learned teacher in the language—a Frenchman—and three recitations per week at hours not occupied in the pursuit of Greek, and may not one expect some solid acquisition at the end of the year? This, too, in his second year in college. In his Junior year he was graciously permitted to forego the pleasure of the Greek recitation, and in its place was permitted, if he so elected, to study German under a teacher of fine accomplishments, a native of Germany. This study he was permitted to pursue also during his Senior year. Given, a sum like that previously given, with the element of time doubled, and why should Mr. Adams so ungraciously complain that the college fetich, the prescribed Greek, prohibited him from acquiring his pet modern language

number two? Cannot a person of Mr. Adams's capacity get a useful knowledge of German in two years? This was before the college course was over. We trust it is not cruel to thus ring an old college catalogue into the discussion, and we wonder what Mr. Adams would say if he knew it.

"But in pursuing Greek and Latin we had ignored our mother tongue." Mr. Adams couples Latin with Greek in uttering his condemnation. But he feels that he is stepping on slippery ground, and is not firm in his determination to get rid of that other hindrance to his rapid progress up the avenues to modern science and modern thought. He is half inclined to say that the "poor old college" kept on hand two fetiches—one with a Roman nose—that everybody had to be sacrificed to; but he feels that if he does, all known basis of a liberal education will be gone, and his old friends will never speak to him again. He really feels as strongly opposed to Latin as to Greek—posssibly a little more strongly—but he is circumspect. He doesn't think it a "well-selected fundamental"; he "cannot profess to have any great admiration for its literature"; he "prefers the philosophy of Montaigne to what seem to him the platitudes of Cicero," and asks "how many students during the last thirty years have graduated from Harvard who could read Horace and Tacitus and Juvenal, as numbers now read Goethe and Mommsen and Heine," but on the whole concludes thus: "Latin, I will not stop to contend over; that is a small matter. Not only is it a comparatively simple language: . . . . it has its modern uses, ... is the mother tongue of all southwestern Europe, ... has by common consent been adopted in scientific nomenclature." So "with a knowledge of the rudiments of Latin as a requirement for admission to college I am not here to quarrel." The reasons of his concession to Latin are the last that any one else would offer in favor of retaining it. If it is a simple language and therefore easily learned, any other task exacting little time, attention, industry, or thought would do just as well. It is its practical use that redeems it. Mr. Adams, by the soft phrases that he has to utter as a sop to the Cerberus of the best-educated world, would like us to believe that he believes in what is well enough known to be a discipline of the mind, a laying the foundation of trained faculties on which to build the structure of practical education which shall serve the needs of life; but when he thinks of grammar and the dead languages, and remembers that he did not understand the one and never could learn the other, and that there is no chance in his specialty for either to make an impression, and that "representing American educated men in the world's industrial gatherings, ... Latin and Greek were not current money there," he lets go all thought, if he had any, of discipline and foundations, and his mind dwells upon the needs of practical education, and he gets cross and sarcastic, and calls the ancient university the "poor old college," says that he "silently listens to the talk about the severe intellectual training," cries out that "we are not living in any ideal world. We are living in this world of to-day; and it is the business of the college to fit men for it"; that it does not do it and cannot do it because it "starts from a radically wrong basis, ... a basis of fetich worship, in which the real and practical is systematically sacrificed to the ideal and theoretical," and that "the members of the Faculty are laboring under a serious misapprehension of what life is."

The man who takes pride in being a practical man generally lords it in rather loud tones over the man who is susceptible to the influence of ideas and theories. The practical man is narrow and hates broad things, but if he has one other idea beside that of the intensely practical, it is that his neighbors must not understand that he is above their fine theories. Mr. Adams exhibits his unanswered craving for what is practical, but does not intend, if professing will prevent it, to be thrust from the company of those who have always advocated a preparation of the mind before the reception of knowledge. It is certain that he cannot

occupy the position of both the practical man and the man of theory, so by turns he takes each position, and on each occasion defines his position, "so that I shall be misunderstood only by such as willfully misunderstand in order to misrepresent." He says he is "no believer in that narrow scientific and technological training which now and again we hear extolled," yet will not have Greek because it is not of practical use. He would have us think that he is true to the old theory of a liberal education which has always meant a preparation of the mind for acquiring knowledge and otherwise doing its work in life, and is stoutly and directly opposed to looking first and directly to the useful and practical, and yet he early in his address states as one of the "conclusions hammered into us by the hard logic of facts," that "when one is given work to do, it is well to prepare one's self for that specific work, and not to occupy one's time in acquiring information, no matter how innocent or elegant or generally useful, which has no probable bearing on that work." The Turks have a proverb, "Two watermelons cannot be held under one arm," and Mr. Adams reminds us of it. He is loath to give up the old theory of classical education, and yet is enamored of the modern languages in place of it. How happy would he be with either! We fear we must doubt the sincerity of any of the several good things he has said, by way of concession, in favor of the old fundamentals. He has poured poison into the ears of the old sovereign, and on his new altar would sacrifice. That other failed and ended with,

> "My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
> Words without thoughts never to heaven go."

But is it true, as he says, that the study of Greek and Latin kept Mr. Adams from learning "our mother tongue"? Not certainly, if, as he says, he studied them "with patient fidelity." Such a complaint as this sounds strangely from one who has had the opportunity of a liberal education. Memorizing the grammars must have so exhausted his faculty of memory, that he remembers nothing now but the exhausting process of that memorizing, or he would have drawn a line through that sentence. To any one who ever achieved the task of a creditable translation from Latin or Greek into English, there must remain a happy content, and a consciousness that the process which was teaching him the ancient languages was teaching him more and more the meaning and worth and breadth and variety and elasticity and richness and strength and growth and development of his mother tongue. He could not learn a little of Latin and Greek without learning a little more of his own English. He could not learn a great deal, nor could he learn as much of those ancient and now much-abused languages as was learned by the average student of the "sixth decennium of the century"—Mr. Adams's period of mental incubation—without acquiring what would be to one on the more direct avenues to living thought and modern science a wondrous addition to his present store of knowledge of his own language. A comprehension of what a translation is, carries with it necessarily a revelation of the possibilities of knowledge in the very direction to which Mr. Adams's eyes were either unhappily closed or had never been happily opened. You cannot transfer the thought that lies concealed in one language into another, without having your knowledge of the other more widely extended and more deeply known. And the more complicated the texture of the one language, the finer and more subtile the shades of meaning which its variety of verbal forms and increments, the presence or absence of its particles, and the difference in its phrases afford, the greater the difficulty of the translation, the more patient and considerate its examination, the more intent the weighing and measuring of synonyms, the more acute and careful the separating and selecting the words that express the shades of meaning in the language into which it must be translated. The farther one has gone from his vernacular, the nearer upon his return does he find himself to his mother tongue.

Following the charge that the study of

Latin and Greek compelled him to ignore his mother tongue, is the charge that it kept him from gaining a knowledge of English literature and English composition. Mr. Adams is not a sententious writer, and it may be that the latter sentence is, as the grammarians say, in apposition with the former, and is a translation of its meaning. We read it, however, as a new complaint. It will so be to Mr. Adams's credit, if there can be any credit in such complaints, because by adding to his grievances it increases the number of his reasons for his position. It does not add a very good reason, but it is possibly as good as any of the others. If his ancient classics did keep him from pursuing his modern classics, it is not lamentable. For persons of small capacities, "one thing at a time" is a good warning; all beginners are, in a sense, persons of small capacities; and it certainly is not a good thing to lay the foundation and erect the building at the same time. If both are to be done at once, the superstructure will rest partly upon the sand, and some day, when the rains descend and the floods come and beat upon that house, it will fall. Moreover, the study of English literature is not a labor, but a pleasure. Mr. Adams knows that better than most people. It is a pleasure he has pursued for most of the fifty years of his life. It was what he was doing most of the time when he was in college, and was not exercising in his metaphorical gymnasium with his Greek weights. It was the Elysian Fields in whose peaceful shade he reclined after the heat and struggle of the day, and it was there he passed so many of his hours that, in the retrospect, he forgets that he had been a slave to a college superstition, that he had been a sacrifice to the fetich; but remembers the college terms as "a pleasant sort of vacation, rather." He apologizes for adopting that pleasanter way of passing the hours when he says, that "there is a considerable period in every man's life when the best thing he can do is to let his mind soak and tan in the vats of literature." It is only the very young or the very unfortunate of the English-speaking race that need to have English literature presented to them as a study, or to whom it can in any sense be considered a task, a toil, a thing to be taught. Mr. Adams was not of either class. He needed no tutor therein. He did not need to take it as a required or as an elective study. He has gone from Piers Ploughman to the last "ephemeral pages of the despised review" without a whip or spur to hurry his steps, without a rein other than his own taste and craving for the finer thoughts of genius to guide him. It is but a passing fancy of his, that the hours he passed at the shrine of the fetich kept him too long away from the lasting delights of literature.

And it is a mistake to believe that one "ignores his mother tongue" if he does not devote a great deal of time to the study of English literature, or that the extended study of that literature is a necessity to those who would best know their native tongue. It is not the quantity of food we eat that determines the quantity of our life, so much as the perfectness of its assimilation. Moderation is the assurance of health. Thought more than memory informs and develops the mind. Those who have best used the English language are, we think, they who best know it; and they who are recognized as the best writers of the language are not always those who have been the greatest students and readers of English authors. Mr. Adams knows well enough that Chaucer could not have been a great student of English literature, for there was almost none for him to study. Spencer and Shakspere and Sir Philip Sidney and Bacon and Gray and Addison and Goldsmith—masters all of English composition—did not learn it in the way Mr. Adams complains he was not permitted to learn it. In fact, if Mr. Adams thinks about it, he will be likely to shudder as the conclusion will be forced upon him, that those who have become English classics were either those who by native genius would have been great in any department in which they had exercised their abilities, or those who by dint of great study and familiarity with the

ancient classics gained the classic touch and pen.

We know Mr. Adams will now jump back to his old ground, and will say that we are misrepresenting him; that although he objects with all his might and main to people's being compelled to study Latin and Greek, yet if they will only study it hard enough, it is the best thing they can study. And he will say that he is the person who delivered the address before the Phi Beta Kappa last June, in which he said that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well," and it must have been his double, or he himself only incidentally, who intimated that this study of the classics was not worth doing at all; that he inquired then and there "if the graduates of his time could have passed such an examination in Latin and Greek . . . . as should set at defiance what is perfectly well defined as the science of cramming," and he said that if they could, he "should now see a reason in the course pursued with them"; that he distinctly said, "I object to no man's causing his children to approach the goal of a true liberal education by the old, the time-honored entrance. On the contrary, I will admit that for those who travel it well, it is the best entrance"—and what more can he say? that he asks now only—and *hinc illæ lachrimæ*—"that the modern entrance should not be closed." But there is not any modern entrance. You cannot get into the *penetralia* of the temple of the best education but through the door that compels you to prepare your mind for the reception of these very things which he calls "tools of his trade," and which are easily gained beside the effort needed to gain the other. Moreover, if, as Mr. Adams says, the "old, time-honored entrance" is the best entrance, why does he want any one to go in by the next best entrance, which may be a good way off from the best entrance—a sort of back door that doesn't connect with the inner courts. It seems like trifling for a man who has had the best opportunities to try to make people think that the best way is not as good as the next best way. The trouble is, that he is trying the harlequin feat of standing on two horses that are going around the ring in different directions; and his oration seems in this respect more like a circus-performance than a wise utterance in the halls of learning.

Mr. Adams now doubtless sees distinctly that we did not catch all of his meaning; that while the requirement of the study of Latin and Greek he maintains to be two college fetiches, he has given up one of them, and is willing to bow to the Latin fetich, but he never will give in to the Greek; that Latin is "a small matter" any way, and is good because it is the mother of his new friends, French and German, and his friends, the modern scientists, cannot get along without it for a nomenclature, but that, though Greek has played some part in that same sphere, yet in future they are going to try to get along without it, and that will reduce Greek to utter uselessness; that he said, besides, that it would have been well enough if he and his friends had been compelled to study harder. There is at last the real reason. Mr. Adams and his fellows were not treated as if they were infants, but reliance was placed upon them by the college Faculty in the fair and proper hope and expectation that they were like some others who could and did do their duty like men. And now, thirty years afterwards, Mr. Adams comes back and reproaches them because he did not avail himself of the opportunities which he confesses are the best. Shades of Walker and Felton and Peirce!

> "Save us, and hover o'er us with your wings,
> You heavenly guards!"

Mr. Adams, always leaving a way for escape in case, by reason of his condemnation of the ancients, those who feel grateful to them for benefit they have obtained and could obtain nowhere else, should attack and slay him incontinently, excuses himself this time by saying, that "unlike Latin, also, Greek, partially acquired, has no modern uses." Disclaim the position as he will, Mr. Adams in such phrases writes himself down a victim to the collectors of facts and not the builders of brains. He harps eternally upon immediate practical use for everything intellectual. He despises what is called "intellectual

training," for he does not know what it is. If he has something he can use as a tool in his trade, he has what is valuable. If it cannot be so used, it is of no value. What is the use of intellectual training? we seem to hear him ask; and we seem to hear him reply, that it is a thing that the Faculty of the poor old college believes in, that all the teachers he ever had have talked about, that John Adams—a great and useful man in his time, the greatest and highest of his name—believed in and established a school to forward, but which, in these railroad days of "modern life and living thought," this Mr. Adams wants the men who stood highest in Latin and Greek in their classes, and who therefore were chosen and do now compose the Phi Beta Kappa society, to understand is a dream of the past. Study Latin a little, so that you can learn French and German, and you will be among the moderns; and though they neither think nor write better than the ancients, nor as well, yet you can handle facts in which there is use, though you are not as well helped to thinking.

He has received the benefit of the classics which were the tools for building his brain so as to be a strong foundation for his modern and necessary learning, but the old tools have served their purpose and now they are useless to him, and he has dropped them or lost them, and he says they never were good for anything. He expects to escape from this conclusion by asseverating at appropriate intervals that, "while recognizing fully the benefit to be derived from a severe training in these mother tongues, I fully appreciate the pleasure those must have who enjoy an easy familiarity with the authors who yet live in them"; but his side-flings and his conclusions, which would otherwise be *non sequiturs* to himself, show that he not only does not recognize fully, or at all, "the benefit to be derived from a severe training in these mother tongues," nor does he appreciate the pleasure of any in their "familiarity with the authors who yet live in them," for he never mentions severe training without showing that he depreciates it, and he cannot honestly consider that a pleasure, which he shows he considers to come from "a very considerable amount of affectation and credulity." Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, he says, have weighed Plato and found him wanting, and he thinks there is no comparison between the literatures ancient and modern, and that "that is jealously prized as part of the body of the classics, which, if published to-day in German, French, or English, would not excite a passing notice." Mr. Adams's real opinions will be judged by the positions he attempts to maintain, and his offers of compassion and sympathy will be lightly regarded when he "rubs the sore when he should bring a plaster."

He wishes to escape also the charge of narrowness, and the penalty of being placed upon a level with the buyers and sellers and the money-changers in the temple, by saying that he is "not a believer in that narrow scientific and technological training which now and again we hear extolled. A practical, and too often a mere vulgar, money-making utility seems to be its natural outcome." Does he show here a latent fear and consciousness of his own waywardness? But he knows no value in the Greek because it is of no modern "use," and does love the French and German because they are "the tools of his trade." His use of the latter phrase is of course metaphorical, but it signifies the means and information for following his profession or occupation in life. A man's profession, or occupation, means the method by which he supplies his earthly wants, and that means the medium of exchange for those things which life depends on, and that approaches "vulgar, money-making utility." The man who sweeps clear the ways of life of everything but what is of use may fancy that he is still an intellectual being, but his neighbors will be sure, in whatever fine phrases he puts it, that he cares more for what he shall gain than for what he shall make of himself and be. That man certainly has a right to say, "I am not a scholar; I am not an educator; I am not a philosopher."

That Mr. Adams is confused, as one not

understanding the "severe intellectual training" to which he briefly and slightingly alludes, becomes plain from the way in which he repeatedly talks about knowledge, and the conclusion that he evidently, after his own modern method of thinking, has reached, that the object of going through college is to accumulate a store of useful things, facts for use in actual life. But we meet him with the conclusions that most men reach after a course of collegiate study —that it is not for, and it is not desirable that it should be for, the purpose of gaining during that time a vast or any considerable store of useful knowledge; that the most and the best that one obtains as the greatest reward and result of his course of discipline is, that he has learned the operations of his mind, and has learned how to employ his mind. Briefly, he has learned how to learn, and he feels it to be a blessing out of all proportion greater than the mere faculty of reading, writing, and speaking foreign tongues. If he has learned to think and say anything as the result of his own thinking in his own tongue, the delay necessary to get the power of uttering it in a modern foreign tongue is to him, with his then attainments, inconsiderable. What is the need of his tools of trade before the time of his trade is near? Unless Mr. Adams is persuaded from his own unhappy experience that there is no such thing as intellectual discipline, it must needs be that the young student with his three languages at command would find two of them very useless. If intellectual training, however, is simply cant, and a man's mind is from the beginning ready for the reception of knowledge and all that it can hold, then college is, or in his view ought to be, something which it has never been and we trust it never will be—a mere place for the collection of facts, each one of which shall be useful, that is, convertible some day into bread and wine.

When one rightly talks of the acquisitions which a boy at the beginning of an intellectual training has, he cannot designate what he has learned of grammar and language as stores of knowledge for future use, any more than one can speak of a foundation of a dwelling as part of the residence until the whole residence is built upon it. Latin and Greek by themselves and simply for themselves are for a boy nothing but the rocks of the hills against which one may beat out his brains, as the foundations of the building, left without the superstructure, are not a building nor a part of a building, nor are they anything by themselves. The use of Latin and Greek to a man will be made evident by the superstructure of man that he builds on top of them. To most men they are sources of strength and consolation, and bases of future hope. To Mr. Adams they are sources of dismay and heart-burning, for to them he attributes his failure in life—a "mischief done" that is, he believes, "irreparable."

But its "partial acquisition" is the burden of the complaint against the study of Greek. The objection, if good as to Greek, is good as to everything ever studied. Practical use would come, it is implied by Mr. Adams, if Greek even is wholly learned. How many perfect scholars has it been Mr. Adams's good fortune in life to meet? What study in the world that is not more or less "partially acquired"? It is not the way of men to do things save according to the finite ability which is theirs. If they cannot acquire wholly, partial acquisition of anything worth acquiring is better than no acquisition at all. And if the fault attached to the study of Greek, and apparently, in Mr. Adams's view, inseparable from it, should remand that study back from the curriculum, what assurance or basis of hope have we that the study of two or three modern languages in their place, which he prescribes as the cure of the evil, is not to be attended with like deficiencies? The fault, after all, according to Mr. Adams, lies in the fact that students are not compelled to learn their Greek thoroughly. And in this view it does not become clear to us how a substitution of two or three easier studies is going to repair the difficulty, unless we become a sympathizer with Mr. Adams in his new fancy that there is no such thing as

mental discipline, and that the intellectual kingdom must yield itself up prisoner to the kingdom of uses. We are bold enough to say, in view of this substitution of two or three modern languages in place of Greek, that there is, *malgré* the dictum of Mr. Adams, an eternal discipline of the faculties of the mind in the study of the Greek language; that discipline comes from any study in great degree in proportion as that study is difficult to master, which being mastered carries with it the consciousness of the mastery; that there is no study in the curriculum of schools of liberal education that so taxes the better faculties of the mind as that of Greek; that the best teachers of it are the most thorough and exacting; that the richness of the language is so great, and the problems that constantly arise are so multitudinous, that the progress therein would at times seem to tire the patient slowness of the snail. Many a candidate at the doors of Harvard can remember the administrations of a wonderful teacher scarcely twenty-five miles from Cambridge, who a quarter of a century ago held them almost daily for two hours over the translation and examination of two lines of the Iliad. We venture to say that the most of those hundreds, who came from the teachings of Dr. S. H. Taylor, have no feeling but that of gratitude for that discipline that cultivated the intellectual and moral faculties as well. And yet they do not pretend to have been perfect scholars, nor to have attained in the end anything more than a partial knowledge of Greek. But every day our Greek carried its discipline and its lesson and its mental and moral gain, and that to a degree that no study afterwards undertaken could surpass or approximate. Mr. Adams does not claim for the study of French and German any resulting discipline; but one reason therefor, we suppose, is because he smiles when people speak of "intellectual training"; and another is that it does not give any training. Every one who during or after his college course has studied and acquired them sufficiently for the pursuit of literature or the purposes of science or to operate as "tools of trade," knows that there is no discipline worth speaking of in acquiring French or German or Spanish or Italian or their allies on the continent of Europe. These languages are useful, but they are useful when in actual use, and when not they are evanescent, like all easily acquired learning.

Mr. Adams gives part of his tears because, as he confesses, "I have now forgotten the Greek alphabet, and I cannot read all the Greek characters if I open my Homer"—an impotent conclusion to his unrequired plodding, "not without enjoyment," through the twenty-four books of the Iliad! But supposing he doesn't remember his alphabet. Is that the only thing which he has forgotten that he learned before and during his college course? He complains that "to be able to follow out a line of exact, sustained thought to a given result is invaluable," and that "in my youth we were supposed to acquire it through the blundering application of rules of grammar in a language we did not understand." A doubt arises as to whether the supposition involved in his last phrase was not a creature chiefly of his own brain, and whether other purposes were not involved in the application, which was not expected to be "blundering," of the rules of grammar. He adds in this connection: "The training which ought to have been obtained in physics and mathematics was thus sought for, long and in vain, in Greek." We may be willing to yield to Mr. Adams so far as to grant that he may not have acquired the ability "to follow out a line of exact, sustained thought" through the Greek grammar, but with the curriculum of Harvard in the "sixth decennium of the century" before us, we perceive that it must have lifted Mr. Adams kindly off the Greek rack at the end of his Sophomore year. Moreover, it is not quite fair to leave the world with the impression that the Greek was in the way of his getting "the training" to follow that line of thought "which ought to have been obtained in physics and mathematics"; for mathematics was a required study during his first two years, and an "elective" during the

two remaining years, while physics was required during both Junior and Senior years. But we cite these requisites only partly to correct the impression Mr. Adams's words would leave, but chiefly to suggest an answer to the query, whether or not there is nothing, of all the studies of the course, that he has forgotten but the Greek. Has he kept active in his mind the ability to solve the problems of mathematics and state the truths of physics that were to help him so surely on that line of sustained thought? Where are the Rhetoric and Botany and Philosophy and History and Rules of Logic that were once his? If he should test his memory in any of these departments of learning, would he not find the chambers of his brain, that were once full of living activities, now for the most part sadly silent and empty? It is by such tests and by the knowledge that is sure to come, if by no quicker consciousness, that Mr. Adams must finally conclude that the value of any study does not depend upon the power of the memory to retain its alphabet; that Greek and Latin best, and after that mathematics and philosophy and physics, were the instruments only that laid the foundation of after wisdom; that the mind is the great weapon with which we must fight the battle, and that the studies which tax and discipline most variously are the tools that temper and prepare that weapon for the fray. The tools may be thrown away or become lost, but the mind has received the result of the use of those tools. Some may be necessary to occasionally sharpen and repair the weapon. If the old are in keeping, they may still serve to do the work, but if they are not, new ones may do as well. Latin and Greek and the studies that are exacting in their demands are the tools that best serve at first. After the mind has become mature, and they can serve no longer their original use, they may be thrown away and no irreparable loss be felt. We contend that the use of the two ancient languages is chiefly and almost solely for the discipline they impart; and it seems a singular instance of lack of introspection or ability to understand the operations of one's own mind or the progress of its development, when one who has followed the course of study required by Harvard, and has attained respectable rank as has Mr. Adams, even though it was done through mere memory and in the confessed inability to understand the studies that engaged his attention, utters a complaint against Latin and Greek, and their agency in his mental development, simply because there is left of one of them not even the memory of its alphabet. As well might the mason complain that the foundations of the building are not well laid, because he has lost his trowel after the work was done.

Mr. Adams finds room to express another reason for his opposition, in the fact that he was compelled to "learn the Greek grammar by heart," and advances it as an argument for driving Greek from the requirements for admission, in these words: "In the next place, unintelligent memorizing is at best a most questionable educational method. For one, I utterly disbelieve in it. It never did me anything but harm; and learning by heart the Greek grammar did me harm—a great deal of harm. While I was doing it, the observing and reflective powers lay dormant; indeed, they were systematically suppressed." In a case where memorizing injures the mental faculties, instead of suppressing one of the requisites for admission to Harvard, would it not be better to suppress this one boy who performs the feat of unintelligent memorizing, or else send the lad to some place where he can have his head fixed? It does not seem as if the college machinery should be stopped for this reason. But the other, and perhaps not less serious, reason lies in the fact that, while he was memorizing this horrid stuff, his "observing and reflective powers lay dormant; indeed, they were systematically suppressed." Mr. Adams was doing this sort of work probably during the years when he was sixteen and seventeen years old. Then his "observing and reflective powers lay dormant"; and if they had not lain dormant, what then? With one part of his mental machinery going at such a fuel-eating speed,

it was probably a method of relief which nature adopted. But it seems to have started up again. The reason of our thus smiling for a few lines in a serious article lies in the apparent distance from which this last argument of Mr. Adams seems to be fetched. It does not appear worthy any serious reply. If he had slept all during his Greek recitations, it would not, from his present standpoint, have been an interruption of his mental development.

Mr. Adams appears to decry the ancient languages and literatures only to get our attention while he insists upon the importance of the French and German as "avenues to modern life and living thought" of to-day. He believes these are much more important than the old wisdom. He says, "I would rather learn something daily from the living who are to perish, than daily muse with the immortal dead." He expresses dislike for the "platitudes of Cicero," and we do not like the platitudes of Mr. Adams. He speaks as if what the living write was all immortal, and as if the great truths uttered by the dead had fully served their purpose. "Modern thought as it finds expression even in the ephemeral pages of the despised review," is the pabulum he most craves. He wants to know the news from the halls of science, and in doing so he craves what he knows to be mostly "ephemeral," as if no new conjecture of science could temporarily escape him with safety to his mental health. He says, "No man can keep pace with that wonderful modern thought"; yet he himself will find happiness amidst the eternal bustle where things are lively. But it here seems as if the "observing and reflective powers" of Mr. Adams were still a little dormant. The essential news of science can be kept up with, and if all of what he calls "modern thought" cannot be, we know that it is not at all desirable that it should be. Modern thought includes the guesses and speculations and crudities of scientists, that no one needs, or should attempt to keep up with, outside of his specialty. The conclusions of science, the matured speculations, the new discoveries and inventions, the results of the best scientific thinking, are all that any man should wish for. The maturing thought of to-day need not engage us, but the matured thought that will remain to-morrow will delight us. How much real wisdom accumulates daily? and how often does there come an inspired word from the tongue of modern science?

The truth of this year will not perish with the year, and if anything that has the semblance of truth seems to have a flitting life and dies, it has no right to gain our affections and take up our time, and shall not. And as truth and its semblances are to-day mostly indistinguishable, we need not fret that we do not clutch, not knowing, the truth, but can and had better wait until to-morrow, when the truth will be alive and be known, and the semblances will have disappeared among the shadows. So many more are there of semblances in the history of modern scientific thought than of realities, that though the air seemed full last night in the darkness, the morning sunshine has dispelled them to-day, and the living truths are few. And we can see again the mists gathering, and among them appear many monsters that we know may prove little, familiar truths. In this repeated experience of the progress of modern thought, the lesson to be learned is simple enough. All of last year's tidings that are good and great can be gathered in a little space, and read and learned and made our own within the limit of a few short hours. We need not then heed all of to-day's speculations, nor worry ourselves to keep up with modern thought, for all of this year's news will next year be garnered and kept, and no essential truth will escape. We can wait until to-morrow, then, for the real news of to-day. Mr. Adams need not remind us that this "modern life and living thought" is expressed in the continental languages and not in our own, for it is not. That fraction which is, and is worth knowing, does not long remain locked up in any foreign tongue; in this age there is no great truth but speedily will burst its local barriers of speech and become universal.

While we admit that after the end of his

preparation for the activity of life, it may be well for the once student to have passes for occasional excursions, to use one of Mr. Adams's figures, up the "avenues to modern life and living thought," when they are found only beyond the borders of his native speech, or, to use the other of Mr. Adams's figures for the same idea, to be possessed of foreign "tools of trade" and a knowledge how to use them, yet we insist that before he enters and for the first years of his stay in college he needs neither the one nor the other. The best and chief mission of the boy to college is to shape his mind. After that has been exercised by severe studies it will become formed for the attainment of knowledges which shall be useful. If one expects to use the mind as an instrument to obtain knowledge, he cannot reasonably fritter away his opportunities for the perfection of his instrument by attempting to put it to use before it has been completely subjected to the proper process and period for forming it. The student before and during his first years has only a boy's mind, a sensitive, plastic, impressionable material, taking on powers of action and receptivity as it is patiently subjected to the best formative agencies. Minds differ in their capacity and susceptibility to being formed by processes of discipline. Some early, and after a brief course of discipline, feel and conform to its best influences and may be ready to receive gradually that which is called useful, though still subjected to disciplinary studies; but most young minds are immature, and have unknown possibilities of culture, and should remain to the latest period under the rigid influence of these studies which most tax their patient industry, investigation, and thought. Among the former are certainly not those who "memorize unintelligently," who do not understand the lessons they learn, who do "not understand themselves nor know what they want."

It seems folly to talk of expecting such as these to be put to learning modern languages for use, when they have not a mind mature enough to learn, or to use anything intelligently. A student at college wants no increased "avenues to modern life and living thought." He wants to know first the ancient life and to find an avenue to his own thoughts. He wants most of all to learn the use of his own mind, to attain to the process of thinking, perceiving, examining, judging, weighing, reasoning, before he wants any accumulation of knowledge to use, or misuse, or disuse. Prepare first the instrument so that it can use whatever is useful. The things to be used are, then, of trifling labor to attain. That his pet tools can be so attained is proved by Mr. Adams himself. He asks feelingly, "How many students during the past thirty years have graduated from Harvard who could read Horace and Tacitus and Juvenal, as numbers now read Goethe and Mommsen and Heine?" In endeavoring to make a point against the Latin, he thus finds himself showing that, however the "superstition" affected his career, the same experience worked no mischief, in the case of "numbers," which was "irreparable."

It is an added and a consolatory value in those ancient languages, to most students, that they preserve for us literature that almost everybody but Mr. Adams considers immortal. But we will not contend with him upon this point. What he says of it sounds like a kind of spiteful, final fling at a couple of old dead things that he would have all of us think never were good for anything. He thinks there is "a very considerable amount of affectation and credulity in regard to the Greek and Latin masterpieces"; that "there are immortal poets whose immortality is wholly due to the fact that they lived two thousand years ago"; that he would "rather be familiar with the German tongue and its literature than be equally familiar with the Greek"; and he is "unable to see how an intelligent man having any considerable acquaintance with the two literatures can, as respects either richness or beauty, compare the Latin with the French." With our view of the great use of the two ancient languages, we do not think it of any great consequence what is the comparative value of the literatures of ancient or modern

times. Certainly, those of ancient times need not our indorsement to maintain their position among the wisest works of mankind. Not the limits of a magazine article, but whole libraries, would be necessary to hold all the commendations of them that have come from the best and greatest minds. They stand like a solid wall before the face of civilization, and against them Mr. Adams may, if he will, butt his head.

This attack upon classical education by the advocates of what they call useful learning, which learning appears to be useful only as its sounds mingle with daily clang of active life, is intermittent. They keep feeding the fires of opposition, and at intervals it bursts into flame; though we believe no other modern Prometheus, bearing a torch lighted at the fire of this new heaven, has dared, recently, to attack classic learning in its own stronghold, yet the watchmen are in waiting. And at one of the summer gatherings of educated men held one week before the address by Mr. Adams, the orator of the occasion spoke his mind finely and briefly thus: "There is some confusion in the common mind concerning what constitutes the higher education of which we hear so much. That education only which looks upon man imaginatively, kindles his mental power, inspires his reason, and binds his will in the happy freedom of self-control, can be called the higher education. It may not be technical or professional, but human. It may not be impractical, but it must be ideal. The truth that fronts the sun, undazzled in that insufferable light, is that man is greater than anything he does, and treating him prosaically and practically only is like applying the surveyor's chain to the sunrise or undertaking to find the square acres of the beauty of the world."

In this expression at the centennial celebration at Exeter, Dr. Horatio Stebbins seems to have placed himself on the side of John Adams, who endowed an academy, and made a special provision that "a schoolmaster should be procured learned in the Greek and Roman languages, and, if thought advisable, the Hebrew"; of John Quincy Adams, who so reverenced the ancients that "in lectures and formal orations he modeled himself on Demosthenes and Cicero"; of Charles Francis Adams, the father of the orator, who learned German first, and forgot it, and learned Greek afterward, the reverse of the method his son would adopt; of the Faculty of Harvard, a learned and respectable body of gentlemen who believe in culture first and utility afterwards; and—of some others beside. Mr. Adams reverences his ancestors in matters wherein he agrees with them, but has a wisdom that laughs at their folly concerning education. Their experience of the "fetich" did not deter them from advising a repetition of it for their descendants, as if it were a blessing.

Mr. Adams is firm in his position, and is not to be put down by the opinions of any. The man who reasons without reasons will pooh-pooh at all the universities, domestic or foreign, in the world. To the assertion that "the compulsory study of Greek has not been discontinued in foreign colleges," he "holds it sufficient to reply that we have to deal with America, and not with Germany or France or Great Britain," because their "educational and social conditions, home life, and schools" are "different." But do students there need any different education? Education means primarily and always a "leading forth" of the faculties, and the things "different," cited to excuse Mr. Adams from meeting the force of the fact, do not remove the need of educating human beings having similar faculties and the necessity of meeting essentially the same wants in life as the graduates of Harvard, in the same way. With Mr. Adams, not "small Latin and less Greek" shall hereafter produce our Shaksperes, but large Latin or no Latin at all, and no Greek in the world.

George B. Merrill.

ANNETTA.

XVII.

An unerring instinct told Annetta exactly what Tom dumbly prayed, in his terrible strait, to hear. Nay, more: it told her that no garrulous reassurances, no hopefulness merely of the lips, would serve. She listened for some murmur of cheer, and caught only mutterings of curiosity, of horror.

"Sis?"—huskily. "I am going—hold me back." That faintness was as the faintness of death.

She knelt beside him and seized a hand, holding it hard.

"Think, dear, how frightfully mangled Barney Flynn was when they brought him into camp last spring. We did not dream that he could live an hour."

"Yet he's none the worse for his hurt now." He caught eagerly at that poor string to stay his heart by.

"None the worse," she agreed. "Why, he doesn't even limp."

A stir and bustle at the outer edge of the still enlarging crowd began to thrill inward. It brought to Annetta's anxious sight a short, stout man, ruddy of face, unwieldy of figure—the surgeon.

"What have we here? what have we here?"

He asked, but did not listen to such response as Tom could make, or any other. He laid firm, investigating hands upon those crushed limbs, and found for himself the answer sought.

"Humph!"—straightening up and eying his patient with professional disfavor—"did you think your bones were tough as cobblestones, young man?"

Bartmore, to whom the new-comer had brought a certain degree of courage and confidence, acknowledged this grim pleasantry by the ghost of a smile.

"I'm better than a dozen dead men, yet; eh, Doctor?"

If the query was intended to draw forth some decided expression of opinion, if it was accompanied with a glance sharp enough to have found and read the slightest change in the surgeon's countenance, it failed to provoke aught save a perfunctory reassurance.

"Better than twenty, for that matter. We will get you home immediately."

In saying this, why should the speaker's glance wander from Tom to Annetta? She divined that he wished a word with her in private, and followed him as he fell back. She was right. The nearest of the throng having been made to intervene as a wall between them and any troublesome overhearing, the surgeon said, placidity at his lips, a shrewd measuring and weighing gleam in his black eyes:

"Tell me exactly how far it is from here to your house."

The hurried drive thither having been void of any outward impressions, Annetta could not answer.

"The gentleman who brought me"—she began, stopping to glance around with a tense, white calm, until she found the looked-for face at her very side.

The person thus dumbly invited and urged replied promptly to the surgeon's query. Annetta was then vouchsafed the following guarded opinion:

"I think, madam, with proper care, the distance being short, we may get your husband home alive."

It is doubtful whether a mistake in regard to relationship, which Annetta had joyously laughed at before now, was even mentally recorded. Her pupils dilated, and her nostrils quivered over the fearful meaning she was quick to gather from the surgeon's words. But she betrayed none of the dreaded feminine symptoms of giving way. Nothing could be freer from tremor than her voice as, going back to Tom's side, she

replied to him, when, imperious of tone and of eye, he endeavored to draw from her all that had been said.

"The verdict, sis—what is it?"

"You are in no immediate danger. Mr. Elston is waiting to drive me on ahead."

Annetta's first glimpse of the house showed it open and lighted. The garden, which she had left quite deserted, was plentifully sprinkled with groups of people whom the bad news, traveling with its proverbial rapidity, had brought together. As one might anticipate in such a neighborhood, the rude shapes of laborers predominated over genteeler figures; nor were women with shawls over their heads and children at their skirts wanting. Among these sympathizers the very worst, that superlative being far more dramatic than its comparative, was taken for granted, and the ejaculations all pointed to an acceptance of Bartmore's death. In strange contrast this to the desperate clinging of Annetta's thoughts to the old saying, "While there's life, there's hope."

Staying to answer a score of crowding questions only by declaring that her brother still lived, and would soon be there, the girl flitted indoors. Had Tom's longer lease of existence been entirely dependent upon her exertions, she could not have been more zealous in arranging his bed-chamber according to the surgeon's directions for that sorrowful reception. At sight of Maggy's undisguised anxiety and perturbation, she said:

"We must not think of ourselves for one instant."

A hollow moaning and groaning from the garden soon sent her flying thither. But Tom was not yet at hand. A boy on horseback had stopped at the front fence to inquire if that was the way to Mr. Thomas Bartmore's stable, and a second animal which he led was instantly discovered to be none other than Nelly.

"I knowed, begorra!" mumbled Jerry McArdle, "as the vicious baste wud be afther killin' the poor boss wan day or d'other—an' a more ginerous man niver seen the botthom iv a schooner o' beer!"

To either part of his assertion other exclamations were added of like portent. Concerning Nelly, there came a shrill feminine suggestion that the "depredatin' crayther" be shot.

But hark! what solemn sounds were those drawing near and nearer through the fallen night? How many false alarms soever there had been, who could doubt the genuineness of this? How impossible for hearts in human bosoms not to beat thickly and hard, answering so the muffled and measured thud of heavy footfalls! What a home-coming for him whose vigorous motions were known wherever he was known.

Gotten upon his bed, Bartmore groaned deeply and fell away into unconsciousness. Was this the last? Annetta feared it, and would have flung her factitious courage to the winds, but Dr. Jory rebuked her with a roughness born of his responsibilities. She erred no more.

Rallying after a while, Tom seemed quite bright, even cheerful. He nodded to one friend and another crowding about, but when Dr. Bernard arrived, breathless with haste, having just heard of the accident, a deeper feeling—a mournful conviction—manifested itself.

"You see my turn's come first, after all, Jim," Bartmore said, probably referring to some conversation held between them. The smile with which this was accompanied deceived no one.

Dr. Jory interposed his authority, forbade further talking, and had the room cleared of all save such as were needed for immediate attendance.

At ten o'clock the surgeon had gone home, leaving an old woman of the neighborhood installed as nurse. Annetta sat silent and watchful beside the bed, except when called away to answer the inquiries made touching Tom's condition by some belated friend. Let the summons from the front door be never so soft and guarded, Bartmore was sure to hear it.

"Maybe it's Bell," he would say excitedly. "Bring him right in, sis." And more than once he reiterated, "He'll be out the moment the news reaches him."

Truth to tell, Bartmore's terror of instant death having been assuaged, he found himself racked by business anxieties, by dread of the to-morrows when he must lie there and know his work, if not at a standstill, yet not progressing as he would have it.

Three hours past midnight, Tom being then in a troubled doze, Annetta felt rather than heard a muffled step in the hallway, and was gone like a shadow from her place. She encountered Rodney Bell in the dining-room.

"The front door was ajar," he explained.

"I left it so that you might enter without ringing. Tom is quieter just now. He has been wild to see you. I fancy he will feel calmer after you and he have had a business chat."

And Annetta's eyes hung with heaven knows what of hopefulness upon the fresh young face, to which her words had brought, even in that very moment, an accession of self-importance.

"It's that darn contract, of course. He wants me to push it through for him, I suppose," Rodney said, busying a thumb and finger about his upper lip, his voice unconsciously rising.

Annetta whispered, "Hush!" and he dropped again into tones suited to the dim light, the hour, and Tom's condition.

"'Twas the mare, wasn't it, Annetta? I knew she'd get away with him sooner or later. What surgeon have you? Pentfield's the best."

"Dr. Jory."

"He doesn't compare with Pentfield. Why, I never heard of him before. What does he say?"

"Nothing."

"Pentfield would tell you plainly in the start. What has he done?"

"Nothing yet. He will bring another surgeon for consultation in the morning."

"I'd dismiss him and send for Pentfield. How did it happen, anyway? I was just coming out of the theater with—ahem!—Miss Wicks, when Bosley Jones told me that both Tom's legs were cut clean off by the truck—or car: which was it?"

"The half-past-five Mission-bound car, Rodney, crowded from platform to platform. He was thrown between the wheels, you know."

"Bosley had his version from Lem Whitmore, who had seen Ben Leavitt, who had been here. They got the story twisted somehow. Bernard corrected things. I saw him after I had taken Miss Wicks home. Had to take her home. That's what helped to make me so late. Hark! Who's that?"

Bartmore; he was calling, "Sis! Sis!"

The business talk held at that untoward hour did not last so long as Annetta had anticipated. She left Rodney with her brother while she ran up-stairs to see that all was in readiness in the room designed for her guest. When she hurried down, young Bell had already thrown himself upon the dining-room lounge.

"Let me sleep here, Annetta," he said, drowsily. "I'm too tired, 'pon honor, to stir." And he presently forgot his employer's terrible needs in sweet, calm-breathing slumber.

He rose fresh and buoyant in the morning to go out with the teams. The entire superintendence of Bartmore's street-work had been, perforce, intrusted to him.

"The only man alive who could take right hold understandingly," Bartmore declared.

Dr. Jory arrived at eleven o'clock to find a *confrére* awaiting him. That was a dreadful half-hour during which the two walked the parlor, talking in tones sounding loud and excited even from behind closed doors. Perhaps they reached no conclusion. None was ever known. The strange surgeon walked out of the parlor and the house. Dr. Jory merely remained to prescribe a tonic and to give certain dietetic directions, and went, promising to call again toward evening.

Many persons came and went. Few were admitted to see Tom, but Annetta spoke with all, answering their thousand and one questions with indefatigable interest. Evening brought scores of visitors, among

whom were two who had evidently come to stay.

Why should Annetta's heart sink down so dismally at sight of that mangy gray overcoat, that sleek, old-fashioned fur victorine with cuffs to match, and their respective wearers?

"The last time Mr. and Mrs. Calson visited us, it was to attend my poor sister's funeral." So Annetta told Rodney Bell, in a little outburst of melancholy confidence. "She had been to visit them only a fortnight before. Poor Carrie! When her physician ordered her to leave town, Tom immediately packed her and me off to the Calsons in Haywards. Such a month as we passed there!"

But by the time this was saying, Calson and his wife were both quite at home in the sick-room. Far from sharing his sister's feelings concerning them, Tom seemed to derive comfort and satisfaction from their continuing presence. But Rodney Bell soon came to agree with Annetta, and quite heartily.

"I don't like them," he said, vigorously. "The woman's got lots of venom under those white lips of hers; and the man—well, he needn't fancy he can oust me from Tom's favor."

Then Annetta further accounted for her repulsion by a reminiscence.

"Poor Carrie used to have bad days, when she would lie abed. Mrs. Calson would stalk into her room as cold and unsympathetic as—ice, I was going to say, but that melts sometime or other. 'You ought to git up and bustle 'round,' she would declare. 'I'd 'a' been dead long ago if I hadn't more spunk than you have. Livin's often only a question of spunk.' Then, too, Carrie's doctor having ordered her to take a fresh egg in a glass of port every morning, nothing would do but Mrs. Calson must herself prepare the dose. She would fetch in the tumbler, slap it down on the breakfast-table anywhere, and cry, without looking at anybody, 'There's your stuff!' Carrie always declared that the eggs were stale. Many a time I've seen her swallowing tears with her wine. I told Tom once; but the Calsons treated him so generously that he wouldn't believe a word of it."

John Calson's face, though unpleasant enough to Annetta, was not without a certain rugged agreeableness which pleased most people. He considered himself a marvelous maker of mirth, and when he began to laugh at his own jests, he kept it up until listeners were fain to join him. Young women were by him regarded as choice subjects for coarse pleasantries of no uncertain type. This fact alone was sufficient to account for Annetta's dislike. The relations she regarded as peculiarly sacred were by him constantly profaned. Now, indeed, Tom's suffering presence was no hindrance to a query, broken by creaking sounds supposed to be expressive of laughter, as to whether she had or had not yet picked out a man to "own her." Did Mrs. Calson object to her husband's way of looking at marriage? Not a bit of it. The climax was put to Annetta's secret indignation upon seeing that pale, bloodless creature writhe as if in pain and laboriously bring forth a lip-distorting smile.

The girl hurried from the room and tried to forget resentment in zeal for her unwelcome guests' entertainment.

Hope had meanwhile grown in her heart for Tom; and in other hearts.

"If they were going to butcher him, they'd have done it immediately," Rodney Bell declared, with an air of thoroughly understanding the case.

In spite of his glaring self-sufficiency, this youth was a positive comfort to Annetta these weary days and nights of waiting and watching. He was so full of hope and courage, so confident of his own powers. Didn't Tom believe in him, depend upon him? Besides, his manner toward her was frankly fraternal, save when some pulse of juvenile ardor prompted to sudden warmth of look or word. Let the prompting come, and he obeyed it wherever he might be.

"You don't mean anything, of course, you foolish boy," Annetta scolded. "Nobody knows that so well as I, yet I had to endure

Mrs. Calson's air of virtuous indignation for two mortal hours after your kiss-throwing this morning."

"Pooh, pooh!" cried the irrepressible Rodney. "I'd throw old Ma'am Calson herself a kiss, but 'twould curdle when it reached those vinegar lips. What do you care for her airs?"

"She forces me to care for her," returned Annetta, sighing. "I would dearly love to be alone sometimes with poor Tom, but she's forever thinking of things for me to do in other parts of the house. She seems to feel that my place is in the kitchen. If I cook anything I fancy he will like and carry it in, do you imagine she will let me feed him? Not she. I wouldn't give her the dish of cream toast last night, and she dragged it out of my hand."

Nor were Mr. and Mrs. Calson the sole persons who troubled Annetta's peace. No visitor was more frequent than Colonel Faunett. He had been burying his wife, wore a broad weed upon his hat, and omnivagant freedom in his black eyes. Than his behavior and conversation, nothing, however, could be more respectful. He talked much about Tom's condition, of which he took a cheering view, albeit quarreling with Jory's continued neglect to splint and bandage the crushed limbs.

"You ought to call in Cassidy—Dr. Ethan Cassidy. He's an old army surgeon, and knows what he's doing. I don't take no stock in this Jory."

And he would go on to explain many of the terrible wounds he had seen gaping in Southern hospitals, and how each had healed under Cassidy's treatment. According to Colonel Faunett, fellows whose names and present whereabouts he could give were still going around breathing through lungs that had been riddled by bullets, and on legs which had been all but shot to pieces. Admitted to Bartmore's room, he leaned on the footboard of the bed, and, in his dry, profound way, with no thought of the effect of such a story upon Tom, detailed the sorrowfully similar case of a war-comrade.

"I'd missed Folnes—I was only a private then"—the Colonel's title was indeed a post-bellum one, obtained by gallant services in the home military, and was chiefly associated with Fourth-of-July parades—"I knew he was hurt and in the hospital; but active duties prevented me from looking him up. Passing by the open door of a ward one day I saw something like a thick log—Jack was a fine, broad-shouldered fellow—set upon end in a corner. The top of the log had hair, whiskers, a mouth, and a pair of eyes that opened just then and looked at me. It was Jack Folnes, by God! His entire underpinning had been carried away by a cannon ball. He had gotten well of his wounds and was facing life with the half of him that was left. Such a look I never see in man's eyes before nor since."

Strangely enough, the story did not affect Bartmore disagreeably. Hope was stronger in his breast than in any other.

Dr. Jory brought another surgeon with him upon the third morning after the accident. The patient greeted them with an easy nod.

"I feel better than I have at any time," he declared. "I haven't a particle of pain. I just seem comfortable and sleepy like."

Jory drew back the lowest edges of the bedcovers to expose Tom's feet, which bore neither bruise nor scratch.

"Try for yourself, Harkness," said Jory.

Dr. Harkness, a young-looking person with a long face, fresh cheeks, and steady blue eyes, took a pin from the lapel of his coat, Bartmore following his movements clearly, intelligently, and pricked one instep first, then the other.

"Do you feel that?" he asked.

"A bit sharper in the left foot," Tom explained.

Harkness reflected, then drew the covers farther back. Something which had been dammed by a fold of a blanket found its way over the bed's edge and to the flowered carpet, where it gathered fast in a thick, clotted pool. The surgeons' eyes met quietly. No quiver of any feature betrayed in either any unusual emotion.

"Ahem—ha! You feel no pain, Bart-

more?" queried Jory, in calm, even notes. He was deftly rolling back his cuffs.

"Not a bit," was the cheerful answer.

"Ahem, ha! To be sure."

Jory's hands, moving dextrously, were crimsoned to the wrists. When he stood up again, that ready machine, Mrs. Calson, passed him a towel. Wiping his fingers, he soberly explained the situation.

"Had I arrived twenty minutes later, you were a dead man. You were bleeding to death. But now the artery which had burst, you perceive, is tied." So saying, he joined his *confrère* in the parlor.

Harkness was the first to reappear, and speedily. He seated himself close to Bartmore's pillow. Bartmore was to know the capacity of that fresh, young countenance in the direction of steel-like self-control. His glance, questioning those calm blue orbs, fixed itself as if fascinated.

"My friend," the surgeon began in a low, vibrant voice, "I have a bad piece of work to do here which must be done immediately."

A pale horror stared from Bartmore's blanched face and stood in a clammy ooze upon his brow. A great shivering horror thrilled through the house, so often wild with mirth and wassail, and got somehow even to "camp." Strange figures gathered dumbly in the garden, fancying terrifying sounds whence none issued. The sick-chamber was as still as death. Mrs. McArdle hovered between the back stairs and the kitchen door, her visage bleared with copious tears. Maggy stood in a corner of the dining-room, her apron over her head, her fingers in her ears, her face to the wall. Annetta sat in the hallway on the lowest step of the stairs. Some one came and put a light, caressing hand upon her bowed head. She looked up, her eyes heavy, blind with misery.

It was Tony Shaw, who had entered unannounced.

"Poor little girl! Poor little girl!" he murmured, in the gentlest voice. "I just rushed out to say good by, not dreaming what would be going on here. I'm taking my wife East for a change of scene, a glimpse of her old home. I haven't been the most considerate of husbands to Christie. I felt that when I saw our baby lying in its tiny casket."

Some one came, and without warning threw a lank pair of arms around Annetta's neck to hug her convulsively. A hysterical voice shrieked:

"Pray for him, Annetty! Pray for him!" That human machine, Mary Calson, had been keyed up too high.

Colonel Faunett was moved when he heard the news. "To think that I should have told him about Jack Folnes yesterday! These surgeons are nothing but ignorant butchers. Cassidy would have saved one leg, if not both."

Many others came—enemies as well as friends. Clay offered his services as nurse. Barney Flynn hung about the yard, anxious to be sent on whatever errand. "Annything for the poor boss!" was his cry.

Feuds—friendly offices, even—were little enough to Tom Bartmore now. His mind wandered. He delivered rambling monologues, addressed apparently to the carved medallion ornamenting the bed's head, to a bust of Webster on a wall-bracket near. Once he cried, out of the terrible darkness fallen upon him:

"Won't they leave me my life, Calson—just my life?"

Then he was off again, his thoughts busily straying amid the shifting scenes of his active days. His businesses, his pleasures, the pain and horror vaguely present with him, were all epitomized in brief, crisp ejaculations:

"Send along three picks and two shovels.—Play it alone, Jim.—Come on, gents, come on. Just one glass.—Tamp that rock, boys.—O, my God! it is all over with me.—Whoa, Nelly, whoa, lady.—Three games and I'll be satisfied."

The unfulfilled contract gave him little peace. Sometimes he shouldered a spade, and himself went to work on the road. Later, they gathered from his mutterings that he fancied he was driving the street-superintendent about, treating him to champagne, and the street was accepted.

Awaking once out of the stupor which kept his eyes rolling so in his head, he saw Annetta standing to gaze at him—how sorrowfully!

"Cheer up, Netta—little sis!" he cried. "There are happy days yet in store for us."

At another moment, Mrs. Calson having gone to dinner, he saw Annetta close by his pillow, caught her hand, drew her toward him, and kissed her with dumb, clinging tenderness.

"He does not seem to suffer, Doctor," Annetta said wistfully one morning, following the surgeon to the front door, whence she caught a glimpse of her garden as of a beautiful alien world.

"Very true," returned Jory, mildly.

Not so equably did he answer Calson when the latter made the same observation.

"I wish, sir"—his red face further reddening with a rush of feeling—"I wish I might hear him screaming when I alight at the garden gate!"

Was it the third or fourth day after that dreadful surgery that Bartmore laughed so loud and long, such ringing, joyous peals? Then, in the very midst of these, nodding at vacancy with all his wonted *insouciance*, he said gayly:

"All right, Carrie! What! the three babies, too? I'll be with you presently."

Toward sunset of the same day, he cried suddenly, in a clear, wide-awake voice:

"Take me up, Calson! For God's sake, old boy, just let me drive over the road again!"

Why did the room fill instantly with people, and why were all eyes wet? Dr. Jory had come in quietly. He gave subdued orders. Somebody lifted the foot of the bed and little blocks were thrust under either leg.

"Netta, Netta! speak to them! Tell them to let me get up—to let me go!"

He lifted his head eagerly. They pressed it back upon the pillow with soothing promises. Hush! his mind is wandering again.

"I'm the man for your ticket, lads.—Hi! Dan, old fellow!—Stand ready to light the fuse.—Your deal, Jim.—I pass."

Calson, standing intent at the bed's head, lifted a warning hand. Not a sound broke the silence of the crowded room, save those hollow, pectoral sighs growing fearfully short and shorter—that were even now in his throat.

They ceased.

XVIII.

Annetta walked in the garden on the following morning. She had not seen old Refugio for several days. She looked at him in a sort of stunned amazement to find him alive, one so much younger and stronger than he having fallen asleep. Her gaze wandered off beyond that fenced inclosure. The early day rejoiced in a matchless beauty of its own. All the rich green of the hollows and up-sweeping slopes was overlaid with hoar-frost. The grass in the slanting church-yard, wherein also gleaming headstones repeated the whiteness, was so overlaid. A thin haze hung low here and yonder, like spirits of frost hovering in the air. On the rim of a crystalline sky the red sun was vividly appearing.

Rodney Bell joined Annetta in the sweeping garden path.

"Have you any idea that Tom has left a will?" he asked.

"To prepare for what has come so unexpectedly would be quite unlike him."

"Yet we must look carefully through all his papers. There's that desk—"

"I know every paper it contains, Rodney. Little did I dream when I sorted them—great heaven! it was the very day he was hurt!"

"And you saw nothing like a will?"

Annetta, still dwelling upon the reminiscence newly evoked, shook her head mournfully.

"If I had only known, Rodney!"

"Better for you you didn't. The blow came soon enough," returned Bell, smoothly.

That he had absorbing thoughts, which prevented him from entering deeply into Annetta's, might have been surmised from his gait alone. He walked with the step of a

man pacing ground which he covets and has become certain of owning.

"If I had known when he spoke to me—it was about a bill of Clay's—as he left the office, that 'twould be the last time I should hear his voice in tones untouched by pain!" Then, instantly, as memory filled out the picture: "But I did hear his voice once—a little later. He was talking to Clay—"

Could she find any pathos in those remembered accents of domination, of dispute? Ay, the deepest! How differently Tom would have spoken had he dreamed!

"And he walked away so grandly, Rodney!"

"Tom was a magnificently built fellow," said Bell. "*Was!*" The tragic meaning of the tense so calmly chosen!

"How dreadful to think, after all his impatience through the rain, Rodney—"

"Yes, poor fellow! He did hate to be idle. And the very day he got to work again— That contract just tortured him. A dozen times, lying there helpless, he said to me, 'Push it through for me, my boy, and I'll make it worth your while.'"

"Sometimes I fancy that business troubles helped to—end his life. The pressure upon his brain was terrible."

"Well; his sufferings are all over. 'Twould have been dreadful for Tom to submit to be a cripple—and such a cripple! Bear in mind what he would have had to endure. But the work. Special letters of administration ought to be gotten out immediately, so that it could be gone on with. I suppose I'm the only man who could finish it and make it pay. Do you know, Annetta, that Calson expects to have control of affairs?"

Annetta cried "Oh!" sharply, and lifted a distressed face toward her questioner's.

"Did—did Tom say anything to him?"

Bell blurted out "No!" not purely in negation, but as a vent to so many and complex emotions that the vowel sound of that monosyllable was entirely changed.

"It's just his cheek. He wouldn't have come to the house but he thought Tom was going to die, and he wouldn't have stayed but for the hope of having the settling up of the estate. I've read him pretty thoroughly; he's a shrewd old hypocrite."

"Has he said anything to you?"

"No; but this morning I overheard that devoted wife of his telling Maggy how of course Mr. Calson would see everything straightened out for you."

"I dread him so. Why didn't Tom speak and tell me what to do, whom to choose and to trust?"

"He did tell you pretty plain, Annetta"—meaningly.

"But he liked Mr. Calson, too."

"He didn't put him in charge of the work."

"True. But—forgive me—I must consult some one older and wiser than you, Rodney."

"To be sure. You must consult a lawyer. We can go together to see Baring. You've heard Tom speak of him."

"Tom used to employ him when there was any trouble, I think."

"Not Tom only, but all the contractors, every last man of them. Baring can't be beat in street matters, and he fights like a Turk for his clients."

Bell would have had much more to add upon certain business themes highly interesting to him, but he was called aside by Terry, who had become Jerry Norris's successor as foreman.

Annetta stood alone in the garden. Old Refugio tottered up to point her attention to those verbena-beds. They were growing rank as weeds: ought he not to thin them?

"Let them spread a while, Refugio," she said pensively, answering scarce consciously from her old habits of thought, from her dislike of clipping and confining and tying and training, work which Refugio's gnarled fingers delighted in.

The ancient gardener disputed not, neither mumbled. It was just as the Señorita Anita chose. Thus he bowed to the great change that had come. She was absolute mistress there.

Rodney Bell returned, Terry with him. It appeared that Eddie Gavan had that morning been found in a high fever.

"We thinks it's the tightford, miss, an' I

axed Misther Bell wud we's be afther havin' the docthor to camp; an' Misther Bell says, says he, 'Pack him off to the City 'n' County,' so he did," Terry explained, looking at Annetta and leaving the matter suspended, as it were, high in air by a rising inflection.

"We can't turn the camp into a hospital, Annetta," Bell interposed.

Annetta thought a moment, then said:

"That cottage next to Heavyweather's is vacant. Let Eddie be taken there and made comfortable. I will see to the nursing."

"But, Annetta—"

"But, Rodney! Stay, Terry. Send and ask Mrs. Flynn to remain with him to-day and to-morrow. After that I'll tend him myself."

No gainsaying her decision. The freedom she had so often and so passionately longed for was hers at last. Did she rejoice in it?

No. Of all the thoughts crowding her brain to a painful fullness, not one selfish thought stirred. She lived her life with Tom over again: lived it over from the time, her mother dying in Canada, she was forwarded—a child of ten—to her California brother. Plenary joy in every sacrifice she felt; plenary sorrow for every disagreement, however trivial. Old scenes, mere moments of fraternal kindness, of fraternal pride in her, were revived and contemplated anew with a vibrating sense of the end which was come.

The day moved on and unnumbered people gathered about her. Many appeared whom she had not seen for weeks, months, years: some whose very existence she had forgotten; others, friends of Tom, hitherto unknown to her; and all came to offer what they could of human sympathy and to speak good words—good words only—of the dead, who had faults enough, God knows.

Annetta's schoolmates, the girls from whom she had been gradually estranged, drew near to kiss her lips and shed their easy tears. How far removed seemed her soul from the deepest soul of these! She found herself drawn solely to such persons as Tom had cared for. It was into Dr. Bernard's countenance, and Rodney Bell's, and Ned Burwent's, she looked, searching for signs of a grief something akin to her own. Dr. Bernard she accompanied to the parlor when he went thither for a glimpse of that dear dead.

Tom Bartmore had never appeared to so great advantage as lying there at one with the scented stillness of heliotrope and tuberoses. The face often discolored and distorted by evil passions had now no touch or stain of any. The high brow was corrugated by no lines of calculation. The proud lips, the delicate nostrils, the slightly cleft chin, showed as perfect bits of waxen sculpture. The rich curling locks of hair lay thick and dark against their last pillow. Where were now the fun, the force, the executive ability, the strong bent toward pleasure, the money-making faculty, which had animated that clay?

James Bernard stood gazing, scarcely less pale, scarcely less passive. No hint of grief or pain was suffered to ruffle his sallow placidity. But when Annetta was called away, and he was left alone, he touched either chill cheek as with an arousing forefinger, and muttered a husky query:

"Is there anything in it, old fellow?"

A caustic smile, born at his lips in the ensuing and odorous silence, rose to the pale blue eyes under their lowering lids.

"Nothing in it," he said moodily, answering his own question. "This is the end of you."

The funeral services were held in a small suburban church not many blocks distant from the Bartmore house. Every pew, every aisle, was thronged when the dead was brought in, those who mourned him closely following. Every eye was strained for a glimpse of the chief mourner, and many a vision was blinded by a rush of sympathetic moisture on beholding the bright girl so widely known throughout the neighborhood, making a darkness of the sparkling sunshine with her shrouding weeds.

But what heart was there prepared to fathom the depth of her desolation, seeing how, in that hour of bereavement, she had

no nearer or dearer arm to lean upon than Calson's? Nay, she did not herself fully fathom it, being half-stunned, and moving as in a daze.

So still indeed was she, that her behavior offended not a few of the critics from "camp" and valley, these having every reason, save an apprehension of Annetta's state of mind, to anticipate something highly sensational. Calson pleased the emotional onlookers far better. He sent a shiver through the church by letting his lifted voice quaver forth in a long, loud cry:

"O Tom, Tom; my dear old friend!"

Annetta shed no tear. Later, when the sealed coffin was lowering into a damp, deep hollow, rugged groans burst from the laboring breasts of Jerry McArdle and his fellow-workmen. Then, too, Mary Calson showed her tenderness of feeling in hysterical shrieks. But Annetta, standing erect and dry-eyed under her veil, only turned a blank, slow gaze from one face to another of those about her.

"Poor little thing, she can't cry!" some sympathetic soul declared. But that whisper could not drown the creaking notes of unkind, indiscriminating criticism.

Reaching the garden gate of home, Annetta alighted to pass lightly and swiftly through the shortest path, and enter the house alone. The atmosphere of the parlor was heavy with funeral odors. Annetta gasped once, twice, as if stifling, but she moved forward, flinging back her veil to lean upon the closed piano, her face, pale, beautiful, appealing, upturned—to what? Tom's very self, his better self, hung there in a gilded frame, had hung there, smiling through all these bitter hours, and smiled now with bright unconsciousness of death.

Annetta could not be long unmolested. That moment of unspeakable anguish, of ineffable prayer for God's mercy, was broken in upon by jerky accents.

"Calson's goin' to miss Tom Bartmore just as much as if they was brothers."

Annetta glided into the dining-room, sickening under an increasing sense of irrevocable loss, and found John Calson regaling himself with a ham-sandwich.

"Poor Tom's left everything in a turrible muddle—a turrible muddle," he began, as soon as he had finished his last mouthful. "Nobody knows as well as me what a mix and fix he was in."

Foreseeing that she must listen to this man later, if not now, Annetta patiently seated herself upon the sofa, suffering Maggy to remove and bear away her dismal wraps.

"If things ain't worked out ve-ry slow and cautious, you'll be left without a nickel." Calson had a habit, which he did not now forbear indulging, of nodding mechanical assent to his own assertions. Somebody'll have to take hold here for you, Annetty. Of course you've knowed all along how Tom's come to me whenever he's been in a tight box—an' I've al'ays helped him."

Annetta made no answer, but sat nervously twisting her fingers together, her glance fallen mournfully upon her black dress. She was wondering, as only those may who are wholly unused to the unqualified yeas and nays of business, how she could possibly disappoint Calson's evident expectations.

"Seein' you've no relations, Tom's nearest friend ought to administer, an' there could be a guardeen app'inted for you—"

"A guardian—Mr. Calson!" exclaimed Annetta, startled into something very like indignation. "You recollect how old I was when you first saw me?"

"Yes; and how long ago it was," returned Calson, beginning instantly to reckon aloud. "Ten and five—stop! eight, nine, ten year—n—no!" staring hard at her with fallen countenance.

"I was twenty-one three days ago," said Annetta, quietly; and then, with a grieved quiver of the lip, "My birthday never passed unremembered before."

"Do you think you're capable of lookin' after your own interests, Annetty?" How much gall and wormwood lurked under this equably propounded query Annetta could only surmise. "Naterally," Calson went on, "I don't want the job of windin' up the estate, but—" pressing his dry lips together

until they were thin with determination, and shaking his head from side to side—"I would like to see Tom Bartmore's debts paid up fair an' square from *a* to *zed*, and when the claims come in you'll find there's a whole alphabet of 'em. And, as I said at first, if things ain't worked out ve-ry slow and cautious, you won't have a dime left; no, nor a nickel—not a nickel"—carefully insisting on the smaller value as if the two coins mentioned were separated from each other by a handsome difference.

"Rodney Bell takes a more hopeful view of matters, Mr. Calson," Annetta hazarded, in a heavy voice of increasing depression.

Calson replied in terms quite disproportionate to his deliberation in choosing them.

"Rodney Bell's mighty fresh."

Annetta could not be deaf to the unspoken revilings and execrations lurking beneath that carefully guarded expression of contempt for Rodney Bell's opinion.

"Tom trusted him, Mr. Calson."

"Yes"—wagging his head as if it must needs come off—"just as fur's he could see him."

Evelyn M. Ludlum.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE month of August in San Francisco was filled very nearly from end to end with the reception of the Knights Templar, though only one week was formally given up to that object. It is gratifying to every Californian that the reception of an assemblage of guests counting up into the tens of thousands should have passed off leaving every one in high good humor, and that this vast number of people are going back to almost every county in the United States with a pleasant impression of California. That the Pacific coast fully redeemed its old-time reputation of hospitality is, of course, specially a matter of interest to the Masonic fraternity of the coast; but there are some elements in the fact that touch the interest of every one whose lot is cast in with the fortunes of the coast. It is pleasant, for one thing, to find that the growth of a narrower commercial spirit has not entirely extinguished the habit of a lavish pride in the good name of the community. It is by no means the highest sort of patriotism to be resolved that your section shall bear off the palm for its pumpkins, or its wines, or its nuggets, or its climate; but the man who spends himself to secure for it that small conquest is several stages nearer to public spirit than the one who watches only his opportunity to make an individual profit out of the pumpkins, wines, nuggets, or climate. This crude, "big-pumpkin patriotism" has been a specialty of California; and much as the wise man might wish to see it fade away in the light of a more discriminating love of country, he cannot view with anything but dread any indications of its disappearance before the darkness of an "every-man-for-himself" scramble—a fate that always threatens wealth-producing communities. Of course there has been much personal interest concerned in making a success of the Conclave; there are many ways in which ample returns will come from the bread upon the waters. But there has been, none the less, a great deal of disinterested Pacific-coast pride in the expenditure of money, thought, and labor that has been made.

THE direct public benefit that California expects to receive from the entertainment of so many visitors is in the good report that will be carried home of her. Much stress has been laid on the pleasant things that will inevitably be said of our climate and of our fruit; and in these days of reaction against the extremely golden view of California, it is indeed probable that many visitors were surprised to find that in their preconception of both these advantages they had made over-allowance for exaggeration. That they have carried away new ideas of the climate is evident from the rather neat incident of the rush made for umbrellas by the New England Knights whenever the skies lowered with the high fog of August. But a far more significant anecdote of the visit (though one that bears on its face some traces of "fixing up") is that of the timid guest who asked, after some days of cautious clinging to his hotel, whether it "really was so dangerous, after all, to go out on the streets alone in San Francisco"; he had heard much of the frequency and impunity of violence here, but was evidently beginning to distrust his preconceptions. The anecdote caricatures a fact: it is not to be doubted that many men have gone away surprised to find us so far civilized as we are; that it has been a source of wonder to them to see Chinamen peaceably pursuing their occupations

unmolested on all our streets, to hear no loud demagogues on the street corners and no brawls in reputable quarters of the city. This is a real advantage to us, compared with which our reputation for climate and peaches is a small matter; for it cannot be too often nor too emphatically urged that quality, not quantity, is the thing to be desired in immigration; and while charming weather and cheap peaches operate as an attraction equally to all classes, a civilized state of society is a far more potent attraction than these to desirable immigrants, while it is probably a far less potent one to the undesirable. The reputation, that is, of a community for high civilization is as an incentive to immigration, a sort of suction power provided with sieves; while the reputation for natural advantages is a thoroughly indiscriminate one, sucking in everything good, bad, and mediocre.

THE past few weeks have witnessed the practical application, in San Francisco, of the provisions of the Civil Service Act of January 16th last. To the handful of public-spirited citizens in our midst, who have labored long for this end, it is a matter of congratulation; to the Pacific public at large, who have watched the progress of reform with much apathy and doubt, it is a matter of surprise; and to the political brokers, who have from the incipiency of this movement opposed and ridiculed all efforts to purify the public service, the business-like proceedings of the past month have brought chargrin and disappointment. The passive attitude of the public upon this important measure has constituted the chief obstacle to be overcome by the friends of Civil Service Reform. So deeply rooted has the spoils system become that friends and foes alike of reformation have fallen into the habit of thinking a change impossible under our form of government. That this is an error is susceptible of demonstration. So soon as the people realize that reform is practicable and possible, the thing will be done. A step has been taken in the right direction; a foothold has been gained; and from this much may be expected. The legislation of January 16th last is but the opening step to the reform measures which must necessarily follow. Objection has been made to the standard and requirements fixed by the present act for admission to the public service. Those requirements are character and a proper degree of education. The point is raised that the examinations provided are not an invariable test of a man's fitness for the service sought. These things are conceded, for perfection is not claimed by the friends of this law. It is experimental largely, and must of necessity be so. If, however, the educational test is discarded, what better standard will the dissatisfied citizen suggest? The friends of reform are not particular on this point. They are ready to adopt any standard which will result in the introduction to the public service of honesty, fitness, and common-sense business principles. We believe that the educational standard is the proper one. In the examinations held in this city during the past month the questions asked have certainly been a test of the applicant's general intelligence, if not of his direct fitness for the customs or the postal service. The one leads to the other. It has been said that the poor and the uneducated will stand little chance under existing tests with the rich and the highly educated. To this we may reply that the subordinate government positions are not sought to any extent by the rich and the highly educated; nor is it the desire of any citizen, having the public good at heart, that places of trust should be given to the low and illiterate. The action of the present Civil Service law—without raising the scholastic standard above that of our grammar schools—opens up the government service to a highly respectable, competent, and deserving middle class, many of whom have been debarred heretofore from entering government employ owing to lack of political influence. In San Francisco the new law is now a fact, and the reformed method of appointment is fairly inaugurated. Six or eight vacancies have already been filled under its workings in the customs and postal service, and the general character and efficiency of applicants thus far promises well for the future results of the long-deferred experiment.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Studies in Science and Religion.[1]

IT would seem almost unnecessary to say that he who would discuss the relation between any two subjects must be thoroughly acquainted with both. But, unfortunately, the writers on religion and science have not usually been of this character. They have approached the subject, not in the judicial spirit, but in the spirit of the advocate. They have been either on the one hand scientists whose only idea of religion is embodied in some extreme and childish form of certain dogmas; or else, on the other, theologians who have made themselves superficially acquainted with some scientific facts only for the purpose of contesting certain conclusions, but have never appreciated the true spirit of science. Is it any wonder that the fight goes on when the combatants fight for victory, not for truth?

The author of the book before us is a notable ex-

[1] Studies in Science and Religion. By G. Frederick Wright. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1882.

ception to what we have said above. He is a profound thinker and productive worker in both these fields. He is not only acquainted with the facts of the one and the dogmas of the other, but, what is still better, he is deeply imbued with the true spirit of both. It is a hopeful sign that such men are beginning to speak—a sign that the unnatural, senseless conflict will speedily abate.

The work is not a connected and exhaustive treatise, but, as its title indicates, a series of essays written at different times, but tending in one general direction. Perhaps to the general reader it will be all the more interesting on that account. The most important subjects discussed are: The grounds of belief in scientific induction; Darwinism as an example of scientific induction; the bearing of evolution on the doctrine of final cause or design; the antiquity of man and his relation to the glacial epoch; and finally the Bible and science. These subjects are all discussed with a fairness which is as admirable as it is rare. It is impossible in a short notice to analyze these chapters. We can only give the general impression left by a careful perusal. Although an earnest Christian, our author is so in that liberal sense which is not inconsistent with, but helpful to, every other department of thought. Although an ardent scientist, he is not one of those who imagines that science exhausts the whole domain of our mental activity. Although not a champion of Darwinism, he evidently believes that some form of evolution, i. e., "the origin of species by derivation with modification," is almost certain, though he does not think that this belief imperils any fundamental religious doctrine. There is in our opinion no longer any doubt that every one of these positions is well taken and permanently tenable.

One chapter we would single out as of especial interest, and in fact a real contribution to science; viz., that on the antiquity of man and his relation to the glacial epoch. There is no subject more interesting to American geologists at this time than that of the existence and the *limits* of the ice-sheet of the glacial epoch. For all the most exact knowledge on the position of this limit we are indebted to our author, together with Professors Chamberlin, Upham, and Lewis. The terminal moraine of the ice-sheet has been traced off the shore of New England, then through Long Island, through New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, Illinois, to the Mississippi River, and thence westward and northwestward, with less certainty as to exact position, to Montana. After the extreme of the glacial epoch had passed, the ice-sheet retreated to the Great Lakes, and then advanced again to a little south of the lakes, where it left a second terminal moraine of deeply lobed form. The author admits that man witnessed the scenes of the glacial epoch, or at least the last part of it; but gives reasons for thinking that this may not have been more than ten thousand years ago. For our part, we think ten thousand years is too short to account easily for the great changes which have taken place since that time, both in organic forms and in the configuration of river-beds.

In his final chapter he touches briefly on the burning question of the Bible and science. It is needless to say his views are liberal and suggestive. But we believe that the time is not fully ripe for final adjustment here. Of one thing, however, we are meanwhile certain: good, and nothing but good, will come of the freest discussion, if only it be conducted in a reverent, truth-loving spirit.

Briefer Notice.

Surf and Wave[1] is in plan one of the most admirable verse-collections ever made; it is designed for the seaside season, and intended to contain all the best poems about the sea. Such a volume is most admirably fitted to be a pleasant seaside companion; and not only does the reader like to see poems collated with reference to subject, though the same poems may be familiar to him in the pages of their author, but also, such a collection always contains several very admirable poems from authors not, on the whole, entitled to have their poems collected, and, therefore, hardly otherwise accessible. The carrying out of the plan is perhaps less happy. The divisions of the subject are entirely fanciful, and, so far as we can find, meaningless. The selections are not perhaps the best possible; many poems are contained that seem hardly worthy, and several of the most thoroughly seaside poems in the language are omitted. Still, this is a fault that every one is sure to find with any collection of verse made by any one but himself; for it is hardly probable that two persons live in the world who would agree as to the relative rank of a hundred poems. *Surf and Wave* contains enough that is excellent to be at least pleasing to every reader. Ballads of the sea, society verses of the seaside, description, sentiment, and so on, make up its contents; every one has several favorite sea-poems, and he stands a fair chance of finding almost every one of them here.——An even better idea, and hardly as well carried out, is another collection, this time one with a specific educational purpose, *Voices for the Speechless.*[2] The compiler is secretary of the American Humane Association, and the object of the collection is the inculcation in children of humane feeling toward the lower animals, especially, we gather, through the use of this book as a school "speaker." This design is excellent: the habit of humaneness is to be acquired in childhood, if at all, and is exactly one of the habits that are most affected by the turn that is given to the feelings through reading and precept; it is a virtue that is not

[1] Surf and Wave; or, The Sea as Sung by the Poets. Edited by Anna L. Ward. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1883. For sale by C. Beach.

[2] Voices for the Speechless. Selections for Schools and Private Reading. By Abraham Firth. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

greatly in conflict with self-interest, and therefore recommends itself naturally to the child when his attention is drawn to it. Moreover, the peculiar interest that children feel in the animal world—evidenced by their love for animal stories, the absorbed attention that you can always arouse by taking up the subject of the cows at uncle's farm, or the little dog you saw on the street, or the big fishes in somebody's carp-pond—this interest makes childhood a peculiarly favorable time for the acquisition of a gentle and sympathetic habit of feeling toward the brute creation; and the importance to character of this habit of feeling, or, at all events, the ruinous effect on character of its opposite, can hardly be overrated. We are, however, sorry to find that the present collection is not happily made with reference to the minds and tastes of children. It is deficient in spirited and narrative selections—of which there was great wealth to select from—it is too much weighted with heavy reflections in prose, and in the didactic, old-fashioned verse of Pope, Cowper, Akenside, Milton. To any practical teacher of children, it will seem strange enough to find neither Mrs. Browning's Flush nor Cowper's spaniel in the collection, while seven slow, blank-verse selections represent Cowper instead; Wordsworth represented by three purely descriptive selections about bird's songs, while only a detached fragment—the last two stanzas—of "Harts-Leap Well" appear; and so on indefinitely. With the omission of much admirably adapted to the subject, there is also much included that has not the remotest bearing on it, except by unwarrantably wrenching the words from the author's intention. Purely descriptive poems about animals may have their use in encouraging indirectly a spirit of sympathy and interest; and it is natural that any one actually engaged in the work and contests of a humane society should find appropriate to the subject such poems as Faber's "O, it is hard to work for God," or Clough's "Say not the struggle nought availeth," of which there are a good many in the collection, and which were, of course, written without the faintest reference to the reform in question; but the admission of "Pegasus in Pound," or of the sparrow stanza from Emerson's "Each and All," is entirely incongruous. Nevertheless, in the hands of a skillful teacher the defects of the collection will signify little; and even in view of the rarity of skillful teachers, we still should strongly urge the book upon school libraries, parents, and all who are interested in its object, for it is the best to be had in its line, and that is a good line.——A translation of the second "cycle" of Topelius's Surgeon's Stories comes to us under the title of *Times of Battle and Rest.*[1] These stories are a series of Swedish historical romances, which follow the fortunes of one family down from generation to generation. The first cycle carried the fortunes of Count Gustaf Bertelsköld from the foundation of the family through the period of Gustaf Adolf and Christina; the second, now under review, ends Count Gustaf's life, and carries that of his son also to its end, covering the period of Charles X. and Charles XI.; the third cycle, now in preparation, will carry the fortunes of the same family through the reign of Charles XII., and the remaining three cycles will also be translated and complete the series. The style of these stories is simple and agreeable, and there is a very pleasant interest in following the fates of a family instead of an individual; it seems to give a much wider scope for the working out of complex forces, psychologic and social; it may yet become a favorite form of the philosophical novel. It gives also a good opportunity for some romantic machinery in the way of hereditary curses and blessings, family secrets, magic inherited rings. The historic value of Topelius's stories is somewhat marred for the average reader by the assumption of previous knowledge of Swedish history, natural in a Swedish writer writing for readers of his own nation. This assumption will have the effect of leaving the unlearned English reader in a constant fog about the historic background, unless he refers frequently to cyclopedia or history. Moreover, he will probably find the well-bred and restrained flow of narrative somewhat dull. They are excellent stories, however, and we are very glad to welcome the series into English.——*The Miseries of Fo Hi*[2] is a translation of a French satire on the civil service, which contains incidentally a laudation of the English system of primogeniture and hereditary legislators, a sneer at the study of the classics, and a protest against extending the functions of government. It amounts to nothing as an argument on any of these points, though it illustrates effectively the miseries of dependence upon favor and flattery to keep in office, and of being without really valuable work in the world. The incident—which is quite without bearing on the subject of the satire—of the French missionary is the only thoroughly pointed thing in the little book, and is excellent. The whole 250-odd pages are bright, and it is perhaps due to their French origin that there is not a tiresome or halting one among them.——Sunday-school literature always has to be reviewed with a sort of anxious twofold consideration of its claims as literature and its claims as moral pabulum: perhaps one might say its intellectual effect and its moral effect on the child. It is needless to say that the intellectual consideration (including the question of cultivation of taste) is pretty sure to be altogether secondary in the mind of the writer of this sort of literature. These reflections apply perhaps less than usual to *Martin the Skipper,*[3] which has the very

[1] Times of Battle and Rest. By Z. Topelius. Translated from the Original Swedish. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1883.

[2] The Miseries of Fo Hi, a Celestial Functionary. Translated from the French of Francisque Sarcey. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1883.

[3] Martin the Skipper. By James F. Cobb, F. R. G. S. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1883. For sale by American Tract Society.

great recommendation of being a book about the sea written by a member of the Geographical Society, and therefore with some real knowledge in the "local coloring." Briefly, it is a tale of adventure, a little of the Oliver Optic order, written from a definitely religious point of view. The hero is a very good boy, who goes to sea with his father at the age of sixteen, and is a very good man and in command of a large vessel at twenty-three. That there is a shipwreck (a good seaman-like one in this particular case) is of course; any boy would feel seriously defrauded to have a story of the sea without a shipwreck. A conspiracy and mutiny is almost as much of course; the following up of this by false accusation, murder trial, conviction, sentence of death, and triumphant proof of innocence at the last moment are perhaps more sensation than was to be expected; but so demurely are they all narrated that we can acquit the book of any dime-novel tendencies. In fact, we feel justified in calling it above the average of Sunday-school stories.——Colonel Waring's little horse story, *Vix*,[1] has been reprinted from "Whip and Spur," and is, it seems, to form the first of a series with the title of "Waring's Horse Stories." This first one, with which the rest will of course be uniform, is a little slip of a ten-cent book, bound in stiff brown paper.——We note receipt of several reports and monographs of interest. *Suicide*, a study of the subject in California, by L. L. Dorr, M. D., is chiefly valuable for statistical diagrams comparing the States of the Union in respect of suicide, insanity, and illiteracy, and comparing the statistics of suicide, homicide, and insanity in San Francisco during different years. According to these tables, California stands far ahead of all other States in number of suicides and next to Vermont in number of insane cases. San Francisco even shows in 1878 a higher per cent of suicides to the population than Paris. As often noticed before, there seems to be an inverse ratio between insanity and illiteracy, but suicide seems to bear no regular relation to either. The table of homicide, insanity, and suicide for San Francisco alone, during nineteen years past, shows a very traceable relation of all three to stock-gambling.——*The Glaciated Area of Ohio* is a report by Professor G. F. Wright, defining minutely the southern boundary of the ice-sheet in Ohio, embodying the results of his explorations during the summer of 1882. The point of most popular interest developed is that the ice-sheet for about fifty miles up and down the Ohio, including the site of Cincinnati, is found to have crossed over a few miles into Kentucky; and it is Professor Wright's opinion that instead of having a sub-glacial channel, the Ohio was for a short time obstructed by this glacial mass, and backed up until the present site of Pittsburg was three hundred feet under water.——*The Greek and Latin Inscriptions on the Obelisk-Crab* is one of the most scholarly monographs ever published in this country. It is a detailed report by Professor Merriam ("adjunct" professor of Greek in Columbia College) of his reading of these inscriptions. The general result of his investigation was to establish a reading of the date that had escaped both English and American interpreters, and by fixing the date of the obelisk at 13–12 A. D., to clear up a point of history on which, apparently, even Mommsen had stumbled, as to the length of certain Egyptian prefectures and military expeditions; and, as a corollary, to establish some probabilities that change our knowledge of a certain prefect and a certain architect each from a bare name to dim outlines of a man and his history. It is not, of course, of the slightest interest to the general reader to know at what date P. Rubrius Barbarus took the prefecture of Egypt, nor whether the architect Pontius went to Rome; but it *is* of the greatest interest to know how they do these things, by what painstaking scholarship the evidences of history are sifted, and how many confusing details will fall into intelligibility upon the straightening out of a single erroneous date; nor can any one of the least antiquarian taste fail to appreciate the fascinating nature of this sort of investigation, compelling facts forgotten this two thousand years out of the stone.

[1] Vix. By George E. Waring, Jr. Reprinted from Whip and Spur. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

OUTCROPPINGS.

A Spanish Captain's Account of California.

In the year 1786 Don Antonio De Alcedo, Captain of the Royal Spanish Guards and Member of the Royal Academy of History, published at Madrid a valuable book on the geography of America. He dedicated it to the "Prince of Spain," son of Charles III., and the long list of subscribers includes dukes, bishops, abbots, generals, viceroys, councilors, regidors, and various other officials of the gorgeous court. The exact title of his book is *Diccionario Geografico-historico de las Indias Occidentales ò America*. It is in five volumes.

Hardly anything is known of his life, except that he had himself visited most of the regions he describes, and that for twenty years he devoted all his leisure moments to gathering original documents relating to the subject; and from his official connections had unusual facilities for this. In his preface

he says that he examined and studied upwards of three hundred volumes of Mexican and South American records, besides archives in the libraries at Madrid (though he was not allowed complete access to all of these); and he laments a great loss that he suffered in 1734, when invaluable documents were destroyed by a fire in the Escurial. He proceeds to give a list of the Vice-Royalties, Governments, Corregimientos, and Alcaldias into which Spanish America was divided in 1784, or thereabouts. His descriptions of countries are often quite long—over forty pages, for instance, being devoted to Chili. A revised translation of Alcedo's work was published in London in 1812, but no statistics are brought down to a later date than 1802. This book, known as Thompson's Alcedo, contains, however, a good deal of additional information about the British Colonies along the Atlantic. In respect to California, Alcedo's description is left almost unchanged.

Alcedo's chapter on California refers to both the old and new divisions, and treats in a most interesting and graphic manner of the characteristics of the country and the people. Of the peninsula of Lower or Old California, the writer, after describing the barren and mountainous region overgrown with *pitajaia*, and other cactus-like plants, proceeds to give some glimpses of the inhabitants. "They gather aromatic gums from the trees, and compose drink from the crude root of the *mezcales*. They have a sort of aloes, from strips of which they make nets; and from other herbs, in a manner which is truly curious, they manufacture bowls to eat and drink out of, and troughs or trays which they call *coritas*." In reference to the pearl fisheries, he says: "The most valuable pearls in the possession of the Court of Spain were found in 1615 and 1665, in the expedition of Juan Yturbi and Bernal de Pinadero. During the stay of the Visitador Galvez in California in 1768, a private soldier in the presidio of Loreto, named Juan Ocio, was made rich in a short time by his pearl fishing on the coast of Ceralvo." (This village of Loreto was founded in 1697.)

Upper California extended from the Bay of Todos los Gantos (San Diego) to Cape Mendocino. Alcedo is led into the error of saying that San Francisco Mission, "is under the same parallel as Taos, New Mexico." He refers to Sebastian Viscaino's voyage to the coast of California (1554), and says that his maps, drawn by himself, show the whole shore line; Cabrillo's examination of the of the country was in 1542. For one hundred and sixty-seven years the Spanish failed to occupy this region. The first settlement of San Diego, Monterey, and other missions receives no additional light from the pages of Alcedo. Interesting glimpses of the rude communal life of the natives and of the authority of the mission fathers are given. "The olive," we are told, "is cultivated near Santa Barbara and San Diego, and an oil is made that is as good as the oil of Andalusia." Good wine is made in the villages of San Diego, San Juan Capistrano, San Gabriel, San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, San Luis Obispo, Santa Clara, and San Jose, and south and north of Monterey to beyond the 37° of latitude.

The Thompson Alcedo says that in the missions of Upper California between 1769 and 1802 there were 33,717 baptisms, 8,009 marriages, and 16,984 deaths. The baptisms of course include adults and children. In 1803 the population of the Intendancy of California was 15,500, of which all but 1,300 were Indians. The following extract will give an idea of Alcedo's way of describing the natural characteristics of the country:

"In the cordillera of small elevation, which runs along the coast, as well as in the neighboring savannas, there are neither buffaloes nor elks, and on the crest of the mountains which are covered with snow in the month of November, the *berrendos* with small chamois horns, feed by themselves. But all the forest and all the plains, covered with *gramina*, are filled with flocks of stags of a most gigantic size, the horns of which are extremely large. Forty or fifty of them are frequently seen at a time. They are of a brown color, smooth and without spot. It is affirmed by every traveler that this great stag of New California is one of the most beautiful animals of Spanish America." These lines show a tolerably clear conception of the Coast Range, its adjacent valleys, such as San Jose and Salinas, the snow-clad Sierras, the Sacramento clothed in wild oats, and pastured by deer and elk.

Sestina.

In far-off bowers Jove heard the nightingale,
And listening raptured to the lay she sung,
He thought there never was a sweeter song;
For that pure tone, and all but heavenly strain,
Might calm the restless fever of the heart,
Or echo find in lover's inmost soul.

"There is," cried Jove—"there surely is a soul
Within thy tender song, O nightingale,
Else it could not so deeply touch my heart
When I thus hear it through the silence sung;
As pulses on the midnight air that strain,
Death's ear might heed though deaf to earthly song."

One star-lit eve Jove heard a clearer song
Than that which first had moved his soul—
So plaintive was the burden of the strain,
And yet he knew the note of nightingale;
Alas! in prisoned blindness now was sung
The lay that once had burst from happy heart.

Upon the earth great Homer, pure of heart
(His tales of valor and his warlike song
Jove loved), then lived and nobly sung
The thought that burned within his poet soul;
Nor gladder e'en the voice of nightingale,
Than those dear lays, than that high martial strain.

But when Jove heard the simple, touching strain,
Evoked from blindness and an aching heart,
He said: "If yonder forest nightingale
In darkness sings her grandest, purest song,
Perchance such power would wake the poet's soul
To higher harmony, and lays sublime be sung."

Then sightless, by Jove's will, the poet sung,
Unwitting how the after years would strain
To read aright his fervid, earnest soul,
And guess the inner dreaming of his heart;
Tried heart that threw its sorrow into song,
Alike blind Homer and blind nightingale.

Hushed is thy song, O Grecian nightingale,
But that undying strain, so subtly sung,
Still lives in every soul, in every heart.

Florence M. Byrne.

Uncle Joshua's Extraordinary Experience.

In this age of earthquakes, cyclones, and hurricanes, we send you the following as Uncle Joshua's extraordinary experience, as related by himself:

"I'd just mounted ole Bones, and was gwine to town to buy de ole 'ooman a caliker dress, when I heard a mighty roarin', and all of a suddent I didn't know nuffin', till I found myself a sailin' fru de air a-straddle ob ole Bones. Off to my right I seed ole massa passin', hangin' onto de harrow dat was a-whirlin' in de air, and tanglin' him up in de teeth. I said: 'Old Marse, let go dat harrow'; but I'm sartin he didn't hearn me, for he staid wid it.

"Bym bye I felt a awful jolt. De wind had 'most quit blowin', and ole Bones had drapt into de fork ob a great big cotton-wood tree 'bout two hundred feet high, right on de bank ob de Mississippi, and 'fore I could 'zactly view de surroundin's, and figure out de elewated posish to which I had been prominaded, I hearn a voice say:

"'Dat you, ole man?'

"I sed, 'Yes, honey; you's all right'; for I seed she was gwine to drap in de water. When de ole 'ooman went under I 'gan to git oneasy, for she war a mighty long time a comin' up; presuntly, I seed a dark object pop up 'bout fifty yards or mo' below whar she struck, and she blowed off like a steamboat roundin' to, and struck out for de shore as if she'd bin born in de water.

"Me and her started back to de house, and—"

"But hold on, Uncle Josh; how did you get down that tree?"

"Lor! dat was easy 'nough; you knows how thick de bark grows on dem big cotton-woods; well, I jist hugged to it and cooned down. As I was tellin' you, me and de ole 'ooman went back to de house; and der wasn't no house nowhere, but missus and her two chillun (Miss Martha and her brudder Sam) had found de cellar somehow, and wasn't hurt. But ole Massa—ah, sah! it's berry sad to 'flect 'bout dat. We war fo'teen days, sah, findin' 'nough ob him to hole er inquest on."

"Uncle Josh, is not that a very breezy story?"

"I knows strangers and folks what doan't know anything 'bout harrycanes kinder suspicions it has er heap er blow 'bout it, but ef you doan't b'lieve ebery word I tells you, come right along wid me to de bank ob de ribber not ober a mile from heah, and I'll show you ole Bones's skeleton hangin' dar in de fork ob dat tree now."

"Yes; but Uncle Josh, how are we to get across the swamp?"

"We can go to de upper eend ob it and down de ribber in de skift."

"How far is it to the upper end?"

"'Leben miles, sah."

"But the river is high, and we can't row back against the current."

"O, we can go on down to de lower eend and come up on dis side."

"How far is it to the lower end?"

"Sebenteen miles, sah."

"Uncle Josh, do you ever drink anything?"

"No, sah."

"Chew or smoke?"

"My pipe's a great comfort, sah, when I has plenty ob terbacker."

We dropped a quarter in the extended palm of Uncle Josh as a broad grin and a sly twinkle of the eye lighted up his countenance, accompanied by a polite bow and the remark:

"Sarvant, sah."

L. W. S.

The Pretty Vassar Senior.

Did you on the Campus pass her?
That's the finished maid of Vassar,
Whose wisdom—like Minerva's—mighty
Blends with the charms of Aphrodite.

With language eloquent and tropic,
She can handle any topic;
And will thrill you if it suits her,
Till your heart's not worth a kreutzer.

Owner of a thousand graces,
Decked in satins, silks, and laces,
And deep diamonds that so glisten,
Forth she comes; O, let us listen.

Now your whole mind she'll be teasing
With things Asian, Roman, Grecian,
Take you through, without apologies,
All the ologies and mythologies.

She knows Shakspere's, Goethe's fancies,
New books, pamphlets, and romances—
German mind-mists pessimistic,
And that nightmare nihilistic.

Every reign and revolution,
Chemistry and evolution,
Stars and suns and epochs during
Ages past to pre-Silurian.

The very Crichton of a daughter—
She rides a horse, and rules the water—
Works at the easel, and can play
Lawn-tennis, archery, and croquet.

She can tell each tongue's declension,
Talks of azimuth, right-ascension,
And gives you tunes—there *is* no fagging her—
Of Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Wagner.

Fascinating, fawn-like creature,
Fair in form, and fine in feature,
Sweet as a zephyr from Sumatra,
A pretty, rose-lipped Cleopatra!

Joel Benton.

In Lent.

'Twas Sunday morning in the Lenten season,
A gold light blessed the day;
I, sinner, in those bright skies saw no reason
Why I should not be gay.

The matin hour was passed. In true devotion
She prayerfully had knelt,
And lightly stepped, as if a heavenly potion
To her the Lord had dealt.

If you remember, they are days of trial
And fasting all that time,
When they who seek heaven make of self-denial
The rounds by which they climb.

Her daily life is full of saintly beauty;
Her acts and words accord;
She dearly loves her church—her guide in duty—
And dearly loves her Lord.

We met and strolled by chance the city o'er;
More blessed than wont was I.
She gave me smiling words. As ne'er before
The bright, glad hours flew by.

We parted. Not a word of other meeting
Did either of us deign;
I read a promise in my own heart's beating,
Those hours would come again.

But no. The birds that whisper secrets truly
Told of her needless trial,
How, all those hours that blessed me, bore she newly
The cross of self-denial.

If Lenten season veils the heart, while duty
Makes sweetness smile on me,
Lord, let my heart ne'er yield again to beauty
The bright hours stolen from thee.

Gone are the Lenten days. Yet she no measure
Of solace doth afford.
Ah! if I were—what she doth hold a treasure—
Her church—or e'en her lord.

Geoffrey Burke.

The Dying Heroes.

Translated from the German of Uhland.

The Danish sword pressed Sweden's host
To the wild coast.
Fierce chariots dash, and north-spears gleam
In the moon's beam;
There on the death-field, dying, lay
Young Sven, and Ulf, the hero gray.

SVEN.

O Father! me e'er morning falls
The Norna calls!
Never again my mother dear
Shall smooth my hair,
And vainly, in yon lofty gate
The ancient harpers watch and wait.

ULF.

They mourn—yet us shall as of old
In dreams behold!
Be comforted! this bitter smart
Soon breaks thy heart;
Then gold-haired maidens smiling will
In Odin's hall thy beaker fill.

SVEN.

A festal-song I had begun—
'Tis all undone—
Of kings and heroes famed of yore,
Of love and war.
Forsaken hangs my harp, in vain
The wailing wind awakes each strain.

ULF.

God Odin's hall gleams warm and bright
In the sun's light;
There wander stars, and in those domes
No tempest comes.
Feasting, we with our father sit;
Raise there thy song, and end thou it.

SVEN.

Father! alas! e'er morning falls,
The Norna calls.
No symbols of high valor shine
On shield of mine.
Twelve judges throned, with one accord,
Will cast me from the hero-board.

ULF.

One valiant deed outweighs them all;
For thee they call;
Thou for thy country giv'st thy breath
In hero-death.
Behold! behold! the fierce foe flies.
To heaven above our pathway lies.

I. C. L.

THE

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DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE DRAGON.[1]

TEN hundred fresh from China, their faces turned with eager, absorbed look to the shore. So many, so close together, they made one think of the sand in the sand hills near by.

It was in the days of unrestricted immigration. The ship was a little iron ocean tramp, an irregular trader chartered by Pu Hong, a Canton merchant. The captain, a dapper little fellow, was storming about and swearing big oaths. At last he hauled in to the wharf, and everything being ready, the custom-house cordon was drawn.

Then what a scene of confusion! The hitherto silent, patient mass broke into a pyrotechnic of language. They fired monosyllabic words right and left, every man for himself; and it seemed as though the old saw would be reversed, and the Devil take the foremost. The Chinamen were anxious to get on shore. The gang-plank was not half wide enough, and, in spite of the exertions of the officers, many of them went over the sides of the ship, tossing their picturesque luggage ahead. Some had bright-colored baskets; others had their effects wound up in curiously woven matting; some in sheets or in bright-colored pieces of cotton. Some had boxes, red, yellow, brown, or canvas-covered, with bright decorative labels. Some had lacquered boxes, others had curiously inverted washbowl-hats tied up in bundles: these were to speculate with. All were in confusion, good natured, laughing at accidents; the victims loudest. Sea-legs on shore, and a slippery gang-plank, upset more than half as they came out. Bundles went one way and men another, the two indistinguishable in their Oriental coverings, till the effect was of men split in two on the gang-plank and joined together again underneath. One large fellow, with an imperial-yellow box, fell, scattering the curious contents right and left as though exploded by a bomb. He laughed, collected himself and his property, and trotted off. Finally their compassionate consul spread resin on the plank, thus removing the most fertile source of their troubles.

Soon everything was out on the wharf in apple-pie order, the bundles unrolled, the trunks and baskets opened. The Chinamen had evidently known what to expect. Their luggage contained little: seldom a change of clothing; sometimes a pair or two of their queer stockings. These are reinforced on

[1] See editorial comment.

the foot, but made only of fine cotton in the leg; they reach to the knees, where they are sometimes self-supporting, and sometimes tied with blue, red, or green silk bands. Some had brought an extra pair of shoes or a blouse, but for the most part, fearing the customs people, they wore all their clothes, even in some instances several suits, one above the other. Every one had more or less medicine: dried herbs or roots, and almost always a box of colossal pills done up in a brittle coating easily cracked off. These pills are used as a tonic like our quinine. They are also put on as a plaster, and seem a sort of universal remedy. There were half a dozen Chinese doctors on board, traveling like common coolies. These seemed to have little more medicine than the rest, and of what excess they did have, the customs officials relieved them, thus saving the population from some of their doses.

The Chinamen are great fellows for smuggling. They tie silk or opium under their arms, between their legs, or around their bodies. They weave silk into pieces of matting. They have false bottoms to baskets and trunks, occasionally a false lining to a hat; opium is sometimes put into their bamboo sticks—in short, they have a thousand devices for ingenious hiding. The best off of these passengers were sixty-two who were returning after a visit to China. Most of these wore American hats, and had red and blue American blankets; otherwise they looked like their compatriots. The dress of the mass was bright in color. Blue predominated, but all colors excepting red were represented. One stout fellow wore a sleeveless jacket of figured green; another was all in butternut; his bare legs harmonized well with his dress, and he had, moreover, a delightful brown basket in two stories that could be taken apart. Those who wore leggins or stockings tied with silk, knee-breeches, and blouses fastened on the side, were the most picturesque. Hats like inverted dishes added much to their effect. Some wore round black skull-caps with six ribs or lines, and a red button on top. One had a small red crown on his cap. Those who wore American hats had a curious fashion of tying them on with their queues: while their hair lasted, these were sure of their hats.

The customs officers were not unkind, but most of the seizures seemed unnecessary. Hardly any of them would have been made from whites. One poor fellow had brought a bed lambrequin with Chinese decorations to present to his employer in Oakland. The officers took it. Next to him was a man whose sole baggage consisted of half of a decomposing sheep. This was not confiscated. The police and customs people were very polite to us, but their evident idea was that we were looking only for what was repulsive, criminal, or what would pander to the antagonistic feeling of the masses, and one of the officers dragged me up and down over boxes and across the entire wharf simply to show to me a man with a harelip.

There were on the ship many boys—little fellows ten to eighteen years old. They seemed mature—more like little men than boys. These were mostly under contractors who were bringing them over on speculation. They were dressed like the men, except that their pig-tails were made long enough for the fashion by braiding in blue and red cotton or silk. The pig-tail regulation introduced by the Tartars is, that their appendage, without counting the tassel, must reach to the knees.

There were on board several merchants; these wore gowns fastened at the sides with small brass buttons and silk loops. The gowns were beautiful; usually of delicate-colored silks, with shaded arabesque patterns. Many of them were left open at the sides, showing white or colored trousers underneath. These were often of silk and tied at the bottom, producing an effect similar to that of the Austrian soldiers' trousers.

On the steamer's bridge stood a representative of the six companies, telling the strangers what to do. The Chinese are thoughtful of the wants of their countrymen arriving thus in a foreign and unsympathetic land, whose language they do not under-

stand. Always on the arrival of vessels with Chinamen on board, the six companies would send representatives to meet the new arrivals; these registered each man according to his province, and when the revenue ordeal had been passed, loaded them on express wagons, drays, etc., to be carried to the Chinese quarter. It reminded one of Niagara or the New York ferries to see these poor fellows seized as they came under the customs rope, with chalkmarks on their backs as well as on their luggage. Draymen pulled one way, red-shirted Irish expressmen pulled another; and the poor coolie was in despair at the wrangle till the company's man came to his rescue. Probably this custom of the six companies has given rise to the idea that it is they who imported the Chinese. This is a mistake.

When the Chinese first came to California they formed guilds or clubs, as is their custom everywhere, and segregated themselves according to the districts from which they came. From this arose the six companies, representing each one a province of Canton. Each has its president, vice-president, secretary, etc. When anything important occurs, the merchants who are the controlling element in them meet and decide what is to be done. Each company takes care of its new arrivals, defends those charged with crime, and often sends back to China its helpless and indigent. They also arbitrate and settle difficulties among their members, and allow no coolie to return to China until he has paid his debts, charging each man from two to five dollars for his release ticket. This sum is to reimburse the club or company for its charges in taking care of him on arrival, law expenses, etc. The ticket it is absolutely necessary for every Chinaman to have before he can leave the country. An arrangement with the steamboat owners enables the six companies to exact their special tax. On one side of the gang-plank of every departing steamer stands the ship's agent for his tickets, and on the other side stands the six companies' man for his. These companies are only protective. They do not import coolies.

Occasionally, Chinamen come here without engagements; sometimes they come under contract to work for a certain length of time at a small price, say five or six dollars a month. Such are, on arrival, sent out with Chinese bosses on the railroads or elsewhere, and what they earn more than the contract-price goes to the importer. Others, again, give a mortgage on themselves or on a member of their family to secure the advance of the passage-money. The mortgage generally amounts to treble the sum advanced. If this is not paid within a specified time, the persons thus mortgaged become slaves by foreclosure. Many of those imported are already slaves. The women belong almost exclusively to the latter class. The importation is done by merchants and private guilds, largely resident in China, also through Chinese agents, by our own railroad companies, and by other large corporations. These corporations by this means obtain for a certain period their labor at about one-fifth less than the ordinary price of Chinese labor in this country.

The Chinese guilds often have deadly feuds amongst themselves, and it is then only that they use our courts. They charge individuals with debt, robbery, or murder, and swear away their lives or liberty with perjured testimony. This is the greatest reproach to the Chinamen here. Their failure to comprehend the sanctity of an oath is beyond doubt. Often, before the grand jury, Chinese witnesses swear to one state of facts, while at the trial they turn about and swear to the reverse. Lawyers employed by them have frequently to answer these questions, put in a matter-of-fact way, "What you want prove?" "How many witness?" The Chinese are also very loath to testify against each other. In trials with whites or the State against them it is hard to obtain a conviction. In cases involving the Hip Ye Tong Company, it is almost impossible to secure adverse testimony. This company is composed of the highbinders, who import and own lewd women, control most of the gambling-houses, and engage in pretty much all kinds of villainy. These

men do not hesitate to raise from five hundred to three thousand dollars; and by proclamations posted on the city walls, set that price on the head of an enemy. Besides this price to be paid, they declare further stipulations. Should the murderer be arrested, the company will furnish him with lawyer and witnesses; should he be imprisoned, they will pay him so much a day while he is detained; should he be executed, they bind themselves to pay so many extra hard dollars to his family.

But to return to our new arrivals. At last in San Francisco's Chinatown, they disappear there like sugar in water, and one would never dream that there had been any addition to the population. The place is a hive that hums with humanity. The whole quarter is solid Chinese, all in Oriental costumes and long pig-tails: men in all dresses, from the silks of the richest merchant to the rags of the poorest mortgaged coolie; women with loose garments nearly identical with those of the men—gold earrings, jade amulets and rings to adorn; children padded out with clothes; the little girls, bangles on their ankles, their hair cut to a fringe in front, with long love-locks left at each ear; the boys, quiet little fellows, one or two in red, and all with a wonderful surplus of clothing, intended perhaps to represent their importance in the family.

The stores look, if possible, more Chinese than the people; all sorts of odd things in them: preserves without end, endless dried things, devil-fish, smelts, flounders, meat, clams, ducks, and innumerable shreds and strings of substances one never heard of—all dried and in little compartments. The whole appearance of the place is of Cathay. Narrow shelves run out from upper floors with flowers or piles of firewood on them; many-colored and many-shaped lanterns hang in balconies with queer lattice-work around them, and pots and vases on the edges. Swinging disks with fluttering fringes; outhouses, additions, and projections added on in irregular ways; signs—wonderful signs—mystery in characters looking at you on every side—mystery which, being interpreted, seems but little less mysterious, reading in phrases such as "The Pathway of Flowers," "The Virgin Happiness," "The Blessed Delight," etc. Most gorgeous of all is a doctor's sign. Hung around it are his certificates in large characters from cured patients—green on gold, red on gold, black on red, every possible combination of picturesque lettering in colors; above all, a pendent mass of tinsel with peacocks' feathers springing from it. The very town is denationalized. One would never guess himself to be in America. It is not only that the buildings are unrecognizable: the very smells are unrecognizable. The atmosphere itself is of Asia. The smell impression is half old fish, a suspicion of sandal-wood, and an unpleasant remainder that no man can analyze.

Standing in a doorway is a dentist smoking a brass pipe with a square bowl; opposite the bowl is a compartment for reserve tobacco. It looks a double-ender. On his nose is an immense pair of round spectacles in heavy frames; they make his head look like a cobra's; on the door is his sign—a rich affair supplemented with peacocks' feathers; dangling below are hundreds of teeth, proofs of his skill, reminding one of scalp trophies. Here is an alley where fish and poultry are sold, dried and fresh, with greens and vegetables. Everything is saved; not only the entrails and viscera, but the blood of the chickens is kept curdling in bowls.

In every street, lane, and back room is a ceaseless buzz of industry. Sewing-machines driving on shoes, on shirts, on clothes; cigar-makers, jewelers, barbers—every conceivable sort of worker, and every conceivable sort of seller. Many of the stores are even divided into two floors; sewing-machines are in full blast where a tall man cannot stand upright. On a street corner is an old scribe writing a letter for a coolie. He writes with a brush, holding it upright and working most with his little finger. Five minutes sees the letter finished and the money paid.

Twelve o'clock comes. At each stroke of the bell pour out squads of docile workmen, who go into various places for their

noon meal. One house that we saw was especially interesting. Into it went hundreds of men. For twenty minutes we watched the constant stream entering. It seemed as though the windows or roof must burst and let the human current overflow. Still they continued to pass in. Filled with curiosity, we followed, and went with the crowd up the dark stair, through a tortuous passage, into and out of a kitchen whose only light was a dim *veilleuse;* on, still on, to another passage; at one side of this was a narrow trough filled with water; into this each man silently dipped his hands, only shaking the water off; from this out on a roof hung full of fluttering clothes and surrounded by walls, then down another dark stair by crooked ways; past a cupboard where to each man was handed a bowl of tea; next into a great loft packed tight with men eating rice out of bowls. No one took any notice of us. Everything went on as though we were invisible. In so strange a place, with such strange and stolid beings, it seemed as though it must all be a dream, that nothing could be real.

We had another remarkable experience in an opium factory. Through the courtesy of a Chinese merchant we were enabled to see the preparation of opium in all its stages. The way to the factory was down a long, narrow lane between high, blank walls. Suddenly, turning to the right through a small door, we passed from the bright day into utter darkness. Groping about in passages, knocking against corners, we passed several small cupboard-like rooms, in one of which a man smoking opium was reclining on a matting-covered shelf, his head on a little wooden pillow; as usual, the only light was a wick burning dimly in a tumbler. The appearance of these smoking-rooms is weird beyond description. However small they are, they seem full of endless vistas; the whole room is dark, excepting the spot where lies the smoker's head. This is lighted into a low yellow glow, with the heavy shadows crowding in. Harmonious with the scene is the sallow, half-narcotized face; into that, also, shadows are crowding fast, and the last glimmer will soon be out.

We went on through more night into another orderly littered room where a bookkeeper was painfully casting up his accounts with paper and brush, referring often to his counting-machine of wooden knobs on wires. He was working in a twilight that had to struggle down a deep shaft and through a heavily barred window. Nearly all of the Chinese houses are thus protected by bars six inches thick, against mobs and the police; the latter, when virtue seizes them and they attempt to execute the city ordinances, being the more dreaded of the two. After a little more stumbling in narrow places we came to the opium factory.

It had been the yard between two houses, the walls of which were within ten feet of each other, and mounted high toward a distant roof. The ends were boarded up, the dim light came in through auger holes and bars. Along one side was a raised place of cement in which were many round furnaces for charcoal. Over one was an immense hammered brass bowl with opium boiling in it, the fumes curling away, and a red light underneath. On others were smaller brass dishes, in which the opium, as the water evaporated, was being kneaded by two strong, half-naked coolies. This was hard work. After about two hours, the mass becoming stiffer and stiffer, the coolies were able to form it with brass flatteners into a thick cake that adhered to the bottom of the dishes. This done, they turned the dishes upside down over the embers, and, lifting them from moment to moment, peeled off the outer skin, which, in becoming cooked, separated from the rest. Each cake in this way produced fourteen or fifteen thinner ones—an affair of making pancakes with the pan upside down.

From this place we went to several schools: some conducted by philanthropic people or missionaries; some paid by the Chinese, and one or two conducted by them. The only object of the scholars seemed to be to learn English. It was with surprise that we had observed in our wanderings not a single in-

dividual reading a book or a paper. Few of the Chinese here read enough of their own language to enjoy a work in Chinese; still, one would expect to find some interested in literature, if not in their own, in the English. But no; not one was reading. The truth is, the Chinese are not nearly so intellectual a race as is supposed. They are quick, industrious, frugal, cunning, imitative. When literary, they are scholastic, but not broad or brave: dogmatists, not investigators.

One of the most interesting men we met here was the physician of an English steamer, a Chinaman who had graduated in a Canton college conducted by Europeans, and had subsequently passed an examination in Hong Kong, and obtained an English diploma. He was dressed in mauve silk, with long gown and queue, in striking contrast with the rough English officers. He was very bitter against the Tartar government, saying that it had caused the present stagnation in China. He was also outspoken about several simon pure Chinese doctors, who were amongst the ship's steerage, passengers from Hong Kong. It seemed that they did not understand the circulation of the blood, could perform no surgical operations requiring cutting, and altogether practiced quackery. One of them had usurped a case being treated by this doctor himself, which doubtless added animus to his remarks.

From the schools we went to the principal Chinese Merchants' Exchange. The room was as neat as a pin, as are all the Chinese stores and clubrooms—and for that matter, the whole quarter, considering its crowded condition, is not so bad as pictured. It is infinitely better than the tenement quarters in New York; and the smells, though peculiar and not pleasing, are not so altogether and solidly intolerable as those of the gorged garbage-barrels of Manhattan. On the walls of the Exchange were strips of writing and pictures, one of which represented two smiling friends with arms around each others' necks; one held grain and oil, the other a dish of gold. This picture was to show the advantages of trade. In another place was a placard in Chinese, announcing a fine of ten cents for every pound short in underweight packages. Our merchant friend informed us that this had the desired effect in stopping cheating. Around the room were ranged curiously carved chairs and narrow, high tables, all made of dark Calcutta wood. The lower end of the room was latticed off from the rest by an odd-patterned lacquerwork. In this nook was the joss in a gilt-tinseled altar; peacocks' feathers all about; tall candlesticks; vases, some flowers, but no images; deep in the center the word "Confucius," with a heavy brass censer in front of it, in which smoldered burning sandal-wood that, together with the dim lamp overhead, gave a religious scent and stamp to the place. Every company, every shop, even every gambling hell or den of Cyprians, has its joss. The theory is, as our friend explained it: "You ketch heap joss, all lighty. Devil no can come." The Chinese usually translate their word "Ki," spirit, into our Devil. Of spirits they have the greatest dread. Every house in China has a dead wall in front to keep them out, the idea being that spirits cannot turn sharp corners.

Over the inner door of the Exchange was a gilded frame, deeply carved and surrounded by a golden dragon. In this was a letter from the Emperor of China, constituting this *hong* the governors of the Chinese in California. The first thing the Chinese do when they come in any numbers to a country is to form *hongs*, or societies. These constitute the governing power amongst them, and control all affairs pertaining to their colony. We visited two or three of these societies, and were particularly well treated in the Sam Yup Company room, where we conversed with several intelligent merchants. This is one of the six about which so much is heard.

We spent the quarter part of our night in wandering about in the Chinese quarter. The hum of industry was still going on. We saw jewelers at work, each man at his table; an iron saucer containing oil fixed on a rod, and a handful of pith wicks gathered

at one side. These burning, furnished light, also, by the use of a blow-pipe, the heat for soldering. One man, in cotton breeches only, was hammering out a bar of gold. Behind all was a fat controller watching from an odd little curtained house built in the room. The next shop was a barber's. Here were men in all stages of tonsorial manipulation, being washed, having their heads shaved, their ears cleaned with a fine long wire, and their queues plaited: the latter a delicate process, for silk tresses have to be insensibly woven in to obtain the fashionable length of the queue. Some of the customers had splendid long scalp-locks hanging to the waist, and, by reason of the plaiting, very wavy.

Hearing a great din of gongs and a sound like bagpipes, the latter produced by the Chinese clarionet, we looked up the cause. We found that the noise was in honor of the holy time of the Young Wo Company, and would last three days. In a little crowded temple, where roast pig, rice cakes, etc., were set in profusion before the images, were three priests in scarlet, with black borders on their gowns, and black caps with gold buttons on their heads. They went through curious ceremonies, waving live chickens before the heroes or gods; consecrating their mouths by rapid movements of charmed wands, they tasted water, rice wine, or some other of the delicacies, and then spat out at the images what they had taken into their mouths; every now and then large paper effigies of men on horseback were taken out and burned. Behind the crimson-clad priests stood their acolytes in blue, with brass knobs on Tartar hats. The acolytes did the genuflections, prostrations, bumping the head on the ground, etc. On the outer wall of the temple was a red placard, thirty feet square, covered with the names, in Chinese characters, of those who had contributed to the sacrifices.

Next we went to the theater. The long, narrow room was jammed with men till they flooded over and crowded the stage. On one side was a gallery for the women, amongst whom were several children. Only the lower class of women go to the theater in China. In fact, the theatrical profession is looked upon as of a most degrading character. Women are very rarely employed on the stage; their parts are usually taken by men. The theater opens at five and closes at midnight, without any reference to the plays. If one ends between times, they commence another. About half an hour after our arrival one play ended, and we had the good fortune to see finished a little moral piece lasting out the allotted time. It told the tale of the love of a student for a slave girl; he becomes acquainted with her in a rain-storm by offering her the shelter of his umbrella. The girl, of course, gets into trouble as soon as her mistress finds out how affairs stand. She is beaten unmercifully and turned into the street. This is her culminating misfortune, as in China every one must be attached to some family: a slave has had all natural ties severed, and belongs when sold to the purchasing family. If slaves are freed and not reinstated in their native clan, it is the greatest misfortune that can befall them—one thus freed being cut off from the world and having no social standing whatever. So the girl sees her father die of grief because he is too poor to take her back, and she and the boy go through a series of heart-rending but edifying horrors to the end of the play. It is curious that freedom should be considered a misfortune anywhere in the nineteenth century. The play was partially chanted and partially spoken. The music we found much more endurable than it is usually thought to be, suiting well the action of the play. Naturally, in warlike or bombastic parts it is not agreeable, but the chants were often delicate and harmonious. Absence of scenery is made up by gorgeousness of dress.

During the latter part of the night we went through the slums of Chinatown: into the alleys, the opium-cellars, the crowded houses, into all the places the detectives show as low and bad. We saw wickedness, but not disorder; vice, calm and undisguised, apparently not thinking itself in the wrong. In the alleys were the women,

behind their little grated windows—poor women, most of them owned by masters who force them to earn money in a dreadful way. Some are actually slaves, others are under contract for a series of years; only a very few are free.

The social condition of China is very difficult for us to realize. One thousand years ago, two Arabian travelers visited the country and kept a diary. Their descriptions apply equally to the conditions of to-day; so also the story of Marco Polo: it is the story of the present. The deposits within the artificial banks of the river Hoang Ho indicate that the country has been in close cultivation for nine thousand years. Their civilization also became fixed thousands of years ago. We cannot get into our heads the intensity of conservatism induced by these conditions. To change a Chinaman or his customs is next to impossible. The laws and social make-shifts which have been found necessary for our temporary overcrowding have become with these people mental traits. In the cellars and in the house-tops is the Chinese population; thousands of them in a single house. They have no beds like ours, only shelves or bunks, with a blanket rolled up on one side ready for use. It is like nothing so much as the forecastle of a ship. The officers have testified under oath to taking twenty men from a sleeping-room eight by twelve feet in size. This massing is with the Chinese a second nature. It is not only the poor workman forced to it who thus crowds, but it is equally the rich merchant. These live in the same quarter and same houses as the others; all of them have one good trait: they eat with their employees. Once while visiting a merchant whom we knew, we arrived just as a boy was drawing curtains before the door. This is always done at meal-time. The merchant and his men were seating themselves to a frugal meal within reach of the counter; yet this gentleman had only a few days before purchased seventy-four thousand dollars' worth of goods from a single house and paid cash for them. In the provincial cities they mass together just as in San Francisco. Even in the mountains, where we found a colony of one hundred and fifty of them washing a Yuba River bar for gold with old-fashioned rockers, it was the same. In a locality where there was unlimited space, they had crowded themselves into a nest that would have been restricted for a chicken-yard. So also in the isolated Chinese fishing villages on the coast: usually there is not a house within miles of them; still they herd themselves and their shanties till there is scarce a crooked path to get between, often even crowding out into their clumsy junks, whose unhandy rig they are too conservative to change.

All their institutions, from their religion to their language, are of the primitive types, amplified but unchanged. Their religion is ancestor-worship. The images in the joss-houses are of heroes, sages, and emperors. An abstract idea of God few if any Chinese have. It is a religious necessity to have a son to perform the requisite rites to one's spirit after death. This necessitates the family, upon which is based the whole theory of government. The father has complete control over his wife or wives, children, and slaves. He may chastise them, shut them up, or sell them into slavery. Even killing one of them is but a venal offense, as the following quotation from the penal code of China will show:

> "Whoever is guilty of killing his son, his grandson, or his slave, and attributing the crime to another person, shall be punished with seventy blows and one and a half years' banishment."—Sec. ccxciv.

The penalties for this, as for many other crimes, may be commuted by money. So the father and clan are held responsible, and often terribly punished for the deeds of members. The government is an absolute one on a patriarchal basis. Their maxim says: "As the Emperor should have the care of a father for his people, a father should have the power of a sovereign over his family." This system affects the character of the people. Very few persons in China being independent, they have acquired as a nation a docile disposition, a reverence for recognized authority, and a patience under

injustice and hardship that no free race can have. These qualities make them agreeable household servants: especially are they pleasant in this capacity if allowed to carry on the petty peculations so universal amongst them. Contractors for large undertakings like them too, for they can be packed in cars like sheep, and moved about or stored in quarters impossible for ordinary laborers. For light work, such as children or women perform, they are economically and easily handled; for heavy work they are not so good.

The traits of Chinese character are doubtless partially due to the peculiar system of slavery prevalent in that country. The power of the father to sell his children is very generally exercised. D. H. Bailey estimates the slaves in China at fifty millions. Chief Justice Smale, in his crusade against the Chinese slave-trade which had grown up in the British colony of Hong Kong, says he was horrified to find that a colony growing up on a barren island, after thirty odd years of British law, should contain ten thousand slaves in a total population of 120,000; that kidnaping cases should be of daily occurrence, and Chinese placards for the return of runaway slaves be found on every dead wall in the town. This shows how impossible it is to control the Chinese by any of our laws. If the British could not do it with their laws, we may well doubt our capacity for the task. In a free government it is most difficult to execute laws against the social usages of any homogeneous part of the population. Amongst the Chinese colonies in this country, whose members regard us in such matters as though we did not exist, it is about impossible. In the Chinese quarters of California, one sees the cubic-air, the health, and the fireor dinances continually violated, and, what is most extraordinary, slavery existing among us who have spent so much blood and treasure in a supposed extirpation of that institution.

Some extracts from the penal code of China will indicate something of the status of slaves in that country:

"1. All slaves who are guilty of designedly striking their master shall, without making any distinction between principal and accessories, be beheaded.

"2. All slaves striking so as to kill their masters shall suffer death by a slow and painful execution." —Sec. cccxiv.

"A slave guilty of addressing abusive language to his master shall suffer death by being strangled at the usual period."—Sec. cccxxvii.

The Chinese merchants of Hong Kong deprecated the sudden activity of the English against their slave system, and sent a long petition, setting forth their views. The whole of it is intensely interesting; I will venture to quote a few sentences:

"In consequence of the propinquity of this Colony of Hong Kong to Canton, the custom of which province is to permit the people of the various places in the province to frequently sell their daughters and barter their sons, that they may be preserved from death by starvation, the usage has become engrafted on this colony also. . . . .

"In China, amongst the evils heretofore existing, the custom of drowning superfluous female infants has been rife. . . . .

"If, as to the buying and selling of male and female children, the custom be terminated, irrespective of any considerations, it is to be anticipated with sorrow that on a future day the custom of infanticide will of a certainty receive an impetus hitherto unknown."

The worst form of Chinese slavery is that of young girls from ten years of age upwards. From three to four thousand of this miserable class are now living in California. They constitute, with a few exceptions, the female Chinese population of the State. I have talked with some of these, and heard their sorrows, but their awe of their masters and of the relentless highbinders prevents them from daring to accept aid in an escape. Most of them do not understand the possibility of such a thing. Occasionally one runs off with a Chinaman, or turns up all bruises at the missions or police court; but their masters usually get them again by false testimony or misinterpretation. The terror in which Chinese interpreters live makes this possible. About half of these linguists have thus far lost their lives by acting honestly in cases opposed to the highbinders. Their fate has generally been to be chopped to pieces by hatchets. Out of the Chinese

slave system has also grown a sort of polygamy or legalized concubinage. The boys of all the wives have an equal standing before the law; as for the girls, a Chinaman never counts them as children. When asked how many children he has, the number he mentions will refer to his boys; they do not speak of the girls. We saw several second and third wives. Nearly all the rich Chinese merchants in California have two and sometimes three or four.

This foreign population of the State is altogether an anomalous one. It consists almost wholly of adult males. Of these there are nearly one hundred thousand—about the same number as the adult male whites; so, as far as productive or arms-bearing power is concerned, we are half and half—half American and half Chinese. No people should be admitted in any numbers to this country to whom we cannot give the full benefit and privileges of our institutions. The suffrage is the root of them all. No thinking man, acquainted with the Mongolians in California, advocates the extension of this privilege to them. Scarce a Chinaman in ten thousand can understand an abstract idea in our language. I have never met one who could. They do not read our literature or papers; and their materialism, clannishness, venality, and apathy to everything here except the receipt of sufficient money to leave the country, together with the system of personal mortgage, which places them so much under the control of their guilds, would render them unfit voters. There are so many adult Chinese here that a grant of the suffrage to them would give them, also, control of every election. Their vote would go in a block, and the elections would be transformed into auctions, in which success would be to the highest bidder. Some think that the adulteration of the suffrage has gone far enough: certain it is that the enfranchisement in California of so large an ignorant and venal population would be nothing less than a calamity.

These people are not immigrants; they are only visitors. While here, they live in homogeneous societies in every town in the State. They live under their own laws and customs as completely as though at home in their own country. They demand wages just less than the whites; so, of course, in periods of distress it is the whites who lose employment. From this cause discontent arises, often ending in bloodshed. The white race, strongest in combative power to preserve itself, fights the yellow race, strongest in close living. Every one laments this unfailing incident in the meeting of strong and weak people, but the part of wisdom would be to prevent the conditions causing it. All minorities of homogeneous people living in countries with, but not of, the controlling power have been ill treated by the masses and indifferently protected by the governments under which they lived. It is to be expected that such will always be the case. A compact foreign body in a nation is a source of weakness and danger. Self preservation being the first law of nature, such bodies must expiate their offense against the community they threaten.

The Chinese have been eminent sufferers from this law. In Saigon, Siam, Singapore, Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Manilla, Australia, here—in fact, wherever they have gone—restrictions have been put upon them and they have been hardly used. In Borneo, Batavia, and Manilla they have been massacred—in Manilla repeatedly so; on one occasion, the whole Chinese population of that colony, twenty-five thousand, were destroyed. The massacre in Batavia was caused by a conspiracy against the government. It occurred about the time the Dutch lost their prosperous colony of Formosa. The Chinese went to that island after the Hollanders were well established. Eventually becoming powerful enough, they killed the whites scattered in the country, and, after a nine months' siege, captured the forts, which have since remained theirs. In Borneo their troubles began through a partly executed conspiracy to massacre all the natives in Sir James Brooks's little kingdom of Sarawàk; but the tables were turned, and it was the Chinese who were exterminated. In other countries where they have gone,

trouble has always occurred. It is for our statesmen to meditate on this record.

The most objectionable feature of the presence of the Chinese in California is their effect on our own people. The poor native whites are in a more unsound moral and industrial condition than in any other Northern State. It reminds one of the condition of affairs in the South in slavery times, and the cause in both instances is doubtless the same. Once while traveling in the foothills we stayed at a little house, where the woman keeping it was much overworked; but she said she could obtain only Chinese help. There were plenty of poor white girls in the neighborhood in want of money, but when asked to take any menial position they uniformly replied that they were not going to do a Chinaman's work. It was the same in old times in the South; there it was the negro slave who degraded labor. The effect of the Chinese in California has been to degrade labor, to weaken the political body, and to injure morally, in the broad sense of that word, both the rich and the poor. They are a most undesirable people for us to open our doors to: any people must be that will not amalgamate with us.

If, however, contrary to all experience, such an amalgamation should take place, it would be like two rivers I knew well in my school days. Their currents met, and, to my childish delight, ran side by side, unaltered, for many miles—the clear blue Rhone and the muddy Arve. At last the contest ended. One conquered: it was the mud.

Abbot Kinney.

A CHRISTIAN TURK.

I LIVE on the corner of a village street, and directly opposite is the dwelling of Mr. Ferreti—a pretty white cottage with a porch in front half hid by honeysuckle vines. The front yard is laid out in beautiful flower beds, where many plants bloom luxuriantly; and every morning and evening Mr. Ferreti may be seen watering and cultivating them with assiduous care. In the rear of the cottage are many fine fruit trees and grape-vines; and beyond them a poultry-yard which seems to require considerable attention from its owner.

My neighbor and I were on friendly terms, though all that I knew about him could be summarized in a few words: he was a tailor, and a Turk. A dingy sign-board informed the village people of his business, and through the window I could often see him seated on his table busily sewing. He himself informed me of his nationality, and the assertion was emphasized by the red fez that he wore constantly. He was a short man with a dark complexion, dark hair, and fiery black eyes.

Mr. Ferreti was not a popular person; in fact, he had few friends, for he was of a jealous, suspicious disposition; he seemed to be always troubled with a fear that some designing person would seek to deprive him of his property. Though he was a Turk, I think he had abandoned the Mohammedan religion.

Diagonally opposite my home was an unoccupied house in a state of general dilapidation. It had been deserted for a long time, but one day a strange family arrived and took up their abode there. There was an old man and an old woman, both short of stature, and with faces deeply wrinkled; they were apparently husband and wife. Another old woman, tall, bony, and haggard, seemed to officiate as housekeeper. The fourth and last person was a girl who seemed about sixteen years of age. She was of small figure, and remarkably quick in her movements. Her hair was decidedly red, and flew about in a way that seemed to defy subjection; her face was thin and very much freckled, and her eyes were very large, keen, and dauntless. In the course of a few days I learned that the name of the family was

Priggs, and that the daughter was called Lucine. The latter name seemed absurd enough at first, but I soon came to regard it as quite appropriate.

Every morning at six o'clock there would arise a great bustle in the stranger's house. The chimney would send forth smoke, and the tall, wild-eyed housekeeper would be seen hurrying about in discharge of her duties. At seven, the little old man and his wife would hurry away to the depot, and take the early train to the neighboring city, returning at seven in the evening. They always carried with them a small valise, and it was a matter of great speculation to the gossips of the town what their business could be. After the old man and his wife were gone, the housekeeper would disappear and remain invisible the entire day.

The effect produced upon Mr. Ferreti by this new arrival was extraordinary. He seemed to believe that it was the development of a plot against his peace and welfare. I occasionally saw him standing in the shade of his honeysuckles, and watching, with an apprehensive air, the people across the way. For some days I think his flowers suffered from lack of care. Then he consulted a carpenter, and had heavy wooden shutters put on his windows that faced toward the new neighbors, and afterwards appeared somewhat reassured.

Not many days had elapsed before the girl attracted my attention. While the other members of the strange family were very shabby, she was dressed richly, but gaudily and without the least taste. I had seen a piano carried into the house when the family came, and twice a week a pale lady came to give the young barbarian a music lesson. Then would be heard desperate attempts at scales, a jangle of discords, and finally a series of crashes, followed by the teacher's departure with despondent looks. The girl, having thus disposed of an irksome duty, would come out, vault lightly upon the gate-post, and sit there, viewing with apparent interest the beautiful garden of Mr. Ferreti.

One afternoon as I sat at my table writing, I saw my Turkish neighbor come into his garden with a hoe and watering-pot, wearing his red fez as usual. In a moment I heard a peculiarly shrill voice calling:

"Hullo, red-head! Hullo, red-head!"

Looking out, I saw Lucine sitting on the gate post, repeating at intervals her rather questionable salutation. Mr. Ferreti ignored her presence for a time, though he was evidently ill at ease. At last he said severely:

"Little girl, go away. You are rude. Go away."

Then he retired to his house with great dignity.

That night he came over to see me, and began to recount his troubles.

"I haf been so mad to-day," he sighed. "Dat girl over here—she is rude—she is saucy. She sit on the post of the gate, and say to me: 'Hullo, red-head.' O, I feel all hot, like fire inside. She call me red-head, but her head is more red than mine. Ah, I vas so mad!"

"Why, Mr. Ferreti," I replied, "she is but a child, and you should not notice her. Children will be children. Perhaps she is not taught to do better, for you see her parents go away every day. Children sometimes say saucy things to me on the street, but I do not mind them. I keep cool."

"Ah! you Americans are always cool. I wish I could be so. But no; anything like dat make me burn inside. I could take the whip — the pistol — but there is the law. There should be law that children should not be rude. I say to myself, 'Can this be America, where a man cannot go in his garden without getting insult?'"

And with that he departed in deep affliction.

The next day I saw Lucine, attired in a red silk dress, busily engaged with a coffee-pot and fire-shovel in cultivating a consumptive rosebush that grew, or rather existed, in their yard. She was so interested in her new occupation that she positively refused to take her lesson when the music-teacher came, and that unfortunate lady went away with an expression of joy on her pale face.

The rosebush received a great deal of attention for a week, and then something new agitated the Priggs residence. One morning the old man and his wife went away as usual, but instead of the deathlike silence which usually fell upon the place, there arose a clamor of voices, the shrill tones of Lucine predominating. They ceased presently, and, wondrous to relate, the chimney again sent forth a cloud of smoke. About two hours afterwards, I saw Lucine in earnest consultation with one of the neighbors' girls; then she entered the house, and soon reappeared, bearing an object covered with a snow-white cloth. The girl took it very carefully, and went across the street to Mr. Ferreti's gate, while Lucine retired to a window where she stood watching. The girl had hardly reached the gate, when Ferreti came hurriedly down the walk and met her. A short parley ensued, during which he waved her away in the most emphatic manner, and she returned to Lucine. Immediately Lucine came out, banged the gate, flew across the street, and planted herself in front of Ferreti's house.

"You red-headed fool!" she cried, shaking her fist at the house; "come out here and I'll tell you what I think of you. Come out, or I'll come in there."

She tried the gate, but it was fastened in some way. Then Mr. Ferreti leaned forward from his table, and opened the window.

"Ah, little *cat!* Ah, little *cat!*" he said; "Go away. I would not hurt you. Go home right away."

Lucine stood on the gate. "Ain't you ashamed of yourself, you unpolite old scissors-snipper; after all the trouble I took—"

"Ah, little red *cat!*" cried Mr. Ferreti, with a black scowl; "your tr-r-r-r-rouble vas failure dis time!" He reached up quickly, and took down a long, ancient horse-pistol, cocked it, and took deadly aim at Lucine.

She did not move. "Who's afraid?" she said, throwing her head on one side, and pouting her lips.

Mr. Ferreti lowered his pistol, and shut his window with a bang; and Lucine, after reflecting a moment, slowly returned home.

That evening Ferreti came over to see me.

"Ah!" he said, with a deep sigh, "I do not feel well. To-day I haf trouble again. I haf insult. Dis morning I see one little girl come to my gate with something covered with a cloth, a white cloth. I know not vat it vas, so I go to the gate and I say:

"'Ah, little girl! what haf you there?'

"She say, 'It is a nice pie that Miss Lucine send to you, and she hope you will like it.'

"I say, 'Give to Miss Lucine my thanks, my gratitude, but take the pie back again, and say I haf no use for such things.'

"Then the girl go back, and soon Miss Lucine run over and stand on my gate, and call me 'red-head fool.' Oh, I vas so mad! I open my window and say, 'Little *cat*, go home.' Still she talk, so I point my pistol at her, but she vas not afraid; then I shut my window, for I did not wish to hurt her, and she go away. Why did she send the pie to me? She is not my friend. How can I know that it is all right? With my friend—with you, for instance—it is different. I would sit at your table, I would eat of your food, and place my life in your hands; but we would not do dat with a stranger; so when the girl send a pie to me, I think there vas something wrong."

I felt some surprise at this outcropping of mediæval ideas, but tried to convince him that the pie was sent out of simple motives of kindness. In spite of all I could say, however, he went away with an expression of doubt on his face; and I did not know but he thought me a partner in the plot.

Soon afterwards I used frequently to see Lucine standing at Mr. Ferreti's fence watching him as he tended his flowers. He took no notice of her, and she did not speak to him. One evening she ventured to climb to the top of the post at the corner of the fence, and from that elevated seat observed his operations with greater ease. She sat with her hands folded in her lap, and with an expression of deep interest on her face. Presently Mr. Ferreti saw her, and stood for a moment aghast. Then he seemed to

make up his mind that the time had come for action.

"Girl, get down and go home."

"I ain't hurtin' nothin'," was the imperturbable answer.

"Go away immediately. I might *hurt* you. You would not like to be *hurt.*"

"I want to see you water the flowers."

"Go *home,* I say!"

"I won't!"

Mr. Ferreti grasped a hoe and advanced toward her with hasty steps. She turned a little pale, but did not move. Ferreti paused within two paces of her and stood surprised and irresolute. They conversed in a low tone for a few moments, and then he retired to the house and shut the door, leaving Lucine mistress of the situation.

After that, Lucine made the fence-post her throne every evening. She always opened a conversation of which I could hear portions, like the following, Ferreti generally answering one question out of half a dozen:

"What's that thing with the red flower? Who laid out your garden?"

"I did," answered Ferreti.

"How long did it take you to do it? Where did you learn to garden?"

"In Rome."

"Rome! O-o-o-oh!" A silence.

"Where's Rome?"

"In Italia."

"Where's 'Talyah'?"

"In Europe."

"How big is Europe?"

No answer.

"Are you a Frenchman?"

"No."

"What are you?"

No answer. And so on.

One evening Lucine mustered all her courage and boldly walked into Ferreti's garden when he was watering his flowers. That roused him to a last desperate effort. He caught her by the arm and both came flying out of the gate like a whirlwind. Then she sat down on the ground as the best way of stopping her headlong career, and he sprang back inside and fastened the gate. With three leaps she cleared the fence and was in the garden again. He darted one look at her, then turned away and took up his watering-pot. Having gained an entrance, she walked about examining the plants and flowers with great delight. Every evening afterwards she was there, and after a time I occasionally heard him talking to her.

One night he called on me. He seemed preoccupied, and it was a long time before he broached the real object of his visit. At last he began:

"Dat girl over here make me great trouble. She is not a bad girl, but she come in my garden every night. I try to make her go away, but she come all the same. I lock my gate—she climb over the fence. She walk around and ask me questions, but I do not care for dat very much. Dat girl is smart, but she has not been much to school. But now I think dat it is not right for the girl to come there. In Europe it would be considered not proper. It would be very bad. In America it is different, but still the people will look from their windows and talk. I like not to haf the people say bad things about dat girl; but what shall I do? Shall I stay in my house? My flowers will die. They must haf water. What shall I do?"

"Mr. Ferreti," I replied, "go to Mr. Priggs and ask him to use his authority to keep his daughter at home."

"His what? Use—eh?"

"Ask him to keep his girl at home."

"O—but what good? I think the girl do just what she like."

"It would do no harm to try."

"No, it would do no harm. I shall try it."

The next morning I saw my afflicted friend accost Mr. Priggs as he left his gate. Ferreti with tragic gestures seemed to recount his troubles, and Mr. Priggs replied with an abject, deprecating attitude. The results of the conference were not apparent, for Lucine appeared with great regularity in the garden.

One evening my friend did not appear among his flowers. His door was closed, and the shutters all fastened. He had

either gone away, or else beaten a retreat and intrenched himself. Lucine appeared at the usual hour, but waited in vain for Mr. Ferreti; and after walking about and calling a few times she went home.

About nine o'clock the door was opened cautiously, and Ferreti appeared, carrying a lantern and a watering-pot. He came down amongst the flowers. Then a figure stole along the fence, the gate clanged, and a shrill voice said:

"Where you been? What makes you so late?"

Then I heard a series of ejaculations in an unknown language. It was evidently a wail of despair, and after that Mr. Ferreti submitted to his fate.

About a week afterwards, my friend came to see me again. He appeared like a changed man. His face beamed with good nature, and he talked gayly and laughed constantly. He did not once mention Lucine nor his troubles.

He brought me as a present two bottles of wine. He set them on the table, and then asked for a corkscrew and glass. When they were brought, he opened both bottles, and drank a little wine from each.

"There," he said, as he replaced the glass on the table, "I haf tasted the wine. You may know it is all right."

"Confound your heathenish customs," thought I.

Mr. Ferreti having performed his duty in regard to the wine, entered into conversation, in the course of which he recounted many incidents of his travels, and informed me of many customs of European countries. In return, he desired me to enlighten him in regard to some American customs, which I did as well as I could. He departed in high spirits, and that evening I saw him pick the finest rose in his garden and give it to Lucine; at which I wondered not a little, for Ferreti was usually very miserly with his roses.

On my return home one afternoon, I was surprised on entering my sitting-room to find Mr. Ferreti and Lucine. They arose as I entered. Ferreti held an open paper in his hand.

"My friend," he said, as he advanced leading Lucine, "it is with pleasure that I introduce my wife, Madame Ferreti."

"Is it possible!" I said in astonishment.

"Ah! you are surprise," cried Ferreti, laughing, "but it is true. See, I have the deed—the bond"; and he held out the marriage certificate.

"I congratulate you both, and wish you a great deal of happiness. This is so unexpected that it did surprise me."

"It is done a little quick, but it could be no other way. Lucine like the flowers, and she please me with the questions. What could we do better? We go away and are married. But still we have a little difficulty. I say to Lucine before we are married: 'Shall we not tell your parents? Shall we not haf the wedding feast?'

"She say: 'My father cares nothing for me. My mother give me fine clothes, and she buy me a piano; but I do not care for such things. They eat little that they may save money. They say nothing to me, but go away every day, and at night count money. At home I see nobody all day but my aunt, who smokes a pipe that makes her sleep. Why should I tell my parents? Would they stop counting money to make a wedding feast? Would my aunt leave her sleepy pipe that she loves better than anything? No, never. It is ridicule. I am eighteen years old, and I can do as I please.'

"So we tell nobody, but go away and are married. Now we sall go and tell them, and would wish you to go with us, if you will be so kind."

So I accompanied my friends to Mr. Priggs's residence, when that mysterious gentleman and his wife returned from the city. Mr. Ferreti led the way with his wife on his arm. In the other hand he held the open marriage certificate fluttering in the breeze. I followed, feeling much amused at the whole affair.

We found Mr. Priggs and his wife in the front room, and presently the wild, haggard face of the housekeeper appeared at the kitchen door. They all stood in silent

amazement at our appearance. The room was furnished with a few rude chairs and a dilapidated sofa; and in sharp contrast to these, a fine piano stood at one side. There were no books, no pictures, no ornaments of any description.

"Mr. Priggs and madam," said Ferreti, gravely saluting them, "I haf the honor to announce that your daughter Lucine has become my wife, and is now Madame Ferreti. We were married to-day, as the bond will show."

There was silence for a moment. Then the old man said in a lachrymose tone, as he nursed one hand in another: "Is that so? Is that so?"

"Here is the bond," said Ferreti.

There was another silence.

"I am very poor," said the old man, in a whining tone; "I can't give her any money, any goods; nothing at all."

"I ask nothing," said Ferreti, proudly; "I haf my house, my vines, my trees, my flowers. We sall be happy. I haf the honor to say good by."

They turned to go, when Mrs. Priggs caught Lucine by the hands, and there was a trace of tears on her leathery face as she said, in a dazed way:

"Little Lucine married! It can't be. It can't be. Why, she's but a child—"

"Tut, tut," whispered the old man anxiously, taking her arm; "it is done now."

Ferreti silently held aloft the marriage certificate.

"But little Lucine must have something," said the poor old woman in a broken voice, while the tears rolled down her cheeks. "We must give her—"

"O-o-o-o-o!" cried the old man, with a hypocritical expression of woe. "We are so poor. Shall we give her a broken chair? See the tinkling piano you *would* hire. We cannot pay the rent. The good, kind husband will provide all things."

Lucine seemed overcome with astonishment at this unusal expression of feeling on the part of her parents; but they now relapsed into silence, and we took our departure.

The next day Mr. Priggs and his wife did not go to the city. The day after, they packed their scanty furniture, and silently stole away in the early morning. No one knew where they went.

Mr. Ferreti and Lucine live happily together. Every evening they talk and laugh in the garden as they water the flowers. I often see them taking their tea on the porch under the honeysuckles.

Not long ago I was in the city, and while I was talking to a friend on the street, two remarkable persons passed us. One was a little old man with a wrinkled face, who appeared to be blind. His faltering steps were guided by a little old woman who was very lame. From curiosity I asked my friend who they were.

"A pair of beggars who have frequented these streets for many years. Humbugs, I dare say. They ought to be as rich as Crœsus by this time."

In spite of their disguise and affected infirmities, I recognized Mr. Priggs and his wife.

C. E. B.

SONG.

O WIND, stir not;
  O singing bird, be still;—
Let but this surging love
    The senses fill.

O stars, be fixed;
  O day, forget to dawn—
Since night hath seen
    Love born.

E. B. P.

CENSUS OF OUR INDIAN POPULATION.

ONE may get interesting and important views of "the Indian problem" from the standpoint of the United States census for 1880, aided by a study of the annual reports of the Office of Indian Affairs for 1879, 1880, 1881, and 1882. The Compendium of the Tenth Census (1880) has at last come to hand in the shape of two ponderous octavo volumes of nearly one thousand pages each. The delay in publication is attributed to the immense amount of statistics gathered, and the inadequacy of appropriations by Congress. It is foreign to our present purpose to attempt a review of these volumes. A leading object of the writer of this article is to cull from this immense pile of statistics, furnished both by the Census Office and Indian Office, such statistical facts, dry but important, as pertain to the Indian problem in our own State, and to compile a series of tables and other statistics, and place them in print—not in the columns of a daily newspaper to be used on the morrow for kindling the household fire, but in a magazine which can be bound and preserved for future reference. They are intended to become the basis for future practical operations in solving the Indian problem in the several counties of the State. The first thing in the solution of any problem is to know its fundamental facts and factors. One important fact is that, while the Federal Government is supposed to be looking after *all* our 18,000 Indians as "wards of the government," more than three-quarters of them—13,788—are outside of all connection with or control of any Agency or Reservation, and attending to their own business and getting a living in their own way—a way not tending very rapidly towards their civilization. But the discussion of such questions I postpone for another day. We are dealing now with dry statistics.

In order to show the relations of California to the other States and Territories, as regards her proportional burden of the Indian problem, I have thought it best to compile a table—No. I.—showing the total population of each State and Territory, *including* the Agency Indians; the number of Indians outside of Agencies, taken from the United States Census; the number of Agency Indians, taken from the reports of the Indian Office; and the total number of Indians pertaining to each State and Territory. No such table is to be found in the Census Compendium, for reasons which may be gathered from the remarks following.

The work of taking the census of the Indian population is peculiar, differing from that for all the other classes of population. In order to get an accurate estimate of the total Indian population of the States and Territories, as well as the separate totals for each State, Territory, or county, one requires to go through a special education in the science of enumerating Indians. In our schoolboy days we were taught how to test the accuracy of a sum in addition by a process called "casting out the nines." The Census Office in enumerating Indians seems to work by some similar process of casting out, not the nines, but the Indians, or three-quarters of them.

In one of the "Census Bulletins," issued in advance of the Compendium volumes, is found this note of explanation: "The figures for Alaska and the Indian Territory are omitted, *as their inhabitants are not considered citizens.* All Indians not subject to taxation are also omitted in conformity with the census law. The column headed 'colored' comprises persons only of African descent." The table referred to has separate columns for Chinese and Japanese, and no mention is made of any omission of Chinese "because they are not citizens." The clause of "all Indians not subject to taxation" requires the omission of "all Indians not taxed, i. e., Indians in tribal relations

under the care of the government"—meaning thereby all under the care of United States Indian Agents and usually living on Indian Reservations. These excepted Indians were reported by the Indian Office Report of 1882 as numbering 261,851, exclusive of those in Alaska, which have been estimated by an official agent in December, 1882, at 31,240. The great "Indian Territory," containing an area of 69,830 square miles (larger than the State of Missouri) and an Indian population of 79,024 (larger by 10,000 than the entire population of the State of Nevada), is not allowed to appear in the population tables of the Compendium, not even by a line, nor has it a line in the index. In Table CVIII. (second volume) of Areas and Land Surface, it is allowed one short line showing its square miles; but is not allowed to enter into the aggregate area as a basis of computation of population to the square mile. And yet every schoolboy finds this Indian Territory laid down on his map of the United States. Does it belong to Mexico or Great Britain? Not even its small white and negro population is noticed. The exclusion of Indian population amounts to a monomania in the Census Office.

According to the tables presented by the Compendium, to the mind of a foreign student of our national statistics, the total Indian population of the United States and Territories amounts to only 66,407, and all these are "civilized" by the magic agency of the heading of a column in the table.

One might be disposed to censure the Hon. Francis A. Walker for this absurdity, he having been the superintendent not only of the census of 1880, but of that of 1870 also; and having also been Commissioner of Indian Affairs in 1872. But this is what he himself thinks about the subject, as quoted from the Introduction to Vol. I., page xvi, Census Reports for 1870:

"It is to be regretted that the census law of 1850, while extending the enumeration required by the Constitution to the inhabitants of the Territories, should have followed the narrower rule of that instrument in respect to the Indian population. The phrase of the Constitution, 'Indians not taxed,' seems to have been adopted by the framers of the census law as a matter of course. Now, the fact that the Constitution excludes from the basis of representation Indians not taxed affords no possible reason why, in a census which is on its face taken with equal reference to statistical as to political interests, such persons should be excluded from the population of the country. They should of course appear separately, so that the provisions in regard to the apportionment of representatives may be carried out; but they should appear, nevertheless, as a constituent part of the population of the country, viewed in the light of all social, economical, and moral principles. An Indian not taxed should, to put it upon the lowest possible ground, be reported in the census just as truly as the vagabond or pauper of the white or the colored race. The fact that he sustains a vague political relation is no reason why he should not be recognized as a human being by a census which counts even the cattle and horses of the country. The practical exclusion of the Indians from the census creates a hiatus which is wholly unnecessary, and which goes to impair that completeness which affords a great part of the satisfaction of any statistical work."

General Walker, in order to complete his "table of the true population" of 1870, which he inserted in his Introduction, was obliged to resort to the records of the Indian Office for a more correct estimate of the Indian population. In that table the Indian Territory holds its proper place, as well as other Territories having a large Indian population. Even Alaska was admitted, but with a greatly exaggerated figure.

Such a table is lacking in the Census Compendium of 1880; and we are obliged to supply its place by our Table No. I., in which needed corrections have been made. It appears by this table that the total of both Outside and Agency Indians in California is 17,925, being the largest number in any organized State, Michigan being second, with 17,044. And it also appears that only 4,324 United States Agency Indians are to be

deducted from the total for California, leaving, of outsiders, or free Indians, 13,891. There are only seven of the organized States that contain over 5,000 Indians; namely, California, 17,925; Michigan, 17,044; Minnesota, 6,682; Nevada, 10,634; New York, 5,935; Oregon, 5,813; Wisconsin, 10,411. If Washington Territory should be admitted as a State, she would have 17,542, ranking next below California. The number in Dakota, if admitted, would depend upon the new boundaries. Over one-sixth of the population of the State of Nevada is Indian, or was in 1880.

The most obvious fact derived from the general census is the small proportion which the Indian class bears to the other classes in the republic. As compared with the whole fifty millions of the United States, counting the Indians at one-third of a million, there is only one Indian to every one hundred and fifty inhabitants; and as compared with the colored population, only about one to eighteen. The Indians in California are not quite equal in number to one-quarter of the Chinese population of the same State. The number of immigrants arriving from foreign countries in the year ending June 30, 1882, was 780,000, more than double all the Indians, even including those of Alaska. These immigrants are distributed all over the country; and probably one-half of them do not speak English any better than the Indians. All the Agency Indians do not amount to more than one-third of our annual immigration.

In compiling the Table No. II., I have added the Agency Indians in their proper counties to the Outside Indians, so as to show the total of Indians in each county, whether under Agency or not. They have been added in the total population of the counties where Agencies exist. In the counties of Los Angeles, San Diego, and San Bernardino there was a double enumeration, one by the United States census enumerator, and the other by the United States Indian Agent, each reporting to a different office at Washington. The United States Indian Agent at San Bernardino has

TABLE I.

Showing total population of each State and Territory, and the Indian population of each; compiled partly from the Compendium of the U. S. Census for 1880, and partly from the Indian Office Report of 1881–82, with some necessary corrections suggested by a comparison of the two documents.

States and Territories.	Total populat'n, including Agency Indians.	Indians Outside.	Agency Indians.	Total Ind'ns.
Alabama	1,262,505	213	....	213
Arkansas	802,525	195	....	195
California	866,342	13 601	4,324	17,925
Colorado	195,252	154	925	1,079
Connecticut	622,700	255	....	255
Delaware	146,608	5	....	5
Florida	269,493	180	....	180
Georgia...........	1.542,180	124	....	124
Illinois............	3.077,871	140	....	140
Indiana...........	1,978,301	246	. ...	246
Iowa..............	1,624,965	466	350	816
Kansas...........	996,995	815	899	1,714
Kentucky.........	1,648.690	50	....	50
Louisiana.........	939,946	848	....	848
Maine	648,936	625	....	625
Maryland	934.943	15	....	15
Massachusetts.....	1,783 085	369	....	369
Michigan..........	1,646,732	7,249	9,795	17,044
Minnesota.........	785,155	2,300	4,382	6,682
Mississippi	1,131,597	1,857	....	1,857
Missouri	2,168,380	113	....	113
Nebraska	456,341	235	3,939	4,174
Nevada	70,097	2,803	7 831	10,634
New Hampshire...	346,991	63	....	63
New Jersey.......	1,131,116	74	....	74
New York	5,087,987	819	5,116	5,935
North Carolina....	1 399.750	1,230	....	1,230
Ohio	3,198,062	130	....	130
Oregon............	179,239	1,694	4,471	6,165
Pennsylvania......	4,282,891	184	....	184
Rhode Island......	276,531	77	....	77
South Carolina	995,577	131	....	131
Tennessee	1,542,359	352	....	352
Texas	1 591,857	992	108	1,100
Vermont	332.286	11	....	11
Virginia	1,512,565	85	....	85
West Virginia.....	618,457	29	....	29
Wisconsin	1,323,253	3,161	7,756	10,917
Total in States....	49,418,560	41,890	49,896	91,786
Arizona...........	57,661	3,493	17,221	20,714
Dakota	166,273	1,391	31,096	32,487
Dist. Columbia....	177,624	5	....	5
Idaho.............	36,862	765	3,652	4,417
Montana..........	57,864	1,663	18,705	20,368
New Mexico	146,242	9,772	26,677	36.449
Utah..............	146 334	807	2,371	3,178
Washington	88,219	1,405	13,103	14,508
Wyoming	22,562	140	1,782	1,922
Indian Territory...	79,024	{ 5 tribes.... { Other tribes	{ 60,036 { 18,988	79,024
Total Organized Territories	978,665	19,441	193,631	213,072
Alaska (estimated).	33.426	31,240	....	31,240
Total Territories with Alaska.......	1,012.091	50,681	193,631	244,312
Grand Total.....	50.430 651	92.571	243.527	336,098

Total Indians without Alaska—States................. 91,786
Territories 213,072

Total without Alaska........................304,858
Total with Alaska.......................... 336,098

Agency Indians—States............................ 49,896
Territories.........................193,631

Total Agency Indians 243,527

TABLE II.

Showing the aggregate population and the Indians in each county of California, as shown by the Compendium of the U. S. Census for 1880, and by the Report of the U. S. Indian Office for 1881–82, with some necessary corrections suggested by a comparison of the two documents.

Counties.	Aggregate population.	Indians.
Alpine	539	....
Alameda	62,976	103
Amador	11,384	272
Butte	18,721	522
Calaveras	9.094	169
Colusa	13.118	353
Contra Costa	12,525	47
Del Norte	2,584	411
El Dorado	10.683	193
Fresno	9,478	794
Humboldt and Hoopah Valley Reservation	16,022	1.935 510
Inyo	2 928	637
Kern	5,601	332
Lake	6.596	774
Lassen	3,340	330
Los Angeles and Agency	33 420	355
Marin	11,324	162
Mariposa	4.339	184
Mendocino and Round Valley Reservation	13,445	1,265 645
Merced	5,656	7
Modoc	4.399	404
Mono	7,499	35
Monterey	11,302	222
Napa	13,235	64
Nevada	20,823	101
Placer	14,232	91
Plumas	6,180	538
Sacramento	34,390	14
San Benito	5,584	81
San Bernardino and Agency	7,868	740
San Diego and Agency	8,831	1,915
San Francisco	233,959	45
San Joaquin	24.349	34
San Luis Obispo	9.142	153
San Mateo	8,669	8
Santa Barbara	9,513	88
Santa Clara	35.039	73
Santa Cruz	12,802	131
Shasta	9,492	1,037
Sierra	6 623	12
Siskiyou	8,610	493
Solano	18,475	21
Sonoma	25,926	339
Stanislaus	8,751	27
Sutter	5,159	13
Tehama	9,301	167
Trinity	4,999	261
Tulare and Tule River Reservation	11,440	118 159
Tuolumne	7,848	347
Ventura	5,073	80
Yolo	11,772	47
Yuba	11,284	67
Totals	866.342	17,925

Hoopah Valley Res'n.. 510—added to pop. of Humboldt Co.
Round Valley " 645 " " Mendocino Co.
Tule River " 159 " " Tulare Co.
Mission Indians S. Cal. 3,010

Total of Agency Inds. 4,324

Of the Mission Indians, 39 added to Los Angeles County; 82 to San Bernardino County; and 213 to San Diego County. The others—2,676—were already included in the U. S. Census.

charge of what are called the "Mission Indians," about 3,010 in number, scattered throughout the counties of San Bernardino, Los Angeles, and San Diego, and living in small bands under tribal chiefs upon little reservations provisionally set apart for them by the old Mexican priests or alcaldes, or by the kind indulgence of the old Mexican rancheros. At the time the United States census was taken in the summer of 1880, the laboring adults were probably scattered among the different ranchos, working on wages for white people. The United States census enumerators, probably not knowing the relation which they held to the United States Indian Agent, has listed them as Outside Indians, and assigned them to the three counties respectively: Los Angeles, 316; San Bernardino, 658; and San Diego, 1,702; total, 2,676—according to the Compendium table. Now the Indian Agent claims that *all* these Indians thus listed are included in his census of 3,010 reported to the Indian Office; and he says "there are no Outside Indians in the three counties, except about 200 Pah Utes and Chemihuevas living on the extreme border of the desert in the mountains, which I do not think are included in any census." In constructing the table, I have omitted the 200 mountain desert Indians on account of indefiniteness, and because a part of them—the Chemihuevas—belong to the Arizona Reservation. Striking out the returns of the census enumerator, 2,676, I have distributed the 3,010 proportionately among the three counties. I cannot learn that any such double entry has taken place at the other three United States Indian Agencies in the State.

We learn from this table that there are four counties containing each more than 1,000 Indians: Humboldt, including Hoopah Valley Reservation, 2,445; Mendocino, including Round Valley Reservation, 1,910; Shasta, 1,037; and San Diego (all Agency), 1,915. Of counties containing over 500 there are six: Butte, 522; Fresno, 794; Inyo, 637; Lake, 774; Plumas, 538; San Bernardino (all Agency), 740. Three counties contain over 400: Del Norte, 411; Mo-

doc, 404; Siskiyou, 492. In the four counties containing the largest Indian population, more than one-fifth of the total population of San Diego County is Indian; in Humboldt County, more than one-seventh; in Mendocino County, one-seventh; and in Shasta County, more than one-tenth. It will be noted that the largest masses of Indians live in the counties more remote from the center of the State, San Francisco County having only 45, and Sacramento County only 14.

STATE SCHOOL STATISTICS.

The State of California provides no other official table of her Indian population than the meager returns taken by the school census marshals, a summary of which is embodied in the Report of the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. These returns, by reason of a State law, only profess to give the numbers of such Indian children as are "living under the guardianship of white persons" (Sec. 1858, Political Code). The children of wild or Outside Indians, as well as those of the Indian Reservations, are not included. Here again, as in the United States census, there is a casting out of the Indians; but it is more justifiable, because the State school moneys are apportioned to the several counties "in proportion to the number of school census children between the ages of five and seventeen years of age"; and it does not seem just that counties having a large proportion of wild Indian children, *for whom nobody provides any schooling whatever*, should therefore receive an extra proportion of school money with which to educate their white children. This matter, however, needs looking into. Can there not be some organization devised in the several counties by which these straggling Indian children can enjoy the benefit either of the common-school system or of some private school apart from the others?

Number of Indian children (by State census) between the ages of 5 and 17 years, June 30, 1882	842
Indian children under 5 years, in 1882	234
Indian census children who attended public schools at any time during the school year 1881–82	243
Indian census children who attended only private schools at any time during the school year	74
Indian census children who did not attend any school during the school year 1882–83	525
Amount of State apportionments per census child	$8.73
Amount of county apportionments per census child	3.25
Cost of tuition per scholar enrolled in the public schools	14.32
Cost of tuition per scholar, average number belonging	20.74
Cost of tuition per scholar, average daily attendance	22.45
Cost tuition added to other current expenses per scholar enrolled	17.27
Cost tuition added to other current expenses per average belonging	25.00
Cost tuition added to other current expenses per daily attendance	27.07
Average monthly salary paid to male teachers (1882)	79.67
Average monthly salary paid to female teachers (1882)	64.48

THE U. S. INDIAN RESERVATIONS IN CALIFORNIA.

The following summaries are made up from the annual reports, with their accompanying tables, of the superintendents to the Indian Office for the year ending July 30, 1882; for the general remarks and opinions of the superintendents reference must be made to the reports.

Hoopah Valley Reservation, in Humboldt County.—Agent, 1881–82, Lieutenant Gordon Winslow, U. S. A. After July 30, 1882, Captain Charles Porter, U. S. A.

Total Indians, 510. All wear citizen's dress. Can speak English, 345. School population, 120; no boarding-school; day-school accommodation for 60. Average day-school attendance, 42; 1 teacher. Indians who can read, 13; have learned to read during the year, 2. Acres cultivated by school, 6, raising 150 bushels vegetables. Annual cost of school to government, $720; contributed in addition by the wife of Lieutenant Winslow, $500; total, $1,220. School cost per head of average attendance, $29. Industries taught, sewing and gardening.

All the children vaccinated. In reading, writing, and copying, children have made fair progress. Among the pupils are five "very smart ones," whom the superintendent recommends to be transferred to Carlisle School. (Why not to Forest Grove in Oregon?) Acres in Reservation, 89,572; of which are tillable, 900; cultivated by government, 300; by Indians, 100. Acres under fence, 506. Allotments in severalty, 50. No land occupied unlawfully by white intruders. 1 church building; houses occupied by Indians, 126; houses built by Indians during the year, 8. Lumber sawed, 75 thousand feet. Saw-mill and flour-mill removed to safe ground. Births, 11; deaths, 15. Of total subsistence of the Indians, one-third is earned or obtained by them in civilized pursuits, one-third by hunting, fishing, root-gathering, etc., and one-third by issue of government rations—of these rations, a part are supposed to be the product of the Agency farm cultivated by Indians. Male Indians who undertake labor in civilized pursuits, 186. Harvests fair; Indians encouraged, and Indian farming has increased. Peltries, the product of hunting, sold for $2,000. Salmon-fishing prospects were unfavorable for the season. They depend upon this for nearly one-third of their yearly subsistence. Incidental expense, $15. Salaries of regular employees, $4,360; salaries and incidentals amount per Indian to $8.54.

There are no data furnished by the superintendent by which can be estimated the proportion of cost of articles furnished from outside by the Government to this Agency—such as clothing, medicines, subsistence supplies, agricultural machines, wagons, shop materials and tools, horses, mules, and cattle. For all the four Agencies in California, Congress appropriated for the last fiscal year a total of $32,000, of which were expended $31,119.54. There is a table in the general report of the Indian Office which shows that the objects for which this amount was expended were as follows: Medicines and medical supplies, $672.09. Annuity goods, $8,293.16. Subsistence supplies, $6,096.48. Agricultural and miscellaneous supplies, $5,-956.77. Transportation and storage, $110. Pay of regular employees at Agencies, $9,322.60; pay of temporary employees at Agencies, $69. Support of schools (outside of salaries), $260.91. "To promote civilization generally, including labor," $60. Traveling expenses of Indian Agents, $163.73. Incidental expenses of Agencies, $114.80. In hands of Agents, $10.06.

The total expenditure, $31,119.54, divided by the 4,324 Agency Indians of this State, gives about $7.20 per head. But we have the data for deducting the pay of employees and incidental expenses at each Agency, the total for the four Agencies being $9,670.13. This deducted from the $31,-119.54 leaves $21,449.41, or $4.96 (close to $5) per head. How much each Agency has received per head we have not the data to determine.

Round Valley Reservation, in Mendocino County.—Agent, H. B. Sheldon. Indians on Reservation, 645. All wear citizen's dress. Acres in Reservation, 102,118. Acres tillable, 2,000. Whites unlawfully on Reservation, 12. Acres occupied by white intruders, 8,000. Acres cultivated during year by government, 1,210; by Indians, 460. Acres broken in year by Indians, 20; by government, 10. Lumber cut, 181 thousand. Fencing, 506 rods. Bushels of grain raised, 1,600. Male Indians who undertake manual labor in civilized pursuits, 150. Indian apprentices, 11. Houses occupied by Indians, 85. Houses built by Indians during past year, 19. No church building; 1 missionary. Contributed by religious societies for other purposes than education, $622. Have received medical treatment during the year, 737. Births, 13; deaths, 22. Proportion of subsistence obtained by Indians in civilized pursuits, 75 per cent; by rations from government, 25 per cent. *Educational.*—Indians who can speak English, 500. Children of school age, 81. Can read, 76. Have learned to read during the year, 5. Boarding-school accommodation for 75 scholars. Day-school accommodation for 25; only one day-scholar. Attending boarding-school one month or more, 57.

Average attendance at boarding-school, 43. Cost of maintaining schools to government, $2,009. Teachers and employees, 8. Cost of schools per head on 44 average attendance, $45.61. Acres cultivated by school, 4. Industries taught, domestic work, sewing, care of stock, carpentering, cobbling, gardening. No allotments in severalty. Stock owned by Indians, 75 horses, 10 mules, 25 cattle, 20 swine. Pay of regular employees, $2,-203.25; of temporary employees, $69; total, $2,272.25, which amounts to $3.52 per head of Indians on Reservation. Five dollars more per head for miscellaneous expenditures from outside by government would amount to $3,225; but whether more or less was actually expended does not appear in the report. The success of this Reservation is much impeded by bickering between the white intruders and the Indians.

Tule River Reservation, in Tulare County.—Agent, C. G. Belknap. Indians on reservation, 159. All but seven wear citizen's dress; they are so located that each family controls about 160 acres. All live in board houses. Acres in reservation, 48,551, mostly mountainous. Acres tillable, 250, of medium quality; about half can be irrigated. Acres cultivated by Indians, 200; by government, 25. Acres under fence, 600. Fencing made in the year, 200 rods. 475 bushels grain raised. Stock owned by Indians, 70 horses, 4 mules, 12 cattle, 85 swine. Indians occupied in agriculture and other civilized pursuits, 40. Male Indians who can undertake manual labor in civilized pursuits, 62. Excessive drought has curtailed the agricultural products of the year.

Proportion of subsistence gained by civilized pursuits, 50 per cent; by hunting, fishing, etc., 25 per cent; by government rations, 25 per cent. Houses occupied by Indians, 40. No church building. No missionary. No apprentices. Births, 7; deaths, 8. No teacher. School population, 17. No school kept during the year. There is a boarding-school, but it has not been opened. "Quite a large proportion of pupils, formerly in boarding-school, have married the past year, and think themselves (although they are mere children) too old to attend school." Indians who can speak English, 60; who can read, 45. Traveling and other incidental expenses, $110.65; pay of employees, $1,019.35; total, $1,130, which amounts to $7.11 per Indian. The proportion of government appropriations used by this Agency, except for salaries and expenses, does not appear by the report.

Mission Indians of Southern California, in San Bernardino, San Diego, and Los Angeles Counties.—Agent, S. S. Lawson. Headquarters at San Bernardino. Total Indians, 3,010. All wear citizen's dress. Can speak English, 25 (but probably a much larger number can speak Spanish). The tribes under the Agent's jurisdiction are living chiefly in San Bernardino and San Diego counties. Acres in Reservation, nominally, 152,960; but as none are tillable for want of irrigation water, the Indians are scattered in small bands on small tracts in San Diego, San Bernardino, and Los Angeles counties, which were formerly assigned for their use by the old Mexican officials or priests, or by the tacit permission of the Mexican rancheros. The ownership of these large ranches has passed into other hands—of "Pharaohs who knew not Joseph"; and as no legal title has been confirmed to the Indians, they are liable to be ejected, notwithstanding their long actual occupancy. One or two tracts of really good public land have been assigned for their use, and occupied by them, but there is some hitch about the surveys, which white men are trying to take advantage of. One of these cases the Agent has successfully settled the past year in favor of the Indians. Very little public land is adapted for cultivation without irrigation, and in a desert country like this, water not previously appropriated exists only in scanty supply. Number of whites unlawfully on reserves, 12. Acres occupied by white intruders, 600. Acres cultivated during the year by Indians, 2,000. Acres broken during the year by Indians, 380; acres under fence, 2,000. Bushels of grain raised, 6,000. Stock owned by Indians, 1,500 horses, 20 mules, 900 cattle, 150 swine, 1,250 sheep.

No percentage of subsistence received from the government; but the Agent, from the general appropriation, has distributed the past year 30 plows, 30 sets of plow-harness, 60 plantation hoes, and 5 farm-wagons to as many villages. Births, 39; deaths, 19. *Education.*—School children, total for the Agency, 759; of which 300 can be accommodated in day schools. No boarding-schools. The Agent recommends that two be established. Average attendance in day schools, 202. Cost to government of maintaining schools, $2,893. Teachers, 6. Cost per head of average attendance, $14.32. No returns of those who can read, or who have learned to read during year. No returns of apprentices nor of houses. Indian criminals punished during the year, 45. Citizens of San Diego paid expense of their school. Traveling and incidental expenses, $148.38; regular employees, $1,740; total $1,888.38. Cost per head of Indians, 63 cents. There is no evidence what amount from the general appropriation by government has been expended at this Agency.

In March, 1883, the Washington correspondent of a San Francisco paper says: "Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson of Boston, well known as a writer on Indian matters over the pseudonym of 'H. H.,' has been appointed a special agent of the Indian Bureau to investigate the condition of the Mission Indians of California. Her instructions are to ascertain the number of Mission Indians, where they are living, whether any suitable public lands can be set apart for their use; and if lands cannot be obtained except by purchase, what land is most suitable to be bought for their use. She is directed to ascertain what proportion of these Indians would consent to work upon the Reservation, and to recommend generally what executive action is necessary to improve their condition. Mrs. Jackson's expenses are not to exceed $1,200, which will be paid by the government; and she is given as an assistant Abbot Kinney of San Gabriel, Cal., whose expenses will also be paid by the government."

I have thus endeavored to set before the people of the State a body of plain, dry, but important facts, relating mainly to the Indians of our own State. It has been done with the design that these facts should serve as preliminary to an article in a future number of this magazine concerning the proper measures to be taken for the education and civilization of the Indians in the different counties; and should also furnish suggestions to our local editors in the more populous Indian districts to publish such additional facts as may come within their reach, and to present such views of their own as may promote an efficient and practical system of operations: not to be talked about merely, but to be put into practice.

Sherman Day.

A SHEPHERD AT COURT.

CHAPTER III.

Gurney had a long-pending question of land-titles to be settled, so he waited while his lawyers pored over musty records and gathered evidence, and, by way of relaxation, ran up their bills. Land and lawyers hang together by more than "alliteration's artful aid," as Gurney found to his cost when the play was over. Yielding at last to the conviction that he could not control this ponderous legal machinery, he set to work with commendable fortitude to make time amble withal, if it would not gallop.

The clubs that offered him hospitality, through such of their members as he knew, held him a trifle of each day, and he came to be counted a "good fellow" by their popular verdict. He had stumbled into the thickest of the stock revolution, and looked on while the gay guillotine chopped off its daily quota of heads. But he coolly refused

to "go in," in spite of the friendly advice from all sides, the shrewd "points" given him, or the dazzling fortunes that served as advertisements of the trade. Such feverish money-making was no more temptation to him than were the unworthy allurements of the slums; and yet nobody would have dared to call him a prig. In truth, if there were any neutral territory between Bohemia and Philistia, this stalwart shepherd occupied it.

Having a dim remembrance of his duty in the way of a "party call," he found his way out to Mrs. Rivers's in the course of the week after her entertainment. When he discovered that nobody was at home, and that he had come on the wrong evening, he left his card, and decided that at least his duty was done; but Mrs. Rivers stopped him on the street, and gave him some incoherent message, ending with:

"They expect you Tuesday evening; *that's* the time, you know; yes, yes, be very glad to see you."

To his discomfiture, Gurney found Tuesday evening to be a smaller edition of the ball. Dinner dress instead of full dress, a little dancing, and modest refreshments.

"I suppose these things are too big to end at once; they have to die out by degrees," he said to Miss Oulton, who received him with a cordiality that at once pleased and repelled him.

He found fault with her constantly, to himself. When she was friendly, he thought her too friendly, and when she was coldly civil, as happened two or three times that evening, he had a sense of grievance entirely disproportioned to their short acquaintance, and took refuge in the smiles of his old friend, Fannie Lawlor.

Mrs. Lawlor knew better than to snub anybody, least of all a man with an income like Gurney's. On the strength of her four or five years' seniority, she adopted a half-maternal tone with him, than which no form of flirtation can be more dangerous. On the other side, Gurney felt so carelessly at ease with her that he could not in gratitude cavil at her weaknesses. A man will pardon beyond pardon a woman who makes him mentally comfortable. Whether Mrs. Lawlor's *husband* pardoned her or not, nobody knew. He had been out of the witness-box a matter of six years—long enough for his wife to go through all the gradations of grief, from crape to plain black, from black to gray, from gray to mauve, and so out into the sunlight of happy colors again. With the modest income Mr. Lawlor had left her, she contrived to be very luxurious. She put her little daughter into a convent to be educated, Catholicism being rather a "fad" with the aristocracy just then; and afterward she went visiting; when she stopped visiting, she traveled, and so kept her ball rolling.

Some of these facts flitted through Gurney's mind as he sat and talked to her behind the curtains of a big bay-window, and she moaned over her misfortune of losing Mrs. Rivers's lovely party.

"To think I had to take a beastly cold when I had my dress all ready. I know what *you're* thinking—that an old woman like me has no business to care for parties, at all. But I *do*. They're the breath of my nostrils—is that Shakspere or the Bible? How delightful to have you with us again!" —after a little breathing pause—"and you're not going away in a hurry. O, before I forget it, let me give you my address. I'm visiting Mrs. Graves. *You* know them—why, of course you do—and they'll be delighted to see you, too. I've been like a tame cat in their house forever, and the girls seem to me like sisters. Isn't Tina a darling? Do you ever dance, nowadays? O *nonsense*, you mustn't dance with *me*, when there are so many young girls—well, if you *insist*"—and away went this indefatigable pleasure-seeker, as light of foot as she was light of heart.

"May I come again next Tuesday?" said Gurney to Miss Oulton, before he went away. "Or will the lights be fled, the garlands dead, and the banquet-hall deserted by that time? Will I have to make a 'party call' for *this* evening's enlivenment? You see I need a society 'coach.' Now this seems to be a gathering for congratulation,

and the next, I suppose, will be one of condolence."

"Exactly," said Helen, encouragingly; "and after that the deluge—of tradespeople with their bills, which closes the series for a while. But come whenever you need our friendly offices. Since Cousin Althea has appointed herself your social sponsor, *I* ought to do something to make myself useful. I might be the acolyte to swing the censer," she added mockingly. "I thought by the arrogant way in which you declared your intention to cut society that we should never see you again."

Gurney had the grace to blush a little. "Well, consider me a proselyte to your teaching," he said recklessly—"at least a postulant—at any rate, I am open to conviction."

"Good," she exclaimed, with a decisive little nod. "I'll advise you by all means to try the atmosphere of Vanity Fair. You owe that much to the order you condemn. It's only a trifle more selfish to stay out than to come in. But remember that you can't float on the edge of the whirlpool; every turn brings you nearer the center. By the way, have you told Cousin Althea how brilliant her party was, and how *very*, *very* much you enjoyed it? Yet that is the object of your visit. Haven't you said it was congratulation night? Be kind enough to put something into the contribution-box."

And Gurney found himself obliged, with this critical listener at his side, and in cold blood, to formulate some sort of compliment to his hostess. Miss Oulton's dark eyes danced, and she prompted him now and then sweetly, but she put out her hand when he went away, and murmured:

"Come and be a butterfly; it's only for one season, you know."

Among the mild amusements which Gurney indulged himself in was the exploration of old shops and book-stalls. Though not a professional "collector," he discovered such a certain judgment in curios and bric-a-brac that he won Mrs. Rivers's heart, and she called upon him more than once to help her secure a bargain. Two or three antique articles that she coveted but could not afford found their way to her parlors and completed the conquest. There was something almost pathetic in her prostration before these crackled old idols, until one remembered that they were the *fashion*. By way of friendly compensation, she bestirred herself to get invitations for Gurney to all the high festivals; and taking him under her protection, sent him at once, by a dexterous fling, far out "into the swim."

He laughed at himself for his folly, he laughed at the people who invited him to their houses, and he lost not a jot of his honest scorn for the pretentious vulgarity around him; but he resolved to "see it through," remembering Miss Oulton's own saying, that it was "only for one season." A guilty sense of treachery to his entertainers made him more anxious to please than usual, and in certain circles he was a reigning favorite. To be sure, he was such a modest lion that he did not make much show, but the younger men began to accord him more respect and less liking, which was convincing proof that he was a lion to be feared. But this did not come to pass all at once.

One night he was leaning over the railing of his box at the California, watching the bank of faces under him as one would the "Happy Family" of a traveling menagerie, and congratulating himself that he did not have to know all the stupid people there, when he became suddenly aware that somebody knew *him*, for a fine Paris bonnet was bowing industriously from an opposite box, and a scarlet fan fluttered all sorts of inviting signals. It was Mrs. Rivers with Miss Oulton beside her, and a convenient nephew of Mrs. Rivers lounging in the background.

Mrs. Rivers was devoted to the theater. She shone on "first nights," and at the operas, when they were not "*too* trashy," and looked charitably on the shortcomings of footlight artists. She usually managed to get players and plot mixed beyond hope of explanation before the drop-curtain fell; but the lights, the music, the people, always filled her with a childish delight, and put her into a good humor. For the rest, it was

more abstraction than obtuseness that left her bewildered—for she was only too clever about some things.

The first act was over before Gurney made up his mind to go over and do homage to the Paris bonnet. It was only a few evenings after his concession to Miss Oulton, and he was in the mood of a backslider. She began to think he would not "fight and run away," but would run away without fighting at all. However, he meekly entered Mrs. Rivers's box, and was greeted with effusion by that animated citizeness. Miss Oulton merely bowed. She looked pale and tired.

"What makes you sit in that big box alone?" asked Mrs. Rivers, promptly. "You look dreadfully selfish."

"I *am* selfish, and don't like to be crowded," said Gurney, with a smile that took off the curtness of his speech.

"The effect of a rural life, I suppose," said Miss Oulton, languidly.

"I suppose so"—good-naturedly. "I'm sorry you have a headache," he added.

She opened her eyes very wide, and then frowned.

"I *know*—that is enough," said Gurney, answering her mute inquiry. "I've not suffered in vain myself." He took occasion soon after to change his seat to one beside her. "It's a pity you came out to-night," he said, as seriously as though he had been her family physician.

But she sank back in her chair without a word, and held her fan before her face, while he talked to Mrs. Rivers about—heaven knows what—Greek lamps and Persian vases and Cloisina ware. By and by two or three gay young men came in, and Gurney, sighing a little sigh of relief, rose and stood behind Miss Oulton's chair to make room for the new-comers.

They were "delighted to meet you here, you know. What do you think of it? Saw a much better thing last night across the way. Of course you're going to the Doldrum party. Awful old woman, but she does give good suppers."

Gurney stood with his hand resting on the back of Miss Oulton's chair, so near that her hair brushed his sleeve when she turned to ask him if he didn't feel crowded *now*.

"Yes, but I am not going just yet," he said quietly; "and delightful as your conversation is, I think the less you say the better at present."

She knew he was right, but she was provoked at his assumption of guardianship, and thought his familiarity decidedly underbred. She felt a trifle disappointed to think that he had so misunderstood her badinage, and wondered wearily if there was not *one* man in all the world gifted with more discrimination than vanity. However, as the moments went by and her agony lessened to an endurable pain, and finally to absolute relief, and a sense of ease and restfulness stole over her, she forgot her captious criticism, and gave herself up to the comfort of being cared for. She could not help seeing how adroitly Gurney had diverted the talk from her, and it seemed churlish not to show some gratitude.

But something besides obstinacy sealed her lips. This stronger will, that overbore her own and absorbed even her resentment, gave her an unaccustomed sense of self-distrust. So, when the curtain fell on the final tableau of virtue rewarded and vice trodden under foot—"as large as life and twice as natural," facetious Jack Crandall said—she slipped out with Charlie Rivers before the others, and did not even look back.

But Gurney put them into their carriage, after all, and merely said, "I hope you're better," with a cool politeness that checked the impulsive little speech trembling on her lips. She was glad it was left unsaid, and began to think it was all only a "happen," and that *she* was the stupid egotist instead of Mr. Gurney, who might be only a bit unconventional because of his inexperience.

"Be a good match for Helen, eh?" said Mr. Rivers, when his wife ended the reporter's column, that with her took the place of curtain-lectures. "But I thought he belonged to Mrs. Lawlor."

"She's ten years older than him if she's a

day," said Mrs. Rivers, with an emphasis that defied correction.

"Just found that out?" asked her husband, with a sleepy little laugh. "Better not go to match-making—better go to sleep."

"Well, George, you know *I* don't care who he marries, but—" And Mrs. Rivers proceeded to argue the case with her sleep-deafened audience of one.

"Did you meet Helen and the children?" was her greeting when Gurney called early the next afternoon; and she noted with considerable satisfaction his unconscious look of disappointment. He was driving a fancy team that he had just bought, and had a vague, audacious idea that Miss Oulton might be persuaded to drive with him; but his aspirations were quenched when he found that she had gone.

Mrs. Rivers told him they were picnicking at Fort Point. "Have you ever been there?"

No, he never had; but would Mrs. Rivers do him the honor to go with him there?—it was a pity to waste such a glorious afternoon indoors; and with a regretful sigh for the embroidery she was finishing, she consented, setting her sacrifice against Helen's account, already rather too heavy. They traveled with twist and turn the dilapidated streets of the Western Addition, having a good many small adventures by the way, for it was a new one to Gurney, and at last came out on the bare hill-road leading to the Presidio. The horses pranced past the curious old adobe soldiers' quarters, past the gay gardens of the officers' homes, past a squad of cavalrymen just coming in, and then turned into an ill-kept drive that swept around the hills to the old fort. At that time the Park was but begun, the Presidio drive was not even in the mind's eye of the Presidio itself, and the fort was garrisoned only by an army of spiders, some rusty cannon, and one old sergeant. No doubt it is more creditable to the post in its present condition, but no official enterprise could have added one charm to the time or the place, as Gurney and his companion drove on slowly in the heart of the sunny afternoon. A marshy stretch of land lay between them and the sandy shore of the bay. Some mild-eyed cows stood up to their knees in the black marsh mud, switching their tails languidly with a stolid enjoyment of the infrequent sunshine. And out on the little beach two or three children ran, with their yellow hair afloat on the fresh wind. The flotsam and jetsam of bleached driftwood and stranded *débris* lay in straggling lines high up from the water's edge, and the children greeted each fresh discovery with wild shouts.

A little pull up an awkward turn, a bit of seawall under the cliff, where the waves leaped up over their stone barrier, and the horses shied and plunged till Mrs. Rivers screamed in terror; then they drew up under the walls of the pathetic, dismantled old fortress. Mrs. Rivers's carriage stood there empty, and the coachman touched his hat smartly.

"They're just on the other side, mum"—looking at Gurney's horses knowingly, as he spoke, with the instinct of his profession. "I'll take care of 'em, sir. *These'll* stand anywheres, and if they don't, I can find a man to watch 'em."

Turning the corner of the building, Gurney and Mrs. Rivers came upon Helen and the children in the midst of their improvised luncheon. It was such a peaceful place that it was hard to remember the city lay so near. Three or four outward-bound ships were spreading their wings for flight. It looked scarcely a stone's throw to the green hills across the narrow ocean-gate, but the sense of isolation was as great as if they had been on a desert island.

The children greeted the new-comers with shrieks of delight. It was so wonderful for mamma to come out on such a lark. But the surprise seemed anything but an agreeable one to Miss Oulton; in fact, she was so stiff and unapproachable that Gurney was bewildered.

Tom soon hurried his mother away to peep between the cracks of the iron doors, and beg the sergeant to let them inside the fort, while Laura took possession of Gurney, with the happy assurance of childhood, and

led him down to see how the water came and went over the slippery rocks. "O yes, you must come too, Helen," she said, taking her cousin's hand fondly.

Gurney did not attempt to overcome Miss Oulton's reserve, but he and Laura had a serious conversation concerning mermaids, as they followed the path leading along the ledge of rocks. They sat down there a while, and Gurney told the little girl a wonderful story of fairies and sea-nymphs, that made her eyes open in wonder.

"Well, come down to see me by the ocean, and I'll show them to you," he said, in conclusion.

Below them the green moss swayed and swung, as the waves came stealing up over the slimy stones, and rushed away again with an angry murmur.

"'Seaward the undercurrents set;
Longing is stronger than regret;
And the tide goes out,'"

quoted Gurney, softly. He looked at Helen who stood beside him, and to his astonishment her eyes filled with sudden tears, and she turned abruptly away.

Meanwhile, Laura had run out on the rocks to get a bit of kelp. Her cousin called her back.

"I *can't* come back," she said anxiously, as she stood terrified and dizzy with the motion of the water under her.

Gurney sprang forward, but Miss Oulton was nearer, and before he could reach them had gone out on the wave-washed stones and rescued Laura from her perilous position. Gurney followed her in time to catch the child from her arms and swing it lightly up to the sandy pathway. A moment more, and Helen poised herself to step back; but somehow her foot slipped, and she stumbled forward with a faint cry. As she fell, a strong hand grasped her arm, and then she found herself somehow standing beside Laura, with Gurney still holding her close.

"Are you hurt?" he asked anxiously.

The color surged back into her face.

"No—no—" she said, slipping away from him with nervous haste; but she trembled from head to foot. "I was so frightened about Laura that it unsteadied my nerves, I suppose"—trying to laugh; while Laura clung to her, beseeching her not to tell mamma.

Miss Oulton was more than willing to let the little incident be forgotten, but she took occasion to read a lecture to the child, who listened to it much more gravely than Gurney did; and when Tom came running to meet them with tales of the mysterious interior of the fort, he could not provoke a regret from his sister.

They were all anxious to go home. Mrs. Rivers was already in her carriage, shivering and bored.

"I was rude enough to make this change without consulting you," she called out as they came near. "I'm sure you'll pardon me, Mr. Gurney. I had a lovely drive out, but I'm *so* timid about those horses; and my neuralgia troubles me so that I want to keep out of the wind. Helen will take my place. It won't make any difference to you, will it, Helen?"

It *did* make a great deal of difference, and Helen's expression just then was not very complimentary to her cavalier. Even his careless good nature was not proof against the rudeness of silence with which she heard her cousin's question and permitted him to help her into the buggy, and he bit his lips with vexation. If he could have followed the current of Helen's thoughts he might have forgiven her more readily. Her headache had left her rather languid, and she had not yet untwisted her tangled impressions of Gurney's behavior the night before. To have him come upon her so soon again, and more than that, to have him come between her and danger, irritated instead of touching her with friendliness.

She prided herself on her ability to do justice to the men she met season after season without being specially interested in any one of them. But this man was not to be classified and labeled as easily as the rest. She felt herself constantly losing ground with him. She could laugh at him when she was with the silly girls who plied her with questions

about his family, his wealth, his position, till in self-defense she had been led to invent an Alnaschar tale of splendor, which was eagerly caught up and passed along. But when she met him, she felt that her reckless little cynicisms were of no avail. They amused but did not impress him at all. And she had been used to crushing people with them quite heartlessly. Now her tinsel spears came back to her blunted.

Just as she had made up her mind to break the awkward silence, Gurney said abruptly, "Where does this road lead?"

"To the earthworks above the fort, I believe."

"Would you mind going up there? The pull would do these fellows good. A level drive is altogether too mild for them."

"O no," she said, carelessly, "I should like it immensely."

So they wound round the steep hill, looking down on the deserted garrison quarters, and at the very top stopped to let the horses take breath.

"This is worth seeing?" queried Gurney, "if you like big views," as they took in the glorious picture spread before them. "For myself, a glimpse of blue sky, a bit of woodland, is worth a dozen such panoramas. I must have a small mind."

"I only know that I never admire what I'm expected to admire," she said, with a little shrug. "Whether that's from lack of artistic feeling or from what Mr. Crandall would call 'pure cussedness,' I don't know."

"I think it must be a little of both," said Gurney, with a short laugh.

A dilapidated old man who was mending a still more dilapidated fence near by, noting their long rest, left his work, and with friendly concern came up to them.

"The way across the hills to the Cliff House road is over *there*, if you're looking for that"; and he pointed out their route.

Gurney looked at his companion for a "yes" or "no."

"Do as you please," she said, settling herself back into her seat, and drawing the soft robe about her luxuriously.

"Well, I please to go"; and touching up the horses, he struck across the yellow drifts.

Of course neither of them knew what they had undertaken, and long before they reached the level road again, Miss Oulton at least grew anxious, for the short winter afternoon was almost gone, and a white mist began to creep in from the ocean. The sandy waste on every side, with its straggling clumps of lupine, was not very exhilarating, and a shy rabbit that leaped up before them was the only sign of life they encountered. The horses panted with the strain, even of the light load they bore.

"This is rather a sorry end to your day's pleasuring," said Gurney, after trying in vain to talk down the monotony of their funereal pace. "I'm afraid your good people will be troubled about you."

She shook her head. "I have no people," she said, with a scornful little smile. "To Cousin Althea and Mr. Rivers I am only an inconvenient memory. No one in *our* world takes time to 'trouble' about his neighbor, whatever you may do in your idyllic country life."

"Yes; we have time enough for our friends there," he said, looking at her absently.

Her words had thrown a vivid light on several puzzling circumstances of their brief acquaintance, and the confession of her isolated life touched him in spite of its bitter tone. Whatever comes nearest our own experience, comes nearest our heart. In spite of this young woman's churlish humor, Gurney had a swift, fanciful desire that he might drive on and on with her away from the foolish crowd of which she was a part,

> "Across the hills and far away,
> Beyond their utmost purple rim."

Here the horses struck into the big broad road, and went bowling along toward the city at a tremendous pace.

Helen threw off her veil with a little gesture of relief, and, as if she had at the same time put away her ungracious mood, turned a very bright and expressive face toward Gurney.

"'And deep into the dying day
The happy princess followed him,'"

she chanted in monotonous recitation.

"How did you guess I was thinking that?" —with a guilty look.

"Because you thought it aloud—no conundrum could be easier. It's very pretty, too—a very nice quotation for society. Of course we're all looking for the fairy prince we are to follow; only he will waken us by enumerating in a persuasive voice his worldly advantages"; and the corners of her mouth dropped derisively. "That other princess of Tennyson's now—do you suppose she would have lost her ambition for any less than a *prince?*"

"If I should join you in your sham tilt at your sex," he said grimly, "you would straightway turn on me and call me a cynic. I am not to be drawn into any such pasteboard battle. As for the princess, she was only a lay figure, anyhow. The prince was much too good for her."

And so they drifted into a mild discussion of the poet laureate, which lasted till they drew near home, where the lights were flashing through the dark. Suddenly Helen touched his sleeve timidly.

"Pray forgive my rudeness to-day. I've no excuse to offer for it but my unruly temper."

"Was that so sorely tried?" said Gurney, and he smiled in the darkness, at this curious apology from a woman of the world.

"Well," she said, frankly, "I thought it selfish of my cousin to dispose of us both so carelessly."

"And before that?" he said quickly.

"One likes to be alone sometimes to take off his mask. It suffocates now and then."

"Better take it off altogether," he laughed, "for yours, at least, is diaphanous. As for *my* share of the drive, it is twice a disappointment. First, that I lost the chance of taking *you* out instead of Mrs. Rivers, as I had fatuously hoped to do; and then, that I spoiled your day with a foolish impulse. If you're willing to cry quits—"

But she leaned out to speak to Mr. Rivers and Tom, who stood on the steps, and when Mr. Rivers helped her out she ran away, leaving Gurney to explain why they had been belated. However, he was not wholly dissatisfied.

CHAPTER IV.

Under the amiable tutelage of the cluster of married ladies of whom Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Rivers were the recognized leaders, Gurney soon shed his light provincial husk. The mental territory occupied by good society is so ridiculously small that it would be a sad confession of weakness to fail in walking over it unfatigued; and with a little social courage, more familiarly known as "cheek," friends at court, or, better still, a solid bank account, the novice or stranger can win his way without much effort. Gurney was pleasantly disappointed to find so little expected of him. He discovered that it was almost easier to please than to be pleased; that he not only knew enough, but that he was in danger of knowing too much —of not being able to assimilate the varied information offered him by his friends, old and new, masculine and feminine. Heretofore, his visits had been flavored more with counting-room than boudoir, and his contact with society had been essentially superficial. Now it seemed that he was to find out what made the wheels go round. But, in spite of Miss Oulton's prediction, he stayed on the edge, even in the gayest of the whirl. For what to these restless men and women was life —with a more or less ornamental capital L —was to him merely an experiment, a big show to which he had an unexpected complimentary ticket. He meant to see the play out if he could, and he was not inappreciative of its good points, but there were always his own modest interests waiting for him when he was tired of these, making a neutral-tinted but agreeable background for the gaudy stage-setting before him. The crude and cramped letters that came to him now and then from little Karl and Loveatt, his foreman, gave him a sense of refreshment never produced by the big invitations

and small notes beginning to accumulate on his tables.

Mrs. Rivers's party had been closely followed by another at Mrs. Graves's. To Gurney's inexperienced eye the entertainments were as like as two peas in a pod, but the comments he heard soon convinced him of his error. At one place they had Roederer, at the other Pommery Sec. Mrs. Rivers had Bluckenblum only, while Mrs. Graves alternated that eminent leader with one of the regiment bands. One served her refreshments *a la Russe*, the other *a la Americaine*, it might be called in default of an honester name; and so on through vital points of difference, detailed and enlarged upon with heartfelt interest till something else came to take their place. Through some bewildering means Gurney also found himself at several dinner-parties, where he was mightily bored, and in view of his idleness was called upon to assist at a military reception or so, and some impromptu riding parties.

The condition of the stock market and its attendant business boom made society for the nonce chaotic but brilliant. It was impossible to take time to study up genealogies when fortunes came and went in a day. The cook who made your *meringues*, the dignified butler who served them, even the man who dumped coal into your cellar, could not see anything in the sky but rosy bubbles, whereon were written figures only limited by the bubble-blower himself.

Naturally, the social aspiration tended to whatever was *bizarre* and big, and coolly ignored the more finely wrought conceptions of culture. The pioneers had not yet done boasting of our wonderful growth, putting the overgrown immaturity of their State on exhibition much as a doting mother does her hobbledehoy son's. The more conservative, while cautiously conceding that the highest standard of civilization had not been *quite* touched, declared encouragingly that it would all come in good time, and apologized for those among the ambitious and successful who held their magnificence with uncertain fingers, as if it were too costly to wear every day, and to whom the tangible evidence of their wealth on every side did not seem all-satisfying unless they could call attention to it more or less ingenuously.

Whether all this ebb and swell of fashion was more amusing or melancholy, it was—Gurney repeated to himself—inevitable, and with this high philosophical conclusion, he accepted society, its changing conditions and its right hand of fellowship, in a very amicable spirit. He vibrated like a pendulum between the exclusive atmosphere of Mrs. Graves's parlors and the genial hospitality of Mrs. Rivers's cheerful library.

To his surprise, his inharmonious introduction to Miss Tina Graves had been followed by a rather curious friendship with that erratic young woman. She showed a frank preference for his society, as different from her thousand and one capricious flirtations as it was from the sweet and bitter familiarity she accorded to merry Jack Crandall, who was the echo of her footsteps. To Miss Tina, Gurney owed a strikingly original view of his surroundings. Nobody escaped her merciless mimicry, which, though often rude, was never malicious; and as one after another, even the unconscious members of her own household, was held up to the light by this cheerful young skeptic, they so remained forever photographed on Gurney's mind. She was not wholly loved, to be sure, but knowing the strength of her position, she walked among her detractors like an insolent young princess. Her elder sister, Nellie, spent most of her time eating French candy and reading French romance. She was too lazy for intrigue, too penurious for the extravagances that Tina reveled in, almost too selfish for either love or hate; but the gossips, winking feebly at her sister's mad pranks, gave Nellie a glowing "certificate of character."

It was one of Tina's whims to snub a good many of her more aristocratic acquaintances and cultivate Helen Oulton. Whether she found in her mother's annoyance a stimulus to friendship, whether it was honest unworldliness, or whether it was to form an alliance

offensive and defensive against Mrs. Lawlor, whom they both disliked, Gurney could not discover. These three woman, with such wide gaps between them in years, in money, and in position, were the only ones who held any certain interest for him; while he could not be wholly indifferent to the unspoken flattery of the faces everywhere uplifted to smile down his melancholy or reserve. Mrs. Lawlor's matronly supervision over his movements did not in the least interfere with this youthful flattery. It was a subtle wisdom that led the pretty widow to surround herself with a bevy of young girls instead of setting up a rival kingdom. A charming woman of the world, even if her charms are faded, can make a very good showing against the youth and beauty of the inexperienced *débutante*. Tina alone, of all her "set," refused to take advantage of Mrs. Lawlor's honeyed hints, declaring her ability to gang her ain gait.

Acting upon a graceful suggestion of Mrs. Lawlor's, Gurney had already played host to a rather successful theater-party, with a luxurious little supper by way of epilogue; and now, when the second moon of his visit came out in bold roundness, and tried to throw a faint glamour of romance over the most unromantic of cities, and some of the young ladies began to hint of the delights of a big char-a-banc and a four-in-hand, he quietly arranged the expected programme. Left to himself, such doubtful enjoyments could never have come into his mind, but when the path was pointed out to him he forthwith strewed it with roses. Mr. and Mrs. Graves consented to preside over his excursion, and Mrs. Lawlor eagerly suggested and revised the select list. "Not more than twelve," she said decidedly. "One wagon will carry us all. That's a great deal jollier."

With a vague idea of balancing his favors, Gurney went in person to plead for the company of Mrs. Rivers. He had come to be so familiar a figure that Reeve, the stolid butler, who told him in one sentence that Mrs. Rivers was paying calls and that Miss Oulton was in, ushered him without ceremony into the room where Helen sat before a glowing fire with Tina at her feet in a reckless attitude of abandonment. They both looked up with a start, and Reeve hastily retired before Miss Oulton's disapproving frown. Tina jumped up briskly and wiped her eyes, drawing down her mouth with a lugubrious expression.

"It's lots of fun to cry," she said, with something between a sigh and a sob, "if you only know how"; and she held out her hand to greet him, but drew it away hastily and put it behind her. "'Let us clasp hands and part.' Anybody would know you were just out of the wilderness. That must be the grip of the Ancient Order of Apaches. Here, shake hands with Helen, just for fun, you know." But as Miss Oulton refused to respond to this vicarious cordiality, Gurney hastened to say, "How do you cry when you do it 'for fun'?"

"O, in good company, and with pleasant surroundings. You make a sort of luxury of grief, you see. Why, I can harrow up my feelings any time. That's what you lose by being a man. *You* wouldn't dare to cry, would you?"—with her hands still clasped behind her, and the most childish innocence on her saucy, tear-stained face.

"Well, I haven't your facility for weeping, of course," he said coolly, "but I dare say I might shed a tear or two at a pinch. I must confess, I don't envy you your recreations if this is one of them"; and then, to account for his intrusion, he told his errand.

Tina immediately began to waltz round the room, humming, "O how delightful, O how entrancing"; stopping abruptly to say, "We're only pretending to be surprised —we knew all about it yesterday. Don't be silly, Helen," as Miss Oulton looked rather resistant. "Of *course* you'll go. Wild horses wouldn't keep *me* away. Are you going to drive? May I sit on the front seat with you? Ah, thanks! that will make Aunt Fanny so happy '—with a placid satisfaction. Miss Tina, having found that it annoyed Mrs. Lawlor to be called "Aunt," clung to the mock kinship with much tenacity. "And the Terry girls—and Jack—*he* will tear his

hair—if it's long enough. Poor Jack!" she said, with a swift change of mood. "He's just as nice as though he could give swell moonlight drives," and she looked defiantly at Gurney.

"Probably much nicer," he acquiesced amiably. "The ability to drive a four-in-hand presupposes a certain amount of arrogance, which to be sure is shared by teamsters and stage-drivers, but—"

"O nonsense," said Tina, "you know what I mean. Now, where, for instance, would *you* be without money?"

"Ringing your front-door bell to ask for a 'light job,' and 'a little something to eat,'" he answered, unmoved.

Tina laughed, and gave him an approving glance from her big brown eyes.

"You're awfully good-natured," she exclaimed; "I wonder how long it would last. I'm going to put you through your catechism: How old are you?"

"Really, Tina," began Miss Oulton, in sharp remonstrance.

"Yes, *really*, of *course*. I don't expect you to prevaricate," said this bold interviewer, without taking her eyes from his face.

"Thirty-five sharp," he responded promptly.

"The interesting hero is never more than *twenty*-eight," said Tina, with rather a disappointed air. "What a pity!"

Gurney raised his eyebrows. "When I attempt the role of hero, I'll make up for the part."

"Well, you won't need to do that; you don't *look* so old," she added consolingly. "What do you do when you're at home?"—this after a pause.

"I'm a horny-handed son of the soil, and—"

"O yes," she interrupted hastily, "that's what they say in stump-speeches. That's the sort of stuff papa talks. But *really*, you know."

"Really, I *don't* know," he said, catching her at her own game. "My life is so different from this that I couldn't make you understand it at all."

"Thanks," drawled Tina; "you say that with the superior air of a four-in-hand man. *We* couldn't understand, Helen, do you hear?"

Miss Oulton had picked up some bit of bright worsted-work, and was industriously sending the ivory needle in and out the rainbow meshes. She spent most of her time in finishing the decorative impulses of her cousin and her friend, who, in common with their class, were prone to accumulate masses of material, and make plans, and then cast about for somebody to do the actual work.

"I dare say Mr. Gurney is right," she murmured, without raising her eyes from her work.

"Is it a pretty place—where you live?" Tina went on, unrebuffed.

"Umph—rather."

"How provoking you are! Have you no society?"

"O yes," he said, "my nearest society is ten miles away, but it's pleasant enough—at that distance."

"I suppose we can't understand that, either."

Gurney shook his head assentingly. Tina looked at him with her head on side like a mischievous kitten with a stolen plaything. "Any nice young ladies?"

"Dozens of them."

"Oh-h-h!" glancing over her shoulder at Helen, who seemed completely absorbed in her mysteries of "chain and loop." "I suppose they dress in pink calico, and talk about the 'crops.'"

"Not always. They're in dress and talk a pretty fair imitation of the average society young lady."

"But they have no—style — no *chic*," said Tina, contemptuously.

"*No*, thank Heaven!" And he drew a long breath.

Tina flushed a little, but recovered herself immediately. "'Some people always sigh in thanking God,'" she quoted. "Well, you're prejudiced; we're nothing if not progressive. Rusty manners are of no more use than a last-year's bonnet. And you're ungrateful, too.

Why, half the girls here are wild with delight if you just 'tip 'em a nod.'"

"This can't be very interesting to Miss Oulton," said Gurney, rather tired of such chatter.

"O, Helen just *loves* it. She pretends to be bored, but that's because she abhors gossip theoretically, and wants to look consistent.—The front seat, remember," she added eagerly, as Gurney turned to go.

He had been for some time leaning idly over the back of a high carved chair, and when he pushed it aside the thin, long, old-fashioned watch-chain he always wore caught in the twisted wood and snapped suddenly, while a little bunch of charms that Tina had never before noticed fell scattered on the carpet. One of them, a curiously shaped locket, rolled to her feet, and she stooped impulsively and picked it up. As it opened in her hand, "Oh, how *lovely!*" she cried, with a little flutter of admiration. "Look, Helen!"

But Gurney laid his hand over hers. "Pardon me," he said, rather sharply, and put chain and charms quietly into his pocket. He looked strangely disturbed about so trifling a matter, and stood staring at Tina with his dark face a shade paler than usual, and his lips compressed.

She clasped her hands imploringly in pretended terror. "I'll never do it again—never—*never.*"

"How could you know?" he said at last, with evident effort. "That is—"

"Your sweetheart, of course," broke in Tina, with a shrill little laugh; as she said, she "hated heroics." "Never mind, we'll spare your confession and congratulate you."

To her surprise, Gurney looked rather relieved, and his eyes twinkled. "Thank you —thank you," he murmured.

"And we'll keep your secret."

"I know I can depend on Miss Oulton. If she keeps the sphinx-like silence she's held to-day, she would make a famous treasure-house for secrets."

Helen smiled. "Yes, I can keep a secret," she said, meeting his eyes with the steady, straightforward look that always gave him a singular pleasure, and swept away for the moment his doubts and perplexities concerning her.

Since their episode of Fort Point he had been ready to match her moods, whatever they might be. Whether she was gay or cynical, or only stiffly polite, or honestly cordial as she was sometimes, or silent as today, he accepted her changed manner as if it were the most natural one, and said, in deed if not in word, "'I'd have you do it ever!'" One thing he knew, that she was dependent and unhappy.

He looked at her now rather abstractedly. "None but very weak-minded people tell their secrets," he said, "and even they are sorry for it afterward."

"I must be a first-class idiot, then," sighed Tina, hopelessly, "for I'm in a confidential attitude toward *somebody* all the time. I think if there were no one else near I would offer my soul-secrets to the cook or the coachman."

As soon as their visitor was gone, she began to evolve from her agile little brain the most fanciful theories regarding his imaginary *fiancée*, and the most remarkable plans for the discomfiture of the husband-hunters who had counted him legitimate game. When Helen, honestly stifling her own startled wonderings, remonstrated with her, she only shook her head and went away refusing even to promise discretion, while her friend consoled herself with the reflection that Tina was so volatile she would forget the whole circumstance in an hour.

Neither of them met Gurney again till the evening fixed for their drive, when Tina occupied the coveted front seat and Helen fell to the lot of a gay old beau named Ballard, who whistled antique witticisms and mild gossip through an ill-fitting set of false teeth, who went everywhere, and was, in short, a society cyclopedia. Like Mrs. Lawlor, he stood ready to supplement the awkward hitches of his dowered friends with his own enlarged experience, and luckily he bid fair to live forever. But Helen did not appreciate his amiable virtues, and under cover of

his fusilade of compliments thought out her own thoughts without giving much heed to her neighbor.

Tina insisted at first on driving, almost overturned the wagon, and after resigning the reins with a very bad grace, pretended to flirt desperately with their amateur Jehu. In reality, she was only pouring into his ears indiscreet revelations of her domestic troubles.

"I was just crying the other day from sheer rage," she said, in response to Gurney's careless questioning. "Mamma don't want me to have anything to do with Jack Crandall. Of course we are just good friends, and what's the use of living if you can't have the kind of friends you want? I must cut Jack because he's only a broker's clerk. *Could* anything be more absurd, when papa is always boasting of his own poverty-pinches when he was young? I expect some day to hear him tell, like Mr. Bounderby, how he was 'born in a ditch, ma'am—wet as sop.' He just pulls out the rounds of the ladder he climbed up on, and keeps 'em to knock down other ladder-climbers. That's always the way with these self-made men. Isn't it now?—you *know* it is. But, all the the same, I won't give up Jack."

"I should think he would give *you* up, when you're as rude to him as to-night, for instance," said Gurney, gravely.

"O, well, he gets tiresome sometimes. Everybody bores me sooner or later," said this *blasé* young person, whose nineteen years had left her bankrupt so far as amusements went.

"Will you kindly and frankly *tell* me when *I* bore you?" asked Gurney.

"I don't think you ever would," laying her fingers on his greatcoat sleeve with a caressing little snow-flake touch, "because I'm afraid of you."

"Good! In that case I'll take care to be as ferocious as possible. Though I don't quite approve of fear as an element of friendship."

"H-m-m! I'd rather be respected than adored," said Tina, with lofty inconsistency. "Why? Why, because we all long for the un-get-at-able, of course. You know very well that people don't respect me any more than they would a soap-bubble or a wreath of cigarette-smoke. If I want anything, I have to cry and kick for it like a bad child. How stupidly jolly they are back there!" she added, turning her head as a chorus of laughter, led by her father's tremendous "ha-ha," drowned her voluble monologue. "It's only one of papa's old stories they've heard a thousand times. They're awfully polite to laugh at it, I'm sure." Evidently Miss Graves was not in a very good humor, but the rest of the party, encouraged by Mr. Graves, seemed very cheerful indeed.

Mr. Graves himself was a stout, florid man of fifty-five, whose limitless ambitions and exhaustless vitality made him not only a business but a social power. With his restless fingers dabbling in a hundred big schemes, and his ventures making a girdle round the earth, he yet found time to eat, drink, and be merry, with the most riotous of the merry-makers. If his jokes were a little too pungent, his cordiality a little oppressive, he was readily forgiven. Criticism hung its head when this lucky man came near. His wife prided herself on her family, and looked forward to the time when caste should be sharply defined, even in California; but "the glow and the glory" of the time were upon her, and she was sometimes swept away by her husband's resistless hospitality, and forced into contact with persons against whom her aristocratic instincts revolted. Still, she always carried the superb consciousness of occupying an unassailable social eyrie, and on the present occasion condescended to be very amiable, feeling that her chaperonage was sufficient to cover any amount of unconventionality, and that "the king could do no wrong."

The "Cliff" had lost enough of its prestige to make a moonlight supper there, under ordinary circumstances, a very plebeian thing indeed, but as a freak of the *beau monde* it was quite different. Nobody could cavil at the entertainment offered them; even that experienced critic and gourmand Mr. Ballard admitted that Gurney knew how to

manage such things astonishingly well for a man who lived literally out of the world. "Where the deuce could he have picked up the knack? — for there *is* a knack, you know," he said confidentially to Mrs. Graves.

The bald, cheerless room had been manipulated in some mysterious way to make it look almost luxurious; and they were served by Gurney's own men, so that their exclusiveness was beyond question. The young people were as gay as they pleased, and they pleased to be very animated. The young men drank a good deal of champagne, but it did not seem to make their conversation any less sensible. The Terry girls, who had to see society by sections, because there were so many of them, and who were celebrated for their large fund of enthusiasm, brought it all out at this time, prattling over Gurney with the sort of imbecile flattery that sets a modest man's teeth on edge, but which seems as necessary as love to "make the world go round."

Jack Crandall had been snubbed by Tina outrageously, and was as angry as such a sweet-tempered man could be; but he went on making bad puns and telling absurd stories, because he knew it was expected from him.

"'It's such a very serious thing to be a funny man,'" he said ruefully, when Violet Terry begged him to recite "that awfully funny sketch of Mark Twain's that you did for us the other night"; but he went through his performance with considerable spirit, and was rewarded by having Tina say quite audibly: "I detest that sort of thing off the stage, don't you, Mr. Gurney? He ought to join one of these versatile dramatic clubs that give Hamlet one night and burnt-cork minstrelsy the next."

But in truth, Jack's blundering humor was as invaluable, socially, as the gush of the Terry girls. It tided over awkward silences and bore down any too patrician dignity, not infrequently saving lazy people trouble and timid ones pain; so that it was the rankest ingratitude on the part of Miss Graves to laugh at instead of with her "good friend."

The Rivers family was represented only by Miss Oulton and her cousin by courtesy, Mr. Fessenden. There seemed to be an "innumerable caravan" of relatives forever surging in and out of the Rivers house; and when at the last moment a malicious touch of neuralgia kept Mrs. Rivers at home, and she sent "Fred" to take her place, Gurney and his guests accepted her substitute with amiable indifference. That is one of the few consolations we are absolutely sure of in social life—if we drop out of the ranks for a year, a day, or even an hour, nobody misses us, and the parade goes on all the same. But Gurney began to suspect Mrs. Rivers of keeping her neuralgia on hand for an emergency, and shrewdly guessed that pique rather than pain had been the cause of her defection.

He watched with no little amusement the tendency of his party to scatter into the shadowed parts of the piazza, and when Mrs. Graves endeavored to gather them together again he protested.

"You can't be so hard-hearted. Such merry-makings are especially provided for sentimental young people. It's part of the moonshine."

But when, turning a corner, they came suddenly upon young Fessenden, who, with both Helen's hands clasped in his, was making some vehement appeal, Gurney's good-natured indulgence was flung to the winds, and in an instant the place, the time, the people, all seemed intolerably snobbish and tiresome.

"That's an old story," said Mrs. Graves, as they passed on, only pausing for her to ask icily if Miss Oulton were ready to go home.

"An old story?" echoed Gurney, mechanically.

"Well, yes — to *us* — ah! here they all are. I'll tell you all about it some other time."

Gurney could scarcely conceal his impatience to start, and even when they were fairly on the road, and the indefatigable revelers behind him were making the frosty air ring with their sentimental songs, and

Tina, forgetting her critical attitude, flung back snatches of "burnt-cork minstrelsy," he could not recover his ordinary serenity. Mrs. Graves's mischievous little sentence made a monotonous accompaniment to the measured choruses; and even the swift hoof-beats of the horses rang themselves into a refrain of "That's an old story—that's an old story."

He had met Fessenden a good many times, but if he had thought of him at all it was as a sort of drawing-room lay figure, or at most a pretty young prig. But therein he was short-sighted, for under such languid effeminacy often lies a good deal of steady purpose, making it not impossible to do, "in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion." Partly educated abroad, Mr. Fessenden had brought home with him one of the first samples of Anglomania, and after effacing all individuality as thoroughly as possible, had striven to remold himself after the most approved Brittanic models; and it was this blurred identity which Gurney had, as it were, trodden under foot.

Now he began to put Fessenden under a mental microscope, trying to magnify him into a man whom Helen Oulton might, could, or did love. Why he should care a crooked sixpence what she loved was an interrogation that was pushed aside for the time by her actual presence. As everybody knows, there are certain frames of mind on which philosophy or logic falls flat.

While this sturdy misogynist was filling his mind with disagreeable conclusions, Jack Crandall sang and laughed out of a sore heart, Mr. Fessenden murmured languid sentiment in Rose Terry's pink ears, with his thoughts always Helenward, and Mrs. Graves, listening to Mr. Ballard's recipe for a perfect *soufflé*, arranged in her mind an alliance between Gurney and her youngest daughter, who needed "settling" in life if any young lady ever did, and whose caprices were sometimes beyond control. While Mr. Ballard himself, with his elderly bones aching and a foreboding of bronchitis and rheumatism overshadowing him, wished himself comfortably at home in his own bachelor apartments; and Helen, who sat at Tina's elbow, with fragments of their fitful talk blown back to her by the wind, grew more and more indignant that Fred's folly had put her into such a ridiculous position.

As they were landed by twos and threes at their respective homes, they exchanged cordial assurances of gratification. In fact, it was "just charming," and they had "never enjoyed anything so much" in all their lives —which, maybe, was unconscious truth, perfect enjoyment being as impossible, or at least as evanescent, as Mr. Ballard's incomparable *soufflé* itself.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

LILIES.

I BRING the simple children of the field—
  Lilies with tawny cheeks, all crimson-pied.
The vagrant clans that thriftless-seeming yield
  Their scented secrets to the wind, yet hide
In dewy cups their subtler lore. More sweet
  Than red-breast robin pipes, the strain they sing
Of youth and wayside lanes where childish feet
  Went glancing merrily through some dead spring.
Glad is the gift I bring at love's behest—
The gypsy lilies of the wide-eyed West.

Lilies I bring—shy flowers that nodding grew
O'er river-beds, whereto the night winds low
Cling odorous. Still droop these buds of blue
In tender dreams of the cool water's flow
Past gleaming crofts, among lone sunless nooks;
Of moonshine white athwart the bending trees;
Of scattered mists above brown, mottled brooks;
The spring-time perfumes; summer's vanished bees.
A dawning hope, beneath the starry crest
Of trysting lilies, trembles on thy breast.

Lilies I bring that once by Nile's slow tide,
From snowy censers 'neath a lucent moon,
With faint, rare fragrance steeped the silence wide.
O, stainless ones! The night-bird's broken tune
Falls 'mong thy pallid leaves. And fainter still,
And sweeter than cold Dian's music clear,
The night's far, failing murmurs wildly thrill
Thy golden hearts. Love, pitying draw near!—
An ended dream, unuttered, unexpressed,
With vestal lilies mocks my hapless quest.

Lilies I bring thee—languorous, passionate—
Neglected odalisques, that scornful stand,
Voiceless and proud, without the silent gate
That bars the dawn in some dim morning-land.
'Gainst creamy chalices drifts soft the air
Of sun-kissed climes, and viols throb, and shine
The twinkling feet of dancing-girls, lithe, fair,
Upbeating wafts of wasted yellow wine:
O, fatal flow'rs to hot lips fiercely pressed
The siren lilies of weird lands unblessed.

Stoop down, O love—and nearer—for I bear
The phantom buds that ope for weary hands
When toil is done. O, fragrant blossoms, fair
As shadowy asphodels, ye lean o'er lands
Wrapped in unchanging dusk. O, cold and frail,
From brows more waxen than your blooms, how light
Ye slip! Yet low, sweet chimes, though your lips pale,
Echo from heavenly shores, ye flowers white
Of realms celestial. Love's last gift and best!
The clustered lilies of perpetual rest.

Ada Langworthy Collier.

THE AMERICAN COLONY AT CARLOTTA.

As an item of history, introducing the events recited in this article, the writer may remark, that after the surrender at Appomattox, a very considerable body of Confederates, under the command of the famous cavalry officer, General Shelby, crossed the Rio Grande with the object of taking part in the struggle for supremacy in Mexico, and of deciding by arms the tide of battle and the future of that republic. The plans of the leading spirits of the expedition have never been fully disclosed; and all now known is, that after invading Mexican soil, and acquainting themselves with the nature and objects of the contest, the daring Anglo-Saxons decided to abandon the projected crusade. Selling their arms, they dispersed and drifted singly and in groups to different portions of that country. And in the summer of the same year, there began a very considerable hegira from the United States to the land of the Aztecs. This movement continued through all the year of 1865. Nor did it entirely cease until the middle of the next year.

The Mexican empire was then almost an established fact. These argonauts, or exiles, were mostly notables of the Confederacy—generals, colonels, governors, judges, and senators—who left the South at the close of the Rebellion. Many made the journey by land, latterly they chose the water way, and settled at Monterey and points southward from that city; but the mass passed on to San Louis and the capital, and remained in those and other cities during the winter.

In the summer of 1865, however, Captain Maury had presented a land scheme to Maximilian, which had for its object the colonization of portions of Mexico by Southern families who were indisposed to bear the humiliation of defeat and its disagreeable incidents. This plan of bringing Anglo-Saxon stock to Mexican shores was not displeasing to the Hapsburg; and hence, very early in the autumn of the year, a decree was issued, granting to colonists certain public lands confiscated during the civil wars of the country. It happened that lands near Cordova were selected; and to that point ever after tended American emigrants.

The founders of the colony convened at the ancient city of Cordova, eight miles distant from the proposed settlement, and passed the winter there. In the mean time a survey of the confiscated lands was completed. Then the filibustering for place and office, and for rich and accessible land tracts, commenced; and it grew more earnest as the months wore away. Captain Maury was made chief of the land or colonization bureau; General Magruder held the second place in that department, and the eminent ex-Judge Perkins of Louisiana secured the place of agent at Cordova.

Much of the winter was consumed in wrangling and inactivity. But the project grew and developed. About this time, too, the emperor's decree was promulgated, and that encouraged the colonists still more. This decree guaranteed all the rights of citizens to foreigners, with, strange to say, few of the responsibilities. It exempted colonists from the payment of taxes, from service in the army for five years, together with the privilege of passing implements of husbandry free of duty through the custom-houses.

When spring came, the village site had been selected, and the fathers of the colony were snugly quartered under the mango-trees of the newly christened town of Carlotta. Rude huts and tents were improvised for protection from the beating rain and scorching sun. But there was nothing of the utilitarian spirit abroad yet. Houses did not rise like exhalations, in a night. Indeed, three or four months passed by before the thatched gables rose above the thick underbrush and tangled forest trees.

At this epoch, epistolary effusions drifted

into American newspapers, and by this means the deep jungles and blasted wastes of Mexico were transformed into gardens of paradise, and insignificant dripping springs into rushing torrents of ice-water. The snow-capped peak of Orizaba, forty miles distant, loomed in cool proximity to the village; while the promised land was plainly pointed out to the sorrowing and oppressed Israelites across the Gulf. If these curious tales and wonderful statistics had a fictitious ring to those already there, certain it is that the romance drew from dissatisfied hearts across the water a sigh of relief. These sensational articles were copied indiscriminately on this side of the Rio Grande, and not many weeks elapsed before the colonization wave surged across the Gulf, and settled in the valley of Cordova. But the advance guard, numbering about fifty, had already selected the surveyed sections, and became masters, in some senses, of the entire valley of confiscated lands. It is more than probable that the effusions of these pioneers were pictures only of what the country might be—conceptions in the future tense; for in every case there was equivocation as to the paternity of those gorgeous letter landscapes.

At any rate, the object was accomplished. And in due season men came there by hundreds. Some drifted at once into whatever presented; the many hung their heads and waited. Planters and lawyers fitted up hotels; army and naval officers began planting corn and cotton; merchants and men of no vocation embarked in manufacturing and freighting, believing that mints of money were hidden in the soil, on the top of it—everywhere. Ship-loads of colonists were halted at New Orleans; impediments were thrown in the way of the hegira by the authorities all along the coast; and it is charged that men in high position promised early destruction to the new colony. But people, defying Sheridan and shipwreck, were ready to go, if they had to run the gauntlet of robbers and famine by land, or wade the Gulf, or float it on a log.

When the authorities at Washington were apprised of the movement, and Maximilian made acquainted with the feeling existing respecting it, the one offered no decidedly open opposition to colonization, and the other began to manifest decided indifference to it. A colony of Anglo-Saxons—the bitter enemies of the Northern republic—planted on the opposite side of the gulf, was not agreeable to the ruling powers at Washington; hence complaints went up to Maximilian and to Bazaine, and they encouraged colonization no more.

But there were other and more formidable obstacles. It became apparent, pretty soon, that Mexicans were opposed to American colonization; that they hated progressive ideas, and felt incapable of competing with these new-comers in the great battles of life and business. So robber chiefs were set on to persecute, provoke, and assail the settlers, and only the fear of consequences prevented them from massacring the whole colony. The frequent memorials and letters directed to the emperor, and the selfish counter land-schemes emanating from the busy brains of adventurers, poured in upon the royal presence when in the midst of court matters; and this annoyance, joined to the reprehensible conduct of many of our countrymen, and the waning fortunes of the ill-starred Austrian prince, decided him to let American colonization go to the dogs. Bazaine, who was more potent than the emperor, had no interest whatever in the success of the scheme: nor, indeed, in the propagation of the American idea; neither had his government any sympathy for anybody in an empire it had determined to abandon. Hence, in a little while the colonists stood alone, protected by neither party, hated by the entire Mexican race; scattered miles apart, the prey of every freebooter that chose to war upon them.

The only security, then, rested upon the unity and manhood of the colonists. Had they united for protection, and chosen to remain there as good citizens of Mexico, there would have been a different account to give. But an ungenerous, clannish spirit predominated, and this was the one dominant cause

of disintegration and ruin of the enterprise. It was conceived in selfishness, and managed the self-same way. The project was shrouded in mystery at the beginning, and seemed to grow worse as it grew in years. There was not a habitable house in the village; and yet the inhabitants were as exclusive as royalty in Russia. The poorest Aztec laborer fared better in his thatched hut than any colonist; and yet a stranger could not purchase a lot in Carlotta unless he was possessed of eminent respectability. The doom of the enterprise was certain and fixed, without robber raids or native repugnance or revolutionary influences. Warnings were scouted, and imperious dignity refused to listen to advice. No wonder that the seal of an early termination was set upon it. Even the venal, and in some senses usurping, government sickened of the petty jealousies, which grew and flourished in rank luxuriance and waxed strong, even before the bantling put on swaddling-clothes. The men fitted for leaders were kept in the background, while theoretical mountebanks pulled the wires and tinkered and bungled, till the affair took such an unshapely form that the astute jurist of *tlaco* memory fell into general and miscellaneous muddiness in unraveling it.

But, "howsoever these things be," the streets and plaza of Carlotta are now deserted, the doors of the thatched cabins are ajar, the weeds and brush have usurped the spots where the glad voices of children were heard, and the spreading mangos wave their branches in the winds, and with the night breeze syllable a sort of mournful requiem.

At the beginning, General Sterling Price, Governor Harris, and with them a score of lesser enthusiasts, bivouacked there without practical shelter from the flying rain and driving winds. There they smoked and read and dreamed over the past. The country was infested with robber bands, and no one knew then what hour would witness the effacement of their rude homes and themselves. The *frijoles* and *tortillas* comprised the bill of fare day after day and month after month. It was then, too, that those romantic missives originated—the letters which sent from the States hundreds of fortune-hunters, exiles, and adventurers, to gather the silver bars and the harvest of sugar, coffee, and cotton, and sleep in the lap of this Aztec paradise.

It was a sight to witness the new-comers as they dashed on horseback, full of joy, into the village, something over seventeen summers ago, glorifying the empire and lauding the chivalry of the native race; looking in wonder from the mango shades toward the plaza, which the trees and chaparral yet hid, inquiring for the springs of ice-cold water that were not there, and bending their cheeks to the cool winds from the mountain peak, which they learned for the first time was forty miles distant. Colonists' faces were a study at that time, going in and then out of the village. They entered with prospective sights of snow-slides from the adjacent peak, orange-trees yellow with fruit in the forests, figs and peaches vieing with pine-apples and mangos; and, farther away, coffee groves in full bloom, running riot on every hand, cotton fields white for the harvest, and sugar-mills with the busy hum of operatives, the click of the mill-hammers from the Rio Seco—all romance, at last, a veritable myth and a bubble. We have heard of men when wrecked at sea turning away in despair from a bank of fog which they mistook for land: so these adventurers turned back with looks cold as stone.

Still people came and swarmed over the valley, and hoed and built and planted, and praised the climate (and here for once they told the truth) and soil and government—ay, and at times denounced the apathy of the Aztec race—these generals, colonels, senators, governors, and preachers; and then again vowed eternal fealty to Mexico and hatred to the authorities beyond the Gulf, and declared their purpose never again to set foot on soil where the stars and stripes waved. There was prospect, indeed, of an early and formidable rival to Brother Jonathan on the western shores of the Gulf. A compact of the Latin and Anglo-Saxon races, with a background of hearty hatred: who

can premise the eventual climax? And, as the multitudes came, the valleys were dotted here and there with rude huts, and settlements extended outward and southward for thirty miles; the roads and donkey-paths were everywhere traversed by men with families and men without families, hunting new lands, no matter where or whose, to grow rich and great and happy under the genial skies of Mexico.

All the while, the village grew—we dare not say rapidly—and lots were high and speculation rife. And so increase brought selfishness—the supply being already abundant—and that worked detriment and dissensions. Strangers were not welcomed as before, and land could not be had at any price around this charmed spot. Some, with wire-edge worn off in a week, turned back, and beginning at Vera Cruz, left all the way and at home an unvarnished and damaging report of the colony and country. But the earlier statements had found their way into print; responsible persons were credited with inditing the Munchhausen tales, and men on the way believed them; at all events, they decided to see with their own eyes. And as they went their speech was of golden apples thick upon trees, silver nuggets lying loose everywhere. The inference was that the clouds showered beefsteaks; that empty palaces and blossoming coffee *haciendas*, acres of maguey and cotton fields, were all waiting for the coming colonist. They never dreamed of the cold faces of native, Spaniard, and Frenchman set against them, nor of the freezing sentences dropped from the lips of the land agent at Cordova: no; only of dollars and downy beds, perennial showers and sugar-mills.

These were the deluded ones; honest, many of them, but most egregiously imposed upon. The men who founded the settlement had acres of land to spare, but would give none, sell none, to the anxious new-comer. No wonder the faces of some were all aflame when the situation dawned upon them. The enterprise was then supposed to be a success, hence lands, and lots even, were up to fabulous figures.

With the honest settler came also the adventurer, the speculator, and swindler, and harbored there, robbing his countrymen, the natives, every one he could; and having run his course, returned to his native land to practice his vocation at home. The wave of colonists went to Cordova and swept over it, and overran that city, so that people there awoke from their two centuries of sleep, put up their goods, lands, and rents, and waited. The natives caught so much, at least, of the progressive spirit invading their shores. Then American institutions leaped into existence in marvelously brief periods. American hotels, livery stables, law firms, American newspapers, manufactories, and brokers burst into existence —all in a fortnight. Then these political and pious brethren bid against each other, put up prices against each other, bought and sold and speculated, invested borrowed capital in enterprises that never realized, then drifted into insolvency and fled the country, leaving friends and natives surprised and bankrupt. A large per cent of the self-exiled went there to grow rich; they came without means, and persuaded others into wild speculations; they rejoiced in fine outfits, played at faro and monte, and when they had run their course, escaped at night in disguise—any way to evade the law and their victims. There was not a section in the great Northern republic, from Maine to the Gulf, that did not have its interpreter—its peculiar type of man—the worst often —rarely the best—sometimes to honor, but too frequently to shame, the ancestral race and name.

When the rush was at its full, discontent found expression, and the founders of the concern were openly denounced. General Sterling Price, the Gorgon of the Rebellion, the good, kind old man, was traduced without stint or reason. So, too, ex-Governor Harris, the Tully of Tennessee, strong and unchanged by reverses, with a voice clear as when it rang out on the field of Shiloh. Perkins of Louisiana, the proud, cold agent, without sympathy from his countrymen or any one else, he was anathematized and de-

famed to the hour of his suspension. And they stayed not their enmity till the whole colonization scheme was abolished. Then they journeyed homeward, moneyless and disappointed, supremely disgusted with officials, country, and themselves.

On the heels of defection and prospective failure came trouble with the natives. Indiscreet men squatted upon private lands, assuming that they held the same by virtue of imperial decree; then bullied and blustered, and put on the role of superiority of race, compromised their neighbors, and finally effected the capture of themselves and a score of better men, the destruction of their little property, a four weeks' imprisonment, and a two-hundred-mile march on *tortilla* rations; and lastly, the issue of an order requiring them to quit the country, as pernicious foreigners, forever. To this raid succeeded others in the Carlotta district; then into the village itself; and a general flight of settlers followed, together with a substantial and visible tremor among the war-worn exiles.

From that time the colony grew weak, and the faith of men in its permanency vanished. The natives were hostile, the French unfriendly, and the Americans were hopelessly demoralized. The Imperial Railway Company became bankrupt, and sent contractors and employees hither and thither, without pay, or even the promise of it. The tide of immigration then swept backward by sheer force of circumstances. Panic-stricken, the settlers sold out, sacrificed their sections of land, crops of corn and coffee, their cabins, horses, and hoes, and downward toward Vera Cruz, on foot, on horseback, on carts and pack-mules, they journeyed. It was a choice between starvation and the ills at home, and they chose the latter.

When it was too late, land-owners grew generous, and made voluntary offers of lots and tracts of land in the village and colony gratis to those remaining. The selfish and speculative spirit took fright when the stampede began; then business flagged, and crimination followed; and men litigated in the courts, grew spiteful and turbulent; ridiculed the Mexican religion, manners, and government, and made rude and violent attacks upon the country, the people, and the laws. The worst element, then, seemed to be uppermost. Prices went down in a week; rents and credits went the self-same way; and adventurers who came without a dollar, and speculated upon their fellows—deeply involved—stole away like the Arab, in the night, crossed the water, and spread without stint or truth stories of robbery, native treachery, and starvation.

Scores, who in their zeal had sworn never to set foot upon American shores, slowly and sullenly wheeled into the line of retreating colonists, disposed of their plantations and personal effects for a song, and scarcely waited until safely aboard an outward-bound steamer before they began swinging their hats and handkerchiefs for the stars and stripes, and thanking Providence and the fates that Mexico was out of sight forever. The United States, with free press, free schools, and substantial protection, was not the worst place in the world, after all, although caucuses and turbulent men, fired by past wrongs and prospective usurpations, did expend bits of incorrigible logic to belittle the great Anglo-Saxon republic. The backward step was taken with uncommon alacrity. What was done by the adventurers and wayward colonists—and there were too many such—in order to make a consistent retreat without too great a sacrifice of money, may as well be relegated to oblivion; for that is not now the province of the writer, nor would the recital do credit to the descendants of the pilgrims and cavaliers of our country.

The noisiest and most pronounced enthusiasts were the first to succumb. Even the genial ex-judge from Louisiana struck his colors, and pushed off from Vera Cruz, leaving the friends he was instrumental in bringing thither to rough the trials and prevalent anarchy alone. It is not proper to class Sterling Price with those who induced emigration by deceptive statements. His advice was always guarded, and his words were often misquoted in this connection. It is

true that many who went there because he was there were compelled to solicit charity to enable them to return; but the facts do not bear out the often-repeated charge that he induced men to exile themselves. He was one of the first to set foot on Mexican soil, and one of the first to leave it. The great-hearted old warrior sleeps now in the cemetery at St. Louis; let us say no more. Harris, less hasty than his compeers, waited till the last footfall of retreating colonists at Carlotta was heard dying away; then, without word or hope for the scattered few remaining in the canton, took ship for Havana. Tennessee has since honored him and herself by sending him to the United States Senate. Shelby, faithful to his promises, waited to see the last one of his followers on the homeward way; then lingering behind, as if protecting the retreat of the penniless veterans and their families, said a pleasant farewell to the owners and workers of the sugar and coffee fields of the Aztecs. Of all the colonists, General Shelby stood first in the esteem of Mexican soldiers and civilians. Hindman, with the will to do, having too much fear of poverty for those in his charge, most gracefully lowered his colors, went back to the State he loved so well, and was swept from earth by the assassin's bullet. A more gallant spirit than Hindman never trod the land of Washington. Magruder went when the stampede began. Tucker and Early did likewise; and Maury had preceded them. Reynolds lingered till Juarez was established in the presidential chair. Oldham went early, and died in Texas. Governor Allen of Louisiana—the lamented Allen—died at Mexico City. General Stevens rests in the American cemetery in Vera Cruz.

Poverty was, in most cases, more potent than principle; and indeed, many an honest man who came with a fixed purpose to stay was at last whipped by prospective starvation to take the backward step. This class of exiles hung their harps upon the Mexican willows, with as heavy hearts as the Moors when quitting forever the valleys and cities of Andalusia. Robbers of the jungles had put an end to agriculture to a large extent. Railway work had suspended. What else was there in Mexico to put money into the pockets or bread into the mouths of dependent ones?

My reader may have heard, perhaps, if his memory runs back to that epoch, of moneyless, ragged, and unshaven men footing it all the way from Vera Cruz along the coast to Texas, and of hollow-eyed want on the streets of Cordova and Carlotta, and of families carried to the Campo Santo for lack of bread. Some of these pictures were a trifle overdrawn, but none of them were all fancy. Money was thrown away at monte and for amusement that ought to have been husbanded for the dark days that loomed in the near future. Speculations in lands, hotels, and merchandise swallowed the capital in hand; so, when circumstances compelled a retreat to the States, nothing was left to pay the passage. And, as a matter of fact, nine-tenths of the colonists were bankrupt when they arrived in Mexico. Repentance came when there was no remission. Hundreds there were to be helped, and none to help them. Families left the colony for Vera Cruz without a dollar for passage across the water; and it is a marvel to-day how many of them were enabled to get to the fatherland. Marshal Bazaine furnished transportation to some, foreign merchants gave means, and many waited in that seaport till the *vomito* struck them down. The graves of Americans are almost legion in the cemetery of that fated city.

Men went to Mexico as enthusiasts and without calculation. The drift grew to a "boom," and when the face was once turned that way, nothing but personal inspection would satisfy. Every vocation was represented in that hegira. Lawyers, of course, were briefless and feeless. Doctors barely managed to live. Clergymen went too, full of the divine afflatus, strong in the faith of universal conversion of natives to Protestantism. One read sermons a while under the mangos of Carlotta, then left his little flock and turned his steps Mammonward to gather funds in the States to build a temple

in the forests of Mexico. He braved yellow fever at Vera Cruz, suffered perils by land and sea, and, it is understood, made the necessary appeals for aid in the churches —but he never returned to his flock at Carlotta. A brave missionary with his family and piano reached the promised land, and as his eyes fell upon the broad green Cordova valley from the crest of the Chiquite Mountains, he covenanted that every hill should be crowned with a Protestant chapel, and that thousands of deluded Aztecs should be turned into the narrow way. Arrived at Cordova, he wasted his eloquence upon audiences of half a dozen for two—nay, three—successive Sabbaths, and then went to teaming for a subsistence. He fell early in the campaign he had planned—ambitious no longer to free millions from the thralldom of darkness. Mule-driving was as fruitless as the missionary effort, and in three months, with a pensive twinkle in his eye, and depleted purse, he took passage for the land of psalm-singing, Sunday-schools, and civilization. A missionary project to the moon was just as rational as one to Mexico then. Nearly three hundred years were consumed in turning the natives from their idols. Is it presumable that they would apostatize in three months—even if the fiery eloquence of an American divine did "have them in the wind"?

The truth is, Americans themselves left their piety on this side of the Gulf and tabooed sermons and homilies. When their dead were lowered into the grave, it was done in silence and haste, and without religious service. Indeed, the amenities of life were scarcely recognized. The sick in many cases were neglected by countrymen and natives, and when the season of fever came on, and strong men dropped to the death-sleep in a day, the saddest sights known to the sympathetic eye could be seen. Scores of strong men were on the streets, but none at the death-bed; crowds in the bar-rooms and at billiards, but none at the burial. I must not omit to say that there were exceptions to the general rule. Great and generous souls were scattered here and there amid the many unthinking, heartless sojourners.

Having no employment, and there being no avenues open, even to the industrious, to acquire a subsistence, the idlers wrangled instead. They fought over their battles and sometimes fought each other. When opportunity offered, they sued each other, and bullied and insulted citizens on occasions of special recklessness. The greatest scamps in the canton of Cordova in those days were imported Anglo-Saxons, and men from the continent of Europe. One man, more unscrupulous than many others, fleeced his neighbor and benefactor, then ran away and left him to the cold charities of a Mexican prison. He actually contrived to have his benefactor and friend put into prison for a crime of his own, then staid not his feet till he was safely on this side of the Gulf; and as a corollary to this exploit, he entered a newspaper office in New Orleans upon his arrival, and published a most bitter tirade against Mexico. A prominent American of known integrity was ambushed on the road and robbed of his money, and not by natives. What a marvel it is that ten guerrilla chiefs, instead of one, did not pounce upon them—good, bad, and indifferent—and escort them, not to Caxaca, as some of them were escorted, but to the Rio Grande, with the injunction never to return! But Mexicans were reaping a harvest—a harvest of dollars—and like discreet people they controlled their tempers, though they had abundant grounds for complaint. Rarely, indeed, does a Mexican tradesman resent an insult if he discerns substantial profit as a reward for his silence.

The exploits of individuals during the pendency of this singular invasion, if written, would stagger the most versatile storyteller of the age. The ludicrous and humorous did much to redeem the grave monotony that existed in many circles of the colony. As already intimated, all shades and types of men participated in the fiasco. The native New Yorker was present in spirit and person, and he, with a representative Far West man and a Texas planter, formed a

syndicate for the perpetration of crookedness that had few parallels in that day. The New England sharper and Southern blackleg struck hands and were brothers, and plied their vocations wherever an opening presented. This irrepressible spirit was manifest everywhere; it was distinguishable, no matter how shrouded; and it bore its mark, whether in land or horse barter, in money-lending, in merchandising, or in *prestamoing.* The representative sharper did not hail from any particular latitude, and seemed to be possessor of traits peculiar to many sections. He was a versatile genius, and made his entrance into the colony with the glamour of piety about him. Such a thing as conscience—except in a narrow circle—was mythical in all senses. And honesty, among the many, was as unpopular as preachers and itinerant colporteurs. Nor was the mountebank excluded. They had quack doctors, quack preachers, and quack lawyers there. They had men with titles—generals, colonels, and captains—who had never dug a ditch, erected a fortification, or heard the whistle of a bullet. There were attorneys who mistook their calling, traders that would have added luster to a chain-gang, judges that would have disgraced the lowest police court in the United States. There were pretentious planters, who did more anathematizing, wrote more defamatory letters, and made a more villainous record than the most unrighteous renegade of Maine or Texas. And the most uncompromising denouncer of the "flower flag" country was accounted the greatest scamp, and was one of the first to pray for protection from the United States government. Doctors advertised their marvelous abilities in the healing art, when, indeed, they were unfit to bleed a horse; and colonels and captains recounted charges and battles to listening audiences, when the bravest of their acts had been to storm a hen-roost, burn a house, rifle a bank, or oppress defenseless people. Indeed, human weakness and frailty left a right royal record there.

While the comic was not wanting, there were seasons of gloom and sadness. A vast deal of uncertainty existed as to the action of the French government in respect to the Mexican empire. It was well understood that Maximilian could not maintain himself in case the French troops withdrew. And not a day passed but that rumors were extant of the evacuation of Mexico by the expeditionary army. No wonder that colonists grew uneasy, and substantial men looked grave sometimes. And hence, if the sad old men indulged in a game of poker betimes, or toyed with *aguardiente* or a doctored cocktail, was it anybody's business? Or if the *Sacarte* box was empty, and the breakfast in shadowy perspective, who ought to quarrel, if a rosy-faced middy or an aged jurist trusted to the uncertainty of cards for a morning's entertainment for man and beast? What boots it to the outside world if American gallant made suit to wealthy, dark-eyed señorita, or flirted in orange groves by moonlight, or played the courtier in the garb of friend, or launched into speculations that would not bear the light of investigation, or played away some one else's money at some purlieu of the central plaza? It was simply a *diversion*, in Mexico, to borrow and never pay; to adopt the polite art of the half-breeds in the vocation of road-agents; or to appropriate the portables of strangers. These scions of pious parents, these gray-bearded Lotharios, these conscienceless wayfarers, were purely creatures of circumstances. In the spirit of being in Rome they outdid Rome itself.

In truth, a more curious mixture of mankind was perhaps never seen at any one time anywhere. Every type of *gringo* shared in the fullness of the singular accretion. The "Simon Suggs" of Alabama; the sunburnt "Sucker" of the prairie States; the proud nabob of the Carolinas; the roaring Methodist and ranting "hard-shell" of the border States; the soap-maker of Louisiana, and the picayune slave-driver of Texas; the Atlantic coast nobody, and gulf shore "dead locks"—were all there; and even the bluegrass regions of Kentucky, the Red River bayous, Richmond "on the James," and the swamps of Florida, poured out their surplus

of rovers and sharpers and diggers and drinkers and idlers; and the mass there fermented, and soured in anger, and fattened in gayety—a curiously constructed, curiously habited, curiously motived multitude.

The tribunals of justice, if a history thereof were compiled, would present a picture of boldness, bluntness, and audacity, such as is penciled only in pictures of Western squatter life a half-century ago. The quarrels and recriminations and flings of noisy and profane eloquence before the Mexican courts have but few parallels in any land. Pistols and knives were flourished with as much freedom in the courtroom as they were in times past on our Western borders. It was difficult many times to tell who was the judge, and whether he was not placed there more to be bullied and insulted than to dispense law. And yet, this was but in keeping with the general character of the offenses tried; with the use of arms in the frequent *melees;* the insulting language used to citizens and to each other; the riotous scenes that night after night kept the town in a turmoil, and for a while made a miniature Sodom of the aged and staid city of Cordova. There were street-fights in profusion, and duels often on the *tapis*, though challenger and challenged were seldom "in at the death." The best friend of the colonists was repeatedly insulted; and it is a marvel what forbearance the select few of the better class of Mexicans exhibited toward these erring "carpet-baggers." It is not necessary to say that bombast was abundant. Heroes of a hundred battles were plenty as blackberries. Men upon whose shoulders in the war epoch rested the whole Southern Confederacy stepped proudly upon Aztec soil, elaborated theories, engineered in the *combres*, and at intervals condemned Jefferson Davis, his cabinet, and the conduct of the war. Political Solomons, martial Strongbows, honest quartermasters, peaceful Calvinists, at one time lay down like the lion and the lamb together in the broad evening shadows of the imperial-christened city.

This was, it must be remembered, in the morning of the colony's life. There was no similar exhibition of harmony at any subsequent date.

To-day, not a footfall is heard in Carlotta, while seventeen years ago the place was swarming with fortune-hunters. The writer saw it two years after the site was selected. He saw only tenantless cabins, deserted gardens, fields of unharvested sugar-cane, plows and *machetes* where they fell, tall sprouts of chaparral running riot in the streets and prospective lawns. And it must be with a sort of savage pleasure that the poor footsore Confederate, who could not get an inch of land for love or money, read how the iron features of that most finished official of the Cordova circumlocution office settled down into a gray paleness when he learned that his land speculation was a bubble, and that his invested doubloons had been sunk into the bottomless deep of an imperial colonization humbug.

Reynolds nor Slaughter nor Edwards nor Stevens nor Hindman nor Allen ever became enamored of the project, while Shelby saw in it at least a home or temporary place of sojourn for those he had led into the Aztec country. Price, Harris, and others, at the inception of the scheme, sincerely determined to make Carlotta their future home. They were all gallant, noble, and true men, and no one dare breathe a word of substantial complaint against the motives of these pioneers. But very soon these men were confronted with obstacles which made it impossible at that time to guarantee a permanency of the settlement. On the heels of continual losses and raids came the announcement that Bazaine, the French marshal, was about to evacuate the country. With the waning of the star of empire came calamities to the colonists. And when the expeditionary corps began the Gulfward movement, thousands interested in the empire and fearing the leaders of the liberal party drifted out with it. For months the great thoroughfare to the sea was thronged with the hurrying tramp of men and animals. It almost amounted to a flight in the latter end of the hegira. After the evacu-

ation, colonization became a thing of the past. It collapsed as completely as an over-crowded balloon. The "Mexican Times," the ablest exponent of imperialism, passed into shadow, because its brilliant editor saw the inevitable in the distance. The emperor himself, refusing the advice of the French marshal to abandon his waning empire, called his supporters to a conference at Orizaba, and then demanded of them a decision touching the struggle for supremacy in Mexico. It was then decided that he ought to stand or fall with the empire. He, the gallant but ill-advised Hapsburg, returned to the capital, and subsequently marched to Queretaro, where he was betrayed into the hands of Escobedo, and shot. The men most prominent in the conference, and most eager and clamorous for his continuance in Mexico, went out with the tide of fleeing natives and foreigners. It was a cowardly abandonment—indefensible in any possible respect. Colonists, having accepted lands from the empire, were regarded as adherents or sympathizers. Not a solitary colonist claimed a foot of land in the valley at the period of the bloody and unwarranted tragedy on the hill of Cainpaña. Every man withdrew and was content, if he saved only his life. Chaos was everywhere, anarchy bearing a free lance wherever spoils existed or rapine and murder was profitable.

Mexicans had no special regard for Americans. They looked upon our people as grasping, covetous, and ambitious. Moreover, they have never forgiven the affair of 1847. The perforations made by Scott's cannon in the tall edifices at Vera Cruz are still visible, and the recollections of Taylor's campaign on the Rio Grande are still vivid in the memory of natives. It has been intimated that native submission in Mexico, notably in Cordova, was due to real and prospective profit. And it is a fact worthy of record in these annals, that within a period of eight months American colonists, in the valley of Cordova alone, spent and lost sums amounting in the aggregate to one hundred thousand dollars. This sum was appropriated and pocketed by the natives. Not less curious is the fact that, after the exit of the colonists, the sales of native merchants in that city fell from one hundred dollars per day to thirty dollars; that business dropped back into the old ruts, and things generally into the condition from which they had been so rudely wrenched. Whether the morals of the people were disturbed by the advent of this Northern swarm; whether the profits outweighed the outrage of feeling; whether the harvest of dollars was a recompense for the introduction of radically progressive ideas and habits—the loosest that Southern hot-houses ever generated—are questions not within the province of the writer to canvass. Certain it is, that the standard of Aztec morals and justice is not, in the opinion of most foreigners, an exalted one. Still, with the looseness of morals and defiance of law, with the masses then leading a life of robbery and murder, there are many, and were at that epoch many, good men, both pure Indian and Spanish descendants, in the republic. The native impression of American character, after one year's experience in the valley of Cordova, is largely tainted with dissipation, rudeness, indolence, and dishonesty. So in native circles, when the stampede began, there were no tears for their going—only rejoicing and gladness.

If a hundred American colonies were founded on Mexican soil, this one would stand alone, totally dissimilar in every respect from the ninety-nine others. In any event, the colony would have been a failure. The founders and projectors were not such men as are required to pioneer a settlement in a country like Mexico. The location, considering the circumstances under which the grant of land was made, was a mistaken one. The land was claimed by individuals, and the question of title undecided in the courts. The land was confiscated by the government previous to Maximilian's advent. It was claimed by the church, and was occupied by squatters who could not be evicted under the law without recompense for improvements. Then there was prejudice to surmount, hatred of long standing to overcome, and native apathy to neutralize. If a Mexi-

can hated one foreigner more than another, that one was American. So, in every business and vocation, obstacles were thrown in the way, and this was the fact in every solitary instance. The history of this colony is the history of all at that date. Every attempt of the kind failed; for native antagonism was busy, in season and out of season, —dead-locking all progress and enterprise. Failing legitimately to discourage foreigners, robbery was resorted to in this case, and that species of tactics, so congenial to native tastes and teachings, at that time made up the main staple of persecution. It was effective: it always is. In this way strangers were notified to quit. This is the experience of every foreigner who resided long enough in the country to test the feeling. There are exceptional individual cases; but as to colonies, there are none. The government was more liberal than the people. The decrees, too, sent abroad to induce immigration were so much chaff—a subterfuge only. The democracy and liberality of the people up to that period were unmistakably deceptive. The whole scheme, up to within a few years past, was a bubble in the garb of pretentious liberality. Until quite recently it was not known whether that government owned a million acres or a foot of land; and the public domain unencumbered and undisputed is exceedingly mythical. The legality of confiscation is yet in cloud, and the validity of titles to such lands are regarded as extremely precarious. As to protection of property and life, there was then no guaranty, and it was a wise omission. It would have been useless for the government to make promises which it was unable to carry out. In fact, the authority of the government did not extend beyond the cities. In the rural districts it was powerless. Hence, to make a success of colonization enterprise, private lands must be purchased, and the colony, in number and equipments, must be strong enough to defy robber bands—ay, even the state government, if need be. No canton or village was exempt from pillage. *Prestamos* might be levied any day by chiefs arrayed against the national authority, or fighting under the flag of the republic itself. Mexican law was silent away from cities, nor was there a demand for produce, except a local one. Such an event as the sale of five hundred bushels of maize in one lot was a nine days' wonder. The later dawn had not come to Mexico then. Imperialism was not the cause of failure in this project, nor was liberalism; for neither party was espoused by the newcomers. If the seeds of disintegration had not been scattered broadcast by the colonists themselves, a half-score of other devices were ripe to finish the concern.

While the lower and baser class raided upon "pernicious foreigners," the better class stood aloof and were silent. Nor was there any redress in the courts. Never, indeed, was a people so completely "let alone" as the Cordova colonists by the better class of natives in that canton. The Aztecs would sell to them, but not buy. Profitable sales were driven with the exiles, but no communion permitted. Natives warred upon them secretly, set their faces against them, set the straight-haired *lazaroni* upon them; and failing in that method, cited them to the courts, where the object was always accomplished. Justice is slow in Mexican courts; in all cases too slow, when colonists were parties to a suit. Moreover, when a Mexican judge had to choose between a native and a foreigner, the chances were ten to one against the latter. Delays were purchased—delays founded upon the most trivial causes; and these continued until the case was abandoned as hopeless. In this connection, the writer makes an exception of the turbulent men who quite often deserved chastisement. And, in all candor, the bully was more favored in the lower courts than the respectable and peaceable citizen. A revolver or knife was on many occasions more potent before the alcalde than argument or testimony. A Mexican policeman never attempted the arrest of a drunken American, although it was his duty to do so. There was a real dread of bullets in these cases, and that fact saved many a scoundrel from the jail and from the chain-gang. The court winked at

the peccadillos of the armed brawler, and put the owner of a *hacienda* in the stocks because he permitted a band of guerrillas to steal corn from him. The isolation from native hospitality and society was complete in that valley. Grim and cold faces met the exiles on every side. Each advance made was met by a corresponding iciness.

Not soon will this singular invasion escape the memory of the native populace. And years hence, like an old tradition, it will be remembered and recited in the dark bamboo hut, how men came from the north, and overran and filled up the valleys and towns, and then as suddenly swept backward, leaving their money, their houses, their titles, and their spoils behind them.

Enrique Parmer.

BALM IN NOVEMBER: A THANKSGIVING STORY.

"The melancholy days are come,
The saddest of the year."

But then, Mr. Bryant had never been in California in November. Little Miss Poole (every one prefixes the adjective) used to agree with Mr. Bryant when she lived in New England; but as she stoops to pick some flowers from her friend's garden—roses, pinks, and pansies—she thinks differently.

How sweet and fresh everything is! What a beautiful emerald the grassy lawn! What a lovely blue the far-off sky flecked with fleecy clouds!—clouds suggestive of rain in our climate. Miss Poole opens the gate and steps into the street. How clean the sidewalks are! how spring-like the atmosphere! Her step is brisk as she trips along. There is a bloom on her cheeks, a sparkle in her eyes; but then, there is a bloom and sparkle everywhere with our first showers. They have not become monotonous yet. There is no mud to mar the clothes or the temper; no slippery pavements, slushy crossings, or unwieldy umbrellas to interfere with the progress of the pedestrian. Enough of such ills two months hence!

Miss Poole heard snatches of song through open windows where housewives are busy with brooms and dusters. It is a pleasure to work when there is no dust, when everything without glistens spotlessly in the morning sunshine. Even the stray fowls show their appreciation as they file with exultant strut after their leader in search of tender verdure peeping up between cracks in the planked sidewalks or fringing the cobbles in the streets. Everything seems to rejoice on this balmy November day, and all the more because the memory of the last "hot spell" of only a few weeks before still lingers in languid contrast. Then, humanity was sweltered into debility under a relentless, hazy sky. King Sol asserted his sovereignty with an uncompromising front, and all nature wilted in acknowledgment of it.

But we have nearly lost sight of little Miss Poole, or we would have, if she had not stopped to say a few kind words, and leave the greater part of her flowers with a poor invalid she sees sitting in the doorway of an humble home. Then she climbs a hill and turns into a court which is lined with neat cottages. She stops before one whose porch is embowered in nasturtiums and madeira vines; but before she enters, her eyes wander over the beautiful bay, which is just now breaking into glad little ripples in the sunlight. Crafts of all descriptions, from the small sail-boat to the large merchant vessel or the grim man-of-war, here find a safe anchorage. It is a view Miss Poole never tires of. She enters the house where a young girl is practicing on the piano. The music ceases as she smiles her welcome.

"What! back so soon, aunty?"

"Yes, dear. Mrs. Swift didn't need me to-day, and I am going to-morrow instead."

By this time Miss Poole has removed her

hat and displays an abundance of soft gray hair—that beautiful kind which is tinged with gold, and makes one long to give it a caressing touch with reverent finger-tips. She has a calm, sweet face, and deep violet eyes which rest upon the girl with an expression of fond delight.

"You are pleased about something. Have you heard good news, Aunt Annie?"

The inquirer is only fourteen, but she is fully a head taller than Miss Poole. She has the grand stature and flower-like beauty common to so many California girls. Her face is one that was made for smiles, yet it wears a subdued expression which tells, plainer than words, of recent sorrow. There is scarcely need of the somber dress she wears, or the black ribbon that ties her bright hair, to tell the sad story. It is but three months since she lost her mother.

Miss Poole is somewhat startled at the question; but with a woman's readiness she hands her the flowers and asks her to put them into water. Then she answers the question by asking another.

"How do you like the idea of Mrs. Swift's dining with us on Thanksgiving, Dora?"

"Mrs. Swift!"

If Miss Poole had said Queen Victoria, the young girl could not have displayed a greater variety of emotions. Astonishment, delight, admiration, reverence, were all expressed in that simple exclamation. That Mrs. Swift, who was accustomed to sit in her elegant dining-room, before a table laden with silver, fine crystal, and painted china, should take her Thanksgiving dinner with them! Was she really awake?

While she is thus wondering, and Miss Poole is fondly regarding her, we will return to Mrs. Swift, in whose garden we met Miss Poole not long before. She is a stately woman, and wears her mourning robes like a queen, yet a sorrowful one, for the tears are wet on her cheeks. Her surroundings are beautiful, but they bring no joy to her heart. How can they, when her choicest treasures lie buried in the distant cemetery? Two mounds have been added to the family plot during the past year—her dear husband and her last idolized child. Yet Thanksgiving is at hand, and how can she return thanks?

"Annie," she had said to Miss Poole, "I am beset with invitations, which I have refused until I am weary. Save me from my friends by asking me to dine with you. Then don't expect me, for you know where I shall be."

Miss Poole had answered:

"If I invite you, Laura, you must come. It will do no good to spend your day at the cemetery. Dear, why can't you look up and believe that your loved ones are 'absent from the body, present with the Lord,' and that all is well with them?"

"Simply because I cannot," sighed the unhappy woman. "It is so easy to tell people to have faith, Annie; but it is the hardest thing in life to exercise it when we are put to the test."

"Yet there are those that can say, 'Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him,'" was the gentle answer.

There was a great love between these two women, so differently circumstanced—the one a wealthy lady, the other an humble seamstress. They had known each other from childhood, and Mrs. Swift remembered Annie Poole as the cherished daughter of fond parents. Later, as a very lovely girl, she had been an acknowledged belle, and many hearts had been laid at her feet. Then had come a great sorrow.

Ah, well! It was not the first time that falsehood had done its work, and an unworn wedding-dress was laid away with a shuddering sigh. Twenty-five years had passed since then—years in which Mrs. Swift had been sheltered as a happy wife. Fortune had smiled upon her, and beautiful children had gladdened her home. To-day, like Rachel, she was weeping for them: and worse, she was widowed. Yet this sad-eyed mourner would not if she could have changed places with her friend, who had never known a husband's devotion or the joys of motherhood.

That soft response smote her heart. She tried to look cheerful as she said:

"Well, Annie, you may expect me, if you will make no trouble on my account."

Miss Poole was ecstatic. Trouble? It would be a pleasure, and she could give Mrs. Swift something which she could not return, and that was a fine view of the bay. Indeed, it would be unusually attractive on account of the regatta, and there would be such a display of sail-boats and other crafts, to say nothing of the ferry-boats plying back and forth, which was always a cheerful sight. She would also remember to keep Jerry out of the way, as Mrs. Swift liked him at a distance. (The lady smiled faintly at this allusion to her friend's canine protector.) Yes, and how pleased Dora would be, dear child. She would sing and play, and they would have the coziest time!

The smile was succeeded by a sigh. Dora! For three months that name had been ringing in Mrs. Swift's ears. Night and day, sleeping or waking, the image of this motherless girl had been haunting her. Should she open the door of that dainty vacant room, and bid this stranger come in? Would she open her arms and say, "I will be your mother?" But there was a pause in the cheery talk, and almost before she knew it, Mrs. Swift had asked:

"What are you going to do with that child, Annie?"

"I will keep her until I can find her a home, Laura. Poor girl! I wish that I were able to give her the privileges she deserves. If she could only get a good musical education to fit her for teaching, as her mother did! But"—sighing—"she is far too pretty to remain with me. I have to leave her alone too much, and although there never was a better child, she is a continual anxiety to me."

Mrs. Swift could understand this.

"And among all the people you meet, are there none that would like to take her?"

Miss Poole blushed.

"I have spoken to no one but *you*, dear. Laura, do you know that her name signifies a gift from the Lord?"

There was a silence, in which Mrs. Swift struggled with the selfishness of her grief. Then she said:

"I will bring her home with me on Thanksgiving. Come to-morrow, Annie, and help to arrange Pearl's room for her." Then shiveringly: "Everything must be different, or I could not stand it."

And that was the reason Miss Poole had appeared so happy that Dora had questioned her.

Mrs. Swift had rushed sobbingly to her daughter's room as soon as she was alone. She opened the closet-door, and caressed the articles of apparel hanging there. She kissed the little mementos about the walls. Her tears dropped on the white-draped bed. Then she leaned against the window, and sorrowfully impressed everything upon her memory. To-morrow others would enter, and the work of change would begin. It would no longer be *Pearl's* room.

But Mrs. Swift's grief took a different shape from that hour. Peace entered her heart. Her husband's picture seemed to smile approvingly upon her. That night, in her dreams, her children's kisses fell on her face, and sweeter than all, the words of divine commendation seemed addressed to her: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Jerry was one of Miss Poole's *protégés*, and, like the rest of her pets, had his peculiarities. He had been a black-and-tan in his day, but years and a series of canine disorders had stripped him of his satiny coat, and left him bare and decidedly uncanny-looking. So he had been turned out upon the cold charities of the world, and a pitying hand had taken him in.

Mrs. Swift had been wont, in her happier days, to style her friend's cottage, "The Infirmary," for every outcast in the animal kingdom seemed to find its way there. Many a pretty kitten or promising puppy, that the little seamstress had "brought up by hand," had found a welcome home; but no one wanted Jerry, and cats were entirely too common for one-eyed Topsy to be disposed of. A stray canary had been captured, and also remained a fixture because it was asthmatical; and all Miss Poole's

knowledge of bird-food and tonics proved of no avail; Dick's hoarse little croak only grew the hoarser, and his seed-cup needed constant replenishing, for he was a woful glutton. A crippled pigeon was the last patient admitted, and as he was recovering from his injuries, one of Miss Poole's boy friends was waiting for Snowflake as an accession to his dove-cote.

It was her sympathy for dumb creatures that had led the kind-hearted woman from her room in a boarding-house, with its necessary restrictions, to the freedom of a cottage. Dora's mother, who was a fellow-lodger, and disliked the life on account of her child, had joined hands with Miss Poole in her undertaking, and they had lived happily together until death came and left Dora an orphan.

It may be wondered why Miss Poole, at the age of forty-five, should not have attained a modest competence and been able to look forward to a care-free old age. I can only explain that her life had been spent in continual ministries. She could not be charitable and lay up money. Wherever she met need, she did what she could toward allaying it. Dear little woman! She was a living exemplification of the lines:

> "The trivial round, the common task,
> Should furnish all we ought to ask—
> Room to deny ourselves—a road
> To bring us daily nearer God."

And sometime, when she receives her crown, she will be surprised to find it gemmed with stars.

Miss Poole, bright and cheery as she is, had come very near having a skeleton in her closet. That white silk dress had been the drop of bitterness in her cup, until one day, years before, she resolutely kept nerves and tear-glands in subjection while she vanquished the foe which would have soured her temper and blighted her life. To romantic minds, she employed very commonplace —yes, even contemptible—means in doing this. She had her dress *dyed;* and it was the most precious thing in her possession. She only wore it on special occasions, and but one friend knew of the blighted hopes that were hidden in its brown folds. Miss Poole had said to her:

"And when I die, Laura, you will see that—"

There was no need of finishing the sentence. Mrs. Swift knew what she meant, and she thought of her brother, and wondered if he would ever know what a priceless treasure he had lost when—ablaze with indignant jealousy—he had married another woman for spite. Dear, hot-headed Will! He was fifty, and a grandfather now, and Mrs. Swift and her friend had laughed to think of him in that role. Two years before, the news had come of his wife's death. Mrs. Swift had eyed Miss Poole narrowly as she told her of it; but the violet eyes had grown humid as Miss Poole said:

"Poor Will! I am glad he has his daughters and his grandchildren to comfort him."

Thanksgiving Day dawned clear and beautiful. Miss Poole and Dora were up bright and early, for there was much to be done before they could start for church, and the church-going was as important an item as the dinner, in Miss Poole's estimation.

"Such a privilege!" chirped the little woman as she dropped the plum-pudding into a skillet for a nine hours' steady boil. "How much nicer this is than being cooped up in a room in a lodging-house, with only a restaurant meal to look forward to, and with plenty of time to get blue in!"

"Yes, indeed," answered Dora, with an eloquent glance as she shelled the peas.

There had been much debate as to what vegetables should accompany the turkey in its brown and basted state on the dinner-table, for the Italian vender had his cart so heavily laden with garden produce that Miss Poole would fain have sampled everything he had. The size of her range and her limited store of cooking utensils restricted her to a few that her friend liked; so cauliflowers, sweet-potatoes, green peas, and celery were at last decided upon, which, with cranberry sauce, would make by no means a poor repast.

"There will be no French dishes," Miss Poole said; "but Laura will have a dinner such as her mother might have cooked when we were girls. Give me old-fashioned Yankee cooking every time, my dear."

And Dora smiled and nodded in response, as only a charming girl with a good appetite could under the circumstances.

Everything was standing in neat readiness on the table, shelf, and sink, and Miss Poole was taking a satisfactory survey before preparing for church, when the door-bell rung, and Dora returned with a basket and a note.

As the elder woman read the missive, a shadow passed over her face.

"Mrs. Swift says that an old gentleman friend dropped in unexpectedly last night, and as she has made no preparations and has given the servants the day, she feels obliged to bring her visitor here. I'm sorry, for I counted upon having a cozy time to ourselves." Then smiling cheerfully: "But never mind, he will be welcome. Open the basket, Dora."

A delighted exclamation arose as the raised cover disclosed beautiful flowers and grapes. It was an opportune gift, for there was a dewiness about Dora's eyelashes that showed that she was thinking of the mother who had been here last Thanksgiving. She was soon employed in arranging the clusters of Muscat, Tokay, and Rose of Peru in a glass dish, and asking Miss Poole to admire with her the contrasting bunches of amber and red and purple. The flowers, too, were a delight, soothing the troubled young heart with their voiceless eloquence.

Miss Poole gave the girl a look of yearning affection. No one knew of the warfare that was going on in her bosom. How she loved this dear child! Yet to-day she was going from her to cheer a bereaved home, and how desolate she would be! Yes, Pearl's room was waiting for Dora. For days preparations had been going on, and every night Miss Poole had come home beaming with smiles. She lost sight of herself in rejoicing with her friend, who had emerged out of her morbid condition, and was displaying a cheerful interest in the preparations for her adopted child. Then there was a surprise in store for Dora, and a joyful one she knew it would be. Miss Poole rejoiced to think of the young girl's future prospects. She had told her that Mrs. Swift was preparing for a young friend, and Thanksgiving evening when they accompanied the lady home they could see the bower of beauty which was waiting for the coming guest. Dora had been in a state of delighted anticipation ever since. Thanksgiving Day had come, and it required all Miss Poole's exertions to fight against the desolation that was striving to gain an entrance into her brave little heart.

The church-going brought some comfort. On the way home she could recall numberless blessings for which she should be thankful; and as she removed her wraps, she said softly:

"I will show Laura and the dear child that I am thankful with them by wearing my silk dress to-night."

Any one looking into the kitchen that afternoon would have seen the personification of contentment in the little housekeeper bustling about there. There was a sputter and fizzle about the pots and pans agreeably suggestive of the near approach of dinner-time, which Dick, interpreting as possible rivalry to his vocal powers, tried to vanquish by tuning up his hoarse little pipes into a harsh melody. Then the odors from the stewpan and oven had their effect upon Topsy and Jerry; Topsy with a world of pleading in her one eye accompanied Dick's voice with the most pathetic of me-ows; while Jerry jumped and frisked and was equally expressive in his own way, until he was surprised by being shut up in the shed, as the sight of his coatless back would not exactly act as an appetizer upon the guests.

Dora had set and reset the table at least a dozen times, and Miss Poole was looking anxiously at the clock, for everything was dished for the dinner, when Mrs. Swift and her friend arrived. Miss Poole could not understand why Laura betrayed so much emotion when she introduced Mr. Potter, for her voice was choked, and she

immediately left the room in a very unceremonious manner.

He was a rheumatic old man, very lame, very deaf, and very much wrapped up. He had a thick shock of gray hair, and his face was twisted into a hundred wrinkles. He would not remove his overcoat, or a silk handkerchief which was tied round his neck close to his face. "Rheumatism!" was his laconic explanation. Miss Poole was all anxious sympathy. She saw that he avoided draughts. She provided him with her easiest chair. She was too solicitous to notice that Mrs. Swift was too full of laughter to speak. She raised her voice until at last her friend ventured to remonstrate:

"Don't bother about him, Annie. He is a crusty old fellow and as deaf as a post."

"Hush!" whispered the kind-hearted hostess; "I am afraid he will hear you." Then she begged him to take some celery, as she believed it was good for rheumatism, and heaped his plate with good things, and raised her voice all the louder, just to receive jerky monosyllabic responses for her pains.

The dinner passed off very well, on the whole. Laura was cheerful and profuse in her praises. "It reminds me of home," she said, somewhat sadly, but before the tears had time to gather—and they were wonderfully near all their eyes just then—Mr. Potter took such a mammoth pinch of snuff that they all sneezed, and what was more natural than that they should laugh after that? Mrs. Swift, especially, indulged in such a burst of merriment that a discerning person could have seen that there was something more than that pinch of snuff to excite it. Indeed, Dora's brown eyes were fixed steadily on the visitor, and she longed to ask Mrs. Swift in a whisper if he wasn't "putting on a little bit."

The meal over, they withdrew to the parlor, where Dora played and sung; and as the old man drew himself up to the piano, Mrs. Swift beckoned to her friend and said:

"Lend me an apron and I will help you to clear up, Annie; for Mr. Potter will fall asleep soon. He always does after dinner."

It was not long before Dora made her appearance.

"Mr. Potter has gone out on the porch, and he wants a match to light his cigar."

With their combined efforts the clearing up was soon effected. Miss Poole donned her brown silk dress; but when they were ready to return to Mrs. Swift's, Mr. Potter was snoring on the porch, and the little woman would not have him disturbed.

Mrs. Swift gave her friend a meaning look.

"If you won't mind, I will go on with Dora," she said, "and you can follow with Mr. Potter."

"Very well," was the cheery answer. "For I must feed poor Jerry before I start."

Mrs. Swift stooped and whispered something in Miss Poole's ear. "Be kind to *him*," was what she said, and Miss Poole, not seeing any special significance in the words, smiled and nodded her assent. But all the cheeriness fled as Mrs. Swift and Dora departed. She threw herself into a chair with streaming eyes; but a movement on the porch caused her to dry her tears speedily, and jump to her feet to find that her visitor was snoring louder than ever.

"Poor old man!" she murmured, gently placing a warm shawl over his knees. Then she went into the yard with a dish of scraps and released Jerry from his confinement. What a happy dog he was! How he jumped and frisked and danced about her! She smiled through her tears. Here was something that loved her. Yes, he had even forgotten his hunger in his joy at seeing her.

She was gently patting his head when a soft voice reached her ears:

"God bless the little woman!"

She looked up hastily. Surely she was mistaken. That voice belonged to the past—the dear, dead past. But Jerry pricked up his ears, and barked lustily. He had no hairs to bristle, but he made up for their loss by a succession of quick, aggressive bounds toward the house.

Miss Poole followed the dog. It was just as well if he had awakened her guest, for the air was chilly. She walked round to the front of the house, and that voice was still

ringing in her ears. Was it possible that the benediction had floated to her ears from afar? She had heard of such things before. And then her friend's whispered words came clearly, sharply to her remembrance, "Be kind to *him.*" Did Laura mean— But she had reached the porch. Her visitor was not there, but his cane was; so was the silk handkerchief and—Miss Poole could hardly believe her eyes—but there too was the shock of gray hair.

Wonderingly, yet in tremulous anticipation, she entered the door, and as she did so, her eyes fell upon a tall man standing with outstretched hands before her. She took him all in at one glance. His serene, bald forehead, his long sandy beard streaked with silver, his kindly face, his tender blue eyes fixed lovingly upon her.

"Annie," he said, "don't you know me? Don't you remember Will Graham, your old playmate and friend—your own Will that has never ceased to love you?"

"O Will!" she cried.

Mrs. Swift and Dora were sitting side by side and hand in hand when the two entered. Miss Poole was clinging to her companion's arm. There was something in her mien that checked the impulsive outbreak with which Dora was about to greet her.

Mrs. Swift came forward with an affectionate caress:

"At last, sister!" she said tenderly.

Elsie Ange.

A MOUNTAIN GRAVE.

O, WHITE is the manzanita's bell,
  On the side of the grim old cañon,
And gold, through the tangled chaparral,
  Gleams the poppy, spring's gay companion;
But no thrill of life stirs the miner's sleep,
As he lies alone on Sierra's steep.

Ah! never shall cool Pacific's breeze
  Lift that green-colored curtain, hiding
His last low camp near the redwood trees,
  His eternal place of abiding.
Though the folds may rustle and seem to stir,
The sound is unheard by that slumberer.

O wind, in your wanderings through the earth,
  Heard you never a woman's crying—
A sob in the dark beside her hearth,
  As she prayed for the one now lying
Where no tear-drops fall, save those storm-clouds shed,
And the daisies write "Unknown" o'er the dead?

O mournful Sierras of the West,
  In the folds of your spring-sent grasses,
Where pines, from the high-peaked mountain crest,
  Send their shadows far down the passes,
You hoard precious wealth that is not of ore,
For life's buried hopes are your richest store.

Mary E. Bamford.

PHYSICAL STUDIES OF LAKE TAHOE.—I.

HUNDREDS of Alpine lakes of various sizes, with their clear, deep, cold, emerald, or azure waters, are embosomed among the crags of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. The most extensive, as well as the most celebrated, of these bodies of fresh water is Lake Tahoe, otherwise called Lake Bigler.

This lake, the largest and most remarkable of the mountain lakes of the Sierra Nevada, occupies an elevated valley at a point where this mountain system divides into two ranges. It is, as it were, ingulfed between two lofty and nearly parallel ridges, one lying to the east and the other to the west. As the crest of the principal range of the Sierra runs near the western margin of this lake, this valley is thrown on the eastern slope of this great mountain system.

The boundary line between the States of California and Nevada makes an angle of about 131° in this lake, near its southern extremity, precisely at the intersection of the 39th parallel of north latitude with the 120th meridian west from Greenwich. Inasmuch as, north of this angle, this boundary line follows the 120th meridian, which traverses the lake longitudinally from two to four miles from its eastern shore-line, it follows that more than two-thirds of its area falls within the jurisdiction of California, the remaining third being within the boundary of Nevada. It is only within a comparatively recent period that the geographical co-ordinates of this lake have been accurately determined.

Its greatest dimension deviates but slightly from a meridian line. Its maximum length is about 21.6 miles, and its greatest width is about 12 miles. In consequence of the irregularity of its outline, it is difficult to estimate its exact area; but it cannot deviate much from 192 to 195 square miles.

The railroad surveys indicate that the elevation of the surface of its waters above the level of the ocean is about 6,247 feet.

Its drainage basin, including in this its own area, is estimated to be about five hundred square miles. Probably more than a hundred affluents of various capacities, deriving their waters from the amphitheater of snow-clad mountains which rise on all sides from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above its surface, contribute their quota to supply this lake. The largest of these affluents is the Upper Truckee River, which falls into its southern extremity.

The only outlet to the lake is the Truckee River, which carries the surplus waters from a point on its northwestern shore out through a magnificent mountain gorge, thence northeast, through the arid plains of Nevada, into Pyramid Lake. This river in its tortuous course runs a distance of over one hundred miles, and for about seventy miles (from Truckee to Wadsworth) the Central Pacific Railroad follows its windings. According to the railroad surveys, this river makes the following descent:

	Distance.	Fall.	Fall per Mile
Lake Tahoe to Truckee....	14 Miles	401 Feet	28.64 Feet.
Truckee to Boca............	8 "	313 "	39.12 "
Boca to State Line	11 "	395 "	35.91 "
State Line to Verdi..........	5 "	211 "	42 20 "
Verdi to Reno..............	11 "	420 "	38 18 "
Reno to Vista	8 "	103 "	12.87 "
Vista to Clark's............	12 "	141 "	11.75 "
Clark's to Wadsworth......	15 "	186 "	12.40 "
Wadsworth to Pyramid Lake	18(?) "	187(?) "[1]	10 39 "
Lake Tahoe to Pyramid Lake	102 "	2357 "	23 11 "

[1] The elevation of Pyramid Lake above the sea-level has never, as far as we know, been accurately determined. Henry Gannet, in his "Lists of Elevations" (4th ed., Washington, 1877, p. 143), gives its altitude above the sea as 4,890 feet; and credits this number to the "Pacific Railroad Reports." But as this exact number appears in Fremont's "Report of Exploring Expedition to Oregon and North California in the years 1843-44" (Doc. No. 166, p. 217), it is probable that this first rude and necessarily imperfect estimate has been copied by subsequent authorities. This number is evidently more than 800 feet too great; for the railroad station at Wadsworth (about eighteen or twenty miles from the lake), where the line of the railroad leave the banks of the Truckee River, is only 4,077 feet above the sea-level. So that these numbers would make Pyramid Lake 813 feet above the level of its affluent at Wadsworth; which, of course, is impossible. Under this state of facts, I have assumed the elevation of this lake to be 3,890 feet.

There is little doubt but that this is the lake of which the Indians informed John C. Fremont, on the 15th of January, 1844, when he was encamped near the southern extremity of Pyramid Lake, at the mouth of Salmon-Trout, or Truckee, River. For he says, "They" (the Indians) "made on the ground a drawing of the river, which they represented as issuing from another lake in the mountains, three or four days distant, in a direction a little west of south; beyond which they drew a mountain; and farther still two rivers, on one of which they told us that people like ourselves traveled." (*Vide* "Report of Exploring Expedition to Oregon and North California in the years 1843–44." Document No. 166, p. 219.) Afterwards (February 14, 1844), when crossing the Sierra Nevada near Carson Pass, Fremont seems to have caught a glimpse of this lake; but deceived by the great height of the mountains on the east, he erroneously laid it down on the western slope of this great range, at the head of the south fork of the American River. It is evident, therefore, that the Indians had at that time a more accurate idea of the mountain topography than the exploring party. On Fremont's map the lake is laid down tolerably correctly as to latitude, but is misplaced towards the west about one-fourth of a degree in longitude; thus throwing it on the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, and making the head branches of the American River its outlets.

Few natural features of our country have enjoyed a greater diversity of appellations than this remarkable body of water. On Fremont's map it is called Mountain Lake; but on the general map of the explorations by Charles Preuss, it is named Lake Bonpland, in honor of Humboldt's companion. Under one of these names it appears, in its dislocated position, on all the maps published between 1844 and 1853. About the year 1850, after California began to be settled in its mountain districts, several "Indian expeditions" were organized by the military authorities of the State. It seems probable that this lake was first named Bigler by one of these "Parties of Discovery" (probably in 1851) from "Hangtown" (now Placerville), in honor of Governor John Bigler. Under the name of Lake Bigler it was first delineated in its trans-mountain position on the official map of the State of California, compiled by Surveyor-General William M. Eddy, and published in 1853; and thus the name became, for a time, established. From 1851 to 1863, this name seems to have been generally recognized; for it is so designated on the maps and charts of the United States prepared at Washington.

About the year 1862, the first mutterings of discontent in relation to the name by which this lake had been recently characterized came from the citizens of California. On two occasions it has been brought under the notice of the legislature of this State. During the thirteenth session (1862) of the legislature of California, Assemblyman Benton introduced a bill to change the name of "Lake Bigler." This bill was rejected. The friends of Governor Bigler did not hesitate to ascribe the desire to change the name of the lake to the inspiration of partisan animosity, intensified among the political opponents of the ex-governor by the state of feeling engendered during the progress of the Civil War.

During the session of the legislature of California for 1869–70, an act was passed to "legalize the name of Lake Bigler." (*Vide* "Statutes of California," 1869–70, p. 64.) Notwithstanding this statutory enactment, for the past ten years there has been a very strong tendency in the popular mind to call this lake by the name of Tahoe. On the map of California and Nevada published in 1874, it is still put down as Lake Bigler; but on the map of the same two States published in 1876, it has the double designation of "Lake Bigler or Tahoe Lake." At the present time this beautiful body of water seems to have entirely lost its gubernatorial appellation; for it is now almost universally called Lake Tahoe. It is so named on the "Centennial Map of the United States," compiled at the General Land Office at Washington, and likewise on the map of

California contained in the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," Article "California." Moreover, it is designated Lake Tahoe in the reports and maps of the Board of Commissioners of Irrigation, published in 1874, as well as in those of the "Water Supply of San Francisco," published in 1877. The cause of this change of name can hardly be sought for exclusively in the waning popularity of the worthy ex-governor, but rather in the following considerations: First, in the strong tendency of the American people to retain the old Indian names whenever they can be ascertained; second, in the instinctive aversion in the popular mind to the perpetuation of the names of political aspirants by attaching them to conspicuous natural features of our country; and third, in the fact that the State of Nevada designated its portion of said lake by the Indian name.

The meaning of the name Tahoe is by no means certain. It is usually said to be a Washoe Indian word, meaning, according to some, "Big-Water," according to others, "Elevated-Water," others, "Deep-Water," and others, "Fish-Lake." Whatever may be the meaning of this name, there can be no question but that the Washoe Indians designated this remarkable body of water by some characteristic name, long before the earliest pioneers of civilization penetrated into its secluded mountain recess.

During the summer of 1873, the writer embraced the opportunity afforded by a six weeks' sojourn on the shores of the lake to undertake some physical studies in relation to this largest of the "gems of the Sierra." Furnished with a good sounding-line and a self-registering thermometer, he was enabled to secure some interesting and trustworthy physical results.

(1.) *Depth.*—It is well known that considerable diversity of opinion has prevailed in relation to the actual depth of Lake Tahoe. Sensational newsmongers have unhesitatingly asserted that, in some portions, it is absolutely fathomless. It is needless to say that actual soundings served to dispel or to rectify this popular impression. The soundings indicated that there is a deep subaqueous channel traversing the whole lake in its greatest dimension, or south and north. Beginning at the southern end, near the Lake House, and advancing along the long axis of the lake directly north towards the Hot Springs at the northern end—a distance of about eighteen miles—we have the following depths:

Station.	Depth in Feet.	Depth in Meters.
1	900	274.32
2	1385	422.14
3	1495	455.67
4	1500	457.19
5	1506	459 02
6	1540	469.38
7	1504	458.41
8	1600	487.67
9	1640	499.86
10	1645	501.39

These figures show that this lake exceeds in depth the deepest of the Swiss lakes (the Lake of Geneva), which has a maximum depth of 334 meters. On the Italian side of the Alps, however, Lakes Maggiore and Como are said to have depths respectively of 796.43 and 586.73 meters. These two lakes are so little elevated above the sea that their bottoms are depressed 587 and 374 meters below the level of the Mediterranean.

Systematic soundings, such as would be required to furnish contour sections of the bed of the lake along various lines, could not be executed in row-boat excursions; while the time of the small steamers which navigated the lake could not be controlled for such purely scientific purposes. Operations in small boats could be carried on only during calm weather, and it required from thirty to forty minutes to execute a single sounding of fifteen hundred feet.

(2.) *Relation of Temperature to Depth.*—By means of a self-registering thermometer (Six's) secured to the sounding-line, a great number of observations were made on the temperature of the water of the lake at various depths and in different portions of the same. These experiments were executed between the 11th and 18th of August, 1873. The same general results were obtained in all parts of the lake. The following table contains an abstract of the average results,

after correcting the thermometric indications by comparison with a standard thermometer:

Obs.	Depth in Feet.	Depth in Meters.	Temp. in F.°	Temp. in C.°
1	0=Surface.	0=Surface.	67	19.44
2	50	15.24	63	17.22
3	100	30.48	55	12.78
4	150	45.72	50	10.00
5	200	60.96	48	8.89
6	250	76.20	47	8.33
7	300	91.44	46	7.78
8	330 (Bottom)	100.58	45.5	7.50
9	400	121.92	45	7.22
10	480 (Bottom)	146.30	44.5	6.94
11	500	152.40	44	6.67
12	600	182.88	43	6.11
13	772 (Bottom)	235 30	41	5.00
14	1506 (Bottom)	459.02	39.2	4.00

It will be seen from the foregoing numbers that the temperature of the water decreases with increasing depth to about 700 or 800 feet (213 or 244 meters), and below this depth it remains sensibly the same down to 1,506 feet (459 meters). This constant temperature which prevails at all depths below say 250 meters is about 4° Cent. (39.2° Fah.). This is precisely what might have been expected; for it is a well-established physical property of fresh water, that it attains its maximum density at the above-indicated temperature. In other words, a mass of fresh water at the temperature of 4° Cent. has a greater weight under a given volume (that is, a cubic unit of it is heavier at this temperature) than it is at any temperature either higher or lower. Hence, when the ice-cold water of the snow-fed streams of spring and summer reaches the lake, it naturally tends to sink as soon as its temperature rises to 4° Cent.; and, conversely, when winter sets in, as soon as the summer-heated surface water is cooled to 4°, it tends to sink. Any further rise of temperature of the surface water during the warm season, or fall of temperature during the cold season, alike produces expansion, and thus causes it to float on the heavier water below; so that water at 4° Cent. perpetually remains at the bottom, while the varying temperature of the seasons and the penetration of the solar heat only influence a surface stratum of about 250 meters in thickness. It is evident that the continual outflow of water from its shallow outlet cannot disturb the mass of liquid occupying the deeper portions of the lake. It thus results that the temperature of the surface stratum of such bodies of fresh water for a certain depth fluctuates with the climate and with the seasons; but at the bottom of deep lakes it undergoes little or no change throughout the year, and approaches to that which corresponds to the maximum density of fresh water.

From the thermometric soundings executed by J. Y. Buchanan in two of the Scotch lakes during the winter of 1879, while they were covered with ice ("Nature," vol. 19, p. 412), some doubt was cast upon the validity of the "classic theory," that the beds of all deep fresh-water lakes are filled with water at the temperature of 4° (C.). But the more recent thermometric soundings of Professor F. A. Forel, on the "Temperature of Frozen Lakes" in Switzerland (*Comptes Rendus de l'Acad. des Sciences*, tome 90, p. 322, February 16, 1880), prove conclusively that the depths of the Scotch lakes were not sufficiently great to show the limit of superficial cooling, which descends to much greater depth than was supposed. Forel obtained the following results:

Lake of Morat, Area=27.4 Sq. Kilometers. Max. Depth=45 Meters. Feb. 1, 1880. Thickness of Ice=36 Centim.		Lake of Zurich, Area=87.8 Sq. Kilometers. Max. Depth=143 Meters. Jan. 25. 1880. Thickness of Ice=10 Centim.	
Depth in Meters.	Temp. in C.°	Depth in Meters.	Temp. in C.°
0	0.35°	0	0.20°
5	1.90	10	2.60
10	2.00	20	2.90
15	2.45	30	3.20
20	2.50	40	3.50
25	2.50	50	3 60
30	2.40	60	3.70
35	2.55	70	3.70
40	2 70	80	3.80
		90	3.80
		100	3.90
		110	3 90
		120	4.00
		133	4 00

It will be seen that the vertical propagation of cold into the upper layers of water descends to a depth of 110 meters in Lake Zurich. In this respect, it is analogous to the superficial heating of Lake Tahoe in summer; excepting that in the latter case (as might be expected) the solar radiation appears to penetrate to the greater depth of about 250 meters. The deepest thermomet-

ric sounding obtained by Buchanan was 65 English feet, or less than 20 meters.

Analogous results were obtained nearly a century ago (1779–84) from the observations of Horace Bénédict de Saussure, in the Swiss lakes, by means of a thermometer of his own invention. The following table contains De Saussure's results (*Ann. de Chim. et de Phys.*, 2d series, tome 5, p. 403, Paris, 1817):

Lake.	Month.	Temp. of Surface.	Depth in Meters.	Temp. at Depth.
Geneva.........	August ..	21.20° C.	49	16.10° C.
"	February..	5.63 "	309	5.38 "
Constance.......	July	17.50 "	120	4.25 "
Brienz	July	20.00 "	162	4.75 "
Thun	July.....	18.75 "	114	5.00 "
Neufchatel......	July	23.10 "	106	5.00 "
Lucerne..	July	20.00 "	195	4.88 "
Bienne..........	July	20.70 "	71	6.37 "
Annecy	May......	14.38 "	53	5.63 "
Bourget........	October...	17.75 "	78	5.63 "
Maggiore	July.. ...	25.00 "	109	6.76 "

It is evident that the results of the experiments of the distinguished Swiss physicist, although executed with an imperfect thermometric instrument, in a general sense afford a striking confirmation of the deductions from my observations in relation to the distribution of temperature at different depths in the waters of Lake Tahoe.[1]

It will be observed, that most of the thermometric soundings of fresh-water lakes seem to indicate that the temperature of the deep waters—say below the depth of 150 to 200 meters—is from 1° to 1.5° (C.) above the point of maximum density of fresh water. Assuming these thermic determinations to be accurate, some physicists have speculated on the probable causes of this excess of temperature above that due to the well-known laws of density of fresh water. Two causes have been assigned to account for this presumed heating of the beds of deep lakes: (1) the internal heat of the earth, and (2) the direct and indirect influence of solar radiation. It seems to me, however, that the comparatively small excess of temperature of the deep waters above 4° (C.) is more probably due to the necessarily imperfect thermometric means of determining the temperatures of the deep-seated strata. It is well known that the disturbing influence of pressure frequently tends to render the indications of self-registering thermometers somewhat higher than they should be; and it is very difficult to apply the proper correction for the error due to pressure.

As we have already seen, the observations of H. B. de Saussure and of H. de la Bêche give temperatures at the greatest depths sensibly above 4° (C.). In like manner, the more recent thermometric soundings of C. de Fischer-Ooster and C. Brunner in the Lake of Thun, in 1848 and 1849, indicate in the deep layers an invariable temperature of about 5° (C.) (*Archives des Sci.*, tome 12, pp. 20 to 39, 1849). Similarly, the still more recent observations of F. A. Forel, in the Lake of Geneva in 1879, indicate an invariable deep-water temperature of about 5.2° (C.). The following table exhibits the details of Forel's thermometric soundings in this lake (*Archives des Sci. Phys. et Nat.*, 3d series, tome 3, pp. 501 to 516, June, 1880):

Thermometric Soundings of Forel in the Lake of Geneva in 1879.

Depth in Met'rs	Temp in May.	Temp in June.	Temp in July.	Temp in Aug.	Temp in Sept.	Temp in Oct.	Temp in Dec.	Tem. in Jan. 1880.
0	9.8° C	19.1°C	19.6°C	22.0°C	19.2°C	11.4°C	5.4° C	5.0°C
10	7.2	12.3	14 6	18.0	16.3	11.1	5.6	
20	7.0	8.7	13 8	12.7	12.2	11.0		
30	6.9	7.4	11.7	10.5	9.3	10.4		
40	6.8	6.6	7.9	7.6	7.6	8.4		
50	6.5	6.3	6.7	6.9	7.0	7.1		
60			6.3	6.2	6.4	6.6	5.6	
70	6.1	6.1	6.0	6.0	6.0			
80	5.9	5.8	5.8	5.8	5.7	6.2		
90	5.7	5.5	5.6	5.6	5.5	6.0		
100	5.5	5.4	5.5	5.5	5.4	5.8		
110	5.4	5.3	5.4			5.7	5.6	
120	5.3	5.3	5 3	5.4	5.3	5 6		
130		5.2	5 2	5.3	5.3	5.5		
140				5.3	5 3	5.4		
150					5.2	5.4	5.5	
160	5.2					5.3		
170						5.2		
200					5.2		5.3	
220	5.2							
240							5.3	
250							5.2	
260		5.2						
270							5.2	
300			5.2	5.2		5.2		

[1] Similar confirmatory results were obtained by Sir H. T. de la Bêche in 1819–20, by means of a self-registering minimum thermometer. Thus he found (*Ann. de Chim. et de Phys.*, 2d series, tome 19, p. 77 *et seq.*, Paris, 1821):

Lake.	Month.	Temp. of Surface.	Depth in Meters.	Temp. at Depth.
Geneva...	September..	19.5° Cent.	33	11 6° Cent.
" ...	"	19.5 "	52	7.3 "
" ...	"	19.5 "	62	6.6 "
" ...	"	19.5 "	146	6.4 "
" ...	"	19.5 "	241	6.4 "
" ...	"	19.5 "	300	6.4 "
Thun	....	15.6 "	192	5.3 "
Zug	....	14.4 "	70	5 0 "

On the other hand, some observers have found the deep waters of certain lakes to have temperatures as low as 4° (C.), and even lower. Thus, according to the observations of Professor F. Simony of Vienna, in two of the Alpine lakes of High Austria, from 1868 to 1875, at the depth of 190 meters, the temperature in the Lake of Gmünden varied from 4.75° to 3.95° (C.); and in the Lake of Atter, at the depth of 170 meters, the temperature varied from 4.6° to 3.7° (C.) (*Sitz. Ber. derk. Akad. d. Wiss. Wien*, 22 April, 1875, p. 104, as cited by Forel, *op. cit. supra*, p. 510). Moreover, we have already seen that the most recent observations of Professor Forel, on the "Frozen Lakes" in Switzerland in 1880, give the temperature of the deep strata as sensibly the same as that of the maximum density of fresh water.

It is evident that summer observations of Forel in the Lake of Geneva indicate a more rapid diminution of temperature with increasing depth in that lake than I found it to be in Lake Tahoe in the corresponding season of the year. This difference may possibly be due to the fact (which will hereafter appear) that the superior transparency of the waters of Lake Tahoe permits the heat-rays from the sun to penetrate to much greater depths than they do in the Lake of Geneva.

(3.) *Why the Water does not freeze in Winter.*—Residents on the shores of Lake Tahoe testify that, with the exception of shallow and detached portions, the water of the lake never freezes in the coldest winters. During the winter months, the temperature of atmosphere about this lake must fall as low, probably, as 0° Fah. (—17.78° Cent.). According to the observations of Dr. George M. Bourne, the minimum temperature recorded during the winter of 1873–74 was 6° Fah. (—14.44° Cent.). As it is evident that during the winter season the temperature of the air must frequently remain for days, and perhaps weeks, far below the freezing-point of water, the fact that the water of the lake does not congeal has been regarded as an anomalous phenomenon. Some persons imagine that this may be due to the existence of subaqueous hot springs in the bed of the lake—an opinion which may seem to be fortified by the fact that hot springs do occur at the northern extremity of the lake. But there is no evidence that the temperature of any considerable body of water in the lake is sensibly increased by such springs. Even in the immediate vicinity of the hot-springs (which have in summer a maximum temperature of 55° C. or 131 F.), the supply of warm water is so limited that it exercises no appreciable influence on the temperature of that portion of the lake. This is further corroborated by the fact that no local fogs hang over this or any other portion of the lake during winter, which would most certainly be the case if any considerable body of hot water found its way into the lake.

The true explanation of the phenomenon may, doubtless, be found in the high specific heat of water, the great depth of the lake, and in the agitation of its waters by the strong winds of winter. In relation to the influence of depth, it is sufficient to remark that, before the conditions preceding congelation can obtain, the whole mass of water—embracing a stratum of 250 meters in thickness—must be cooled down to 4° Cent.; for this must occur before the vertical circulation is arrested and the colder water floats on the surface. In consequence of the great specific heat of water, to cool such a mass of the liquid through an average temperature of 8° Cent. requires a long time, and the cold weather is over before it is accomplished. In the shallower portions, the surface of the water may reach the temperature of congelation, but the agitations due to the action of strong winds soon breaks up the thin pellicle of ice, which is quickly melted by the heat generated by the mechanical action of the waves. Nevertheless, in shallow and detached portions of the lake, which are sheltered from the action of winds and waves—as in Emerald Bay—ice several inches in thickness is sometimes formed.

The operation of similar causes prevents the deeper Alpine lakes of Switzerland from freezing under ordinary circumstances. Occasionally, however, during exceptionally

severe and prolonged winters, even the deepest of the Swiss lakes have been known to be frozen. Thus, the Lake of Geneva (maximum depth 334 meters) was partially frozen in 1570, 1762, and 1805; the Lake of Constance (maximum depth 276 meters) was frozen in 1465, 1573, 1660, 1695, 1830, and 1880; the Lake of Neufchâtel (maximum depth 135 meters) was frozen in 1573, 1624, 1695, 1830, and 1880. The Lake of Zurich has been frequently frozen, and although its maximum depth is about 183 meters, yet it is well known that this narrow and elongated body of water is very shallow over a large portion of its area—a fact which sufficiently explains its greater liability to be frozen.

(4.) *Why Bodies of the Drowned do not Rise.*—A number of persons have been drowned in Lake Tahoe—some fourteen between 1860 and 1874—and it is the uniform testimony of the residents, that in no case, where the accident occurred in deep water, were the bodies ever recovered. This striking fact has caused wonder-seekers to propound the most extraordinary theories to account for it. Thus one of them says, "The water of the lake is purity itself, but on account of the highly rarefied state of the air it is not very buoyant, and swimmers find some little fatigue; or, in other words, they are compelled to keep swimming all the time they are in the water; and objects which float easily in other water sink here like lead." Again he says, "Not a thing ever floats on the surface of this lake, save and except the boats which ply upon it."

It is scarcely necessary to remark that it is impossible that the diminution of atmospheric pressure, due to an elevation of 6,250 feet (1,905 meters) above the sea-level, could sensibly affect the density of the water. In fact, the coefficient of compressibility of this liquid is so small that the withdrawal of the above-indicated amount of pressure (about one-fifth of an atmosphere) would not lower its density more than one one-hundred-thousanth part! The truth is, that the specific gravity of the water of this lake is not lower than that of any other fresh water of equal purity and corresponding temperature. It is not less buoyant nor more difficult to swim in than any other fresh water; and consequently the fact that the bodies of the drowned do not rise to the surface cannot be accounted for by ascribing marvelous properties to its waters.

The distribution of temperature with depth affords a natural and satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon, and renders entirely superfluous any assumption of extraordinary lightness in the water. The true reason why the bodies of the drowned do not rise to the surface is evidently owing to the fact that when they sink into water which is only 4° Cent. (7.2° Fah.) above the freezing temperature, the gases usually generated by decomposition are not produced in the intestines; in other words, at this low temperature the bodies do not become inflated, and therefore do not rise to the surface. The same phenomenon would doubtless occur in any other body of fresh water under similar physical conditions.

(5.) *Transparency of the Water.*—All visitors to this beautiful lake are struck with the extraordinary transparency of the water. At a depth of 15 or 20 meters (49.21 or 65.62 feet), every object on the bottom—on a calm sunny day—is seen with the greatest distinctness. On the 6th of September, 1873, the writer executed a series of experiments with the view of testing the transparency of the water. A number of other experiments were made August 28 and 29, under less favorable conditions. By securing a white object of considerable size—a horizontally adjusted dinner-plate about 9.5 inches in diameter—to the sounding-line, it was ascertained that (at noon) it was plainly visible at a vertical depth of 33 meters, or 108.27 English feet. It must be recollected that the light reaching the eye from such submerged objects must have traversed a thickness of water equal to at least twice the measured depth; in the above case, it must have been at least 66 meters, or 216.54 feet. Furthermore, when it is considered that the amount of light regularly reflected from such a surface as

that of a dinner-plate, under large angles of incidence in relation to the surface, is known to be a very small fraction of the incident beam (probably not exceeding three or four per cent), it is evident that solar light must penetrate to vastly greater depths in these pellucid waters.[1]

Moreover, it is quite certain that if the experiments in relation to the depths corresponding to the limit of visibility of the submerged white disk had been executed in winter instead of summer, much larger numbers would have been obtained. For it is now well ascertained, by means of the researches of Dr. F. A. Forel of Lausanne, that the waters of Alpine lakes are decidedly more transparent in winter than in summer. Indeed, it is reasonable that when the affluents of such lakes are locked in the icy fetters of winter, much less suspended matter is carried into them than in summer, when all the sub-glacial streams are in active operation.

The experimental investigations of Professor F. A. Forel on the "Variations in the Transparency of the Waters" of the Lake of Geneva (*Archives des Sci. Phys. et Nat.*, tome 59, p. 137 *et seq.*, Juin, 1877), show that the water of this famous Swiss lake is far inferior in transparency to that of Lake Tahoe. Professor Forel employed two methods of testing the transparency of the waters of the Lake of Geneva at different seasons of the year. First, the direct method by letting down a white disk 25 centimeters in diameter (about the size of the dinner-plate used by me) attached to a sounding-line, and finding the depth corresponding to the limit of visibility. For the seven winter months, from October to April, he found from forty-six experiments, in 1874–75, a mean of 12.7 meters, or 41.67 English feet. And for the five summer months, from May to September, he found during the same years a mean of 6.6 meters, or 21.65 feet. The maximum depth of the limit of visibility observed by him was 17 meters, or 55.88 English feet, being a little more than half the depth found by me in Lake Tahoe early in the month of September.

The other method employed by Professor Forel was the indirect or photographic method. This consisted in finding the limiting depth at which solar light ceased to act on paper rendered sensitive by means of chloride of silver. If we assume that the same laws which regulate the penetration of the actinic rays of the sun are applicable to the luminous rays, this method furnishes a much more delicate means of testing the transparency of water; and especially of determining how deep the direct solar rays penetrate. Forel found the limit of obscurity for the chloride of silver paper in winter to be about 100 meters, and in summer about 45 meters; numbers (as we should expect) far exceeding those furnished by the limit of visibility of submerged white disks.[2] Assuming that the index of transparency of the water of Lake Tahoe is in winter no greater than twice that of the Lake of Geneva, it follows that during the cold season the solar light must penetrate the waters of the former to a depth of at least 200 meters.

From his admirable photometrical investigations, Bouguer estimated (*Traité d'Optique sur la Gradation de la Lumiere*, La Caille's ed., Paris, 1760) that in the purest sea-water, at the depth of 311 Paris feet, or 101 meters, the light of the sun would be equal only to that of the full moon, and that it would be perfectly opaque at the thickness of 679 Paris feet, or 220.57 meters. In relation to the comparative transparency of different waters, we may be permitted to cite a few results obtained by the method of depths

[1] According to the experiments of Bouguer, out of one thousand rays of light incident upon polished black marble, the following were the proportional numbers reflected at the several angles, measured from the surface of the marble:

At angle of 3° 35′..................600 were reflected.
" 15° ....156 " "
" 30° .... 51 " "
" 80° .... 23 " "

(*Traité d'Optique*, p. 125.)

[2] By employing paper prepared by means of the more sensitive bromide of silver, Asper found, in August, 1881, that the actinic rays of the sun were active in the Lake of Zurich even to the depth of 90 meters or more. This would extend the limit of obscurity for the bromide of silver paper in winter to about 200 meters.

corresponding to the limit of visibility of white disks. Even absolutely pure water is not perfectly transparent; it absorbs a certain amount of light, so that at a determinate depth it is opaque. The following table presents us comparative results, which may be of some interest:

Water.	Season.	Depth of visibility in Meters.		Observer.
Lake of Geneva	Summer.	5.30	Minimum	F. A. Forel.
" "	"	8.20	Maximum	"
" "	"	6.60	Mean	"
" "	Winter.	10.20	Minimum	"
" "	"	17.00	Maximum	"
" "	"	12.70	Mean	"
Lake Tahoe..	Summer.	33.00	Maximum	Nobis.
Pacific Ocean Wallis Island..	Summer.	40.00		Capt. Berard
Mediterranean near Civita Vecchia.	....	42.50		P. A. Secchi.
Atlantic	....	49.50		L. F. dePourtales.[1]

Inasmuch as our observations on the water of Lake Tahoe were made during the latter portion of August and the beginning of September, it seems probable, from Forel's results in the Lake of Geneva, that winter experiments would place the limit of visibility as deep if not deeper than Pourtalés found in the Atlantic Ocean. It may be proper to add that Professor Forel does not ascribe the variations in the transparency of the water of the Swiss lake with the season exclusively to the greater or less abundance of suspended matter; but also to the fact (which seems to be confirmed by the experiments of H. Wild) that increase of temperature augments the absorbing power of water for light. It is evident that this cause is more efficient in summer than in winter.

But the transparency of the waters occupying pools in certain limestone districts unquestionably far surpasses that of any of the Alpine lakes or any of the intertropical seas. The observations and experiments executed by the writer during his investigations in the month of December, 1859, in relation to "The Optical Phenomena Presented by the Silver Spring," in the State of Florida (*Vide Proc. Am. Assoc. Adv. of Sci.*, vol. 14, p. 33–46, Aug., 1860; also, *Am. Jour. Sci.*, 2nd series, vol. 31, p. 1–12, Jan., 1861), indicated a degree of transparency in the water surpassing anything which can be imagined. The depth of this remarkable pool varied, in different portions, from 30 to 36 English feet, or from 9.14 to 10.97 meters. Yet "every feature and configuration of the bottom of this gigantic basin was almost as distinctly visible as if the water was removed and the atmosphere substituted in its place"! "The sunlight illuminated the sides and bottom of this remarkable pool nearly as brilliantly as if nothing obstructed the light. The shadows of our little boat, of our overhanging heads and hats, of projecting crags and logs, of the surrounding forests, and of the vegetation at the bottom were distinctly and sharply defined." The experiments in relation to the vertical depth at which printed cards could be read when viewed vertically afforded a good illustration of the extraordinary transparency of these waters. Comparative experiments in relation to the distances at which the same cards could be read in the air showed that, when the letters were of considerable size—say six to seven millimeters or more in length—on a clear and calm day they could be read at about as great a vertical distance beneath the surface of the water as they could be in the atmosphere. But it would be a grave error to imagine that these results indicate that sunlight undergoes no greater diminution in traversing a given thickness of this water than in passing through an equal stratum of air. For, in both cases, when the cards are strongly illuminated, the reading distance is limited by the smallness of the images of the letters on the retina, and not by the amount of light reaching the eye. Never-

[1] So few exact observations have been made on the transparency of sea-water that it may be proper to add the following results obtained by Captain Duperrey during the "Voyage de la Coquille." The apparatus employed consisted of a circular board sixty-six centimeters in diameter, painted white, to which a weight was attached and so adjusted that when let down by a line the white disk descended horizontally in the water. (*Vide Œuvres Complétes de François Arago*, 2d ed., tome 9, p. 203, Paris, 1865.)

Place.	State of Weather	Date of Obs.	Limit of Visibility.
Offak.	Calm and Cloudy	Sept. 13.	18 Meters.
Offak.	Calm and Clear	Sept. 14.	23 "
Port Jackson.	Calm	Feb. 12 and 13	12 "
Island Acension	Favorable	Jan. (11 Expts)	9 to 12 "

theless, these experiments prove conclusively that at the depth of ten meters the illumination was sufficiently intense to secure this limiting condition, and thus serve to convey a more distinct idea of the wonderful diaphanous properties of these waters than any verbal description. The experiments were executed about noon at the winter solstice (lat. 29° 15′ north), and were made on various sized letters, and at depths varying from two to ten meters.

It would be exceedingly interesting to test the transparency of the waters of similar springs in limestone districts, by the limit of visibility of white disks, where the depth is sufficiently great to admit of the application of this method. The famous fountain situated about ten or fifteen miles south of Tallahassee, in the State of Florida, called Wakulla Spring, is represented to be deeper than the Silver Spring, and to be equally transparent. But we have as yet no trustworthy measurements or observations in relation to the comparative diaphanous properties of the waters of other limestone pools.[1]

It only remains to indicate the causes which produce the extraordinary transparency of the waters occupying the Silver Spring. It may be remarked that these diaphanous properties are perennial; they are not in the slightest degree impaired by season, by rain or drought. The comparatively slight fluctuations in the level of the water in the pool, produced by the advent of the rainy season, are not accompanied by any turbidity of its waters. At first sight it may seem paradoxical that, in a country where semi-tropical rains occur, the waters of this spring should not be rendered turbid by surface drainage. But the whole mystery vanishes when we consider the peculiar character of the drainage of this portion of Florida. Although the surface of the country is quite undulating, or rolling, the summits of many of the hills being thirty or forty feet above the adjacent depressions, yet there is no surface drainage; there is not a brook or rivulet to be found in this part of the State. The whole drainage is subterranean; even the rain-water which falls near the banks of the pool, and the bold stream constituting its outlet, pass out by underground channels. There is not the slightest doubt but that all of the rain-water which falls on a large hydrographic basin passes down by subterraneous channels, and boils up and finds an outlet by means of the Silver Spring and the smaller tributary springs which occur in the coves along the margin of its short discharging stream. The whole surface of the country in the vicinity, and probably over the area of a circle of ten or fifteen miles radius whose center is the Silver Spring, is thickly dotted with lime-sinks, which are the points at which the surface water finds entrance to the subterranean passages. New sinks are constantly occurring at the present time. The beautiful miniature lakes, whose crystal waters are so justly admired, which occur in this portion of Florida, are doubtless nothing more than lime-sinks of ancient date. Under this aspect of the subject, it is obvious that all the rain-fall on this hydrographic basin boils up in the Silver Spring, after having been strained, filtered, and decolorized in its passage through beds of sand and tortuous underground channels. It thus comes out, not only entirely free from all mechanically suspended materials, but completely destitute of every trace of organic coloring matter. For this reason, there is a striking contrast between the color and transparency of the waters of the Silver Spring stream and those of the Ochlawaha River at their junction; the latter draining a country whose drainage is not entirely subterraneous.

The above-mentioned conditions seem to

[1] There are numerous lakes in the Scandinavian peninsula whose waters are said to be very transparent; objects on the bottom being visible at depths of from 30 to 37 meters. More specifically in Lake Wetter, in Sweden, a farthing is said to be visible at a depth of twenty fathoms, or 36.575 meters. But such vague popular estimates are scarcely worthy of consideration. Still less trustworthy are the unverified accounts we have, that in some parts of the Arctic Ocean shells are distinctly seen at the depth of eighty fathoms; and that among the West India Islands, in eighty fathoms of water, the bed of the sea is as distinctly visible as if seen in air (Somerville's Phys. Geog., Am. ed. 1858, p. 199). Perhaps it should have been feet instead of fathoms.

be fully adequate to persistently secure the waters of this spring from the admixture of insoluble and suspended materials, as well as from the discoloration of organic matters in solution. But, inasmuch as these waters appear to be *more diaphanous than absolutely pure water*, it is possible that the minute quantity of lime which they hold in solution may exercise some influence in augmenting their transparency. There is nothing *à priori* improbable in the idea that the optical as well as the other physical properties of the liquid may be altered by the materials held in solution. This is an interesting physico-chemical question, which demands experimental investigation.

John LeConte.

THE MUTE COUNCILOR.[1]

To bring dogs into the council meetings of an imperial city was not customary in the Middle Ages. It happened once, however, that a dog sat in one for seven years—but without a voice in the proceedings. It occurred thus:

Gerhard Richwin, citizen and woolen-weaver of Wetzlar, was a rich man, because his father had been industrious and frugal. The son could now live in idleness and extravagance. Still, it was probable that if he continued to do so for ten years longer, the rich would have become the poor Richwin.

Wedged in between other high-gabled houses in the Lahn Gasse stood Richwin's house, an imposing wooden structure, entirely new, built only ten years before, as the date—1358—over the main entrance indicated. Through this doorway one entered into the salesroom. Richwin dealt not only in wares of his own manufacture, but also in foreign goods; and would undoubtedly have belonged to the merchants' guild if there had been one at Wetzlar. He however belonged to the most respectable corporation, the "Woolen Weavers," and within this to a small select circle known as the "Flemish Guild," so called from their sale of the costly Flemish cloth. Among these distinguished Flemmands, Master Richwin was the most wealthy and distinguished, and in his own estimation was head and shoulders above the guilds in general, and within a hair of being as high as a patrician.

Through the main doorway, as before said, one stepped into the salesroom; that is, if at the threshold one did not happen to stumble over two mischievous boys who were wont to play and quarrel there. These were Richwin's elder children; the younger, two girls, made life intolerable to their mother in the upper part of the house;—for it was too irksome and tedious to the father to exercise any authority over the wild scapegraces. The boys learned all sorts of bad behavior of themselves, and the girls learned it from their brothers. The mother was unable alone to curb the unruly troop.

Whenever poor Mrs. Eva complained to her husband of the children, he would hear nothing at all with the right ear, and only half with the left, and give no answer, or, if he was specially attentive, an ill-tempered one. Such was his conduct, too, in other matters. Richwin was not conscious how cruelly he neglected his wife. Had he perceived it he would have done better, for he was at heart a kind man, and really loved his wife. But Mrs. Eva noticed all the more that he frequently said nothing to her for days; or, if he did speak, it was cold, crabbed words—worse than nothing. She bore her crosses patiently, and yet well knew that it would soon be a heavier burden; for she saw their means gradually disappearing without being able to avert the impending ruin.

Gerhard Richwin did not do much wrong, but he also did little that was right. He was swayed by momentary whims, and sel-

[1] Translated, by permission, from the German of W. H. Riehl.

dom in the direction of the business which it was for the moment most important to do. If, for instance, he ought to have been in the weaving-room, he was seized with a longing to trot away into the country; or, if he ought to have mounted his horse and ridden to the neighboring castles in Weilburg, Dillenburg, or Braunfels, where frequently very profitable bargains were to be made, the weaving-room was an irresistible attraction. When people stood awaiting in the store, Richwin would be watching his ill-behaved boys through the window, and ruminating upon methods of preventing and punishing their tricks, quite forgetting his customers; and when finally he spoke to them, it was in so harsh and parental a tone, and his words were accompanied by so fierce a flourish of the yard-stick, that they might suppose he meant to belabor them instead of his children. The truest business friends felt themselves entirely too negligently and coarsely treated. The servants and apprentices improved on the example of their master, and became even more rude and uncivil than himself. No wonder, therefore, that it gradually grew more silent in Richwin's celebrated warehouse.

Bad tongues suggested that if this state of things continued, Richwin would soon be the only customer in his shop, as he already was the best. Those were foppish times, but he far outshone his fellow-citizens in costliness of dress and frequent change of fashion. To see him in his state coat, with long sleeves, with wide flowing cuffs hanging down to his feet, his checkered trousers and pointed shoes, his skull-cap turned up behind and before, and his hair cut square across the forehead, with a long flowing lock dangling over each ear, one would certainly not have taken him for a tradesman or merchant, but a nobleman.

Had any one called Richwin a fop, he would have resented it, for he was as sensitive as a soft-shelled egg; and, although he might have unseemly notions, he had a mortal fear of committing an improper overt act. This trait did not exactly proclaim the blunt, outspoken tradesman. Indeed, his guild comrades suspected him of carrying water on both shoulders, and secretly inclining towards the patricians.

Such a suspicion in those days was not a trivial matter, for the guilds were in jealous ferment. The aristocracy alone sat in the council and ruled the town. Of late they had burdened the community with debts, and involved it in ruinous leagues and feuds. They were hated by the people, and the measure of their iniquitous rule seemed to be full to overflowing. A secret but widespread conspiracy against the aristocracy sprang up among the guilds. If so many other cities had of late years put their patrician councils out of doors, why could not the people of Wetzlar send theirs to the dogs as well?

Towards all the plotting, scheming, and preparing for a general uprising of his neighbors, Richwin maintained an indifferent, even a dubious, demeanor. Yet was he the most distinguished man in the most distinguished guild; and had, besides, grown extremely popular in the wine-rooms. Though his business friends fell off, his boon companions increased. Here was a susceptible man, willful, shrewd if he chose to be; a man whose wealth was on the decline: was not such a man best suited to become a demagogue? It was certainly worth while to endeavor to win him over to the new movement. They hinted at the matter, conferred with him in secret, flattered him, reasoned with him, pressed him; but all to no purpose. He had friends among the aristocracy; and their haughty and arbitrary deportment impressed him as being extremely noble and genteel. Besides, party discipline was not at all to the taste of a man who had an aversion to discipline of any kind. As he did not bestir himself where abundant money might have been acquired, why should he here, where perhaps only the gallows was to be attained?

In those excited days, Master Richwin was presented with a splendid young dog that was twice as excitable as the citizens of Wetzlar, and thrice as capricious as Richwin himself—a large, black wolf-dog of Spanish

breed, scarcely nine months old, still quite unbroken, clumsy, and fractious. His name was Thasso, and he did honor to his name, which signifies a disputer and fighter; for disputing and fighting was his incessant delight. Though he generally fought in play, playing with Thasso was not to every one's taste. Perhaps a respectable citizen passed rather hastily by: Thasso instantly sprang after him, tugged merrily at his doublet, and left with a big mouthful of it. If he saw a child, he playfully jumped on it and tumbled it in his first rush into the gutter. The most delectable sight, however, was to see Thasso when a horseman galloped by. Like a wild beast, he sprang at the horse with tremendous bounds, leaped about it up to its head, then at its tail, snapped at the rider's hands, or shot in between the horse's legs, dextrously avoiding its hoofs. He did not bite, he merely played; but the horse shied, backed, reared, and, in spite of bit and bridle, ran away as if Satan were at his heels. When Master Richwin called off the dog, he would stop a moment, look back at his master as if to say, "I can do better still," and resume the chase with redoubled zeal. But if Richwin threatened or scolded him, the dog's play immediately became earnest; he growled and snapped, ran away in fear of the punishment, roamed over half the town perpetrating all sorts of new mischief on the way, and finally sneaked home late at night. On such occasions, Thasso was beaten. But this beating the dog quite misunderstood, for, having forgotten the original cause of it, he imagined he was being punished for coming home at all, and remained out longer than ever the next time.

Hereupon Richwin set himself to catch the dog in the act. So, when the dog again pursued a horseman, Richwin followed in pursuit of him. Finally the dog stopped, in deep contrition, his tail dejectedly between his legs, and allowed his master to approach. But when he had got to within ten paces of him, Thasso broke away again. Richwin slackened his pace, called, coaxed, and simulated the most friendly intentions, and the dog came up, too, but only to within about ten paces, and then he ran away again. True, the animal still kept company with him, but at the respectful distance of ten paces. The street boys were jubilant, and the entire population rushed to doors and windows to see which would win—Master Richwin or Master Thasso. The proud burgher trembled with wrath, and even threw stones at the sinner; but Thasso avoided the missiles with marvelous dexterity, ran after the stone, and, to add insult to injury, brought it to his master and got twenty feet ahead again before the latter could raise a hand to strike.

Each day brought new scenes of the same sort, the dog developing an astounding talent in the invention of new pranks and the art of dodging punishment.

It really looked now as if, with the dog, Satan in person had come to Richwin's house. The four naughty children played and romped with him from morning to night, and became so imbued with Thasso's spirit that it was hard to say which was worse —dog or child.

Poor Frau Eva couldn't bear the dog. This Master Richwin greatly resented. Before, he had only hurt her by his coldness; he now scolded her, to boot. If Thasso had escaped his whip, he vented his wrath on his Frau; and if she said a word not to his liking, her aversion to the noble animal was cast up to her. Since the dog had been in the house, she regarded her husband, herself, and her children as wholly devoted to destruction.

If the master had before concerned himself little about his house and calling, he now did so still less. Above all things, he was determined to train that dog, and this important work occupied all his time. But as he proceeded in the matter capriciously and without system, overlooking all his vices one day, only to punish them too severely the next, Thasso lost even the few virtues which he had brought with him.

Continual complaint came about this peace-disturber. The master had to pay damages, requite pains, give good words and pocket insolent ones. The injured threat-

ened to poison or otherwise kill the brute, and his friends urged Richwin to get rid of the incorrigible dog, or at least chain him up. But he remained inflexible. He would train that dog. He would makė him as gentle as a lamb. He would then go about with this noble, dreaded animal as proud as Knight Kurt with his terrible bloodhound.

In those days the Wetzlar burghers celebrated Ash Wednesday with a peculiar procession, following a quaint old tradition. They proceeded armed to the Ecclesiastical Courts from the palace of the German Signories to the Alterberger Convent, to receive from the German Signories a living white hen, from the nuns a ham, and from the dean a gold florin, in token of the city's prerogative in the spiritual courts. The most notable feature at all times, however, was the living white hen; and it was on this account that in Wetzlar Ash Wednesday was yet, within the memory of man, called "Chickenday." The hen must be spotless white, decked in colored ribbons, and was carried by a boy at the head of the procession.

To-day Master Richwin marched at the head of his guild in the procession. He had given strict injunctions at home to keep the dog confined until the noise and bustle on the streets should be over. But Thasso broke out, followed the trail of his master, sprang into the midst of the festive line just as the head man of the German Chapter was in the act of delivering the chicken over to the boy. The dog saw the screaming, struggling bird with the fluttering ribbons in a trice. He flew at it, tore it from the boy's hands, and shook it till the feathers and ribbons flew about in the air. The head man tried to interfere, and was bitten severely in the legs; and when finally Master Richwin succeeded in subduing the dog, the hen fluttered once more, and then closed its beak forever.

Now they had no living white hen; and without a living white hen no procession was possible; and without a procession, there was no secular prerogative in the spiritual courts. The situation was grave; for upon the punctilious performance of all the signs and tokens of a right depended, in those days, the right itself.

By a thousand prayers and entreaties, Master Richwin succeeded at last in getting it understood that the occurrence should be overlooked, if within two hours he should produce another spotless white living hen. The solemn ceremony of presentation should then begin anew, but with the express stipulation that the Signories should not in future have the burden of providing two hens for the occasion—one dead and one living. Gerhard Richwin should also, for this once, present the head man ten yards of the finest Flemish cloth as indemnity and smart-money.

Impelled by wrath, vexation, and fear, the master sped to all the poultry-yards in the city, but found no spotless white hen. Finally, and nearly at the last moment, he returned in perspiration to the German Signories with a skinny old hen that had originally been somewhat white and speckled with gray; but by plucking out about half its feathers he had transformed it into a spotless white hen. This new symbol of prerogative was accepted as valid, and so everybody concerned escaped, as the saying is, "happy with a blue eye"—the defunct first hen, of course, excepted.

That night Thasso's punishment was exemplary. Henceforth Richwin would train the dog according to quite a new systematic and thorough plan. Not now for all the world would he part with that dog! He was right, and would show the burghers that, in spite of his latest escapade, he would yet make the incorrigible half-wolf as gentle as a lamb. He brooded—for the first time in his life—for a whole sleepless night over his educational plans.

The next morning Richwin rose with the break of day, which he had never done before, for he was a late sleeper. He was anxious to accustom Thasso to a sedate gait in the streets before they were thronged with people and horses. He conducted the dog at the end of a rope through the entire town. Any attempt to spring at rider or foot-passer was promptly checked by a stinging reminder from the whip. Formerly,

Thasso had perhaps displayed a sort of repentance for his misdeeds, but no desire to do penance for them. Now, repentance and penance both came at once. Richwin found this early hour made for dog-training. Through the lengthening days of February and March, therefore, he rose earlier every day, and was invariably on the legs with Thasso before sunrise.

Whenever he passed an open church, he would draw the rope particularly taut and lay on the whip by way of admonition; for until then, Thasso had a decided taste for rushing into open churches and barking at the congregation; and the more Richwin called him off, the louder he barked. All this was now quite unlearned. When, therefore, Master Richwin now passed an open church door, and heard the early mass read within, he would stop a while in the doorway and listen devoutly—for he dared not go in on account of the dog—and took a bit of the morning's benediction with him on the way. Until then he had been a seldom visitor to the house of God, but soon began to believe the day not properly begun without an early mass under the church door. The dog also always went much more quietly after it.

When the master returned from the first morning's walk, the day seemed very long; whereas, formerly, when he slept longer, he found it so short. In order to pass the time, therefore, he went into the weaving-room, where at that hour everybody ought to have been busy at work. But here everything was very quiet indeed; for the journeymen and apprentices, counting upon the sound sleep of their master, came as late as they chose to. How astonished and indignant was the master at this! and how scandalized were his work-people as he each day earlier entered the workshop! Horsemen and foot-passengers had ceased to swear death to the ungovernable Thasso, but now the journeymen and apprentices would willingly have poisoned him; for they well saw that he alone was to blame for the master's early visits. But Richwin held the dog close to himself day and night, on the correct theory that one can only truly educate an animal by constantly living with it.

Of course this living together had its peculiar disadvantages in the salesroom. If a customer entered, Thasso growled and came at him. If the customer attempted to take the purchased goods with him, the dog was not to be held. He considered a purchase as theft, and held the harmless purchaser so fast that only the master, and he with difficulty, could break his hold. It was here that Master Richwin, as instructor, employed gentle correctives. Should he beat the dog's best virtue, watchfulness, out of him? No! He would merely teach him to know an honest purchaser from a thief. When, therefore, a customer entered, Richwin reached him very cordially his right hand, and caressed the snarling dog with the other, and in his further conversation assumed the most pleasant and cheerful tone, that the dog might see that here was a friend and not a thief. If the customer was going with the purchased wares, Richwin would not allow him to carry the package to the door — for Thasso, ready to spring, growled ominously—but carried it to the sidewalk himself, not without misgiving back glances at the dog. The people stared in wonder, and could not comprehend how the rudest merchant had so suddenly become the most polite; the proudest man the most obliging.

One day, in the most critical moment, the wild horde of children romped through the hall. In an instant the whole work was undone. Thasso flew, as if possessed, between the children and then between the customers' legs, as if he would make up for past repressions by double activity. The children fared badly. With frightful scoldings they were sent off to their mother, and next day the two boys were put in charge of a schoolmaster noted for sharp discipline. Running and playing on the streets was now strictly forbidden. "They have seduced the dog into a thousand vicious tricks," urged Master Richwin; "and how is it possible, surrounded with such wild children, to educate a young dog?" He decided to thence-

forth keep his young profligates severely in hand, so that the dog might have peace and remain unseduced.

Mrs. Eva could not help rejoicing to her husband over these changes.

"It is really a blessing," said she, "that you go to morning mass again."

"Why, yes, Eva; the dog lies there like a statue when I kneel in the portal."

"And since you have become so obliging again, the customers all come back."

"Why, of course, Eva; the dog now only growls a little at them, and he has no thought of biting."

"And our children too—they visibly improve since you keep them so strictly."

"Certainly, Eva; it was the ruin of the dog that he always saw such bad examples in the children."

"And how pleasant it is, Gerhard, that you again speak so many kindly words to me."

"Indeed, dear Eva, since you now speak so kindly of the dog"—she had not mentioned the dog at all—"how can I be otherwise than thankful to you?"

"Master Richwin," thought Mrs. Eva to herself, "trains Thasso, but does not suspect that Thasso trains Master Richwin still more"; and for the first time cast a friendly glance at Thasso, and patted him on the head. That sealed the new peace in the household.

But in spite of the great progress Thasso made in his master's training and his mistress's favor, the old impulses would often break out. Yet a strange instinct governed his behavior. He seemed to distinguish the tradesman from the patrician; and whenever his temper took free course, it was sure to be against a patrician. As there are dogs who allow no beggar or tramp to pass without yelping, so Thasso would not see a well-dressed patrician strutting or prancing by without the old Adam within him waking.

After the day's work Master Richwin was wont to stroll through the streets, now thronged with people, in order that the dog, freed from the cord, might confirm the lessons he had learned in the morning's solitude under restraint. Thasso slunk demurely at his master's heels. A patrician skipped mincingly across the square. In an instant Thasso sprang at him. No calling, no whistling availed. He, as if in a fit of madness, completely forgot the sober lesson of the morning, and only came creeping back to his enraged master, crest-fallen, humbly wagging his tail, and suing for pardon, after he had torn off half of the patrician's long coat-sleeve.

The next day Master Richwin sent, as restitution to the injured party, his own coat of state with the flowing sleeves. "How could I be such a fop," cried he, "as to wear so absurd a coat? Must not the long fluttering strips of cloth and the innumerable ribbons and strings tempt any dog to snap at them?" Henceforth he regarded the sumptuous clothes and affected manners of the aristocracy with disgust, and dressed in the plainest garb of a burgher. Thereupon Richwin thought that the patricians regarded him with particularly contemptuous glances whenever he passed along the street with his pupil attached to a cord, or when the freed Thasso closed his ears to all remonstrances and was only brought back to duty by a vigorous assault with stones. How mockingly had that aristocratic young lady laughed the other day, when, as he saluted her with a profound bow, Thasso, straining with all his might to reach a post near by, came near changing the bow into a fall! And were not the aristocracy at all times the most insolent when Thasso still occasionally sprang at their horses? How patiently, on the other hand, the tradespeople put up with his pranks as they rode leisurely by!

So here, too, Thasso brought that about which no human being had been able to do. With his check-cord, he drew his master quite gently from neutrality to partisanship with the bitterest guild faction.

And this was an accomplished and notorious fact by the time the tradespeople and mechanics of Wetzlar set out on their annual visit to the fair at Frankfort, on Easterday, 1368. The troop, which was large and

stately, remained closely together during their march thither through the Wetterau, as a precaution against the attacks of robbers. The aristocracy were in the habit of riding with the people from their town; and Master Richwin, mounted on his spirited steed, had before preferred to ride in their company to that of the tradespeople, who, either afoot or on sorry old nags, brought up the rear. But to-day he allowed his horse to go with the pack-horses the greater part of the way, and walked with the guilds. He could manage Thasso, who trotted at his side, and keep him in hand better, than if he was on horseback. His guild colleagues were delighted with this condescension of the proud citizen, in allowing the finest horse to go with the pack-horses in order to go on foot with them. Many a flattering word was said to him, and the eloquence of the leaders, which formerly had prevailed so little with Richwin, now found the best reception. By the time the troop reached the ferry at Friedeberg, and saw below the towers of Frankfort, he was sworn and initiated into the league of the guilds against the aristocracy. Johann Kodinger, the leader of the league, thankfully shook his hand and cried, "Ah, Master Richwin! how much better a man you have become! yes, now only, quite a man, and that too within the short time between Ash Wednesday and Easter."

Gerhard Richwin started as from a dream, and replied: "Why, certainly; I knew that the dog was of noble breed, and that he only needed the right training. Yes, Master Kodinger, there is nothing like thorough, patient, and systematic training: it will subdue even a brute. But Thasso may be discharged from restraint, and shall be as soon as we return to Wetzlar."

The storm had broken loose in Wetzlar; the patricians were expelled, the guilds had the field and ruled the city. In the conflict Master Richwin had surpassed his fellow-citizens in zeal and perseverance. He was strong through his austerity towards himself and others, and through his implacable hatred against the patricians. His fellow-citizens were amazed over the changed man.

The new council, now purely democratic, having been organized from the guilds, the people's choice fell upon Master Richwin. As late as a year ago, even, when yet he cared nothing for the common weal, it was the fondest dream of his life to become a member of council. To-day, after a long and bitter struggle, and incessant labor for the city, he refused to be one. No one could divine the cause, and everybody besieged him to take his seat in the council, or at least to give his reasons for declining.

After some hesitation and many evasive answers, he finally said: "The ground may seem childish to you. To me it is weighty and serious. I cannot sit in the council daily in these troublous times, because I may not take my dog with me. If I leave him at home alone, all the evil which formerly troubled my house will come over it again. I may well say 'the dog has finished his education,' but who ever ceases to learn? No one, and certainly no dog. If I were to leave Thasso with my apprentices a single day, he would immediately relapse, and I feel sure that in such case I too would give way to old habits. We both are still somewhat frail, and may not lose sight of each other for the present. In the vestibule of the church I can hear the mass read quite as well as in the nave, and the dog stays by my side. As a councilor, however, I cannot always remain standing in the doorway of the council-room. Do not take my reasons for a whim. I foster the superstitious belief that my house will only stand secure when Thasso shall have become completely trained. As yet I cannot leave him to himself. And how could I undertake to help prop our tottering commonwealth as long as my own house totters even more?"

After this explanation, which seemed to some serious and to others ridiculous, his fellow-councilors decided to confer upon Thasso, alone of all the dogs in the city, the right to a seat in the council-chamber, under the chair of his master, with the reservation, however, that this right should be forfeited

if he should raise his voice in the conference.

After some hesitation, Master Richwin submitted to the will of his fellow-burghers, and appeared punctually with Thasso at the town hall. The latter the Wetzlarites thenceforth called the "Mute Councilor," and mute he remained indeed. For years he attended the council meetings, and never violated the condition of his privilege.

In the streets he no more troubled any one with his tricks. Apparently he had outgrown his years of indiscretion, and walked, as became a large dog, at the heels of his master, sedate and dignified, and as if he knew the privilege conferred upon him above all other dogs in the city.

Now it so happened that Master Richwin, one day in the fall of the year, walked in the fields hard by the city moat, which separated the city boundary from a forest belonging to the Count Solms. Thasso trotted peacefully near him. Suddenly the dog disappeared. Richwin looked for him in all directions, called, and whistled. The dog came not. Presently there was a rustling and crackling in the thicket beyond the ditch, and the next instant a stately deer broke from cover, followed by Thasso in eager pursuit. When he saw the open field and the man before him, he turned, and dashing the dog aside with a vicious thrust of his horns, fled back into the thicket amid the rustling and crashing of leaves and twigs. But Thasso recovered himself from his momentary discomfiture and flew after him as if possessed, and soon there was nothing to be heard but the rustling and snapping of leaves and twigs and the dog giving tongue in the distance. Poor Richwin whistled until his lips were parched, and called himself hoarse in vain. All his fine training had vanished before Thasso's hunting fervor. Twice he drove the deer towards him to the ditch, as if to bring him within range of a gun, and twice the deer broke to cover again.

But the third time one of Count Solms's gamekeepers emerged from the woods and raised his cross-bow, not, however, at the deer, but at the dog. "For shame!" cried Richwin; "you who are a hunter would shoot the noblest dog, who after all is only moved by a passion for the chase, like yourself!"

Struck with these words, and no less by the beauty of the noble struggling dog, the forester lowered his cross-bow and approaching the citizen, he retorted, "That dog is forfeit to me because he is hunting in my master's, the Count's, preserves. Follow me to the Count with the dog, and if he chooses to take him into his own pack, his life may be saved." Richwin naturally resisted, but the gamekeeper held him fast, and as the burgher struggled violently to free himself, slashed him with his hunting-knife across the arm. In the same moment the gamekeeper was seized from behind by Thasso and dragged to the ground; for as soon as the animal saw his master's danger, his love for the chase gave way to a fidelity which comes not from training. Several citizens of Wetzlar, hearing the tumult, also hastened to the spot, liberated the gamekeeper from the dog, and led him a prisoner back to town, because he had drawn upon and wounded a citizen within the city's limits. Since their victory over the aristocracy, the burghers had become rather pugnacious, and did not fear a new conflict.

The city council, however, were greatly perplexed, and knew not what to do with the Count's gamekeeper. Richwin was able to attend the council meeting in which the critical occurrence was discussed the next day with his arm in a sling. The councilors, Thasso excepted, were greatly excited. He lay comfortably stretched out under his master's chair, as if the thing did not concern him. Still his life hung upon the issue, and he found but few to intercede for him. In spite of the general esteem in which this mute councilor stood, it seemed now as if he must be sacrificed in the interests of the city's foreign policy.

At that time, namely, 1372, a lawless band of knights, called the "Sterners," devastated the neighboring district, and in anticipation of trouble, the citizens of Wetzlar

made secret preparations for open battle. But the Sterners counted among their companions many counts, knights, and squires; whereas, the city had few friends, and it was very inopportune, just at this time, to provoke so powerful and warlike a neighbor as Count Johannes von Solms, of whom it was yet uncertain whether in the coming struggle he would take part with or against the Sterners.

When, therefore, a member of the council argued that the gamekeeper was in the right, many heads nodded assent; and when he added that if the Count demanded the liberation of his servant, and that the dog be delivered over to him, they would not dare to refuse compliance, the majority concurred; and some thought that Thasso had formerly created enough mischief as it was, and that it would be very impolitic to allow him now to set Count Solms at the city.

Thasso remained motionless, and merely cast an inquiring glance about him at the mention of his name. But his master rose from his seat. He said:

"If the Count really is the sly fox we suppose him to be, he will not turn against us on account of the dog. If, on the other hand, he is now opposed to us, we cannot buy him over with the present of a dog. The man knows well enough where his interests lie, and casts his net for more important things than deer and dog. If the trespass on the preserves is to be atoned for, I am prepared to pay in good gold treble the value of the deer and dog. But I will surrender the dog to no man. Rather than that, I would stab him to death on the spot! You do not know how much I owe to this, God's irrational creature, which at the same time has been God's visible means of working upon me. If it is not God's will, his most pious preachers cannot convert us; and if it is his will, a dog can do it. This dog has brought order to my business, good behavior to my children, and domestic peace to my wife. He has shown me the way to my friends and guild associates, the way to church, and the way to the council-chamber. Whilst I imagined that I was educating the dog, the dog educated me much more. My wife frequently told me so, and I considered it pleasant raillery. But now, when you would take from me my dog, I feel that it is bitter reality."

These few words were all, but Richwin spake them with tearful eyes; and Thasso, who saw his master's emotion, rose up slowly, touched him several times with his fore paw, and licked his hand, as if to comfort him in his sorrow.

It had become quite still in the council-chamber; one could hear a breath. A servant thrust his head in at the door and announced a messenger from Count Solms. The burghers were greatly alarmed and feared the worst. The message was therefore all the more surprising.

The Count had heard with regret that one of his servants had struck, even wounded, a burgher of Wetzlar upon so slight a provocation. But he begged that, for the sake of good neighborship, the servant might be set at liberty; that he—the Count—waived all claims to damages for trespass upon his preserves, and, that the town might know how friendly he felt, he sent herewith to the honorable council a deer shot by himself, which, he believed, they would find to be quite as good as the one which had been chased by and escaped from the dog; and, in order that the wine might not be missing at the feast, he also added a small cask of Bacherach.

The council were mute with joyful surprise on seeing, instead of the dreaded storm, such clear sunshine break so suddenly upon them. They said many polite things to the messenger, and congratulated Master Richwin, together with Thasso, upon the fortunate result. But Richwin, raising his powerful voice above the confused hum and bustle in the room, begged that, before an answer was returned, the messenger should be requested to retire a few moments, and that they would listen to what he had to say.

"Mistrust the sweet words of the Count!" cried he. "Had he offered us his enmity, I should not have been alarmed; but as he offers us his friendship, I tremble. He does

not give us the deer for nothing. We can well do without the Count. His cousin, Otto of Braunfels, and the landgrave Hermann of Hesse are far more valuable confederates. But Count Johann needs us. If he once has our little finger, he will soon have us altogether. Thasso, Thasso! you have wrought us great evil; not because you drove the Count's deer into the city's field, but because you drove this deer into the kitchen of the town hall of Wetzlar. I beseech you, worthy friends, to politely decline the present, demand our right, and give the Count his. Send back the deer and retain the gamekeeper until the Count shall have made atonement for the insolence of his servant—"

Here he was interrupted with the reproach that he carried his resentment for the slight wound too far, and that he was not even to be appeased by the exhibition of the Count's bounty and good will. But Richwin replied:

"If I spake for myself only, I should be the most satisfied with the Count's proposal, principally on account of my dog. But I speak here as a councilor of the imperial city, and say, 'Demand our right and give the Count his!' The dog is forfeit to the Count, because he trespassed upon his preserves; the gamekeeper is forfeit to us, because he broke the peace of the city. Out of fear of the Count's wrath, I would not surrender the dog, my most faithful friend; but out of fear of his friendship, I deliver him. When, a moment ago, I spoke as the dog's intercessor, I could have wept for the poor animal. But now, as I speak as advocate for our commonwealth, I could weep more bitter tears, not for the dog—he is nothing to me—but for the ruin which is stealthily approaching my poor native city."

Richwin talked to the wind; he remained alone in his suspicions. The present was accepted with thanks, and a suitable return made. The gamekeeper was set at liberty, and Count Solms speedily became what he desired to be, the recognized friend and ally of the city and its council.

When the deer was served up at a feast and the wine duly drunken, Master Richwin remained moodily at home, and Thasso got not even a bone of the game which he had hunted into the council-kitchen.

This happened in the year 1372. In the following year the sanguinary battle was fought outside of the Upper Gate of Wetzlar, in which the Sterner League was annihilated. The burghers fought under the leadership of Count Johannes von Solms, their wives defending the gates, whilst the men fought in the open field. The landgrave of Hesse and Otto of Solms-Braunfels divided with them the honor of the day. Master Richwin was also present.

The same evening after the battle, Count Otto ordered the knights of the Sterner League who had fallen into his hands to be beheaded. Count Johann, on the contrary, pardoned the rest without the knowledge of his comrades.

"Beware!" said Master Richwin to his fellow-burghers. "A new sign of warning! Count Johann is playing a double game, and keeps his way clear to the right and left."

But the burghers did not heed his words, saying he imitated his dog much too closely; because Thasso had ceased to play, preferring to snarl and bite instead, Richwin thought he must also snarl and bite; that he was as capricious now as he ever had been, and hated Count Solms, who had brought them so much glory, for no apparent reason; that his love and hatred were governed by his caprice and fancy, as they always had been. Soon the townfolks completely turned their backs upon him. In the council meetings now he sat as silent as the mute councilor under his chair. If he spoke a word, it was one of warning against the excessive friendship of Count Johannes, who lured them on as gently as a bird-catcher lures the birds before he springs the trap. Frequently, too, Master Richwin did not appear at the council, especially if he knew that Count Johannes was coming to proffer some new service; for it seemed as if, in addition to the adopted mute councilor under the chair, the Count had also been adopted a councilor, but not as a mute one.

The only time that Richwin sat in the council together with the Count, Thasso growled so terribly at every word the Count uttered that his master was compelled to lead him out lest he might forfeit his privilege. Richwin excused the dog, upon the plea that since his scuffle with the gamekeeper he could not bear to see the Count's colors, and gave this as the most plausible reason for remaining away himself whenever the Count was present; and without the dog he absolutely refused to go to the town hall.

"Richwin carries this whim too far," said the burghers, and made lampoons upon the now unpopular man. A very funny illustrated sheet, with many rhymes, was circulated, in which the mutual adventures of Master Thasso and Master Richwin were portrayed true to nature, and which bore the following superscription:

> "Scholar and teacher Thasso must be,
> His master is trained as well as he."

Master Richwin paid little heed to this. He quietly devoted himself to his flourishing business, and let happen what he could not prevent. It was not the least important service Thasso had rendered his master in teaching him by many unruly pranks to be patient, and to suppress his too great sensitiveness.

So two years passed away again. One day in midsummer, Master Richwin was suddenly summoned to the town hall. He must come, said the messenger, without fail; no excuse would be accepted this time; Count Johannes was there with a message from the emperor. Richwin started; a message from the emperor! That certainly was an important matter. Nevertheless, he declared that he could not come; that his dog would certainly growl and bark when the Count read the imperial message, as the dog, in spite of all his intelligence, could not distinguish between the emperor's word and the Count's voice, and might, so to speak, growl at his Imperial Majesty; and without the dog he would not go to the council. Even Mrs. Eva tried to persuade her husband to go, but he was not to be moved. A second messenger declared that Richwin *must* come, with or without the dog, whether he liked to or not; that the council must be complete this time, as the honor and dignity of the city were at stake.

This importunity aroused Richwin's suspicion. But the honor and dignity of the city were at stake. He therefore called the apprentice to chain up the dog, and prepared to go. He almost shuddered at the thought of entering the council-chamber for the first time without Thasso.

The apprentice, coming in from the street to secure the dog, whispered to Richwin, greatly excited. "Master," said he, "very unusual things are taking place in the streets; it is good that you have not gone yet. Behind the town hall armed men are standing, probably more than a hundred; and behind these men old familiar faces peer forth, the faces of patricians, which, the people say, have a striking resemblance to several gentlemen of the old council who were expelled seven years ago. The servants of Count Solms, too, are pressing on towards the city gates, as if to cut off retreat."

Master Richwin turned pale, but quickly recovering himself, said to his wife: "Take the children, the apprentices, and the two caskets containing the money and jewelry; make your way secretly to the mill on the river Lahn. There is a small wicket-gate which is probably open yet; outside the gate is a boat; detach it and cross over to the other side. But for God's sake, avoid the large bridge and the main gates! Once safely over, take the footpath and hasten to Giessen. There, if it please God, I will rejoin you."

He urged the questioning wife, and she tremblingly obeyed. He seized Thasso's chain with the left hand, but with the right held, not the whip, as he was wont, but his sword, and went, not to the town hall, but to the market square.

On arriving there he found the citizens already in arms, and assembled by the hundreds. But the town hall, too, was already surrounded by a large force of strange

knights and troopers. Richwin picked his way cautiously to the rear ranks of the citizens, who, anticipating danger, had hastened thither to defend the council. But before the citizens stood Count Johann of Solms, in glittering armor, surrounded by twenty knights, the imperial insignia in his hand, and proclaimed that he had come in the name of the emperor to establish peace between the banished aristocracy and the new council. No harm should befall any one, and least of all, his good friends the councilors in the council-chamber. A peaceable atonement for what had taken place was all he asked, in the name of the emperor. A new and increased prosperity of the city, an extension of the citizens' privileges, would be the fruit of this auspicious day. As a true friend and good neighbor, therefore, he would ask them to lay aside their arms, which they had been overhasty in taking up to defend the councilors, for there was not the least danger threatening them at the moment.

"At this moment? Yes!" said Richwin, to those near him. "But whether in the next? Keep your arms until the councilors are free and among you again."

But he already perceived that the citizens in the front ranks, won over by the sweet words of the Count, put up their swords and carried home their spears. Those to whom Richwin spoke reproached him, and said that his place was in the council-chamber instead of here on the square, and wished to know whether he meant to remain the same snarling, snapping dog, who barked at the city's best friends, and set the citizens at each others' ears.

Richwin, seeing that all was lost, hastened to leave the place, and had barely time to reach the little gate on the Lahn, whence his wife had escaped; and as the boat was yet on the other side, he plunged into the stream with his dog and swam to the opposite shore.

After a few hours' travel, he rejoined his family and found a secure retreat in Hesse, for the landgrave Hermann had become Count Solms's bitterest enemy after the battle near Wetzlar, for having, without his knowledge or authority, pardoned the Sterners who fell into his hands.

But by and by a strange story came to Hesse from the imperial city of Wetzlar. After Count Solms had succeeded in flattering the burghers to lay aside their arms, he threw the council into the tower and confiscated their property. Three of the number —Kodinger, Dupel, and Vollbrecht—were beheaded; two others—Beyer and Heckerstrumpf—were thrown from the bridge into the Lahn, by the Count's retainers, in order to save the executioner the trouble. For the sixth man in the council—Gerhard Richwin—whom the Count hated the most bitterly, they had proposed hanging, by way of variety. But in Wetzlar, as in Nuremberg, they do not hang a man until they have him. And so the old aristocracy, with whom the Count had long ago stood in secret alliance, regained their former ascendency over the city.

Although in his flight Master Richwin was obliged to leave the best part of his property in the enemy's hands, he still had saved enough to enable him to purchase the rights of citizenship in Frankfort and begin a new business there. When, in after years, he sat in comfort and security with his wife beside him, and his faithful Thasso, now grown old and gray, at his feet, he was wont to say, with a melancholy glance at the "Mute Councilor": "God forgive me for comparing the rearing of children with that of dogs. God rewards us for the training we give to our children, and we do not expect that a child should repay us in full for the care and anxiety he causes us. But this dog, in return for the training I gave him, trained me; and for the many unmerciful floggings which I gave him, he finally, in 1375, saved my life. Never was a teacher recompensed so completely and quickly as I have been through my and the city of Wetzlar's 'Mute Councilor.'"

A. A. Sargent.

THE QUEEN AND THE FLOWER.

DEAR, can you form conception how that a queen might wander
Among her lovely gardens and pleasant woods and hills,
And know they all were hers, all the trees and flowers seeming
To listen for her coming with joyous sighs and thrills?

The passion-flowers above her would bend to touch her bosom;
The conquered lilies meekly would rise her hands to kiss;
Like blessings, climbing roses shed petal-showers o'er her;
Because her robe swept by them, the daisies sway in bliss.

The golden sun in heaven would flush all with his splendor,
Which upward then reflected would light her waving hair;
Soft zephyrs from the blossoms would steep her sense in perfume,
All beauty round would heighten because she lingered there.

And now, suppose she stands where, in wild and rugged sweetness,
Like opal-tinted censer, a brier-blossom hides;
Forgets she all around her, drops all her hands have gathered,
Upon her heart to nestle desires naught else besides.

But, ah! 'tis far beyond her, she cannot hope to grasp it,
E'en the attempt would give her but bleeding hands and torn;
The simple flower mocks her; for queenly fingers never
Were meant to reach in thickets 'mid sharp and tangled thorn.

What cares she now for castles, for hills, for lawns, for forests,
For burning-hearted gardens, for trees of waving green?
They're hers, indeed, they own her—but sovereignty, what is it,
When just to this sweet-brier alone she is not queen?

Ah! if I were a queen in the world of highest beauty,
A kingdom I had conquered by my God-given power,
And gained from men true praise, from women love and worship,
What could I lack? Why, nothing—just nothing but—*that flower.*

O, yes! Though every nation should speak my name with gladness,
For noble words and actions immortal I should be—
As naught were glittering honors and fadeless wreaths and plaudits,
If *one heart*, true and precious, for sovereign owned not me.

Margaret B. Harvey

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND TO-MORROW: A CALIFORNIA MOSAIC.

Yesterday we sat upon the hills, basking in the soft October sunshine. All the glory of cloud-land hung over us and lay about us: the changing foamy shapes meeting and moving so swiftly, that before one grotesque outline had fairly caught the eye it was gone and another had taken its place. The marshes and mountains underneath trembled between light and shade as the patches of gray cloud drifted across the sky. A fresh wind came in from the ocean and roughened the long stretch of salt water. Nearly always blue, the bay yesterday took on a dark green sea-tint. We watched, carelessly, the white sail working its way down the winding creek with the tide.

We followed a dusty road winding round the hill, and peered down into the wooded ravines below. The vagabond longing of summer was yet upon us. Every path was a persuasion. It was so easy to go on a little farther, and who could tell what secrets of wood-lore, what surprise of outlook, lay just beyond?

Here was a thread of water trickling from some hidden spring down a channel grown all too loose for its shrunken form; but it was good to see even this withered brooklet among the parched, sunburned hills. I think the fainting weeds and vines from all the country round had crawled down there to drink. The water-grasses and trailing blackberry leaves, glossy and green, and the bits of autumn bloom, looked curious and alien in such a spot. A wounded quail fluttered up as we came near the bank, and struggled painfully to hide himself in a brushy cluster, but we found him out and carried him a little way, selfishly admiring his bright eyes and soldierly crest and the soft mottled plumage, rumpled and wet now in spots where the blood had trickled out from his wounded leg. Arcadius, who thinks it inconsistent with his manly dignity to make any sign of sympathy, and whose sky is so big that he scorns small clouds, averred stoutly that the pretty thing suffered no pain; but I heard the faint, strained breath and saw the bright eyes close slowly now and then, and—I knew better.

We put him down gently in a tangled clump of weeds, and strolled on till we found the end of the had-been stream. Here was a spray of wild roses, faded but so sweet that it seemed as if they held not only their own perfume, but also the fragrance of all the summer-time roses, whose aftermath now hung, in the shape of clustered scarlet berries, on every stem.

We said, "It is a perfect day," with exaggeration of enthusiasm which after all amounted to nothing, for the crowding of the outward eye with so much beauty left the inner sense still unsatisfied. The sunshine was white with peace, but we knew that the world was so close to us we could almost touch it with outstretched hand. We had even brought some of our cares with us for lack of other knapsack. It was only a breathing place, this quiet First Day, with its floating cloud-castles and fair earth-pictures. We had not time to still the restlessness and numb the regret that came ever and anon: regret which was nameless perhaps, but none the less poignant for that; unrest which would lead us back into the same paths we had quitted a little while before if we saw no new ones meanwhile.

Even the incurious Arcadius asked if I thought there would ever come a to-morrow as rare as this to-day which was infolding us in its royal arms. Ah, never again, never again! And if it should, comrade mine, we should see it with other eyes, for life holds as many moods as days.

But this is the last caress of summer. All these sunshine kisses mean "good by." Does she hate the word as we do? We walk slowly down the rough, bare hillside, looking back for glimpses of the valley.

The oaks look stinted and dusty. There is a pathos in this long-drawn-out summer life, or rather "death in life." We almost wish her gone. She has lived too long. Surely we, too, will wither with the ferns and blackened grasses if she lingers many days.

Our day died as it was born, without a sigh or sob. There was no twilight, but while we waited to see the light fade out of the sky, the moon climbed over the hills and played hide-and-seek behind the white sails of the great cloud-ships. And by and by Arcadius said good by and trudged away in the moonlight, to find all the friendly to-morrows that I trust are coming to meet him from No-man's Land.

To-day I wake to find the sky all dark and troubled. The air is sweet and damp with outdoor smells. First a fine mist spreads over our valley to say, "You shall stay at home to-day"—for I had planned a journey over night—then the drops grow larger, thicker, and at last it is raining in earnest.

There is no pleasure, there is no content, like to that which comes with the first autumn rain. I long to be out in the thickest of it; I risk an influenza by rushing here and there on useless errands. A big drop falls on my nose; it sends a childish sensation of delight all over me. I stand in the open doorway and drink the fresh air, envying the birds that dart hither and thither, and my draggled collie, who is galloping over the moist fields snuffing at every root and burrow. The gray trunks of the old trees are washed off clean once more, and have put on beauty spots of moss—bright green, soft, velvety—nothing could be more enchanting. The foliage seems twice as thick as it did a day or two ago, now that the leaves darken and freshen in the rain. Spirals of blue smoke rise among them from the burning stumps and piles of brush; the smell of the smoldering wood and dead leaves is wafted like incense to my grateful nostrils. The flames that leap up here and there look cheery and hospitable. I like to be in the midst of burning things—especially when they represent nature's cast-off slough. I cannot mourn over the beauty and freshness these roots and stems once held. I cast them into the fire, exultantly crying, "Make room, make room"; for this holocaust of the year means rest and renewal. How I wish that we, too, could brown and wither like the hollow stalks, and afterward be provided with such pleasant cremation as they undergo. And then fair young bodies would spring from our ashes.

The most prosaic objects assume a picturesqueness in this somber light. Blue-coated old Shun, mahogany-faced, melancholy—piling wood on the hillside or plodding back and forth to toss a stray branch into the fire—makes an artistic bit in the background. He might stand for the genius of Industry as he goes on his way, unheeding the showers that follow fast on each other's heels. The wheelbarrow atilt against one tree-trunk, a couple of ladders leaning tipsily on another, the empty kennels, a stray bench with its legs in the air, as if it had got on its back and could not get up again—all blend in rude harmony with the shadowed picture. Even the wood-pile takes on a different guise and seems a charming piece of architecture. The rustic seat where I spent all one beautiful, idle day scribbling and dreaming looks as if it, too, were bursting forth with mossy covers. The thirsty garden things perk themselves up, intoxicated with this glad weather, like other folk. The orchard's brown and yellow and russet leaves flutter and gleam when the narrow shafts of light break through the clouds, and the clumps of poison-oak turn brighter vermilion.

I hear the muffled roar of the far-off surf, the voices of children at play higher up the valley, the call of the quail in the edge of the field. My cup of content brims over. The gray clouds make a convent roof which shuts me in from the world. My summer longings, my regrets, my small vices of envy and impatience, slip away from me like an ill-fitting garment. The soft-falling raindrops murmur an "*absolvo te.*" I am at peace with all mankind. And when the air grows

chill, I build a crackling fire indoors and watch the panorama from my big windows.

Little fitful gusts of wind send unexpected showers from the overladen trees, and the loosened leaves flutter down to the earth, tremulously, reluctantly, as if they knew they could never return. I like to think of the wood-paths I have explored through these bright summer days, lying all dark and dripping in their coverts. The past holds no sadness for me when I see it through these tangled threads of rain. I wish the day would last forever, but it goes like other days, and in the damp, quiet dusk I go out again and walk up over the hill just to get a last breath of the freshness and restfulness.

The world is so still now that I can hear nothing but its own heart-beat in the long monotonous roar of the ocean, and the drip, drip, drop from the leaves near at hand. I come back to my wood fire once more and shut the curtains close, but this fragment from some odd corner of my memory comes to me again and again, with a meaning more than was meant perhaps. Do you know it?

"It is raining still. Raining on the just and on the unjust; on the trees, the corn, and the flowers; on the green fields and the river; on the lighthouse, bluff, and out at sea. It is raining on the graves of some whom we have loved. When it rains on a mellow summer evening, it is beneficently natural to most of us to think of that, and to give those verdant places their quiet share in the hope and freshness of the morrow."

Yesterday and to-day were gifts; to-morrow can be only a wish. It may not come after this day, or after many days, or at all; but it is as distinct in my mind and memory as if it were a living thing. It is more charming because it is an anticipation instead of a realization. And because it is ever with me, I shall make it of the present.

The morning comes with eager haste, waking us with a sense of coming joy, than which nothing can be more intensely a happiness. Then three or four of us, who have a touch of the tramp and the gypsy in our blood, go forth as we please. Sometimes we ride, sometimes we walk. But we leave the world behind us. The mists roll up in fleecy veils to wrap the hills, and then float away—or do they melt into the ocean of blue overhead? The grass springs up everywhere by the roadside. You would almost swear it was spring, but for the frost-tang in the air. The sun has an uncertain yellow light in the morning, the thin-leaved trees cast straggling shadows over us as we pass. The tints of the ripening foliage are not vivid like those of places where each season shuts its doors and bars them close when its time is over, but these are not unsatisfying, after all. The autumn does not go out with brilliant banners and flame of torch, like a warlike young prince who has been deposed; this is a gentle old age, which lingers until it is thrust off by the tender green buds and shoots of spring.

The road is firm and smooth, and rings to the tread of the horses' feet, and we catch a light breeze in our faces. It is all so exhilarating that we cannot help laughing with mere overplus of joyousness. I fancy I can hear Arcadius humming, "One morning, O, so early," and Sylvia's "Oh! oh! oh!" in constantly varying *staccato* at every curve or turn with its newly revealed treasure-trove.

Down in the damp places the raindrops still hang from yesterday's showers. Our sweet earth has been crying like a naughty child—now her smiles are twice as bright for it. Everywhere there are signs of busy life. The farmer folk are getting ready for their digging and delving. Early in the morning we see them mustering their forces, tinkering up the rusty, disused plows and wagons. In one field they are harrowing in the summer-fallow with seed. The house-mother has come out with her apron over her head, to read the new old story that is told every year, and take a look at the filmy clouds, which, she thinks, may bring rain. Here is a group of cattle munching at a weather-beaten straw-rick; farther on two or three men are plowing, and the long, dark furrows are very beautiful.

Everything seems a long way off. The

people we meet on the road and in the fields and doorways are as unreal as Cobbler Keezar's Vision. We know they are fellow-creatures, but we don't feel bound to them in any way. They are only things that help to make up our day.

The road winds up hill, and we walk a while, straying off to gather odd treasures of leaf and moss. As the day wears on, it grows warm with a sultry heat that is almost oppressive. There are delightful smells in the air—the fresh earth, the woody fragrance. I like that of the oak-trees especially. The wind is so soft and warm that we almost complain because it is at variance with the season. And we go on and on, over irresponsible, rattling bridges, taking a deep breath when we are fairly across, and deeming each safe passage a special providence, swinging round sharp curves with reckless ecstasy, and then letting time and the horses walk withal, while we are silent or talkative, merry or sad, as we like.

There never was a day so long. We linger by the way and feast our eyes on every good thing, yet we never grow weary. As the shadows lengthen and fall oftener upon us, we see the world getting ready for the night. We meet some belated children on their way from school, swinging their grimy dinner-pails in grimy hands, and whooping and whistling with a zest whose sincerity could not be doubted. The horses are coming in from their day's work, with their heavy harness clinking loosely about them as they forget their tired legs and trot ahead to the water-trough.

The air begins to grow stiller and colder. The smoke that rises from the farm-house chimneys, and then sweeps out and down and settles to the ground, is purplish blue. Two young girls in jaunty summer dresses are leaning over a gate, deep in some gossip or rustic love-lore. They give us a careless, rather contemptuous glance as we pass. How do they know that we are folding all the heart of the summer and the autumn away in this one bit of daylight? And if they only had heard of our immense Spanish possessions, our philanthropy, and our learning, would they not look upon us with more respect?

Somewhere we stop at a queer, friendly house to ask the way, and as the kitchen door opens we hear the sizzle of frying things, and smell the unmistakable smell of supper. It makes us hungry, and yet we would not for worlds enter and partake. We hunger and are satisfied without seeing the viands.

The trees seem to shiver although there is no wind; so do we, wrapping our cloaks about us more closely. I think it is the *avant courier* from the ocean, for by and by we catch a whiff of salt breeze, and round the last mountain curve just in time to see the fast-fading sunlight glorify the outward-bound ships, and the great sinking, swelling waste of waters. The boom of the surf has been coming to us ever and anon as *we* came, and now it thrills us with a sort of terrified delight. It is a fascination which repels. It makes our hearts beat more quickly as if we had just escaped from a swift danger or should soon encounter one; but we are still drawn forward by unseen hands. Perhaps we *were* a little tired, after all, for we have been turning to thoughts that had no mating words. Now the joyousness of the morning comes back to us. It is easier to talk under cover of the thunderous music, and the swift transition from inland sights and sounds to the shore brings us into a new life.

When the road leads by marshy creeks and inlets where the full tide is shining it is more beautiful than the most beautiful road we have traveled. The houses we pass have a shadowy semblance of the sea, and gray moss covers the barn-roofs and fences. A flock of wild geese sail high overhead with melancholy, discordant cry. The long lines of foam run up and leave a white mark for the next runners to overleap if they can. We twist our necks to catch a latest glimpse when we have to turn away to follow the beckoning wooded valley. The twilight is all gray. There are no crimson or purple tints in the west, and the night comes down dark and still and covers us.

Now we look out for the gleaming in a window, which comes before we dare expect it. The door is open, and a glow of firelight overflows the room and comes out to meet us. The dogs make a noisy welcome and greet us with great leaps and wagging tails. We get down stiffly after our long ride, and somehow all at once find ourselves in the midst of warmth and fireshine. We eat and drink like ordinary mortals, although we have been guests with the high gods; and then we sit down to live our day over again as we tell it to eager listeners who love such simple tales. At last the warmth, our tired limbs, and the plash and beat of wave-melody bring up sweet, dreamless sleep.

So our to-morrow will end. It cannot come to us. I hope it never will, for after it was spent, it would be only a yesterday—a thing for us to lay with dead other days, while we went back into the world leaving the graver to write upon the stone, "Forgotten."

Kate M. Bishop.

A DAY'S RAMBLE IN JAPAN.

It was early on a bright spring morning that we left the good ship City of Tokio, at her anchorage in the Bay of Yeddo, for a day's ramble among the strange sights and scenes of Japan. A gentle westerly wind was blowing, and as we danced over the bright blue waters of the bay in our light *sanpan* the scene was beautiful and interesting in the extreme. The bay was dotted over far and near with men-of-war and merchant ships of every kind and nationality—from the huge modern iron-clad, the very leviathan of the seas, down to the frail-looking little coasting-junk of the Japs.

Among them were constantly passing to and fro the lighters and junks of the natives. Many were loaded with tea or silk, destined for nearly every quarter of the globe; whilst others were bum-boats conveying the day's marketing to the many vessels in port. Beyond all these, just on the edge of the horizon, could be seen a whole fleet of fishing-boats, their light sails looking like mere specks in the distance. Fresh fish forms a very important item in the regular diet of the Japanese, and the markets of Yeddo and Yokohama are kept constantly supplied with a splendid assortment.

On the other side lay Yokohama and the adjoining settlement of Kanagawa, looking singularly picturesque with their many-colored and grotesque houses. As a noble background to the scene, Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan, reared its majestic head. At this season of the year the summit, and half-way down the sides, is covered with a mantle of snow, which sparkled and glowed in the warm morning sunlight. This mountain is about fifteen thousand feet high. It is regarded by the Japanese with a reverence that amounts almost to worship. Large numbers of people annually make pilgrimages to its summit, coming from all parts of the empire. They never seem to tire of looking at it or pointing out its beauty to the stranger. It figures conspicuously in nearly all native landscape paintings and may often be noticed on their lacquer ware. Though nearly seventy miles away, it is seen with almost wonderful distinctness, on account of the clearness of the atmosphere.

After a few minutes' sculling (their boats are nearly always propelled by sculling; oars are very rarely seen), we reached the *hata ba*, or pier, a very well built stone breakwater, with a branch of the imperial custom-house and the harbor-master's office at one end of it. Here all boats must land and leave, under a heavy penalty.

In another instant we were completely surrounded by a noisy, gesticulating crowd of Japs; but at the same time they were perfectly respectful; our own obtrusive

tribes of hack and cab drivers could imitate them in this respect to advantage. Each had his own conveyance, or *jinrickisha*, and sought our patronage.

As the popular mode of traveling is somewhat novel to a stranger, a word or two concerning it may not be out of place. Horses are but little used, except by the wealthy classes and by the foreign residents. The *jinrickisha* (which may be translated man-cart-power) is the common conveyance. This consists of a light carriage body, mounted on two wheels, the center being nearly over the axle. They generally are only large enough to comfortably seat one person, but occasionally a very loving couple can find plenty of room in one. In front extend two short shafts, having a cross-piece at the end. This the coolie takes hold of, and for the time takes the place of a horse. In going long distances, two or more coolies are generally employed: one to pull while the other pushes. One's first ride in a *jinrickisha* is a rather novel, not to say trying, experience; but the motion is the same as a carriage, and the speed on a good road will average from three to five miles an hour. The endurance of some of these coolies is fairly astonishing. They will keep up a rapid trot, mile after mile; and with one or two shorts rests, they will go thirty miles a day without any apparent fatigue.

Yokohama is perhaps the best-known port in Japan. It is admirably situated on a fine bay, has good anchorage, and is well protected from the weather. It contains about thirty-two hundred foreigners, and perhaps twice as many natives. It is the port for Yeddo, the capital, and is the center of a very large foreign trade. One of the first things that attracts attention is the excellent condition of the streets and the many fine buildings (nearly all built of a fine kind of granite). The government buildings, post-office, and town hall are all fine structures. The streets are macadamized and kept scrupulously clean. Many of the large exporters of teas have large *godowns*, or storehouses, here, where may often be seen the process of "firing," or drying over, all the tea from the interior before it is finally shipped to its destination. But it is in the native town that the visitor finds far more to interest and amuse. In the stores he will find fine displays of silk, lacquer-work, and curios. Just on the outskirts he will see where all these things are manufactured. And in observing the people themselves, he will find an almost endless source of pleasure.

But as we were off to make the best of our day, we reluctantly passed all these sights by, and engaging each a *jinrickisha* and two coolies, we started for Kamakura, distant about fifteen miles. Our road lay for the most part through the fields, and gave us a very good opportunity to see the country and observe the native methods of farming.

Agriculture ranks very high in Japan, the farmers coming next to the *Samurai*, or military class, to which all the nobles belong. They were distinguished by wearing two swords, one a long one, the other a short, heavy weapon more like a huge dirk than a sword. The long one was for the ordinary purpose of defense, or perhaps more often offense; while the latter was only used to perform *harikiri*, or disemboweling one's self, which in many cases was considered not only an honorable but a very praiseworthy mode of death. But these customs are now rapidly dying out and are seldom noticed.

Almost all the work is manual, and men, women, and children all toil together in the fields. Rice is the principal crop, and as this needs an abundance of water to properly mature, a dry season is usually followed by much suffering, especially among the poorer classes, who live almost entirely on rice. As rice is the staple crop, most rents are paid in it, and the incomes of the *Daimios* are usually reckoned as so many *kokous* of rice. In most parts of the country water is abundant, but often the farmer displays considerable skill in turning aside small streams for the purpose of irrigation. The principal farm implements are the spade and mattock. With these they dig over acre

after acre. Sometimes you see a rude kind of wooden plow, but labor is plenty and very cheap, so farming seems to pay, even in this slow way. The Japanese are splendid gardeners, and have an eye for beauty even in farming, so the country looks more like a vast garden than the open country. One sees none of the vast fields of grain stretching away like an ocean of green, so familiar in our own land. It is all cut up into small patches; but this has perhaps a more beautiful effect in the contrast of color.

In passing through the country we could notice almost all the little details of social life. The doors were all open, and one had but to glance in at them to see the families eating, cooking, washing, and sleeping.

After a beautiful ride of about three hours, we arrived at Kamakura. This town, now a very quiet little place, was once of great importance. It was formerly the eastern capital of the empire, and it lies in the very heart of the classical ground of Japan. Nearly every rock and tree has its own legend, and the spots where scores of ancient heroes fell are still pointed out, for here were fought some of the bloodiest battles ever recorded in history.

But one of the greatest attractions to the traveler is the Shinto temple of Hachiman, the Japanese god of war. This temple is a large rectangular structure, consisting of an outer building and a smaller temple inside. Between the two is a wide paved court. It stands on the summit of Tsurugoka hill, amidst a large grove of noble old trees, and surrounded by dozens of smaller shrines and tombs of departed heroes. The immediate approach is up fifty-eight broad stone steps. One of the greatest names connected with this temple is that of Yoritomo, the first of the Shoguns. He made Kamakura the political capital of the empire in 1196, and is said to have ruled long and wisely. His tomb, a shrine to him, and a large image, together with several of his swords, etc., are still shown to the visitor. Within the temple are kept a large and rare collection of the curious relics of bygone ages—swords, spears, bows, and arrows; and in fact, all the paraphernalia of war, together with many things bearing a more peaceful memory, as Yoritomo's hunting suit, and a curious musical instrument not unlike the storied pipe of Pan. Each of these things has its own long story, and many of them are supposed to possess a mysterious influence over human affairs.

Just in front of the temple stands a very fine specimen of the *icho* tree (*Salisburia Adiantifolia*), said to be a thousand years old. A story is told that Kukio, a grandson of Yoritomo, waited behind this tree, dressed as a girl, for an opportunity to kill his cousin Sanetomo. He succeeded one day as Sanetomo came out of the temple after his devotions, and a shrine still marks the spot where Sanetomo fell.

The chief deity of this temple was Ojin, a great warrior who conquered Corea in the third century, and who was afterwards deified and called Hachimen. Nearly all the gods of the Shinto religion are deified heroes, warriors, or statesmen. There are said to be about eight million of them, and I should imagine Japanese mythology at that rate would be a rather mixed subject. Shintoism is the official religion, but the Budhists are by far more numerous.

One queer thing that often strikes the stranger is the great number of apparently useless tiles and pieces of building material, on the roofs and lying around most of the temples. This is to indicate that the building is not yet finished, on account of a very popular superstition that a temple as soon as it is fully completed will surely be burned down.

There are no images, or rather idols, in the Shinto temples. Instead, a profusion of colored lanterns, looking-glasses, and the like, and many printed slips of white paper, which they call *gohei*, are seen.

From the top of the steps in front of the temple there is a magnificent view of the surrounding country. Directly in front, a long avenue extends to the entrance of the grounds, lined by grand old trees, which look as if they might have been there long before even Yoritomo's time. Over their tops a

distant glimpse of the sea is discernible. On this day it looked calm and beautiful in the sunlight, dotted here and there by the white-winged fishing-boats of the natives.

After enjoying this prospect for some time, we concluded it was high time to return to a Japanese hotel near by, for dinner, which we had ordered on our way to the temple. We were met at the door by our smiling host and his whole family, who gravely saluted us and asked us to enter. As is customary, we changed our shoes for a pair of grass slippers, and ascended to the second floor. Everything looked extremely neat and clean. The floors are covered with thick white mats, which sank under the foot. A few cabinets and chests were scattered about, but tables were scarce, and chairs and bedsteads were unknown luxuries. In eating, the family recline or squat down on the mats, and appear far more at ease than they would on chairs.

In a few minutes, two rather pretty waiter-girls entered with water and clean towels. After we had washed our hands and faces, dinner was served in native style, mostly soups and stews; all very nice and clean. Once in a while a dish would appear utterly unknown to us; these we generally passed. The unexpected absence of knives and forks (chop-sticks being the fashion here) proved very amusing. Doubtless the chop-sticks answer admirably when one is used to them, but to try to eat with them for the first time when one is decidedly hungry is not exactly a success, and we had to lay aside manners once in a while and use our fingers. We made, however, a very good dinner, enjoying especially some fine fish and good English ale. This ale is to be found almost all over Japan. On settling our bill, we found that (for everything, including dinner and an unlimited supply of *saki*, or rice rum, for our four coolies) it amounted to only about two dollars—a most moderate charge, certainly.

We soon bid adieu to mine host and started for the village of Hasemura, a little over a mile away, to see the great bronze image of Buddha, or, as it is here called, Dai Butsu. This celebrated image, one of the most remarkable curiosities in all Japan, was formerly inclosed in a fine temple, of which nothing now remains but a few of the foundation stones; the building was swept away by a tidal wave about three hundred years ago. A project is now on foot to rebuild it, and it ought to be done; for it seems a shame to allow such a fine work of art to be exposed to the weather.

As to its origin, strange to say, nothing is known definitely, but the common account says it was built by Ohno Goroyenon, a celebrated bronze founder, at the request of Yoritomo, the Shogun, about the year 1252. It is composed of copper, tin, and a small proportion of gold. It appears to have been cast in sections, which were afterwards joined together by some softer alloy, but the joints are made with great care and are scarcely perceptible. There were formerly three such images in Japan. The largest one was melted down and coined into money by Iyetsuma, in the year 1648. The other stands at Nara; it is somewhat larger than the one at Hasemura, but is said to be a much inferior piece of work.

This image represents Buddha in a sitting, or rather squatting, position, with the hands folded in front, and a face of such majestic repose that it conveys to the visitor a sense of almost divine power impossible to describe in words. It stands on a solid stone foundation, or pedestal, and is about fifty feet high. Quite a large party can find ample room to sit or lie down at ease in its lap. The thumb is three feet and a half around at the first joint. After we had duly mounted upon his lap, and thoroughly viewed the outside, we were shown into the interior of the statue by one of the attendant priests. The inside, we found, formed quite a little temple, lighted by two large windows placed in the back of the figure. Here were several small images of different deities, each having its own particular shrine and contribution box.

I was sorry to notice that the iconoclastic Peter Funk and his whole tribe had been

here, and left their names cut, scratched, and painted in every direction. I regretted this, for their miserable autographs certainly did not add at all either to the beauty or dignity of Dai Butsu, and I do not think their names will be remembered any longer for it.

A curious thing I noticed was the presence of two horribly ugly and much-dilapidated wooden images situated just at the gateway, in front of Dai Butsu. They were inclosed in large wooden boxes, screened in front by a coarse netting of iron wire. At a first glance they looked as if they were covered with small scales, but a closer inspection showed the apparent scales to be paper spit-balls, and there seemed likewise to be a bushel or two in the bottom of each box. Upon asking for some explanation, I was told that the faithful who come here to worship buy their prayers, ready printed on small slips of paper, from the priests, who keep a good supply on hand adapted to nearly every case. These they put in their mouth and chew, while prostrating themselves a certain number of times, then they throw them at the images. It struck me as being a rather queer way of presenting petitions to God, but the Buddhists seem to have a good deal of faith in it, if the number of prayers in the boxes is any criterion to go by.

It was with much reluctance that we took our last glance at the great bronze god, but the day was rapidly waning, and we had quite a ride before us. We returned to Yokohama by the Tokaida, or East Sea Road. This is one of the great highways of Japan, being the main communication between the capital and the southern provinces. It is macadamized and kept in excellent repair. In most places it is shaded by fine old trees. We were much interested at every turn by the great number of travelers and the shops. These shops were for the most part mere open booths, and a single glance revealed all their contents.

At Yokohama we found a good dinner awaiting us in civilized form, after which we returned to the ship, well pleased with our day's ramble in Japan.

Jos. J. Taylor.

SONNET.

This morning, when the air was very still,
  And the dead land lay dreaming of the rain,
The sudden sun came flashing o'er the hill
  And wrapped in golden haze the weary plain.
And the first lark-song, wrought of joy and pain
  Hopelessly tangled in that sobbing trill,
Came trembling lonely through the air again,
  Bidding the sleeping woods awake and thrill
Once more with life. So to the weary heart
  Of banished Psyche, wandering alone,
And near her death, came Love's long silent voice,
So sweet, so sad, she scarcely dared rejoice
  Until she knew Love's arms about her thrown
And felt once more the happy tear-drops start.

Katharine Royce.

ANNETTA.

XIX.

THE alternations of loneliness and of excitement marking Annetta's life seemed to culminate in this unbearable loneliness, this profound excitement.

The past was lived over only as it led up to the present of bereavement. Future, Annetta had none, save that wherein, better soon than late, she would be reunited to the beloved who had gone before.

Unlike many women deprived thus suddenly of a sole protector and provider, Annetta was spurred on to no exertion by any sense of material needs. For, despite Calson's gloomy predictions, she had a strong belief in Tom's independent means, the swift accumulation of a few straining and urgent years, and this belief but added another stroke of pathos to his untimely fate.

Moreover, the deep sympathy awakened by that so tragic event among Tom's jovial friends created an atmosphere which breathing, she dwelt in a melancholy conviction that Tom's sister would never lack brotherly courtesy, advice, and services. True, he who was no more had been often and unsparingly critical of his companions, sharply impaling Ned Burwent's or Rodney Bell's weaknesses and holding them up for her inspection; outlining Dr. Bernard's wickedness with blunt, dark pencil. Annetta remembered these things as little as she remembered Tom's shortcomings.

With the single exception of Calson's behavior and his wife's, only chivalrous kindness had attended her throughout her great trouble. And turning from Calson instinctively, she found herself resting upon Rodney Bell's frank proffers of help.

"I loved Tom better than I do either of my own brothers," he declared, walking about the parlor with that added assurance of step already commented upon. "For his sake, Netta"—although graver than his wont in word and manner, Rodney had very lately adopted Tom's abridgment of her name—"if no other reason, your interests shall be paramount to my every other consideration."

Much as Annetta had been given to laughing at his expressions of devotion, she did not laugh at this or doubt its sincerity. Was it her need which helped her to find a greater reliability in him? or would not any one studying that frank, open countenance, its gay outlook upon life solemnized by what death had just taught him, have trusted?

"I'll carry the contract through for you, and if it doesn't net you what you think it ought, I'll willingly give up all that I expected to make out of it."

"My brother paid you a salary, Rodney?"

"A hundred a month"—his hands in his pockets, loudly jingling some large coins —silver dollars, by the sound.

"It seems to me Tom told me seventy-five."

"A hundred, Netta"—meeting her puzzled gaze with unblinking honesty. "And besides, on this special contract we had an agreement—written, you know, and perfectly business-like—that I was to have all above thirty per cent."

"To be sure," Annetta mildly assented, though she had no idea what he meant.

"It was when I was getting the signatures —there's a certain proportion required by law. I'll show you the paper some time. I drew it up and we both signed it. But as I tell you, Netta, you shall have a big profit out of the contract, no matter what becomes of my expectations."

"Tom anticipated clearing a very large sum," Annetta remarked languidly.

So early as this conversation, it had been decided between Annetta and Rodney that in the event of special letters being granted her for finishing the task Tom had left unfinished, Rodney was to continue in charge as he had been at Tom's taking-off. What

could appear more reasonable to a sister than to respect a brother's arrangements?

Meanwhile, Calson busied himself in explaining to others than those chiefly interested how he intended to leave the care of his dairy-farm entirely to Mrs. Calson, that he might devote himself to his dead friend's affairs. Nor did he fail in a single instance to convey with many head-shakings his grieved foreboding that the estate would scarcely pay its debts.

Much advice was gratuitously offered Annetta about this time. Seeing she was alone in the world, very pretty, and prospectively well-to-do, the average male proved fully equal to the occasion, and came forward to make copious suggestions, tinged for the most part with various neutral hues of relationship, imagined and platonic, being now brotherly or fatherly, now cousinly or avuncular.

"Good Lord!" Ned Burwent exclaimed, tweaking and biting at a mustache of fifteen years' untrammeled growth—"good Lord! to think of a girl with your peachy cheeks left to fall a prey to the first oily scoundrel who happens along. And you believe in honor, truth, and all such chaff!"

"Is there no honor and truth in mankind?" asked Annetta, simply.

"Mountains of quartz, but only grains of the precious metal. I tried mining once in early days. Was unsuccessful. Have tunneled and drifted and prospected human nature since. Don't look at me like that. You send cold creeps through my blood with your wide, innocent eyes. Tom Bartmore's companions are not the proper friends for a girl. Don't believe in men. Whatever you do, don't believe in me—and keep clear of Cy. Baring"—the attorney whom Bell had especially mentioned. "I'd go further and say, don't consult any lawyer, the whole legal fraternity being a thick and dangerous spider's-web and all litigants mere flies; but of course you must have professional advice. We value most what we pay dear for. See that you don't pay too dear, which will certainly happen if you consult Baring."

Colonel Faunett was one of those counselors in whose multitude Annetta did not find wisdom.

His greatest concern manifested itself over the question of administration. He did not say in so few words, "Trust me alone," but in many words did set forth that no other was trustworthy.

Annetta could sometimes have groaned aloud or cried out hysterically as he sat woodenly and solemnly urging her to specific avoidance of each and every male circling about her.

Apropos of Rodney Bell, she said to this tormentor, as to Calson, "Tom had implicit confidence in him."

"Of course," Faunett assented, his tone the silkier for that sharpness in hers, his black eyes deprecating her flashing indignation by a flicker of shallow softness.

"But you see, my dear Miss Annetta, now that your brother's gone, there are people mean enough to take every possible advantage of your position and your inexperience."

"You have said!" cried Annetta within herself, and forthwith rose from the sofa to avoid the Colonel's proximity.

The question of administration was one which Rodney Bell also wished settled. To the end that Annetta might decide adversely to Calson, he again and again presented to her in loose yet urgent language the advisability of having things her own way. And Mr. Cyrus Baring, early interviewed, put the matter in the same light, although more tersely.

"Take the reins in your own hands, Miss Bartmore," he said. "Then if folks get disagreeable"— his deep blue eyes fairly scintillating with a knowledge of the ins and outs of human nature—"why, you can just drive off and leave them to their devices. Be your own principal. Our young friend Bell, here, will make a stirring, live agent."

This was not, perhaps, exactly what Rodney wished to hear, yet he contented himself with it, and with Annetta's determination to abide by Mr. Baring's counsel.

Calson had not remained at the Bartmore

house, pending a settlement of this important matter, but had lingered in the city. Some rumor of the way things were likely to go speedily reached him and were speedily confirmed. Rodney Bell told the news in camp. Miss Bartmore was herself to administer, and he was to be her agent. In camp, too, Calson gave the fullest vent he dared to his spleen.

"She wants me to take charge of her real estate," he declared, his lips drawn together and white, "but I'll be damned if I'll work under a woman, nohow!"

And then he went on to explain in his cloddish diction, his whole countenance ashen, how greatly Tom Bartmore owed his success in life to him.

His story, its substance by no means lessened, was borne straightway to her mistress's ears by that faithful gossip-monger, Ann McArdle.

Annetta roused herself from her dull, gnawing grief to resent what she considered an outrage upon her brother's memory.

"He once a beggar at Mr. Calson's door? Never! A sheer and wicked exaggeration! Mr. Calson, seeing that Tom was a shrewd young fellow and likely to do well, advanced a certain sum of money, which Tom speculated with and, of course, paid back long ago."

Then McArdle, her bloodshot eyes showing a smoldering resentment, touched upon another point.

"P'raps, Miss Annitta, yez'll be to make me out a bit o' shpellin' iv all that's owin' me. I'm tould be thim as knows—"

"Thanks, Mr. Calson," thought Annetta.

"—the sooner we's be to git in our—what's that yez call 'em now?"

"Claims?"

"Ah, yes. The sooner the betther."

"I'll look over the pay-roll, McArdle."

"An' put ivery cent down in a scrowl?"

"Yes."

His reminiscences detailed in camp and insinuations there let fall to work mischief in due season, Calson returned home. Not leaving Annetta to peace. Who but Dr. Bernard must needs reopen the question tacitly closed by Annetta's action and Calson's withdrawal from the scene.

"He would have been a much better person for your business," the Doctor said of the man whom Annetta disliked and distrusted.

"You only distress me, Dr. Bernard," Annetta answered, her expression confirming her words. "For after all, what is the use? I couldn't believe in him; and besides, everything is settled now."

"Everything?" echoed the Doctor, arching his pale, invisible eyebrows and committing the veriest corner of his mouth to a wry smile.

"Well, you know what I mean. The first steps are taken."

"Granted"—toying with but not jingling his watch-seals. "Still, I foresee that you are going to regret turning Calson off in Bell's favor."

Might Annetta not be pardoned for impatience in replying?

"I've merely kept Rodney where Tom placed him." She had said that so often.

"You've kept him!" The husky monotone unvaried; but the invisible eyebrows at play again, and the angle of the lips.

"Why, Miss Annetta, he's not the sort to be kept anywhere. He's always frothing over into concerns that are none of his. Tom has complained to me of his cheek more times than enough to form my opinion. And haven't I eyes?"

Eyes hard to meet, as Annetta knew of old, and now realized afresh, projected as their cold calculations seemed to be upon herself.

"Can't I see how the fellow struts about here as if he owned everything the house contains, you included?"

"O, Doctor!"

"And" — unruffled, implacable — "how can I help but remark the language he uses? '*We will take that matter into consideration. We will do thus and so—Netta!*' Suffering humanity! Wouldn't Tom stare from his grave if seeing and hearing were possible under ground? Is Bell your employee, or are you the agent and he the principal?"

These things were the harder to listen to because they were true.

"It's only Rodney's way, Doctor—a ludicrous way which I am always trying to laugh him out of."

"And never succeeding. He's as impervious to a jest as a rhinoceros may be suspected of being to the prick of a pin. The fellows all make fun of him to their hearts' content, and he turns in and laughs the loudest of any."

Annetta wasn't so sure that Rodney didn't mind being made fun of. She had seen him wince. Answering nothing to this assertion, however, she grasped at another point indirectly given her.

"Rodney was quite as presuming in the old days—with Tom."

How could she ever learn to speak of her poor dead brother with Dr. Bernard's ease and fluency?

"But then he hadn't the power. The danger lies—don't you see?—in presumption and power coming together. Confound the boy! Why need he render it plain to everybody that he feels himself thorough master of the situation?"

A fixed gaze gave this query so much meaning as to send the color flying about Annetta's face.

"Therefore, I say Calson would be the better man—or would have been. He is married. But, as you have told me, the first steps are taken, which means"—a more open smile here—"I suppose, 'no post-mortems.' Only a word more: keep a wary eye upon the fellow, and oust him the instant you catch him at any sharp tricks."

The anxiety displayed in her behalf by her friends might, one would fancy, have aroused Annetta to a sense of the many windings awaiting her feet as administratrix. It did nothing of the sort. She could no more apprehend the complications of business than a child who has never strayed from the home-yard could realize the terrors of an ancient labyrinth.

Annetta's one fixed determination was promptly to pay Tom's debts. To this end, she signed all of the claims pouring in, and would have settled them had the money been obtainable. But money was a scarcer thing than ever it had been in Tom Bartmore's hardest times.

The wages due at camp troubled Annetta mightily, and, had that been possible, she would have troubled Rodney Bell with them. But he met her frequent urgings by one unanswerable query:

"Wouldn't the men have had to wait if Tom were alive?"

"When the road is finished," became a sort of healing spell which Annetta gently applied to every financial wound bared for her inspection.

The same form of words, the adverb heavily emphasized, was useful in expressing her own overweening impatience. The delays—for delays there were, inexplicable to her—sometimes drove her roundly to rate her agent.

"I believe you're perfectly indifferent to my interests!" she would declare, choosing that accusation rather than another, as one driven perforce to the strongest speech.

Yet, how little she thought of herself in those days! What interests had she aside from seeing those dependent upon her bounty made glad?

But Rodney never minded her scolding one whit. The feathers of his self-confidence were well-oiled and her words as water.

"Everybody says you are only looking out for yourself, Rodney."

"Everybody" meant mainly Dr. Bernard and Colonel Faunett.

"That little monkey'll cheat you out of your eye-teeth yet, Miss Annetta," the last-mentioned gentleman asserted no less than five times during a certain dreary evening, each time with an air of uttering words of profound and original wisdom.

Hard upon the last of these iterations, who should enter the parlor, unannounced, save him whose integrity they contemned.

Although greeting Bell with a sort of jointed alacrity, the Colonel soon took his leave, Annetta accompanying him, as in duty bound, to the door.

What happened there?

"If I could only know when he is coming two minutes beforehand, I'd never be at home."

These were Annetta's accents, crisp with some intense feeling, falling on Rodney's ears. The guest gone, he had thrown himself upon a sofa and was half asleep.

"Who?" queried Rodney, with soothing stupidity.

"You!" ejaculated Annetta. Not to be so easily deceived, Rodney busily racked his brains to such purpose that he presently sat bolt upright, his eyes the more gleaming and wild because he noted how vigorously Annetta was rubbing the back of her right hand.

"Annetta!"

"Well?"

"Does that old long-winded widower ever presume to make love to you?"

"Trust me to be silent on a disagreeable topic"—half laughing amidst disappearing signs of disgust.

"What has he ever said to you?"

"Nothing you need to know, sir"—saucily.

"Annetta, I can't bear it!"

But she would only laugh in his flaming face, her first joyous peal since death had laid a hushing finger on Tom's lips.

"Annetta, I won't bear it. You shall tell me what he said to-night at the front door"; and Rodney rose arrogantly to confront her.

"He said, 'Well, be good to yourself, Miss Annetta.'"

Standing there with her eyes dancing and her red lips curved and dimpling over a passable imitation of the Colonel's tones, Annetta seemed quite like her old bright exasperating self.

"How dare he call you by your given name? I'll punch his head!" blustered Rodney.

"You'll will have to get a pair of stilts, Rodney, before you attempt that feat; or, better still, wait until the poor, innocent, unconscious Colonel sits down."

This reflection upon the insignificance of Bell's stature redoubled the youth's garrulity and his rage.

"I'll kill him on sight!" he roared.

Tears ran down Annetta's reddened cheeks.

"The idea of allowing such a fellow to visit here. I believe he kissed your hand to-night, by the way you're rubbing it."

"No; he only pressed it"—digging more viciously at her rosy knuckles.

"He isn't fit for a decent person to speak to."

"You spoke to him just now as though he were your bosom friend. Didn't you say, 'How-do, Faunett, old boy'?"

"I'll—I'll never again—"

"Don't vow what you won't remember a minute hence. Should the Colonel be here to-morrow night, who so gracious to him as Rodney Bell? Why, look how amiably he greeted you after warning me!"

"Did he venture to insinuate anything?"

"He didn't insinuate—he asserted. Yea, verily, little Bombastes! According to his unasked-for and disregarded opinion, you are the very last person in the world."

"He's a fool and a scoundrel."

"Granted—as Dr. Bernard would say."

"Dr. Bernard! There's another person whose attentions you oughtn't to encourage."

"Precisely what he mildly urges in regard to your attentions. No, Rodney, don't say what is in your eye. *Miching malecho:* it means mischief. O you men, you men! how you do love and trust one another!"

But even in her bantering, Annetta's tone had faltered. A sudden revulsion of feeling had come. She turned her back suddenly upon Rodney and walked over to the window, and seemed to be looking through the shutters; but she saw nothing of the little which night left visible, for a rain of hot tears.

Was she laughing and jesting and railing, with him who so lately railed and jested and laughed to the echo lying dumbly in the dumb earth? The old life rushed back upon her consciousness, the old life that now was quiet, now astir. And God's hand had beckoned unawares.

Tender pity for all pain filled and flooded her heart. She moved again toward Rod-

ney. That smile was none the less engaging because of its slight tremulousness.

"Have I wounded you?" she asked; adding quickly, "If so, forgive me, Rodney."

What if this was not enough concession and atonement on her part, but he must needs stalk about canvassing the whole matter, her behavior, Colonel Faunett's impertinence, Dr. Bernard's reputation, the necessity she was under of exhibiting great firmness in dismissing questionable characters from the house; what if his bearing was that of superior decorum and importance: she listened with the sweetest tolerance.

XX.

The day longed for in parlor and camp-kitchen came at last.

What though many diligent rumors of disaster in connection with the fulfillment of the contract had been brought to Annetta's ears; what though Bell had let fall a word here and there expressive of his growing anxiety as to the profits; what though the waiting debts had piled mountain-high—yet the occasion when Annetta could drive over the far-reaching level street on which merely a solitary roller or two crawled, smoothing the familiar red rock, was no mean one.

Rodney Bell's long-maned, long-tailed, roan racker made his best speed. The wheels whizzed spiritedly. The morning air, quickened by their rapid motion, blew fresh from the sea over low, green hills all a-quiver with the purple wings of wild flags.

A sense of freedom thrilled along Annetta's veins. Every dull fetter, even the iron fetters of grief, seemed at a light touch struck off from her heart. She was saying to herself, "What joy it will be to see everything settled, and to have my fortune (I care not how modest) in my hand!"

Could she now begin to plan what she would do?

The tenants she had yearned to help—those poor hard toilers—would soon be no more her care. A few odd jobs of street-work finished, and the camp would doubtless be broken up, its laborers scattering to serve new masters and seek homes wherever they found employment. Perhaps she might give the Flynns one of her small cottages rent free for Joe's sake and his mother's: yes, she was quite sure of that.

What more?

If Maggy would only write to Dan.

"'Twould be worth while to see them happy together, and I would deed them a bit of land, and help them to build."

For her own happiness she seemed only to crave freedom just then. Life is sweet at twenty or so, with an April breeze at once salt and flower-scented to breathe.

No more consultations in Baring's office. No more judicial questionings in the dreary court-room. No more verbose legal documents to read through. No more warnings and worryings from well-meaning or ill-meaning friends. Her business need of Rodney, and all the talk it brought about, would be ended. She could attend to her own rents and repairs. That would be easy.

But she would always like Rodney. A kind-hearted little fellow, and how active, how shrewd! Yet she laughed at him even jubilantly that day, noting the comical figure he cut standing to read—no, not to read, but to gabble—the mere opening of an assessment notice, on the edge of a wild, lupine-plumed plain.

"Have to go through the form," he explained, clicking to Dick, with one foot on the buggy-step and one on the ground, "The law prescribes it when the owner of a lot can't be found and served."

Coming later to a suburban garden, Rodney seized the opportunity of combining a bit of gallantry with business. He drew up at the garden-gate, leaped out and followed the florist through the blossom-beds, himself superintending the making of a choice bouquet, which he carried proudly to Annetta. Did those mingled scents subtly enrich his flowery presentation speech? They so enriched Annetta's silent thoughts as she was driven rapidly homeward.

Reaching the house, her new-found exhilaration went indoors with her.

Going quickly to the kitchen to speak with Maggy, Annetta came suddenly upon Mrs. McArdle, who instantly ceased recounting something in a key of mystery.

"What now?" Annetta asked, quizzically expectant of a bit of camp gossip or the details of a newly verified superstition.

Maggy responded, apologetically:

"It'll be upon yez soon enough if it's thrue, widout yez bein' set to worry now."

"'Twill worry me more not to understand what you mean, Maggy."

Thus urged, Maggy grew deprecatingly frank.

"Sure, miss"—facing Annetta with wide eyes and lifted brows—"'tis said the road ain't goin' to pay its honest debts to thim as made it wid their shweat an' groans."

"'Tis said! Well, speak out. By whom—the men?"

"Be him," mumbled Maggy, turning red.

And Mrs. McArdle added, with a shrug and toss:

"He's been here ag'in—at camp. Talkin' to us."

"Who?" exclaimed Annetta, impatiently.

Mrs. McArdle swallowed hard, wiped a thumb and her wrist across her mouth, lapped forth her tongue, and, with these preliminaries, took upon herself the task Maggy tacitly declined—to fulfill it in a way wholly unexpected to her hearers.

"C-a-double-l-c-o-n — there!" she said, half defiantly, half triumphantly.

"What?" cried Annetta, hardly knowing which most astonished her, the name itself or McArdle's method of communicating it.

"How in the world did you learn to spell any word so nearly right?" she asked.

But her tone and manner suggested a mind fixed upon something aside from her question.

"That's letther be letther, the a-b-c iv it, as he give it to the min to put down," returned McArdle, bridling a little. "I tuck it down in me top-knot—so I did. I'm foolish, but I'm wise, begorra."

Annetta paid little heed. Her eyes demanded the details of Calson's talk.

McArdle reached that point in due time.

"He says, says he—an' if yez don't belave me worrds, ax Jerry (bad cess to him for livin' whin betther min are fallin' like dhry l'aves from a wind-shuck three!) an' Eddie Gavin an' Terry an' Larry an' Bairney Flynn—he says, says he, 'If that damned agent thries to git quit of yez wid fifty cints on the dollar, come to me or my lawyer. I'll buy your claims, an' thin have the law o' thim as wants to chate yez.'"

"An' he was l'avin' a big paper for yez, Miss Annitta, an' don't yez be mindin' his talk," interposed Maggy.

"I'll fetch it," cried McArdle, and unblushingly displayed her alacrity in loose, clapping heels.

Annetta opened the document brought her from the office which had been Tom's. The two women watched and waited, curious to know what the paper was about and what Annetta would do with it.

They were ready to laugh with her when she emitted a stifled note of contempt, and to scoff when she explained:

"He presents a bill for services rendered as sick-nurse during my poor brother's last illness—nine days at five dollars a day. He shall have it."

And they were ready to exchange glances when, reading on, Annetta turned red first and then white.

"Preposterous!" she ejaculated. "McArdle, Maggy! Run to camp and see if Mr. Bell is there. I must speak to him instantly."

Bell was not at camp.

This ascertained, Annetta tried to control her agitation. But the two women, still standing in the kitchen, heard her walking about uneasily, and Maggy, knowing so well the sounds of the house, could track those restless footfalls through the dining-room, Tom's chamber, the office, and back again.

And after Mrs. McArdle had gone, Maggy found Annetta at the piano, playing as if she would strike time dead with heavy chords.

Would Mr. Bell be in to supper? This was the question Maggy had to ask at Annetta's very ear.

"I am watching for him now," Annetta said, turning her face toward the nearest win-

dow, bared of shade and shutter, her strenuous fingers pausing not.

"Aha!" thought honest Maggy, with a sigh. "There ain't quite the same shtiddiness in the parelor as in the kitchen. Dan'll niver waver nor quaver from her, nor me from Dan; but she's forgot thim shtraw-colored whishkers be this. That little whipper-shnapper iv a Bell will soon be masther here, an' that's no lie."

What conclusion else could she draw from Rodney's incessant coming, and from Annetta's impatient watching and waiting?

Yet it was no lovers' talk which Maggy, going back and forth between kitchen and dining-room attending the table, caught snatches of.

"Tom was very careless in business matters," she heard Bell say, his masticatory apparatus busy. And again: "It's incredible how he'd let debts run on and on."

Annetta ate nothing, finding her thoughts food hard to digest. She looked across the white cloth at Rodney, an irregular streak of red in either cheek, her eyes feverishly bright.

A word or two of hers fixed themselves in Maggy's memory.

"But for twelve long years, Rodney, without ever paying a cent of the interest!"

"And I thought I should now be out of debt!"

The matter was gone over more particularly, supper being ended and Annetta's excitement calmed a little, out of Maggy's hearing.

"You needn't approve the claim, you know," Bell said.

"But I must approve it if it is a just one, as you seem to think," Annetta answered, fairly hanging on his smooth countenance with worry still in hers.

"Not necessarily," said Bell, shortening the polysyllable as he was wont, and shamefully.

"Of course you'll require some proofs of Calson that the money was actually put into Tom's hands."

"I know my brother received financial help from Calson—a little: but four thousand dollars! And whatever it was, I always understood that it was repaid in kind long ago. I am so disappointed. I felt sure you would see the matter as I do."

"I argue from Tom's general habits, Netta, that it might be."

"And I argue from Calson's general habits that it couldn't be. Imagine a man of his grasping nature waiting a dozen years, during which period very large sums of money were again and again in Tom's hands."

"Yes; but did Tom ever collect a dollar that he wasn't frantic to throw it into some fresh speculation? You remember, for instance, when he sold the —— Street property; could he have spared Calson a dollar of that sixteen thousand? Not a fifty-cent piece! He needed every one to carry on this contract which I have just finished."

"But, Rodney—"

"And if he'd have lived, this contract wouldn't have been done with before you'd have seen him neck-deep in another and heavier. The twelve years could easily have slipped by without his realizing the flight of time. No doubt he's made up his mind on a hundred different occasions to clear off the debt when through with such and such a job. As for Calson, he knew his money was safe. He could have interest and principal any minute he chose to force a payment."

Still Annetta's opinion was not changed. She would end as she had begun by saying, "Preposterous!"—and from firm conviction.

"If the whole truth might be known, Rodney, we should find that by some transfer of interests—maybe in land; Calson has city property; how did he acquire it?—we should find that Tom has long since canceled the debt."

"Easiest thing in the world, Netta, to unearth any property transactions. We'll have the records searched. As for the claim, we won't approve it. We'll put Calson off until the legal time expires. Then if he commences suit, Baring will fight him for us."

About this time, Dr. Bernard spoke again concerning his doubts of Rodney Bell.

"He'll bear watching, Miss Annetta."

The Doctor, long-time acquaintance as he was, would scarcely use her name without an appropriate prefix.

His insistence touching her agent seemed to sweep Annetta quite off her feet. She answered, with almost pathetic appeal:

"Tell me how to watch him, if I must. Don't confuse me with vague hints. I want to do my whole duty to Tom's creditors—to Tom's memory. As my brother's oldest and closest friend, if you believe things to be going wrong, let me know specifically how to right them."

Thus besought, Dr. Bernard showed himself a man capable of sympathetic readiness.

He drew his chair nearer—very near—to Annetta's. He possessed himself very quietly and deliberately of one of her hands, both lying limp—a symbol of helplessness—upon her lap. He pressed that soft palm, fitted it between the pair of his.

"I'll awaken you on certain points, Miss Annetta, which you can study up for yourself. It would be better, of course, if you should never let it be known who advised you."

A subtle shock went through Annetta at his touch, she knew not why. The orbs to which she lifted hers, perforce, gleamed but coldly under their crooked lids. It was difficult for her to direct her thoughts toward what the Doctor was going on to say, or to bear the soft taps of his forefinger, by way of emphasis, upon the hand she had instinctively freed from his grasp.

"I understand, Miss Annetta, that your attorney warned you some time ago not to pay any further debts—a solvent estate only being justified in settling preferred claims?"

"Yes. But that was while the work now finished was dragging so, and seemed likely to prove a financial failure—had it proven so, you know that I would have been held personally accountable by the court—"

"Very good. Well" — firmer pressures of his fore finger here—"between the date of that interview with Baring and the conclusion of work on the road, did or did not Bell pay certain creditors of the estate out of the estate's money, and unauthorized by you? Don't answer now or hastily. This is my first item.

"Item second: while, to quote your own language, the work not finished was dragging so, and seemed likely to prove a financial failure, leaving you personally in debt to the estate—and even to threaten the estate with bankruptcy—did or did not Bell, who had individually entered into some small contracts, use the estate's men and teams to further his private enterprises.

"Item third: now that Bell, as your agent, has begun collecting assessments on the road, and is paying off the laborers who have waited so long for their hard-earned money, are you certain that every name on the pay-roll is the name of a *bona fide*, flesh-and-blood workman? — that there are no *dummies* on the list?

"Item fourth—"

Thus ruthlessly, without raising his voice or quickening his leisurely utterance, although Annetta's eyes, lifted again to his, dilated and darkened over that mysterious word and the hitherto undreamed-of suggestion it conveyed to her startled understanding.

"Is he paying the laborer's claims in full, or if discounting them, is he putting the difference into the estate's pocket?"

Annetta flamed out at that.

"My orders have been given Rodney to settle the claims dollar for dollar."

"The more reason that you should look closely into his dealings. Remember, if you need help in finding his tracks (always supposing there are such), you may count upon my assistance. But, Miss Annetta, pray let the proceedings be entirely confidential."

Annetta went heavily about the house for hours because of this conversation.

If Rodney Bell, the man who owed so much to Tom; if Rodney Bell, who seemed to care only for her and her interests—he had even sworn solemn oaths to like effect; if Rodney Bell were false and his blue-eyed frankness a lie—where could she look for truth?

To Dr. Bernard? The mere recollection of his glance rankled like a wound.

To Ned Burwent? "Don't believe in me, whatever you do." Those were his words, which, now recurring to her, appeared to have a sort of sad bitterness under their jest.

To Cyrus Baring? Was he not more Rodney's friend than hers? If Rodney were deceiving her, was it not more than likely that he and Baring understood one another?

Should she question Rodney himself upon the points Dr. Bernard had given her? or should she go quietly to work to sift things out, saying nothing?

An involuntary action suggested an immediate affirmative to this last query.

She had been sitting at her piano, her head, clasped by both hands, bowed toward the music-rest. She rose and made the circuit of intervening rooms, passing into the office, lighted the gas there, and took the swinging chair before the desk.

Looking steadily at the backs of a row of ledgers—for Bartmore made a show of keeping books—she recognized that used as a pay-roll by evidences of much use.

Turning the thick leaves studiously, one thing became overwhelmingly certain to her: the force of men had been unaccountably increased since Tom died.

But was it certain? Dr. Bernard's third item raised this question, which now sent a darting pain through Annetta's breast.

She stood up quickly, as if with a sudden resolve, stopped to ponder a moment, then went up-stairs and knocked lightly at Maggy's door; for it was late in the evening and Maggy was abed. No answer coming from within, she entered the chamber, and presently Maggy was mumbling and sputtering betwixt asleep and wake.

"What's on yez, miss?" the girl asked, when she had gotten her wandering wits together and knew Annetta.

"I want to talk to you," Annetta began eagerly.

There a reflection that Maggy ought not to be taken into her confidence gave her pause.

"I think I am nervous, Maggy, and know I am lonesome. You don't mind chatting with me, do you?"

"No; an' may the saints bless us!" cried Maggy, diligently rubbing her heavy eyelids.

So Annetta sat on the bed's edge and talked of many things before introducing the questions she had impetuously come to ask.

"There's betune forty an' fifty, miss," Maggy said at length, in answer to the query of how many men there were at camp. "Misther Bell has been turnin' a several off, yez know, since the big job is done. Larry O'Toole's gone an' five more, an' Larry told me as how Misther Bell had promised all iv thim worrk wid another conthractor, a friend o' his. An' I see Larry lasht night, an' he says Bell done be 'em as they promised an' they was all give worrk be the boss Bell sint 'em to."

A tender heart and strong class-sympathies made Maggy care to follow out these details. But Annetta?

The laborers referred to were hands whom she had seen little of, yet she listened intently, even eagerly.

Why should Bell, whom she had often rated for his utter indifference to all interests upon which none of his hinged—

Annetta halted there in her silent speculation, ashamed of it as ungenerous.

"Not more than fifty hands, you think, Maggy?" she asked aloud.

"And about half as manny at the other camp, miss."

"Oh!"

Annetta had forgotten the other camp, of Rodney's recent arranging, situated near the cut and the blue-rock quarry.

What more likely than that the men whose names written in the pay-roll book she had not recognized were stationed there?

Yet she would carry her catechism a little farther.

"Do you know a Miles O'Halloran, Maggy?"

"He worked for the boss—for your brother, miss, long ago. I ain't seen him this six months."

"Mightn't he be hired at the other camp and you not hear of it?"

"Aisy enough. I'll ax Jerry. He's goin' back an' forth wid tools an' things ivery day."

"Very well—yet, of course it's no great matter, Maggy. And Tom Mul—"

"Tom Mulhavy? He's just took on."

"And Tim or Ted Conway?"

"Why, Tim Conway wint from here sick lasht winter an' died in St. Mary's, about the same time wid Johnny Meagher."

Annetta appeared anxious, but brightened again.

"The name is not uncommon. There may be another workman—"

"Not at our camp. I'll ax Jerry about the Blue Rock camp—that's the way we call it, miss."

Annetta blushed when next she met Rodney Bell, thinking of the quiet steps she had taken in accordance with Dr. Bernard's instruction.

"If he is true, it will not injure him; for not even the Doctor shall know what I am doing," Annetta thought, and thus comforted herself.

Never had Rodney seemed so full of the zest and zeal of life, though he began to tell how hard he had been working all day.

"And just for you, Netta," he declared, seizing both her hands as by an ardent impulse. "I drive and drive ahead with only one expectation: to see you comfortably fixed. Never consider myself."

"Ah, Rodney, if everything were settled!"

He laughed good-humoredly.

"Why do you let the blamed old estate worry you? Hang the creditors. They needn't torment you. Send 'em to me."

"Yes; but—"

What objection rose impulsively to her lips?

Nothing especial, according to Rodney's thinking. But this young man, although shrewd in business, had no quickness in fathoming the feelings of others. So now quite blind to the grieved upbraiding in Annetta's countenance, he broke in with the hilarious and irrelevant query of, "How do I look in my new tile, Netta?"

The shining silk hat of the latest fashion had been vainly asking her admiration from the table where Bell had set it. With his question, he gayly donned it and walked elatedly around the room, wooing his fair audience by arch glances from under the slightly rolling brim.

"Becoming, eh?"

"It really makes you appear quite tall, Rodney," Annetta responded, her lips instinctively quivering with mischief.

Had that teasing assertion been a loth admission from his darkest detractor, Rodney had not found its savor sweeter. He swallowed it, visibly exulting.

And during an ensuing conversation, although upon business and not too brief, he remained persistently afoot and under his new headgear. Nor was Annetta blind to his sidelong glances toward the mirror whenever in his stridings he found himself within range of any reflected image of himself.

She laughed at him covertly: not with the old girlish abandon, but with a gentle, womanly indulgence. What human being, she asked herself, is free from foibles?

His face was young and fresh and pleasant, his manners buoyant and frank. How worthy of trust he seemed beside some men who spoke ill of him!

"I fancy," Annetta said to herself, "that a really good and true woman could do much with Rodney."

And she mused over a late, unqualified declaration of Mrs. McArdle's.

"Yez'll marry him yit, Miss Annitta! An', begorra, but he's the man for yez, jist!"

Going away, Rodney again seized both her hands, carrying one—the right—to his lips.

"Some day, Netta," he exclaimed, his speech flushed as it were by the same rosy fervor as his cheeks, "this"—kissing her imprisoned fingers a second time—"will be mine. Say, why need you keep a poor fellow waiting until the estate is settled?"

Evelyn M. Ludlum.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY has hitherto expressly avoided the questions connected with Chinese immigration. While the subject was in the field of popular agitation it was regarded by our most temperate and scholarly men with much the indifference and distaste felt by the same class in the East a decade ago toward primaries. It is not generally known outside the State how many people—even how many classes of people—in California stood apart from the whole discussion of the "Chinese question," as a thing that concerned them not at all, with regard to which they had no opinion, and whose methods disgusted them. Much demagogy and misrepresentation was inevitable in a question that was complicated with the whole land and labor question, and in which parties were trying to outbid each other. Moreover, when the majority was striving to accomplish a particular end—the passage of a particular measure—and the minority to prevent it, even honest and well-founded opinion naturally took the advocate's rather than the judicial position. Therefore the whole discussion of the Chinese question has abounded in assertion and *a priori* argument, and has been very wanting in collection of data and in scientific consideration.

Now that the subject has been laid outside of active politics by the Restriction Act, and that a sufficient time has elapsed since the Act for excitement to cool, the time is right for a study of the Chinese immigration more thorough than it has ever received. The present solution of the question—a fortunate one in that it has removed a vexatious question from politics and given an indefinite time for more careful study of it—cannot be regarded as a final solution. The question will inevitably range itself finally as one branch of the general question of immigration—having its special elements, to be sure, but still subject in the main to general considerations. Meanwhile, the thing that is of the most importance is to understand the real facts with regard to all our immigrants, and, in the special case in hand, particularly of the Chinese element in our population. Its economic and its social influence, present and future, can in no way so fairly be investigated as by monograph studies of individual, class, and community experience, in which exact observation and reliable statistics shall be the basis. Such records of fact are the key to the modern method of study in all economic, historic, or other social subjects; and such records of fact the OVERLAND especially invites; at the same time, however, opening its pages to *all* discussion of the subject—on either or any side—that is in temper and in literary and intellectual quality suitable.

TWO circulars of information sent out this year by the Bureau of Education, at Washington, contain much that is of general interest. The first gives the legal provisions of every State in the Union "respecting the examination and licensing of teachers." We do not hesitate to say that the selection of teachers is the most vital—the only vital—thing in the whole system of common-school education; or, for that matter, in any sort of education. An infallible recipe for giving a child the best schooling he is capable of may be put into the words "Select a thoroughly good teacher, and then let him alone." You ought no more to hamper a good teacher with school-board regulations, outside selection of text-books, Quincy or Kindergarten systems, than you would give an artist an order for a picture, specifying that it should be painted according to the Dutch or Flemish or French school, and with Smith & Co.'s paints, and Brown & Robinson's brushes, in a studio whose arrangement of lights you yourself shall dictate. It is the great fallacy of the "Quincy system" (so called, inaccurately enough) that it works by measures, not men, and assumes that some perfection of method can be found out that will take the place of professional genius in the teacher and hard work in the pupil. No lady who wishes to shine in dress allows her best dresses to be cut by a paper pattern, but seeks a dressmaker with a soul for her business; and yet the same lady looks at the system instead of the teacher when it is only the schooling of her child that is in question—a subject on which she has naturally put less observation, and therefore arrived at less correct views. You only have occasion to educate each child once, while you have to get a new dress every few months.

BUT to "select a good teacher and then let him alone" is no simple matter. In the first place, there are not enough good teachers to go around, and the mediocre and less than mediocre ones that must necessarily fill their places can by no means safely be let alone without system or regulation. In the second place—and a far more perplexing element in the problem—the majority of authorities intrusted with the selection do not know a good teacher from a bad one. The makers of school-laws have, therefore, struggled with the twofold necessity of hedging up the road into the teacher's calling with precautions against the blunders of boards in selecting, and then hedging up all the paths inside that calling with precautions against the blunders and failings of the teachers themselves. In the various States of the Union, the weight of these two necessities has been variously counterbalanced by the desirability of

freedom of choice where the board is competent, and of freedom of action where the teacher is competent. To frame a law that shall restrict from blunders the foolish trustee, and leave freedom to the wise one, is obviously a difficult matter, and it is not surprising to find that there is the greatest variation among the thirty-nine States as to the amount of restriction deemed the golden mean. The opposing tendencies in this matter of restriction are chiefly expressed by the centralization or localization of the examining power; the selecting power is always local. The examining of teachers, however, constitutes a rough, preliminary selection, and according as the local boards are trusted or distrusted is this examining local or central. It will be remembered that before the adoption of the new Constitution, the examining of teachers in this State was done by the State authorities, and the whole tendency was toward centralization; and that the somewhat more localized method of examination by county authorities was adopted, not because there was any great preference for it on principle, but because of the danger of frauds in the sending out of papers from a single central office. In other ways, also, the Californian law shows the same tendency to distrust of local boards; the law of this State on the point of examining teachers is longer, more detailed, occupied with more restrictions, exceptions, special cases, and "red tape" in general than that of any other of the thirty-nine. The same tendency prevails as a general thing—not uniformly—among the Western, especially the Southwestern States; while the opposite tendency is, on the whole, characteristic of the Atlantic States—an inclination to leave matters very much to local free will.

THIS tendency to centralization in our school law has been much censured. But, in fact, it is in great part merely one instance of the general effect of a county division of the State, as compared with a town division. The difference between town and county is by no means an artificial one, nor could any skill of legislation make the Western township into the New England town. The real and permanent difference is that New England States are formed by aggregations of towns, Western townships by division of States. Local patriotism is not only a result, but perhaps even more a necessary condition, of a town system; and accordingly, much can be intrusted to the local patriotism of a town that would be neglected if intrusted to a township. It is chiefly the instinctive recognition of the State rather than the single community as a unit and as the center of patriotism that leads the new States of rapid growth to centralize as much as possible in all their laws and institutions. The case before us, that of the school law, illustrates why as well as any other. The extreme of local freedom in the matter of examining and licensing teachers is perhaps found in Connecticut and Massachusetts, where the matter is left all but without restriction to the local authorities of each town. The city of Boston has more elaborate regulations, but cities have special regulations everywhere; we are speaking of country districts and small towns. Now in a large majority of Massachusetts and Connecticut school districts there will be found at least one college graduate or other educated man, in the shape of the minister, doctor, retired man of business come to end his life on his native farm, or so forth; and the electors of the district are pretty sure to put such a man on the school committee; and once there, he inevitably controls its counsels. But who constitute the school committees in country districts in the far West or on the Pacific coast? If by any chance there be an educated man in the village, he is just the one that is not elected, on the ground that "good, plain common sense" is a safer guide to the selection of the teachers of youth than "much schooling." Our own observation of a large number of Californian school districts affords exactly two ministers serving as school trustees, no doctors, and numerous saloon-keepers; the saloon-keeper—often a foreigner—being chosen as a matter of course, in many a district where educated and public-spirited men might have been had for the asking. It simply never entered any one's head to think of asking for them; the day for the election came around, and half a dozen men in the course of the day visited the polls and voted either according to some personal end, or for the first man whose name they happened to think of. The result, when the time for selecting a teacher comes around, is both pitiful and ludicrous. The first issues of the college papers at Berkeley after vacation generally break out into records hardly burlesque of the experiences of the young graduates among the Philistines, and the number of such satires might be multiplied indefinitely. The number of blunders made in the employment of teachers, even after the possible candidates have been sifted by the certificate requirement, suggests an appalling state of affairs if these local boards acted without restriction. The presumption, of course, is that county boards will be made up, on an average, of better men; and the facts seem to bear out the assumption. Indeed, the higher an office is, the more improbable is it that its incumbent will be altogether incapable, for the attention of the electors will be more honestly bent to filling the conspicuous office well than the obscure office. Yet there is much to be said in favor of more local freedom; the clothing of school trustees with powers of examination would in many districts give the voters a higher respect for the office, and lead them to select trustees with reference to education and character. The school superintendent of Connecticut, however, accompanies his report with a complaint of the demoralizing effect upon the schools of their very local system. Indeed, the whole effect upon the mind of a careful reading of the various systems of selection of teachers is that

the problem is one almost beyond satisfactory solution, and certainly not solved at present by any State. The one thing that saves the common schools is that no form of examination, however stupid or annoying, however full of crevices through which the incompetent can slip, is to the really competent at all difficult to surmount. Even the worst barrier of all —the inspection of an ignorant and injudicious trustee—while it usually lets through a fifth-rate teacher more readily than a second-rate, has no locks that cannot be opened by the keys of tact and conscious ability carried by the *first*-rate one.

THE second circular of information is on the subject of co-education in the public schools. It is a compendium of information obtained in order to answer some inquiries addressed to the Bureau of Education by correspondents in other countries. A circular was addressed by the Bureau to all the cities and towns of the United States known or supposed to have graded schools, inquiring, with minor details, whether co-education was there practiced, and the reasons why it was or was not preferred. Of course, the ungraded schools of small communities are invariably for both sexes; of these the report gives no statistics. To the question as to whether co-education is practiced, answers are received from 144 small cities or towns (less than 75,000 population), all of which practice co-education, and from 196 larger cities, of which 177 co-educate, and 19 separate the sexes for at least part of the course. 321 towns and cities return answer to the questions as to the reason for preferring co-education—the most important point in the inquiry: 39 answer indefinitely, "because it was thought best"; 25 because it is "natural," "following the ordinary structure of the family and of society"; 45 because it is customary—"in harmony with the habits and sentiments of every-day life and the laws of the State"; 5 because it is impartial, "affording one sex the same opportunity for culture that the other enjoys"; 14 because it is economical and convenient; 50 because it is "beneficial to the minds, morals, habits, and development" of both sexes; and 146 for various combinations of two or more of these reasons. Altogether, 158 favor co-education as beneficial, 179 as economical or convenient, 81 as customary, 59 as natural, and 14 as impartial. Of the nineteen towns and cities named as practicing co-education partially or not at all, ten are in the South, six in the Middle States, one in the West, and two in New England. The replies of these nineteen to the question as to "reasons" are all quoted. Most of them favor partial co-education, some of them advocate a change to entire co-education, some to entire separation; but all but two of the answers given, whatever the ground taken, are indefinite, to the effect that the practice in use, is "on the whole preferred," is "demanded by public sentiment," or "more convenient with the present buildings." The two exceptions are Brooklyn, New York, which answers that "teachers capable of instructing girls often fail in managing boys, and *vice versa*"; and Macon, Georgia, which answers (in behalf of its practice of co-education up to the age of thirteen) that it "secures better (kinder) treatment for boys, and affords girls a protection against undue stimulation; the boys cannot keep up if the girls are required to do their best." (A little hard on the Macon boys, one may remark in passing.) New York City is not reported from at all. We note an inaccuracy in reporting San Francisco among the cities that practice co-education altogether. The report merely gives the facts elicited, without arguing the question, further than to close with the single remark that "the general discontinuance of it [co-education] would entail either much increased expense . . . . or a withdrawal of educational privileges from the future wives and mothers of the nation." To the statistics is prefixed an earnest caution to foreign readers not to conclude too much from the experience of one country as to the wisest course in another, and a reminder that our present custom is a very natural outgrowth of our traditions, social customs, "freedom from state control of the ethical and religious relations, ... preponderance of the male sex in the greater number or our communities, the survival or revival of the old Teutonic reverence for women, and the universal familiarity of the practice of co-education for many generations."

UNSUSPECTING Americans looking for French instruction are usually much bewildered by the low opinion that the teachers of that language entertain of the purity of accent of each other; indeed, we have heard learners of somewhat varied experience declare that there is no French teacher who does not depreciate the pronunciation of all others. It is not quite the real thing, not the truly good French, by standard of which all other French is to be measured. Now it is by no means French pronunciation alone which recognizes the existence of such a standard of the truly good, and keeps people in uneasiness lest they may have got only the second best —for only experts can distinguish what is "really and truly the very, *very* best—the *just right* thing," as children say; and who is to be sure that the experts themselves have it? Davie Deans's limitation of the numbers of the *really* sound in theology, and its familiar imitation in the story of the old lady who whiles was na sure o' the meenister, appeals to many a man's experience of the existence of this evasive standard in theology. Young girls go through an uneasy search every spring and fall to make sure that they attain the truly correct thing in bonnets, and there even exist standards in slang by which the unobservant may be tried and found wanting—a shade out of the straight path or behind the latest information—in any circle of college boys or stablemen. Nor is it by any means true that each

person's standard of the difficult right is his own practice—"Orthodoxy is what *I* think," and so on. On the contrary, the majority of the race pass their time in an uneasy effort to find out from some one else what is the really right thing in theology, boots, or poetry—or even who is the right person to tell them what is the right thing. Fortunately for their happiness, they are easily satisfied that they have found their object, and generally by the simple process of counting noses. The young girl is satisfied that her bonnet is of the right shape if it be the shape chosen by the majority of the other young girls who constitute her own circle, or even if it be the one she oftenest sees on the street on the heads of girls who appear about as well-bred and well-to-do as herself; and that the minority who appear in bonnets not thus satisfactorily indorsed are to be pitied as a little off from the acme of true elegance. Or some milliner, minister, doctor, or academy becomes by the same suffrage process the expert depended upon to keep his followers posted on the correct thing. It is of course eminently in accord with the genius of American institutions that standards of the correct should be settled by majority opinions, and many thousands of people are thus enabled, in a country without royal academies, state church, or legal aristocracy to live their lives through with satisfaction and security as to the correctness of their standards.

Many, however, depart from the majority method of deciding their standards, and follow any one who announces himself an expert with a certain tone of conviction. To thus obtain a following in matters of art and taste is very easy; in religion it is harder, but in dress hardest of all. Every young person anxious to rank himself among the intellectual aristocracy, and caught out without a responsible guide, will swing back and forth diligently as he hears "Lo here," and "Lo there," in various directions. He reads Tennyson reverently, with the idea that he has now the highest standard of taste, until he meets some reviewer's phrase, uttered with calm confidence, about "the lighter measures and superficial sense of beauty that will probably always make Tennyson the favorite poet of the masses; the admirers of Browning need never expect him to be other than, as now, the poet of a critical few—to whom, after thorough saturation with his deep and vigorous spirit, the Tennyson school must be 'as water unto wine.'" This assumption of Browning's master-rank uttered not as a thesis to be defended, but as a granted fact among a certain select audience, makes the youth feel that he has got hold of a higher standard of criticism, and knows *now* what truly good poetry is. It is not probable that he reads Browning much; but he assumes the air of higher standards of taste than those ordinarily accepted. To such as him, appealed in its earlier phase—before it had become a subject of ridicule—the æsthetic move with its claim to the possession of peculiarly correct standards of taste, of ability to put the hands of its votaries at last on the really highest in art and literature. Accordingly, Tennyson and Browning become the gods of the old-fashioned and partly informed; their readers he looks on much as he does the dear old gentleman who recommends him to Macaulay and Addison for the formation of his style; Keats, Morris, Swinburne, Rossetti, have penetrated the inner secret of beauty. Perhaps from this point some serene criticism, delivered with an air of knowing all that Morris and Swinburne do and more too, of having tried all that and got beyond it, leaves him with the reactionary conviction that the grave dignity and purity of Wordsworth, his freedom from devices, or the scholarliness and quiet intensity of Matthew Arnold, or the genuine independence, without affectation of independence, joined to depth of thought, in Emerson, constitutes the fine point of excellence, which to comprehend marks one the aristocrat in taste. By the time he has run through all these phases, if he be a young man of brains, he has acquired material enough to give up the search for the truly best, which shall discredit all the rest, and begins to realize the manifold nature of standards of taste, and finds that the coronet of intellectual aristocracy descends upon his brow when he acquires the ability to judge, discriminate, reject, and admire without fear or favor, and with knowledge of his own reasons—not when he places himself in this or that circle of adherents of this or that leader.

So in millinery—in a less degree—a little extension of experience confuses standards sadly. The woman who goes from circle to circle on the same social level finds the calm certainty of one milliner as to "what is what" contradicted by the equally calm certainty of another, finds the array that marks a maiden "stylish" here instanced there as proof that she does not know just what is exactly right; until she either comes to the conclusion that one must get into one circle and stay there and dress by its standards, or must dress as she herself likes or must find out which of all these groups of critics is the finally authoritative one—the real aristocracy of dress. Even the ordinary American appeal to Worth does not settle the question, when knowledge has been extended a little farther—is it not a higher pinnacle of select elegance to be costumed by Morris?

But the theater of the intensest fear before some exclusive standard that may condemn, in spite of one's best efforts, is in social life. What multitudes of girls feel to the marrow of their bones that there are people and groups of people who have a right to prescribe to them what forms they shall observe in dozens of the minor affairs of life, and that to show themselves ignorant of these prescriptions would be a humiliating thing, a thing to be cried over with very genuine bitterness. One of Mr. Howells's best points was made in describing the way in which Kitty Ellison was actually cowed before Mr. Arbuton's standards of taste, while she all the time knew and said that the narrowness of these was in itself a

vulgarity. If she fell short by his measures, so did he by hers, and in more important matters; who gave him that stamped and sealed charter of social superiority that compelled her fear of his and made him independent of hers? And yet the group to which he belonged, with all its fixed, its overbearing conviction of being a court of final jurisdiction in American social matters, is passed on one side by the aristocracy of wealth and fashion, on the other by that of letters and learning, each as certain of its own position. In every town there are men and women capable of saying, "Mrs. Brown? O, yes, I believe she is very wealthy and in fashionable society," in a way that makes the young girl with a card to Mrs. Brown's reception feel the glittering fabric of her elation fall into something shabby as quickly as Cinderella's ball-dress; here is some one judging Mrs. Brown and all her glittering court from a higher standpoint with serene consciousness of social superiority. Yet, at the reception, she will find them unaware of the existence of the critic—a form of serene superiority so overwhelming that Emerson himself, in preferring to preserve at a distance his consciousness of higher standards, was probably influenced not solely by impersonal distaste for the lower society.

The fact is, that the society which has the most complete conviction of its own aristocracy, joined to the most total ignorance of the claims of other societies or obtuseness to them, is the one that will succeed in impressing on the multitude its own position on the very peak of the social hill. Nay, more: it will even impress rival aristocracies, in spite of themselves, with a certain unreasonable timidity. The man of letters cannot rid himself of a superficial embarrassment in the presence of the man of wealth; he knows that he is the better man of the two, the more of a gentleman; but he knows too that, while he is perfectly aware of the points in which the millionaire excels him, the millionaire is not aware of *his* points of superiority. So a woman of breeding needs more self-possession to carry her unabashed through a very rustic picnic than through a fashionable reception; and we believe there is not a leader of fashion in Europe or America who could go through a week's camping with a body of Rocky Mountain trappers without being made to feel green sometimes. The claims of birth strenuously enough believed in by those who possess creditable knowledge of their colonial forefathers are not in the least heeded by the multitude who do not; while money is an indisputable fact, whose advantages are even more obvious to those who lack than those who have. Education, brains, honorable descent, fine taste, agreeable manners—all have, compared with money as a standard of aristocracy, the disadvantage of being far less appreciated by those who have not than by those who have. It is probable, therefore, that all men and women who are trying to satisfy themselves what is the true American aristocracy, that they may—holding their breath and watching their gait—conform themselves to its conventions, and make themselves of it, will find themselves steadily pushed by an overpowering tendency toward accepting wealth as after all the most important thing. Those who toss to the winds the whole search for social standards, and shape their associations purely by educated liking, will find themselves by the very process ultimately possessed of that ability to depend on one's own independent standards of social taste, because one *knows* them to be sound, which is laying the foundations of a future aristocracy more unassailable than that of money. It is even conceivable that in England herself coronets may come to be considered vulgar with the growth of an element in the middle class high enough in personal qualities to abash rank. All it needs is a large enough number in such a group, and of enough self-confidence.

BOOK REVIEWS.

In the Carquinez Woods.[1]

A NEW book by Bret Harte has for some years become a very rare event, but if it were a frequent one it would probably none the less be received by Californians with a peculiarly personal sort of interest, accorded to the work of no other, even of our own authors. California has sent out other writers whose success, though never at any one time so brilliant, has perhaps aggregated more by keeping to a higher average; artists, actors, soldiers of rank, have been Californians by birth or adoption as really as was Bret Harte; but with regard to none of them have we seen the feeling of proud and affectionate ownership that is even yet lavished on Mr. Harte; indeed, when he writes a book, a large number of Californians seem each to feel that he has written it himself. Yet, with the changing make-up of our population, and with the decrease of personal knowledge of Mr. Harte, this feeling may be observed to lessen slightly with each book. It is probable that "In the Carquinez Woods" will be received with less enthusiasm here than any previous work of its author, and that for no reason in the book itself, but because a new race is arising that knew not Joseph. There is one thing, however, that almost inevitably weights Mr. Harte a little more heavily

[1] In the Carquinez Woods. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

with each new production; and that is that it must necessarily be a repetition. We do not mean merely a repetition of the fundamental thesis that bad people may be the best at bottom and good people the worst: that is of course; Dickens made most of his fiction turn on the doctrine of the superiority of poor, unlearned, grotesque, or otherwise unpromising people, to those better in appearance; and Bret Harte, in carrying it farther and treating of the superiority of wicked people, has only adopted a more daring branch of the same doctrine. It is a perennially acceptable subject of art—this disclosure of the common human kinship in unexpected places; all it needs in order to be a subject of perennially fresh fiction is to be constantly clad in fresh exteriors of circumstance, incident, social type. This is where Bret Harte is conspicuously at a disadvantage. The one field in which he made his great success is either the only one in which he can work, or the only one in which the world will let him. He *must* write of California, and of rough California, or no one cares to read him. This leads one to suspect that it was, after all, not so much his fundamental views of human nature that his readers cared for, as the purely picturesque element in his earlier stories—the dialect, the dramatic figures, the humor, the novel stage-setting of the whole. Turgenieff might write of Russian noble or peasant, Nihilist or nun, showing that it was for the fundamental elements of his genius we cared; if he had written of German or English life, or had come to America and written novels of New York society, it is highly probable that the novels would have been great; if not, it would simply have been because difference of nationality had baffled his penetration into human nature. But Bret Harte must write of the red-shirted miner—always and only of the red-shirted miner—or else be listened to with comparative indifference.

Of the present book, for example, we say with the lips that it was good taste and judgment in the author to leave that well-gleaned field and adopt a quite new environment and characters; and yet at heart we find it barren of the dash, the vividness, the picturesqueness that lingers even in repetitions and workings-over of his earliest material by Mr. Harte. It is hard to say what rank "In the Carquinez Woods" would take if it were to be judged absolutely instead of by comparison with the author's other stories. It is full of good work—excellent work; it is remarkably free from mannerisms; it is symmetrical and artistic, keeping well to "the unities." It is almost too short even for a novelette—another good point, for it is abundantly evident that Bret Harte cannot manage a long narrative, but rambles, diverts interest, obscures his own strong outlines by filling-in of quality far inferior to the sketch; while as long as he keeps to the few and bold outlines necessary in a short story, no one has a more perfect sense of proportion. The description of the redwood forest is in a few words one of the best ever given; "Low" is a picturesque figure, and not an impossible one; the genial preacher is better in that he is probably a correct study from life and illustrates a type of Californian heretofore little noted. The center of interest, however, is the woman Teresa, whose transformation from the reckless and vain heroine of dancing-saloon and shooting scrapes to one of the most meek and unselfish of loving women is not outside of the possibilities of feminine nature, and is told with a good deal of pathos. And yet, as a whole, the book does not amount to much. It has not the air of truth; one feels that the author has tried to produce a picturesque story rather than to transcribe life as he has seen it. It is weak in just the point where Mr. Harte has always been weak—real, penetrating study of human nature. His aptness in catching external traits of manner and diction (making up, perhaps, for inaccuracy in reporting them from life by vivid substitutions from imagination), his brilliance of narrative construction, his sense of the dramatic and picturesque, his exquisite susceptibility and truth to landscape nature, and his effective use of the single point of the sense of common humanity latent in every soul;—these things in his best work obscured the lack of real study and comprehension of human nature in him, and are now no longer able to do it. It is not solely and only on literal truth to human nature and human life that a poet or novelist must stand, even in the long run; but it is on the whole the safest and the most fruitful ground. The idealizing imagination flags and fails more easily than the observing eye, and runs out of material infinitely sooner.

The Comedy of Daisy Miller.[1]

WHAT sort of spirit it was that prompted Mr. James to burlesque his own most successful bit of work we find a question beyond our penetration. Whether—as perhaps hinted in the titles, "Daisy Miller: A Study," and "Daisy Miller: A Comedy,"— this very shrewd author, impatient at the criticisms his "study" had received, determined to show people what sort of a piece of work it would make if he wrote as they wished him to; whether the comedy is merely a whimsical experiment to see how different a word could be spelled with the same letters; or whether an unfortunate desire to make obvious to an obtuse public all the fine points they failed to understand has entrapped the author into ruining those fine points by going over them with a heavier chisel;—among these various guesses the reader hovers bewildered—concerned not for the sake of the present comedy, but for that of the original study. For if Mr. James does really in good earnest intend to translate all the things suggested in the study into things said in the comedy, to explain here motives,

[1] Daisy Miller: A Comedy. Henry James, Jr. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co. 1883.

points of view, qualities of character previously left to our penetration, then the most appreciative readers of "Daisy Miller" have overestimated that very clever sketch. There is no room in the comedy for misunderstanding of any one's character or motive: everything is expressed in the frankest manner—"asides" being thrust in to get into words every shade of feeling and thought. And if this is the author's own solution—and therefore the final solution—of the vexed questions that the original book has made standard topics of discussion, we can only say we are sorry. This Daisy is really a nicer girl; but she is a conventionalized type, such as an imitator of Mr. James might have produced; the other Daisy was in every point strikingly from life. She was—in spite of the indignant denial of many American girls—true, down to every detail of diction, to a certain class of girls whom we have all seen and heard at a greater or less distance. The defiant innocence, the passion for personal independence, the emptiness of head, the absorption in the trifling child's play that she called "flirting"—we have seen all these traits running through a very wide social range. It is true that girls who are as good as Daisy Miller are apt to be better, and girls who are as bad are apt to be worse; that is, girls whose language and carriage are as refined as Daisy's are not in our observation as reckless in forming acquaintances. They do things every day that are quite equal to going to the Coliseum by moonlight with Giovanelli, and if they happen to be possessed of a willful enough temperament they would do them in Rome; but if they make appointments to go on excursions with young men picked up half-an-hour before in hotel premises, the chances are that there will be a flavor of the kitchen-maid about them. There is a distinct social line between the girl who goes rowing till midnight with any young man of her acquaintance and the girl who scrapes acquaintances on the cars; and while the rowing can be done in many a social grade with the most perfect simplicity and unconsciousness of conventional transgression, the railroad flirtation is hardly ever regarded by the girl herself as anything but an escapade, from any consequences of which, however, she feels amply able to protect herself. Girls, too, of very respectable traditions and of schooling and language far superior to Daisy's, if they are of reckless temperament will occasionally dip down to such escapades. But Daisy had no more sense of an escapade in arranging to go to Chillon with a stranger than in receiving callers in her own name and alone. Since, however, the social classes in America among which a girl may receive callers in her own name and alone, or go out with a "gentleman friend" by night, extend all the way from just below a few small circles of fashionably European customs, and fewer and smaller groups of inherited old-fashioned ways, down to the very bottom of the social scale, we are quite willing to accept on Mr. James's testimony the original Daisy with all her anomalies of refinement and vulgarity; in so wide a social range there is room for almost any number of individual varieties, especially when the influence of paternal wealth complicates the problem. Without the paternal wealth, Daisy would probably have been a pretty shop-girl; and she can be as nearly as possible ticketed off by adding to the pretty-shop-girl type the conception of wealth and importance from infancy up.

But in the comedy this comprehensible Daisy disappears. The author places himself distinctly on the side of Daisy, with those who have always maintained that the character was a defense of American girls abroad, not an attack upon them. The sweetness of nature, candor, innocence, and a certain winning brightness in the original Daisy, in connection with her sad end, have been enough to make her friends, and were enough for full justice; it takes off the reality to try to emphasize these traits further, and obscure the counterbalancing ones. For a girl may be vulgar without being coarse—and Daisy was vulgar; her absorption in young men's attentions, her indifference to the quality of the men, her absolute blankness of mind to nature or art or knowledge of any sort—all these were vulgarities and shallownesses, not merely of training but of character. Still, the proud will, the defiant innocence, implied some elements of character less shallow; and the amount of feeling roused by her in Winterbourne, by Winterbourne in her, are in the "study" skillfully proportioned to the mixture of depth and shallowness there was in her. In the "comedy" they are incongruously disproportioned.

The mysterious lady of Geneva is materialized into a conventionally fascinating Russian princess, the aunt into an ill-bred and ill-tempered burlesque of a dragon chaperone, a Mr. Reverdy and a Miss Durant are dragged in, apparently as foils to Winterbourne and Daisy: Reverdy to show how flat the typical home-bred American is beside the foreign-bred one, and Miss Durant to show how intolerable the aristocratic young American woman is beside the Daisy Miller sort. So ridiculous is much of this young woman's conversation that it strengthens our hope that the whole comedy is intended to be burlesque—no author who has given us such an appreciative picture of the well-bred American girl as in the "International Episode" can have meant Alice Durant to be taken in sober earnest. The courier and Giovanelli and Mrs. Walker, too, are burlesqued, and Mrs. Miller worst of all. Her sudden development of sense and character when Daisy was ill was one of the truest points in the original sketch; her behavior under similar circumstances in the present one makes her a totally different one and much more of a stock character—an ordinary imbecile. Randolph is the only thing, among all the characters, feelings, and situations, that is not positively burlesqued, and that by the hand of their own author; and Randolph hardly admitted of burlesque. It

was rather a ruthless thing to do to so delicate and conscientious a piece of work as the original Daisy Miller; and indeed, we think the publication of this comedy a thing to be regretted, unless the reader can keep the two entirely separate in his mind, thinking of these characters as a totally different set of people from our old acquaintances. If he can do that, he will find much in this, as in everything from its author, that is entertaining and clever; if he cannot, he had better not read it at all. It will destroy all sense of reality in the earlier work, without substituting anything as good. It is altogether the most curious literary experiment, perhaps, ever tried—the same thing, in a small way, as if Shakspere himself had written a second Hamlet, in which the king repented and abdicated, he and the queen retired to convents, and Hamlet ascended the throne and married Ophelia, who meantime recovered her reason.

Topics of the Time.[1]

THE September issue of "Topics of the Time" includes five essays, under the title of Questions of Belief. The most important of these is the leading one, "The Responsibilities of Unbelief," by Vernon Lee, from the Contemporary Review. This is followed by "Agnostic Morality," by Frances Power Cobbe, also from the Contemporary, an answer to Mr. Lee's paper. These two, with a review by Edmund Gurney of "Natural Religion" (the recent work of the author of "Ecce Homo"), are all that bear directly on the questions of variance between Christianity and agnosticism. As usual, these papers are all excellent in destruction, but weak when it comes to construction. The "riddle of the painful earth" is really the central point in all of them; the thing sought some final hope, motive, solution of the problem of evil. Vernon Lee's paper especially is excellent in putting the case clearly and fairly for pessimism; but when at the end he attempts to build up a creed, in the strength of which to meet the dark facts of existence he has himself so well expounded, he is entirely inadequate. He pins his faith on the ethical system of the Spencerian school: that of the progressive evolution of morality by the necessary clashing of interests and arranging of social conditions, until finally a happy state of society shall be arrived at. But the "purer heaven" of a future happy human society is in the first place not nearly sure enough (if you depend merely on the evidence of nature) to afford more than a dim hope to any such penetrating inquirers as the young man into whose mouth Mr. Lee puts this creed; it is of all Herbert Spencer's system the part least thoroughly supported by evidence, least satisfactory even to his own followers, for the reason that it does not take into consideration all the conditions of the problem, all the complexities either of human motive or human society. Moreover, it is of all forms of belief in the vicarious heaven on earth the least attractive and the least inspiring to effort, since it represents social morality and ultimate well-being as the aggregate product of individual selfishness. A thorough-going Spencerian can hardly avoid the belief that he serves society and brings the millennium as well by egotism as altruism. If society contains in itself the germ of its own spontaneous and inevitable perfection, there can be small inducement to lend a hand to the process—unless one does it merely because he likes to amuse himself in that way, as a child might amuse himself by pushing to help a twelve-ox team drag a load. Much more inspiring is the doctrine of vicarious heaven best represented by George Eliot, which holds that if the perfect or approximately perfect human condition is ever attained, it will be by direct human effort and sacrifice. In point of fact, it is the hope of such an outcome, the belief in the direct bearing of their own efforts upon it, that does constitute in the main the motive of such agnostics as the two Englishmen in Mr. Lee's dialogue; and the primary cause of pessimism among them is such tendencies in society as make them doubt whether the effort can ever be a success, and the vicarious heaven be attained. In this one respect is this form of the doctrine less cheerful than Spencer's: it is open to the fear of failure.

In neither form, however, does the belief in a future perfected society, offered by Mr. Lee as a solution, meet the difficulties he has himself propounded; viz., that evil is a real thing and a horrible one, and that the happiness of the men of the twentieth century is no recompense to the men of the nineteenth for their misery; the fate of the moth who has shriveled in a fruitless fire, or but subserved another's gain, remains forever an irremediable blot on the universal plan, an evil and injustice eternal, unatoned for. As far as the questioner himself is concerned, an easy escape from this injustice is open: as Emerson has put it better than any of the exact philosophers, it is only to side with the Universe against one's self; in historic fact, every one who has been able to fairly try this heroic refuge has found it satisfactory. But it is only a minority of the race who can escape injustice by thus voluntarily waiving their claim to justice; the case is still unmet of the human multitudes and brute multitudes who have met monstrous evil, intolerable, incomprehensible, consented to by not a nerve of their bodies or thought of their souls, at worst for no good whatever, and at best for the furthering of some phase of progress that had nothing for *them* in it. The easy doctrine that it is beautiful and right to suffer as even a reluctant sacrifice to beneficent law is hardly compatible with a literal realization of the monstrosity of suffering, as it would appear to each in his own person; moreover, the agnostic must labor under more or less uncertainty whether any given suffering *was* a sacrifice to beneficent law.

[1] Topics of the Time: Questions of Belief. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

All this constructive weakness of Mr. Lee's essay, Miss Cobbe is abundantly able to show. But when she comes to construction herself, she has nothing with which to meet the destructive part of his essay. Her creed is simply a restatement of the already clear position of Christianity—an appeal from the reason to the heart; an abandonment of the apparently insoluble problem of evil to the mercies of an infinitely just, loving, and powerful Ruler of the Universe, who may be trusted to put everything right. This position is perfectly satisfactory, as a position, and answers perfectly all the agnostic's difficulties—*to Christians.* But as an answer to Mr. Lee's paper, or any other agnostic's paper, it is nowhere; its fundamental assumptions are different—more than different: irreconcilable. All the question of evil and its significance must—practically does—come to simply two answers: to the Christian, "Leave that to the Lord; he will make everything right"; to the agnostic, the refuge of what is called in our stoic American slang, "making the best of a bad job." As Mr. Gurney, in the third essay now under consideration, puts it: "Natural religion would then seem divisible into virtuous action, conquests over nature in certain directions, and a healthy exercise of the various bodily and mental faculties on the one hand; and on the other, manful endurance of the inevitable tedium, ugliness, and evil, of which a large part of nature consists"; and elsewhere, "The key-note of the one gospel is resignation, and of the other hope." This statement will, of course, be modified for better or worse by the individual agnostic's estimate of the actual amount of evil in the world, past and present, and of the chances of an improvement; Mill's suggestion of a just God working under limitations might form a rational *milieu*, if any party had ever been found in the least inclined to accept that compromise; but, on the whole, any answer between these two (both clear and rational and dependent for their divergence simply upon whether the questioner finds the God of Christianity conceivable or inconceivable) must be more or less transcendental, mystical, and not capable of permanently satisfying the modern temper. In point of fact, some men do lead most manly, pure, and unselfish lives, on the simple principle of "making the best of a bad job," without much faith in even a vicarious heaven; there are very few who are capable of it, as the world now is, and there is no great prospect of its ever being possible to many.

The remaining two essays to be noticed are "The Suppression of Poisonous Opinions," a defense of entire toleration, by Leslie Stephen, from the Nineteenth Century, and "Modern Miracles," by E. S. Shuckburgh, also from the Nineteenth Century. "Modern Miracles" is a brief, courteous, and thoroughly good challenge of the evidence of the Lourdes miracles, and is the paper most to be recommended to general readers of the five in the collection.

The August issue of "Topics of the Time" is Historical Studies.[1] Of the five papers contained, the most interesting are, as usual, from the Nineteenth Century: Village Life in Norfolk 600 Years Ago, by the Rev. Dr. Augustus Jessopp; and A Few Words about the Eighteenth Century, by Frederic Harrison. The article on Village Life in Norfolk is, in substance, a lecture delivered to workingmen of a parish adjoining Rougham; the material is drawn from a remarkable collection of manuscripts at Rougham Hall, charters and evidences relating to the various transfers of the Hall and estates connected with it. They date from the time of Henry the Third to the present day, and form one of the completest collections of material for local history in existence. The other papers in this number are Siena, by Samuel James Cappar; France and England in 1793, by Oscar Browning; and General Chanzy, anonymous;—from the Contemporary Review, Fortnightly Review, and Temple Bar, respectively.

[1] Topics of the Time: Historical Studies. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

OUTCROPPINGS.

The Age of Cans.

WHATEVER the historian of the future, in rehearsing the achievements of the present, may indicate as its pre-eminent or peculiar characteristics, he will utterly fail to render full justice to the facts if he forgets to mention that in the latter third of the nineteenth century everything that it was possible to box, bottle, and can was boxed, bottled, and canned. The poets sing of a "Golden Age," and there have been, no doubt—for the archæologists tell us so—ages of stone—of bronze—and of iron; and such philosophers, saturated with an antiquated conservatism, may shake hands with the classicists, and hint that *this* is a period of *brass*, but these fellows and their implications are intrusive and offensive, and should take a back seat, where they belong, among the Greeks and Romans. No: the age we live in will be known *par excellence* as the age of bottles, cans, and boxes, or, more concisely, as the "AGE OF CANS"—markedly different from any previous epoch or era in the history of the world.

The ages of Stone, of Bronze, and of Iron, the

times of the Greeks and the Latins, it will be said, departed and left behind their peculiar and characteristic *debris*, "to point a moral or adorn a tale," or because they couldn't take their household goods with them; but this, the latest and greatest, *vide* Bishop Berkeley—"Time's noblest offspring is its last"—the Age of Cans, makes its *debris* as it goes, plenty of it, has no ethical hunger nor special desire to point morals, though its empty cans frequently adorn a tail.

The student of sociology or moral philosophy may dissent, and assert the present to be an Age of Cant more truly than an Age of Cans, and find many to agree with him; but this difference of opinion need not cause a quarrel. What's in a name? A nose by any other name could smell as much. As for cant, the dullest of us see enough, see too much, of it on every side, in all its aspects and varieties—cant in religion; a cant of æsthetics, sunflowers, and shoddy; cant in education, the blind leading the blind; a cant of science—if it only stopped here, but it doesn't.

As a plant out of place is a weed, and as such in the way, therefore a pest, so a can out of use and place is a nuisance and cumbereth the ground. So *pro hac vice* we may regard cant also as a weed, a blossoming of human nature, a sprout or outgrowth on its weak and sappy side. As man in his moral and intellectual aspect is superior to his physical nature, so he is superior to his implements, and this admitted, his cants are more offensive (cantankerous) than his cans, though when the latter are of the tin kind, made by the tinker, they are more properly cantinkerous.

And yet, through the strange perversities of language, it may be said that there is no such word as "can't" in an age when everything is canned!

In an age of cans the people may be canny, if not cannibals; as anthropophagy is barbarous, so also is slovenliness—it will be seen that various paths lead to Rome—or that civilization is simply a comparative term, and that there is hardly a missing link between the cannibals and the *canaille*, as the bumptious nobility are called in the country of Canrobert.

The march of civilization is marked not more clearly by lines of railroad and the wires of the telegraph than by the empty cans, boxes, and bottles which the all-pervading unrest of the age has scattered broadcast over the face of the earth—here, there, and everywhere. A can-cerous eruption disfigures the face of Nature, and obscures or obliterates its beauty. On every side, the presence of the pale face, or the sign where he has been, is recorded by some form of these modern emblems of "a go-ahead people": evidently a fast people, it will be written, for they seem to have traveled, if not at a gallop, then on a canter. The scattered remnants of the aborigines—for the century scatters a good deal—injuns, cans, and white folks—are brought, perforce of the locomotive and the ironways along which it rushes, face to face with new factors in their environment, introduced incidentally by the iron monster, whose tireless shrieking drives the game affrighted from its wonted cover and leaves behind "a beggarly account of empty boxes" and cans, the kitchen-middens of civilized nomads, possessed by the devil of hurry, whirling along and eating as they fly.

> "Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe
> The steamer smokes and raves,
> And city lots are staked for sale
> Above old Indian graves."

The explorer, the surveyor, the engineer, the traveler, and the tramp, spurred by curiosity or the hope of gain, go rushing along the "paths of empire," following the footsteps of the trapper and hunter, and cast off their trumpery of cans and bottles as the crabs shed their shells, wherever these may happen to fall. Tin-shops and box factories, glass-works and grocery shops, seem to have been caught up by a universal tornado, a general and eclectic blizzard, which left naught but a wrack behind—and such a wrack! O, for a pious cyclone, to sweep the rubbish to the moon, or the Tropic of Cancer.

There is no longer need for the red man's wife, the tawny princess of Modoc or Pah-utah, to gather tules and weave baskets or to use the hollowed stones and implements of their forgotten ancestors; to "toil and moil, poor muckworms," while their noble masters, the big chiefs, go strutting about—a grand dress-parade in undress uniform; there is no call for the dusky maidens of diggerdom to task their injunuity by working into shape the natural resources of the tribal territory; for if the white man has not made the wilderness to blossom as the rose, he has caused it to be well seeded with the *rejectamenta* of picnics and wayside camps, and a harvest of tin cans and junk bottles can be gathered anywhere. The face of nature is defaced, the trail of the pale face is over it all; but the brunette visage of the Indian princess is serene, the law of compensation works to her advantage; she has less toil; the heat and burden of the day is discounted to her benefit, and she has more time to improve her mind. The millennium for her is approaching. She has already become a participant in the blessings of that civilization which, while it destroys a race, benefits individuals, and she has no fear of the deluge, for water never troubles people who live in a dry country—so dry, that the prevailing axiom and controlling slang is to "git up and dust." Her culinary laboratory is "all-out-of-doors," and her kitchen paraphernalia are everywhere. "Lo! the poor Indian," sells his own trumpery to the curiosity-hunter at fancy prices, and gets better for nothing, the mere picking-up, in the rubbish of the white man, which cumbers the earth.

A decade ago, the landmarks and guideposts which blazed the routes of travel, the paths made dusty by the feet of men—yea, the highways and by-

ways, all, save the trackless courses of the sea—were deserted, unoccupied, and collapsed hoop-skirts, which were strewn here and there like the wind-blown leaves of autumn. Where are they now? What has become of them? Had these no place in the economy of the aborigine, or have they found a fitting place, though not upon the "human form divine"? Unseemly skeletons, how much of the beautiful they shared in their glory! what "pride of place" was theirs! Have they perished from the earth? Who can tell from whence they came and whither they have gone? Somewhere in the complexity of the universe they have probably found their rest, or are resolved into their original elements. The poet says:

> "Each rude and jostling fragment soon
> Its fitting place shall find."

And as they received much rude jostling in their glory and prime, they are now, perhaps, slumbering in the cold yet restful apathy of decay, and have a fitting place, for without doubt hoop-shirts, though cast off, are kindly provided for, not less than the dear ones who wore them, with some salubrious corner in the universal plan.

When and how will the Age of Cans go out, and the epidermis of Mother Earth be purged of the can-escent corruption which whitens her face with its metallic scurf? When mercantilism is on the wane or less aggressive in its energy? when the course of empire leads to loftier morals? when ethics and æsthetics, wedded in perfect harmony, have made the world beautiful, when "nature guides and virtue rules," when the can-can has become obsolete in the jar-dins of Paris and can-didates *are* can-did and *can* show a clean record? Perchance beneath the can-opy of heaven, somewhere this side of Can-aan's happy shore, there may be some undiscovered can-yon, can-iculated by running streams, whose can-orous waters mingle their liquid music with the songs of the birds—can-ary birds—who sing their can-tos or can-tatas to the can-ty larks, who, charmed, reply with many a can-zonet—where one can paddle his own can-oe, and life is endurable because cans and cants are not. Who can tell?

R. E. C. S.

"Once upon a Time."

THE fashionable club of which Lord Fitz-Patrick Sparkle was a member gave a dinner, to which all the noble "big-wigs" of Dublin were invited. At this dinner, for some reason which has escaped my memory—and I may not invent one, since my recital is to be true in all its details—my lord determined to appear in his court dress, which was a very gay and rich affair. Accordingly, calling his valet, he had himself arrayed most elaborately in the picturesque fashion of the time—a hundred or more years ago. Underneath what in the present day of scant skirts would seem a most voluminous coat, he wore a gayly brocaded waistcoat of very rich texture, which reached nearly to his knees. On the front of his shirt bosom were wide frills of choicest lace, also about his wrists and falling over his white, shapely hands. His feet were incased in low shoes fastened with large silver buckles set with precious jewels; while his much-adored legs—and just here let me assert that it was no small amount of vanity my lord had invested in those members—were adorned with a pair of knee-breeches, also fastened at the knee with jeweled buckles similar to those on his shoes; and covering his matchless calves were a pair of silken hose that the valet was afterwards heard to confidently declare were "the most illegant things yez iver laid eyes an."

As thus festively attired he entered his wife's sitting-room to say *au revoir* before starting out, she casually inquired if he had yet ordered the carriage.

"Carriage, my lady! No, indeed, I shall walk to the club," he replied. "The day is fine, and I prefer to go on foot."

Lord Sparkle's wife, being as plain and unassuming in her ways as he was pompous and vain in his, thought that so much richness and elegance of attire would accord better with the privacy of the family coach than the publicity of the dusty thoroughfare; therefore she remonstrated, saying that his dress would make him conspicuous on the street at such an hour, and attract every one's attention. But the latter was just what my lord desired above all things; besides, he was what his valet termed a "cranky" man when interfered with in his whims; hence the more his wife said, the more set he became in his determination.

"Show me the man," said he, "who can boast of a handsomer pair of legs than these with which to take himself over Cork Hill, and then I will consent to hide these in a stuffy coach. Was there ever a stocking a neater fit or better filled?" he continued, as he twisted and turned his head about in his effort to look over his shoulder and thus catch a sight, in his wife's mirror, of the immaculate calves in their truly beautiful coverings. "Pardon me, my lady, for not humoring your wishes, but 'Marrow-Bone Stage' suits my mood best." Saying which, Lord Fitz-Patrick departed, stepping off finely, his jeweled buckles twinkling in the sunlight.

Many a little street urchin, playing by the roadside, made round eyes at him as all this pride and splendor flashed upon his sight.

"Begorra, Teddy! whin did yez iver see the likes av that now!" said one ragged little fellow, who with a companion was playing in the mud as children of all climes and centuries have done, and will continue to do whenever chance offers to the end of time. Then the two set off on a chase after him, wheeling around and about him to take in all his magnificence, until one of them, suddenly darting in front of him, nearly tripped up Lord Fitz-Patrick's

heels, causing him to stumble and come very near measuring his length in the ditch beside the way; whereupon he grew very angry, and shook his cane so vigorously and scowled so fiercely at them that they quickly dropped to the rear, and contented themselves with gazing after him and commenting on him as follows:

"Troth, Mickey! did yez iver see sich an illegant bird? The shine av his diamint shoes wor like to put out the light av my two eyes wid their blinkin'. An' did yez mind, Mickey, the rael goold head on his cane wid a flamin' big jewel atop av it, whin he shuk it at yez?"

"Arrah! I did, Teddy; but I wor mindin' sharper to get my head out from undher it. Belike, Teddy, 'tis King Gearge himself, from acrass the say beyant. Will yez look at the bowld way he has av steppin' out?"

Though seemingly unconscious of all around him save his own high-mightiness, Lord Fitz-Patrick Sparkle did not lose a single admiring glance cast upon him by the passers-by. It was a long way from Merion Square to the club, but lifting his hat gracefully to My Lady This and bowing condescendingly to plain Mrs. That, my lord strode briskly up Cork Hill and onward. The jeweled shoes flashed in and out of many a street, and twinkled around many a corner, until at last, weary with his long walk, and thinking to lessen the distance by a short cut, my lord turned into a less fashionable and somewhat unfrequented street. The first object that greeted his eyes on entering it was a young chimney-sweep lying in the path before him, lazily sunning himself, with all the sooty implements of his trade scattered around him. Beside him lay a dirty, soot-begrimed bag, filled with the sweepings of soot and ashes from the last chimney he had cleaned. He lay perfectly quiet, watching my lord with a half-sleepy, half-admiring look as he sparkled along towards him, but he made no motion towards taking himself and his traps out of the way; evidently he expected my lord to turn aside and pass around him, so little reverence was there in his soul for nobility or fine clothes. Though humble in his calling, he was by no means so in spirit. He had decided within himself that the road was his by right of possession, that he was comfortably fixed and would remain so; besides, what right had such a big swell as that in Tipperary Street? Quite likely he would get a kick, but what would one kick, more or less, signify to him who got little else from morn till night by way of pay from his master—indeed, oftener supped and dined off them than bread? But my lord had no thought of stepping aside. Coming to a full halt, he gazed for a moment at the dingy little creature, speechless at his audacity, then, lifting his cane and shaking it threateningly at him, he exclaimed: "Get up and begone, you dirty little vagabond. How dare you stop the way of a *gentleman?*"

The sleepy look on the smutty face of young Paddy changed suddenly to a wicked, impish one; yet he made no effort towards moving away.

"Out of my road, you dirty beggar!" cried the now thoroughly incensed lord; and this time the cane came down with a vigorous whack on Paddy's head and shoulders, the blow being followed by a dozen more equally well laid on.

Taking a firm hold of his bag of soot, Paddy sprang to his feet, and rapidly whirling it two or three times above his head, he brought it swooping down against my lord's fine calves and "illegant stockings" with such force as to nearly knock him off his feet, at the same time contriving to empty its contents all over and about him, raising a cloud of dust and soot so dense as to completely envelope his lordship, and render him for a time nearly undiscernible. Then with the rapidity of a shooting star, Paddy darted off, crying out:

"Shure, white stockings wor niver my taste, at all, for a jintleman! Faith, black becomes age betther, an' kindly welkim ye are to thim I'm afther givin' ye!"

Long before my lord could either see or speak, so full were his eyes and mouth of soot, wicked little Pat was safely hidden away from pursuit.

Perhaps you can imagine the plight my lord found himself in when the dust and soot had cleared away sufficiently for him to get a glimpse at himself. Though an hour before he had scorned to hide his handsome legs in the family coach, he was now only too glad to get them out of sight in the first cab or whatever public conveyance they had in those days that he could find. When he alighted at his own door, his wife, who chanced to be standing at the window, saw at a glance the plight he was in, and so keen was her relish for the ludicrous that she could not refrain from greeting her lord with a merry peal of laughter; at the same time, pointing to the driver who stood cracking his whip before the door waiting for the extra fee which was to seal his tongue, she slyly exclaimed:

"Ah, ha! Patrick O'Dempsey drives the 'Marrow-Bone Stage,' does he not, my lord?"

Though O'Dempsey was paid an amount nearly equal to his year's earnings to induce him to keep the matter quiet, it was not three days before it was on the tongue of nearly every member of the club in all its details.

Many and malicious were the jokes my lord was compelled to listen to in consequence, but not one whit did his vanity diminish; on the contrary, as he advanced in years, it increased to such an extent that in his old age he was noted for being the vainest man in the United Kingdom.

Sara D. Halsted.

THE

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DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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A SHEPHERD AT COURT.

CHAPTER V.

GURNEY looked at himself in the glass that night with a serious attention which it was a pity Miss Graves could not have seen, with a humility which some of his social *confrères* might have at least imitated with advantage to themselves. Tina's flippant little speech about his being too old for a hero came back to his mind and stung a little, as the most foolish speeches will sometimes. It is one thing to look with easy superiority on the follies of youth, but quite another to know that its rose-garlanded doors are swinging to shut you out. To Gurney in his magnificent prime, the years suddenly seemed to pile up like gray cloud-banks, and he was seized with a morbid self-consciousness as absurd as it was unlike himself. This mood, in turn, was tinctured with a faint bitterness toward the people left behind him in that paradise of time. He thought, putting abstract questions aside, that Mr. Fessenden might have chosen some better place for his love-making—if indeed it *were* love-making—than the balcony of a crowded summer resort, and he could not quite leave Miss Oulton out of his sweeping condemnation.

He had flushed a little under his own pitiless self-scrutiny, but the color faded from his face when his eyes fell upon the little locket, now replaced on his mended chain. He took it up hesitatingly, turned it over and over without opening it, and at last detached it from its ring and dropped it into a tiny bronze box on his dressing bureau. "That has no right to bar my way any longer," he muttered, as if in answer to some conscience-caught reproachful voice. Finally, as if the locket were a mysterious fetich, and incantation only would remove the spell, he threw himself into the biggest easy-chair in the room, and with his feet pointing skyward, after the fashion of the meditative American, let his thoughts follow the lazy spirals from his cigar, "reading backward life's pages for penance," until nothing was left of cigar or retrospection but a roomful of blue haze and a tiny pile of white ashes.

He looked cheerful enough the next morning, when he came down town after his early "constitutional" to meet an appointment with his lawyer; walking with a swinging stride, and taking in the possibilities of the murky sky and southerly wind with the keen enjoyment only known to a man of out-door life.

The social atmosphere in which he moved gave him the sensation of having traveled a long distance in a cramped railway carriage, and he stretched himself mentally and morally as well as bodily, after his polite dissipations, by some pedestrian or equestrian "outing." He had sometimes joined the dashing parties of light-habited young women and their cavaliers who went out on the road, usually chaperoned by Mrs. Lawlor; for that lady retained her love for all youthful pleasures in a charming degree. But his own solitary rides and walks showed him the city and its suburb from a very different point of view. Picking his way through the streets in the frosty mornings, when the city was waking into its day-life, and watching its fierce pulses begin to throb, its argus eyes to open, he found food for reflection and to spare. The coarse unloveliness of the morning, as seen in the byways of this curious cosmopolitan town, was such a sharp contrast to the fresh light touching his own mountain-tops and streams, that it seemed as if God might have made two suns, one for the country and the other for the town. But there was fascination as well as repulsion in this "seamy side" of life to which he had been so long a stranger, and whose warp and woof was, after all, the same as that which made "society's" cloth of gold.

As it happened, his interest was not altogether abstract. He was the bearer of presents and letters from his old housekeeper to her niece, whose husband, a thrifty German, was, under Gurney's recommendation, head porter in one of Mr. Graves's warehouses. Gurney took pains to be his own messenger, and, after a long search, traced them to a wretched little side-street in the north part of the town. A boy playing on the broken sidewalk pointed out the house and started to run across the narrow street; and then, all at once, Gurney's horse shied and reared, striking the little fellow under his feet. Luckily the worst of his hurts was a broken arm, but that was the beginning of a very close acquaintance with Dale Street.

The Traufners were in sore trouble. Their pretty house had been sold; they were head over heels in debt. "I would not write aunt, for shame," said Mrs. Traufner, wiping her eyes, while she poured out her troubles in spluttering German and still more spluttering English.

As Gurney had to see that his little victim was well cared for, he made that part of the city the objective point of a good many of his excursions, and by degrees came to find out the weal and woe of all the dingy little street. The Irish women who came in to bewail little Bob Jarvey's accident, and the more sedate friends of the Traufners who visited them in their exile, made a sharp antithesis to the rest of his city friends, save on one point—the all-pervading, all-enticing "stocks." All the substance that could be gathered up from what Mrs. Jarvey defined as "day's wurruks," or "a bit laid by for a rainy day," was eagerly put into this vast crucible for the alchemist of California Street to turn into bursting coffers of gold. A frenzy seemed to seize those grimy toilers as they hung over the daily list of bids and sales. Each had his oracle to consult and quote, his lucky "hits" to boast of.

Gurney found that moralizing or advice was thrown away in such an atmosphere. Mrs. Traufner alone told with mournful stress how Traufner had asked Mr. Graves if it was good to put money in the mines.

"He was such a friendly, good-natured gentleman, and always remembered Traufner and spoke to him so cheerful. He said, 'Yes, yes, be *sure* it was good.' Then he told him how, and gave him the name of a gentleman—Mr. Russell—to go to. The O-ri-ole was the thing to buy, and he clapped Traufner on the back: 'You'll go back to the Fatherland a rich man.' My husband was so proud, and we see in the air a visit to Germany, and a little rest from work—oh, so many things! Then *crash* went the O-ri-ole, down, down, and we had to borrow money to hold our stock till it goes up. But something *else* goes up, and now—well, *now* we have to begin all over"; and Mrs. Traufner heaved a tremendous sigh, and

stooped with quivering lips to kiss the little Christina, her flaxen-haired three-year-old baby.

Gurney brought back the smiles and a storm of gratitude with them, by offering to set Traufner on his feet again. But there were so many dark threads in this particular seam of "the seamy side" that he began to realize with an equally divided impatience and regret his own inability to follow them all to the end, or dye them with any brighter colors.

As if to mock this melancholy humanity, the city was just now bursting out into its holiday garb; even the dingiest little shops wore at least a *boutonnière* of evergreen or scarlet berries, and spread out their tawdry splendor to allure the passer-by.

On the steps of the building where Mr. Reinecke had his office, Gurney came upon Mr. Graves and Fessenden. In his matter-of-fact surroundings, the young man looked more vigorous, more expressive, than usual, but Gurney somehow found it easier to pardon his faults than his virtues. Mr. Graves was, to copy his own phrase, fond of "driving things." This morning he seemed to have on a full head of steam. He clapped Gurney on the back jovially, and held out a long fluttering slip of foolscap.

"You're the very man I wanted to see. You're interested in orphans and widows and old ladies, ain't you? If you're not, you *ought* to be. This is the time we always give 'em a lift. Now how much'll I put you down for?"

Gurney glanced at the list of generous donors, led by Mr. Graves's princely contribution. For a scarcely appreciable moment he hesitated, swayed by the motives of nine-tenths of these benevolent gentlemen, and then he said, simply, "I don't care to give anything." Mr. Graves brought down his long upper lip to meet its fellow till his mouth became merely a straight, hard line in his face, and he rolled up the paper hurriedly.

"O, of course, just as you please," he said curtly.

He was amazed to think anybody could refuse him; he was disappointed not to add a thousand dollars at least to the fund of which he was the sponsor; he was puzzled to know why a man of Gurney's careless generosity should miss an opportunity to glorify himself. In his own waste-basket was a rather pathetic appeal from a widowed sister, who, with two or three puny boys, was holding soul and body together on a rocky little Michigan farm, with such economic stitches as grim necessity could devise. Perhaps Mr. Graves had forgotten that, as well as the six cents' worth of shrewd advice he had sent back in lieu of more substantial relief. At any rate, his sky was so big that he could not see little clouds.

Noting his friend's sudden change of countenance, Gurney smoothed his long mustache to hide a smile, meeting as he did so Mr. Fessenden's glance of thinly-veiled contempt. But the object of their disdain, bidding them a cheerful "good morning," went up the long stairs two steps at a time. On the second landing he met Jack Crandall, with his round hat pushed back on his curly head, a trim little book and a money-bag in his hand.

"What the devil are you looking so pleased about?" he called out, with an imitation of surliness that was a signal failure. "Come and take a turn in the treadmill and see how you like it. Did you meet the friend of the orphans down-stairs? He was looking for you. That's the way these millionaires 'do good by stealth and blush to find it fame.' It looks mean *not* to give. I dare say I'll end by doing my tailor out of his just dues and laying them on the altar of charity. Lovely woman likes that sort of thing. She never goes behind the returns of generosity; and really, when you show up in the papers under a touching editorial as 'one of the benefactors,' etc., it makes your heart swell with philanthropy, even if somebody on the other side *does* get left."

"I have my own hobbies about such things," said Gurney, laughing, "and am narrow-minded enough to prefer being my

own almoner generally. But I've no particular prejudice against orphans, and I appreciate your sentiments so fully that if you let me help the good cause in your name, I'll do it: otherwise—"

"But," Jack began, with his face very red.

"Of course, if you choose to decline doing me and the orphans such a small favor, it's all right"—with a slight shrug as he walked away.

"O, look here. Mr. Haroun Al Raschid, come back. 'Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?' Consoler of defenseless children and never-to-be-forgotten friend of the impecunious clerk, it shall be as you will it."

Gurney looked over the baluster and nodded. "Put down what you feel will satisfy your charitable ambitions, and I'll give you a check."

"Graves will think I've robbed a bank; but never mind," interpolated Jack.

"And—a—come out on the road with me this afternoon, then we'll dine together—where shall I drive 'round for you?"

"Not to-day," groaned Jack. "I have to take three of the Terry girls to the Goring Concert to-night. I don't know *which* three. I believe they draw lots."

"To-morrow, then."

"To-morrow I am your slave"; and Jack vanished.

His happy *insouciance* and unpretentiousness had won Gurney's liking almost at once, and they had become the best of friends; Gurney's amiable attentions being repaid by a cordial appreciation none too common among the gilded youth of the city. While morally certain that a marriage with Miss Graves was the worst thing that could befall either of the young people, Gurney could not resist the temptation of planning to put Jack on a firmer financial platform, and so increase his chance of finding favor in the eyes of Graves *père*. In the mean time our friend had some business to do on his own account.

Mr. Reinecke met his rich client in the manner of a man hungering for companionship; and when Gurney gave vent to some decided maledictions on the amount of time measured out by "red tape"—

"You must not be so impatient, Mr. Gurney, you must not be so impatient," he said, in a sort of baritone tremolo, once very effective in emotional temperance and Sunday-school lectures, now almost wholly lent to the subjugation of juries or the declamation of wills and deeds.

"I think I've been personified patience," said Gurney, curtly.

Mr. Reinecke looked at him with the sort of twinkle in his eyes that a well-bred spider might have when welcoming a fat fly into his web. He had been recommended to Gurney by some of his hard-headed business friends as a lawyer who "knew what he was about," and had been accepted by this rural philosopher as a part of the price he had to pay for his pecuniary success. He knew that he himself was rather lucky than clever in business, and accepted that as another bit of the inevitable, putting his affairs with careless trust into the hands of fate and the wise Reinecke. In the present instance, he had been forced into a line of self-defense especially displeasing to him, and was heartily sick of the whole thing, threatening more than once to drop the fight where it stood.

"I hope," said Mr. Reinecke, after a pause, "to give you a Christmas present worth having. It will come a little too late to put on the tree"—with a subdued chuckle,—"but you won't mind that."

"Do you mean that we stand to win?" asked Gurney, rather incredulously.

"We are *sure* of the case, unless something extraordinary happens; but nothing will be done till after the holidays, so—make—your—mind—easy"—with detached emphasis. "And now, if you will look over these papers with me"—and then a good hour was given to documents.

"I had hoped," said Mr. Reinecke, with the tremolo on at full pedal as he went to the door with Gurney, "that you could find time to spend a day or two with *us*. I am aware that you have a great many engagements in higher circles, but Mrs. Reinecke would be most happy to meet you, and we

can at least offer you as cordial a welcome as you can find in more luxurious homes."

Gurney courteously said, in effect, that he would be charmed to meet Mrs. Reinecke, but it was a pleasure he must forego, since he should leave for hôme the hour his affairs were settled.

"You will have an abundance of time to visit us then," said the lawyer, rubbing his coarse hands together triumphantly, "for you will not go home for a month at least. There will be minor points to arrange, even if the decision is in our favor. Suppose you say kindly that you will celebrate your victory with us when it comes. That is only fair."

"You are too good, and I'm most grateful for your hospitable thought," said his client, lying hopelessly and helplessly from the corner into which he had been driven. "And if we don't celebrate a victory we can meet to drown defeat. As to the rest, you know I am clay and you are the potter."

Mr. Reinecke put out his hands deprecatingly and attempted a remonstrance, but Gurney laughed, shook his head, and was gone. While the lawyer's assurances did not entirely convince him, his spirits rose insensibly at the prospect of success where success seemed impossible. He was not belligerent, but he would have been saint instead of human if he had not found a grim satisfaction in the overthrow of his malicious opponents.

By the time he came out into the streets again, they were filled with eager people, hurrying their holiday shopping in view of the stormy outlook in the sky. He seemed to meet everybody he knew. Mrs. Graves and Mrs. Lawlor passed him in a big carriage, with much jingling embellishment of harness on its fretting horses, and a uniformed coachman and footman—the latter a touch of elegance rather especial. Both ladies were bravely appareled; in fact, at that distance they looked much younger than their daughters, whom he met a little farther on. Tina always affected a stern simplicity, at cross-purposes with her mother's brilliance and her own gypsy-like beauty; and Tessie Lawlor, with her gray school-girl dress and her long, fair hair braided down her back, looked like a timid little shadow. Tina was escorting her friend with an edifying air of patronage.

"You don't remember Tessie, do you? She has her holidays, you know. You can come with us if you like; in fact, I insist on it. We're going to choose some presents for a gentleman, and you can help us immensely."

While they compared the merits of scarf-pins and sleeve-buttons, onyx and gold, Gurney tried to make friends with Tina's *protegée*, and succeeded so well that Miss Graves found time to murmur, in an aside, "Another conquest. *I* can't do anything with her. She's *aw*fully tiresome—always trying to get behind herself. I wouldn't bother with her, only Aunt Fanny seems to resent the fact of her existence, and snubs her so that I'm sorry for her; and Nell is too lazy to be civil. Fancy her being only three years younger than I am! Aunt Fanny keeps pushing her back a little every year, till she'll be in long clothes and a cradle by and by. Sweet little thing, too. Sweet, but kind o' *doughy*—like marsh-mallows. Well, are you ready, dear? Pity Tessie wasn't with us last night," she said, with a sidelong glance at Gurney from under her sweeping lashes, "to have a lesson in natural history, on the subject of 'larks.' There is Mrs. Rivers, with *her* kindergarten!" she exclaimed, as they went out, followed by the bewildered Tessie. "No, thank you, *one's* enough for me;" and she turned away.

Thus deserted, Gurney slipped into the hands of Mrs. Rivers, who was just getting out of her carriage. Tina's errand had reminded him of some Christmas boxes *he* wanted to buy, and he forthwith begged Mrs. Rivers to lend him her company and judgment for his errands. She was enchanted to have *carte blanche* to buy pretty things, even if they were for somebody else; and together they did some zealous shopping. Finally she carried him off to lunch.

"You've nothing in the world to do," she asserted, with much decision and correctness; "and I want you to tell me whether

my new Japanese bronzes are worth the price Mr. Rivers paid for them. Besides, I've not had time to apologize for deserting you last night. I heard you had a *lovely* time. I *wanted* to go, but Mr. Rivers just put his foot down. He said I'd be wild with neuralgia if I did—and I dare say he was right."

Mrs. Rivers's speech did not sound as voluble as it looks, for she delivered it interlarded with parenthetic threats and appeals to Tom and Laura. Gurney glanced at her as she sat at the head of her well-appointed table, and wondered how any one could look so colorless and yet have so much energy and perseverance. For she was one of the drab-hued women called blonde, because they have lightish hair and blue eyes, who match their opaque complexions in dress instead of toning them up with rich colors, and who hold under their neutral outside enough tenacity and will power to furnish a dozen men. Her fair, slightly creased forehead slanted ever so little; a Lavater could, by inverse reasoning, have told that with his eyes shut; but her smile was very winning, if a little abstracted. She never forgot to be cordial at the right time, as equally selfish people without as much approbativeness as Mrs. Rivers are apt to do. Her all-absorbing hospitalites and cordialities were perfectly sincere—at the time; only, like the stock deals, they were too big not to leave somebody bankrupt now and then.

The children were very conspicuous at luncheon, and managed to monopolize Reeve completely with their imperious demands. It seemed almost impossible for two such small children to have so many wants in so short a space of time, but long indulgence had made them shrewd in the matter of wishes. In fact, their imaginations were not stimulated in many other ways, although they had a French *bonne* to suit Mrs. Rivers, and an English governess to please her husband, and their playrooms were crowded with ingenious toys and expensive books. So that, as may be imagined, they had grown critical in the matter of offerings. Gurney always felt sorry for them, they were such an unwholesome travesty of childhood; so helpless physically, so unchildishly wise in worldly things, with such dwarfed souls and overfed bodies; but he had a charming manner with all children; and just now, in view of the approaching gift-day, was an object of much more speculation to Tom and Laura than they to him.

Miss Oulton did not come in until they had almost finished lunch, and then her uneven breath and rich color told that she had been walking rapidly; she started a little on seeing Gurney, but immediately greeted him with a wistful sort of friendliness that he found very fascinating.

"Mrs. Russell makes a point of our coming, Cousin Althea," she said, as she threw her hat and wrap carelessly into a chair. "She says the rest have already promised."

"Ah, well—" and Mrs. Rivers made a little gesture of resignation. Then she hastened to explain. "We had arranged to have a Christmas-tree at home, but the Russells have just got into their new house and wanted to have a genuine old-fashioned Christmas romp, and all that, to—a—christen it. So they begged two or three of us who have always been together at this time to 'consolidate, as Mr. Graves would say. I think they're very foolish to upset their lovely house with a children's party, but that's *their* affair. Now I have had a selfish little plan for coaxing you to take dinner here and go with us, if it won't bore you *too* much." Mrs. Rivers was always making these little plans, ostensibly for his pleasure, with an amiable forethought which he could not resist. "Just a few of our own friends, you know," she went on, thinking he meditated refusal. "What's this, Reeve?— a caller? How stupid of anybody to come so early. Take my place *here*, Helen, and be sure and keep Mr. Gurney till I come back. Come, children, it is time for your music lesson," and they were led out in spite of plaintive remonstrances.

After serving Miss Oulton, with the settled melancholy he always showed when any one was late for meals, Reeve retired softly, giving the fire a parting touch to show that

he would do his duty, even if "put upon." The tinkle of the piano came to them faintly, as the governess played a gay little waltz, accentuating the time sharply to bespeak Master Tom's attention. The world seemed miles away in this pretty room, with its agreeable air of everydayness, which all the pretty rooms did not have. A gleam of sunlight broke through the thickening clouds, and stealing in between the heavy curtains, turned Helen's yellow hair to ruddy gold, and slanting across a majolica bowl piled high with fruit, struck deep into the heart of the quavering shape of jelly, making it for the moment a swaying, melting piece of amethyst.

Gurney felt rather than saw what a pretty picture it all made. He thought of Aldrich's "*Lunch*"—"A gothic window, where the damask curtain made the blank daylight shadowy and uncertain," but refrained from quoting. He found that people who offered excerpta of that sort were apt to be counted pedantic or sentimental. Tina, especially, had laughed at him a good deal about his "spouting."

"It's very pretty in books, you know," she said cheerfully, "but rather oppressive in real life: don't you think so—truly? unless it's something *very* short, that you can throw off before your audience has time to get embarrassed."

Miss Graves might have added that society in the bulk objected to earnestness on any abstract questions, reserving it rather for the solemn material affairs of money-getting and money-spending. But Miss Oulton, while she declared herself to be a frivolous worldling, yet wore her frivolity "with a difference." Indeed, even a less interested observer than Gurney might have guessed that her mockery was merely a mask to hide from her careless little world the better self it did not appreciate or ask for. When she chose to be earnest she was very much in earnest, and even her capricious moods were not without their charm.

Whatever may have been Gurney's overnight criticisms or condemnations, stern resolutions, and self-distrust, they were all forgotten while she sat opposite to him, talking in that frank, friendly way of the concert that night, of music at large; and then they drifted off into the illimitable current of conversation possible to any two tolerably intelligent people, coming nearer in that scant hour of home life than they had ever done before—than they would have done in half a hundred gas-lit *fêtes*. Gurney fancied that he had never seen her look so charming as now, in her plain dark-blue dress, her hair lying in crinkly gold waves close to her head, and gathered at the back in a careless coil, with a few loose curls peeping out here and there, and the fitful sun illuminations leaving her alternately in light and shade. He wondered, with a masculine disregard for fitness and fashion, why all women did not wear their hair so—though he might as well have gone on to clothe all femininity in blue and set it under a silver-lined cloud. And between their scattered talk, he kept imagining how she would look in a certain breakfast room a couple of hundred miles away, where he sat in solitary state day after day; how immeasurably delightful it would be to have that piquant face smiling on him from the head of his table, those slender hands doing him some loving service—"O, pshaw!" he thought impatiently at last, and became suddenly conscious, from Helen's expression, that he had thought aloud.

"You needn't speak with such contempt," she said innocently. "I don't believe you've heard my forcible arguments at all. You have been looking past me instead of at me. Am I shadowed?" looking over her shoulder in pretended dismay. "I don't know why you should scoff at my unpretentious theories. The giddiest of us must have our beliefs."

"I beg your pardon," he said hastily; "I wasn't scoffing at anybody but myself, I assure you."

"Well, that's pardonable; but how does your *alter ego* take reproaches?"

"Meekly, for the most part," he said, with a queer expression. "These arguments of self versus self are such an old story. It all comes of living out of the world. I'll con-

fess to *you*, though I wouldn't to Miss Graves the other day, that solitude *is* a trifle dreary sometimes. That it fosters egotism, everybody knows."

"Do you offer yourself as an example?" she asked laughingly.

"O, no—in fact, two months of good society ought to make me an example of modesty."

"But you're not really so rural as you affect. You come to the city often, don't you?"—with a flattering interest of tone.

"Hm-m, once a year, maybe. What do you call often? At any rate, I don't stay long enough to form very solid friendships. I was here three weeks last winter; a month or so two years before. Imagine, then, how easy it is to lose the gilt-edge of good manners, how easy to be forgotten. Could I ask anybody to remember me a whole year?"

Helen shook her head solemnly. "I confess that's a good deal to expect. But perhaps you, in turn, could not identify any one—"

"Don't you think it's rather queer," he said, absently, "that we remember best the people we care least about? Some trifling personality will hold the stupidest bore before our eyes, while the face of our best beloved slips away. I don't mean to say that I wouldn't remember *you*," he blundered on, with a vague consciousness that his philosophic truth lacked politeness. Helen blushed, and looked a little discomfited.

"That sounds like one of Jack Crandall's speeches," she said, laughing. "What grotesqueness of gait or manner must I keep in practice to give me a place in your memory?"

But he was too much in earnest now for *badinage*. "Well, you know what I mean," he said carelessly. "But if you only would —that is—may I—I *would* like a picture—"

"Do you mean a photograph," she queried, at once bewildered and amused by his hesitation.

"No, I hate photographs," he said bluntly. "Let me make a sketch of you to suit myself."

"Have we then an artist among us?" and she opened her lovely eyes to their widest.

"Not exactly, but all the same I'm conceited enough to think I could do you better justice than the camera. That's part of the country egotism still sticking to me. But I don't wonder you don't care to trust me so far. I can do it from memory perhaps," surveying her with his head thrown back a little, his eyes half closed. She shook her head impatiently, frowning under his prolonged gaze, and suddenly rising, went over to the fire with a pretence of warming her hands. He followed her instantly.

"Am I so rude, then? Forgive me. It's only when I have the best intentions that I seem to offend. That shows how little honesty's worth, after all."

"I don't know what I have to forgive exactly," she murmured, "but"—

"Then let me have the sketch," he interrupted audaciously, "in that dress with your hair just so. If you don't like it, I promise to burn it."

But Helen had by this time recovered her self-possession.

"There's no need of all these protestations," she answered coolly. "I'll be delighted to pose for you, and am flattered beyond measure—who wouldn't be? You see that sort of thing is so unusual here, outside the studios of the professionals, that it took my breath away for a moment. Can't you do the whole family in oils, *a la* Vicar of Wakefield?"

But he would not be laughed down. "And we won't quarrel any more?" he went on beseechingly, holding out his hand.

"Is that a necessary sequence of the sketch?" and her lips curled a little. "You asserted the first time we met that we'd sworn eternal friendship. You see I've not forgotten that satirical falsehood."

"Well, it only rests with you to make it truth" he asserted boldly. "My half of the 'swear' was all right, but I'm more than willing to make another affidavit."

She laughed a little, in spite of herself. "It strikes me we're talking a good deal of nonsense for two wise, well-grown people."

"Ah, you won't let me be serious. That's the only fault I have to find with you." He

still held in his hand the cigar Mrs. Rivers had bade him smoke as she rustled away, and was twisting it absently between his finger and thumb.

Helen took a match from a pretty bisque holder, and lighting it, held it toward him with her eyes fixed seriously on the uncertain flame.

"You have the restless air of the unsatisfied smoker," she said lightly. "Certain rooms here are dedicated partly to tobacco, and this is one of them. I venture to prescribe this with a view to bringing a happier frame of mind—less frivolous and more logical."

He had taken the match from her, but let it burn out slowly in his fingers. "I won't smoke now, thank you," he murmured, looking down at her with a curious glint in his gray eyes. "And I don't know that I care for the happier frame of mind your benevolence suggests. It's wise not to ask too much of the gods. I'm so serenely contented now, that a drop would over-brim my cup."

Miss Oulton was comparatively indifferent to compliment, and usually put it aside with an impatient recognition of its insincerity, but Gurney's cheerful audacity made her rather uncomfortable. She had watched him flirting lazily with Mrs. Lawlor and the Terry girls, pouring very pronounced flattery into their ears, but that she knew was provoked. He and Helen, on the contrary, were almost always clashing swords over some trifle, with the perverseness of people too much interested in one another to be content with amiable civility. But *this* was a fringe of jest on a mantle of earnest. Even our cynical young lady could not doubt that. She made another effort to change the subject.

"You are not like Charlie and Fred—Mr. Fessenden," she said hastily. "They live in the clouds—clouds of smoke."

Gurney's face darkened at Fessenden's name, and he threw his cigar into the fire as viciously as if it had been that immaculate young gentleman metamorphosed. The spell was broken. There was no fear of Miss Oulton's getting any more over-friendly speeches. Luckily the door opened at that moment, and Mrs. Rivers peeped in.

"Has Mr. Gurney gone? How lovely of you to stay. That stupid, *stupid* woman, I thought she never *would* go," and forthwith she showed him her treasures, which he appraised and admired to her heart's content.

She respected with a kind of awe a man whose artistic judgment was so severe, and whose purse strings swung so loosely tied; but she never felt quite at ease with him. She had a morbid horror of eccentricity, and as their friendship ripened, Mr. Gurney seemed to develop, or she to discover, some very peculiar ideas—opinions not found in her illuminated society missal and therefore heterodox; and if he did not obtrude his views they were none the less dangerous. If you have ever, in your country walks, tried to turn aside a pains-taking ant who was carrying home a bit of grain or what not, and watched his bewildered hurry, his aimless "tacking" to and fro when put out of his course, you can imagine without any difficulty how Mrs. Rivers felt with any unselfish, unworldly suggestions or sentiments set before her.

If Helen had not been so impracticable in the matter of being well married, Gurney's peculiarities might have been turned to some account, but that was hopeless. Mrs. Rivers had built a fine little air-castle when he first came among them, but it was slowly melting away, a cross-beam and joint at a time. A big piece of the wall fell in that very afternoon, when she came into the room and found them both looking so grave and ill at ease, and while she chatted away in her gayest fashion, she was really feeling very cross. She liked Helen as well as she liked anybody, and would have been glad to see her comfortably dependent on a rich husband, instead of uncomfortably dependent on herself, not recognizing the fact that a marriage service sometimes fails to make dependence more tolerable. She only wondered, with an impatient sigh, what Helen really *did* want; for she didn't enjoy being penniless and she refused to accept riches;

and Mrs. Rivers counted on her fingers, mentally, her cousin's "chances," beginning with "Fred," and ending with the gentleman farmer who just now personated the *chance* of a "chance." Married life to this married lady's mind was all about the same; sometimes difficult, but the only possible life for a woman.

All these little arrows of argument she had shot at Helen ever since the latter came to them, an orphan, five years before. The older woman began to think that her charity ought to be reaping a better reward, and looked with not a little dismay at the prospect of a fixture in the house in the shape of a high-spirited old maid. Two or three abortive attempts that Helen had made to support herself, against the advice of her friends, did not tend to promote a congenial atmosphere. Mr. Rivers was indulgently inclined toward his wife's relation, indeed it was at his suggestion she had been offered a home with them. Afterward, he left her affairs to be managed by his wife, and the most he could be made to say in condemnation was that "Helen seemed to take a mistaken view of things," which, though mild enough, covered a very wide field. In default of a more emphatic disapproval, Mrs. Rivers accepted her husband's vague summary of Helen's faults, and made use of it as a sort of extinguisher to put on them whenever they came to the fore.

One of her small crosses was Helen's languid appreciation of her *bric-a-brac*, and on the present occasion she felt especially aggrieved. Not even Mrs. Graves had so fine a pair of bronzes, and Gurney had barely had time to stamp them with his approval, when this obstinate young woman declared that she thought them dear at any price.

"I'll sign any other article of the fashionable creed," she said; "I'll concede that your crooked bronzes and cracked potteries are expensive and rare, but they are ugly, too. I can conceive of an eccentric individual taking to collecting such stuff, but when a whole class pretends to believe in it, I get skeptical."

Mrs. Rivers looked annoyed and only said, coldly: "Even if you are right, your own personal affectations may be quite as absurd."

Gurney glanced at Helen with a little twinkle in his eyes.

"Don't you see, Mrs. Rivers," he said in a very friendly tone, "that *we* are the eccentrics whom Miss Oulton singles out to believe in, and we'll prove ourselves worthy of her faith by converting her. You're more than half right already," he added softly, as Mrs. Rivers crossed the room to get a new light on her new possessions. "But I have an old friend here in town, Dr. Weston—do you know him? well, never mind," as Helen shook her head with a very indifferent air, "he's an agreeable old gentleman with an agreeable income and a harmless mania for picking up and storing away lost treasures, and what little I know of such things I have absorbed from him. I'm occupying his rooms while he is in New York, and if you want to see the result of that sort of insanity, come down with your cousin and examine his warehouse. That's my first step towards your conversion."

Helen said something about "very kind—very pleasant," but did not grow at all animated over his invitation—a lack which Mrs. Rivers more than supplied when she found out what they were talking about. While she and Gurney were arranging a morning for the visit, Helen stood at the window tapping her finger-tips on the sash, and watching the struggle between fog-clouds and storm-clouds over the darkening bay as intently as though she found therein a hidden type of her own passionate mind-battles.

Before Gurney got away it was late in the afternoon. In answer to Mrs. Rivers's reminder of their "Merry Christmas," he declared that he could not be with them—he might have to go out of town.

"But I thought it was all settled," she exclaimed. "Well, there are two days yet, and if you change your mind it will be all right. There will be nobody with us but Mr. Ballard. Come if you can," and as soon as the door closed on him she followed Helen to her room, and delivered a lecture that would

have made a Concord Philosopher hide his head: while Gurney, in a very tangled state of mind, went home, wondering no longer how idle people spend their days, since this one had slipped through his fingers so unwittingly, and feeling ten times as tired as he would have done after a twenty miles' walk.

Something of this he said to Jack Crandall the next evening, as they lingered over their late dinner in Gurney's rooms.

"Of course," acquiesced Jack, "that's the way nice persons put in all their time. Of *course* you feel tired. There are no people so hard worked as the people who have nothing in the world to do. I never meet one of my fine lady friends but she's tired to death. Two or three calls, and a hunt through the stores for five cents' worth of embroidery silk of an impossible shade, will prostrate the strongest woman in society. And they talk of what they've 'accomplished,' as if they had been doing something actually useful and noble, instead of crocheting three rows in an afghan or going to two parties in one evening. Two or three months more of this sort of thing and you'll be taking your coffee in bed, like Fessenden, and sink under a walk down town. You're such a howling swell already in the matter of luxury that only a few downward steps are needed to complete your destruction. What glorious rooms these are," he added, looking around admiringly. "I always feel as though I'd stumbled into a foreign land."

"Well, that was Weston's kindness, of course; but it's better, I confess, than the hotel. Most of the loose traps in *this* room I've bought lately. I haven't anything else to amuse myself with," said Gurney, rather apologetically.

"Well, it's a very innocent amusement," said Jack dryly: "stick to it, by all means. I'll tell that to Mrs. Lawlor, it's such a compliment to society," and he leaned idly back, watching the noiseless movements of Gurney's waiter, who had swiftly removed the dessert service and white cloth, and put upon the crimson-covered table coffee and cigars, and a curious flask clasped in a case of silver wicker-work.

As soon as Gurney had found how long he would have to stay in the city, and how many distractions he was likely to find both in business and society, he had summoned, out of space it would seem, a cheerful little serving-man, who soon came to be as well known as his master. He looked like an Italian, but talked with a thick foreign accent not easily defined. Gurney called him Tasse, and that, though Jack fancied it to be a *sobriquet*, was the only name he acknowledged.

It was Tasse who had arranged their Cliff supper, who secured a theatre box, who went on secret errands; and whether he was butler, valet, confidential messenger, or flattered guest in the kitchens of the fine houses, he was equally at home. He blandly rejected "tips"; he was discretion itself. Not all the sly pumping of ladies and maids had brought them any nearer to Gurney's habits or history; and he was that serious gentleman's willing slave. "His face alone would drive away the worst blue devils a man ever had," said Jack, as the door closed on the unconscious Tasse. "Tina calls him Altro. She says he's the Cavaletto of 'Little Dorrit' come to life. Where did you get him?"

"I picked him up in the street one night. It's a long story, too long to tell now. I suppose you think," he said after a pause, "that a man like me has no business with such an aristocratic appendage, but I like to do a good many things for myself which other people like to have done for them, and *vice versa*. As the spiritualists say, I'm 'living up to my highest lights,' and after all, I spend so much less on *my* little whims than your millionaires here in —— do on *theirs*, that I feel myself a model of economy. I had begun to distrust my own ideals, and to doubt whether there might not be something better waiting for me in the outside world; but I shall go back with my faith renewed, and if—" Gurney was so evidently talking to himself that Jack propped his elbows on the table, and gazed at him with unconcealed enjoyment; but his absent-minded friend abruptly left his "if" to find its way alone, and laughing softly at Jack's

expression, said, "Well, well, wait till you give me your promised visit, and I'll try to show you what I mean."

"By Jove!" Jack burst out, "What a queer fellow you are—what a *lucky* fellow. You're not Haroun after all; in fact, you only need a sugar-loaf hat and baggy breeches to be Aladdin. Have you any wish? Wouldn't you like a roc's egg, for instance?"

"You forget it was *Mrs.* Aladdin who suggested that ornament—but I met the Princess Badroulboudour yesterday, and she was passing fair," said Gurney gravely, sending up a cloud of smoke, which almost hid his face.

"The devil you did!" said Jack, struggling to separate fact from fancy. "Well, a tray full of diamonds will buy her," he muttered sardonically.

Gurney opened his half-closed eyes full on his friend, "I hope *not*," he remarked with much emphasis.

"Well, don't tempt her. Disguise yourself as a poor devil of a clerk with a paltry hundred and fifty a month, and see what she'll have to say to you."

"That's what Miss Graves suggested to me. She balanced us in the scale so as to leave me a mere feather-weight compared to you."

Jack flushed with pleasure, then sighed, and immediately after threw back his head and laughed immoderately. "I'd give a penny if you could have seen the turn I gave old Graves with your 'widow's mite' this morning: when with the air of a brother millionaire I went Mr. Fessenden two figures better, they both thought it was a practical joke, and then had to apologize to me. I didn't feel half so mean as I expected to; in fact, the satisfaction I got out of those five minutes is really worth more than *you* gave for it, if you can figure *that* out. Graves was so jolly after that (I know he thought I'd stolen or borrowed the money, but he don't stick at trifles), so paternal; and oh, Lord! how fast he would kick me out, if I dared to say, 'I love your daughter,'" and Jack's parenthetic mirth died away in another deep breath.

"What would you do with the daughter?" asked Gurney, coolly.

Jack was pacing the room now, and running his fingers through his short, ruddy brown hair, as he was wont to do when excited.

"Do? Why I'd buy a little dog-kennel away out in the Western Addition, with a pocket handkerchief lawn in front, and pay for it on the installment plan; and knock up genteel furniture out of packing-boxes; and Tina would scrub the floors, and wash dishes, and nurse her own babies; and we'd have a seven-by-nine parlor to receive our fashionable friends in when they came to patronize us. Oh, we're both admirably fitted for such a life! Or else, if the old man chose to smile on us, I would borrow money enough to show off at a swell wedding, and then our good papa would set us up and pay my debts; and thereafter I'd walk around with a collar on my neck, and fetch and carry and be fed on snubs, like the rest of the whipped spaniels that marry for money. In either case I would be perfectly happy, of course," added Jack, as a clincher to his contemptuous irony.

"Don't you suppose I know all these things as well as you do?" after just a breathing space. "But *they* are only the possibilities. The reality will be that I'll dangle after this fickle young person till she marries Fred Fessenden, or a weak-eyed little Lord somebody, or *you*, maybe—who knows? and then —well, I've not determined whether I'll hang on to society by the skin of my teeth until I grow into a padded old scarecrow like Ballard, or be a selfish, stingy, rakish, pursy man about town, like Joe Forrington. There are inducements on both sides," and he sat down wearily, as if he had exhausted himself along with his subject, and folding his arms on the table buried his face in them, with something this time less like a sigh than a sob.

Gurney had not supposed that Jack's sunny nature could hold such a bitterness. In the midst of so much superficial—artificial emotion, it was almost like a shock to find somebody actually showing a real feeling.

But the older man thought it rather wasted in this instance.

"My dear boy," he said lightly, "there are plenty of charming young ladies besides Miss Graves."

"O, stuff! If you loved the Princess Bad—what's-her-name, would somebody else do just as well? and will you kindly pick me out a poor man's wife from among our girls? But I know what you mean. You're dying to preach to me. You think I ought to turn from these snares and be a goody-goody Christian Association young man, improve my mind o' nights, live on fifty dollars a month and put the rest in the savings bank, and get rich. I *did* have a few hundreds, by-the-by, that I'd hoarded up with much weariness to the flesh; but I dropped it in Oriole, because Graves gave me a point on it as a great favor, and that went the way of all dollars. I *might* do a great many things I *don't* do. It's no matter that I know perfectly well I'm invited everywhere because I'm convenient—I can sing a little, dance a good deal, and have a Bostonian uncle 'of high degree' for reference when my passport is asked for. But I go all the same, and am *glad* to go. That's how society is held together. The circus wouldn't be a circus without the small boys that creep under the tent-flaps."

"Such rebellious spirits as you and Tina and Miss Oulton wouldn't hold things together very long; but luckily for the big show, you're as stray sands on the shore," said Gurney. Through all his mingled vexation and pity and amusement at Jack's inconsistency, his mind went back to one careless little sentence. "By the way, you mentioned Fessenden as a possible suitor for Miss Tina's heart or hand. I—a—thought he was engaged to his cousin."

"She isn't a cousin," muttered Jack, absently, still intent on his own future. "If you mean Helen Oulton, she's a 'second cousin, multiplied by a hundred dozens,' of Mrs. Rivers, and Fred's the old gentleman's nephew. He has an inherited partnership in the firm, but he don't do anything but play at being an Englishman. No, they're not engaged, I'm certain of that, but he's been very openly devoted for a long time—ever since she came here—and, of course, he'll win in the end. It's the only thing he shows any earnestness about; but he's got the devil's own temper under that fair skin and that dead-alive manner, which always makes me want to kick him. To tell the truth, he isn't such an ass as he looks," said Jack, with doubtful generosity. "And I couldn't blame Helen for marrying him, for she's very unpleasantly situated, to draw it mild. Of course, Fessenden's one of our swellest young men, and a target for all the matrimonial arrows. Even your unsophisticated eyes must have seen that Miss Oulton's not a favorite in the 'Tombs'—as the fellows call Graves's house—that is, except for Tina, who, I must confess, has lots of 'sand' in the matter of friendships. She admires *you* very much," he hesitated, with the color mounting to his face, "and I've thought lately that her mother's ambition had taken a new turn." Jack was evidently bent on crucifying himself to the utmost, but the peal of laughter which greeted this last suggestion took away at least one thorn. "Well, you needn't laugh. You'd make a very formidable rival. Mrs. Graves sings your praises everywhere. She said in the loftiest way the other day, as a sort of knockdown blow for me, 'You know, my dear Mr. Crandall, money *demands* money.' Of course it's useless to rake up the past *here*, when it's littered with all sorts of vulgar reminiscences, but when Graves took her out of a fourth rate boarding-house, where her 'Mamma' eked out his bad breakfasts with anecdotes of their 'family,' there was no question of money demanding money. Really, it's only when people put on airs that these things are remembered. Why don't they think of that, and try to be modest? Well, I've bored you long enough, I'm going now."

"You had better give up your position in Russell's office and stand out as a social reformer," said Gurney, smiling up at him lazily from the depths of the big chair where

he lay with his handsome head thrown back, his eyes languidly following Jack's vehement gestures. "Joking aside, you'd better give it up anyhow, and I'll put you in the way of, not a fortune, maybe, but something worth working for."

"Now, look here, old fellow," standing before Gurney with his hands deep in his pockets. "Don't you go and think I've been whining because I want help; and if you're plotting anything for my benefit, put your plans away. I've been exercised in my mind lately, and this is only an outpouring of the spirit. I wouldn't talk such truck to any man I know, not for the whole of the Oriole mine; but you have a seductive way of *looking* people into the confessional. Some day I may come down to you for a position as sheep-herder or wood-chopper, or something of that kind."

"All right," said Gurney simply, "I'll give it to you," putting a friendly hand on the young fellow's shoulder.

"George! what a night," shivered Jack, as the rain drove against the windows; but he resisted Gurney's entreaties to let Tasse call a carriage—to stay all night—and went out into the wind and rain, leaving his host, it must be confessed, a little melancholy after his feast. He had no right to feel sorry for Jack, whose position was assailable from all sides, but he *did* feel sorry for him, and went on with his planning in spite of the interdict laid upon him: while an unconfessed elation tempered his depression when he turned to his own affairs. If Helen Oulton were actually free, if it was to be a fair field and no favor, might he not convert her to something more than an appreciation of curios, for instance? And by the ardent flame of the wood fire that glowed in Dr. Weston's old-fashioned hearth was then and there rebuilt the very castle deserted by Mrs. Rivers the day before as a moss-grown ruin. What the new architect would make of it, how it would stand the buffetings of fortune, and when it would cease to be a thing of air, remained to be seen.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

AT MORN.

O PATIENT soul that throbs with bitter pain,
  And finds denied the boon of eyelids stirred
By touch of tears; that hears no helpful word,
  Or bleeds anew to find it lost again;
That sees the laurel long pursued in vain
  Withered and dropped to dust through hope deferred,
And every vision of fair living blurred
  By blind unreason of the clouded brain:

It will not all thy days be dark with thee.
  His pale-leafed wreath of poppies Time will bind
About thy bruised brow's pathetic scars;
  And quietude of peace shall on thee be.
Nay, more; at morn thou wilt look back and find
  It was but dark that thou mightst see the stars.

CIVILIZING THE INDIANS OF CALIFORNIA.

In a previous number of this magazine several statistical tables and summaries were published, relating to the census of the Indian population of the United States and of the State of California. To those may be added the fact that more than half (11,041) of the Indians in this State are residing in the counties north of the Golden Gate and Carquinez Straits: and of these only 1,155 are under Federal supervision. This leaves for the remainder of the State only 6,884, of which nearly one-half, or 3,169, are under United States Agency supervision. Of the middle counties none have over 500, except Inyo, 637, and Fresno, 794. The Indians of the northern counties are far superior to those of the southern, both in moral and physical qualities, and might become formidable foes if their hostility were aroused.

The Indian problem is so prolific of questions, moral, educational, antiquarian, linguistic, legal, military, financial, and sentimental, that one could write a large volume in discussing either of them. Several such have already been written. It is proposed in this paper to limit our attention to the practical question: What can be done to civilize the Indians of *California*, more especially those not already under treatment by the Federal Government? It is proposed, also, still farther, to limit our attention mainly to the younger portion of our Indian population, which may be about one-quarter, or from twenty years downwards; leaving the adults to struggle on in their own way, as they are now doing, but to be aided and encouraged as circumstances may require. They will undoubtedly be, to some extent, affected for good by the reflex action of what may be done for the younger portion.

The word *civilization* has a wide range of meanings, extending all the way from that of the cabin of the backwoodsman to that of the aristocratic salons of New York, London, Paris and Pekin. Major J. W. Powell, well known not only as a brave officer, accustomed to service and explorations among Indian tribes, but distinguished by his writings as geologist, ethnologist, antiquarian, and indianologist, says: "The attempts to educate the Indians and teach the ways of civilization have been many; much labor has been given, much treasure expended. While, to a large extent, all of these efforts have disappointed their enthusiastic promoters, yet good has been done; but rather by the personal labor of missionaries, teachers, and frontiersmen, associating with Indians in their own land, than by institutions organized and supported by wealth and benevolence not immediately in contact with savagery. The great boon to the savage tribes of this country, unrecognized by themselves, and to a large extent unrecognized by civilized men, has been the presence of civilization, which, under the laws of "*acculturation*," has irresistibly improved their culture by substituting new and civilized for old and savage arts—new for old customs—in short, transforming savage into civilized life. These unpremeditated civilizing influences have had a marked effect. The great body of the Indians of North America have passed through stages of culture in the last hundred years, achieved by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors only by the slow course of events through a thousand years."

Of "the last hundred years," alluded to by Major Powell, one-third has elapsed since the Argonauts of '49 came to this coast; and during that time the Indians of California have been in contact with the civilization of the whites, and have assimilated a small portion, much of it not of satisfactory quality, and they are yet only beginning to be civilized. That their heathenism and savagery exists among us in a practical form is proved by the barbarous butchery of the widow and child of the deceased chief, Win-

nemucca, last year, by a band of Piutes, in conformity with a superstitious custom of that tribe. Winnemucca died at Fort Bidwell, in California. The Piute tribe belongs in the State of Nevada, but whether the butchery took place in California or Nevada is doubtful. Another instance of superstitious barbarity is related by Lieutenant Gordon Winslow, in charge of Hoopah Valley Reservation. "An Indian, who, it is alleged, was the possessor of a certain poison, and who blew it, or wished it, across the river to some of his enemies at different times, was, by the friends of those whom he was accused of thus poisoning, shot and killed in his doorway." The murderers decamped and have not been taken. The kind of civilization which we propose to impart to the younger portion of our Indians includes an ordinary common-school education in the English language, arithmetic and geography, with a simultaneous inculcation of the plain rules of Christian morality and steady habits, and a training in schools specially adapted to the purpose in the industrial arts, including agriculture, horticulture, stock raising, the mechanic arts, and such household industries and habits of order and cleanliness as are needed by the female pupils to make their homes comfortable and happy.

It will be assumed in this paper, without any elaborate attempt at argument, that an Indian is capable of civilization to the extent just described. It has been proved by the history of the Cherokees, Choctaws and Chickasaws for a half century. As long ago as 1820–22, Col. Elias Boudinot, now a leading statesman of the Cherokees, graduated at the Cornwall training-school in Connecticut, while the tribe was still living in Georgia. At the same school, and about the same time, graduated John Ridge, a chief among the Cherokees. He married a white young lady of Cornwall, took her to his Indian home, raised a family of children, and *educated* them. His son, John R. Ridge, a "forty-niner" of California, was an editor and prominent politician in Nevada, in the early days, until his death. One of his daughters has just graduated in the class of 1883, at the University of California. One of the early settlers in Mariposa County, in its brisk mining times, was a Cherokee Indian, who had received a good business education in the schools of that "nation." He was a farmer, butcher, contractor for making roads and supplying mines, and a better accountant than the average of country-storekeepers. He was elected sheriff of the county, and served out his term satisfactorily to the people. Moving to San Benito County, he was elected sheriff there also, served out his term acceptably, and is supposed to be still residing there. One of his fellow Cherokees was elected as supervisor of Mariposa County. It is too late for Californians to allege that an Indian, even if civilized, cannot be made to stay civilized. As pertinent to this subject, I quote a remark of Lieutenant M. C. Wilkinson, in charge of the "Training School for Indian Youth," Forest Grove, Oregon, in his report of 14th Sept., 1882, to the Indian Bureau. "Is n't it about time to bury that historical omnipresent 'Indian who graduated at Yale with distinguished honors, and returned to his people, and relapsed into tenfold heathenism,' and who is paraded as the only result of the labor of our government for the last two hundred years in educating and civilizing the Indian?'"

The Indian training-schools at Hampton in Virginia, at Carlisle in Pennsylvania, and at Forest Grove in Oregon, under the charge of the Interior Department, have furnished abundant proof during the last four years of the efficiency of these schools in civilizing the younger Indians of both sexes. But we cannot afford to send one-quarter of our 18,000 Indians of California, even to so near a training school as that at Forest Grove. We must have something nearer home—a school, if possible, in each populous Indian county.

An erroneous idea prevails that because the Indians are at present spoken of as "*Wards of the Government*," they are always to remain so, and the Indian Bureau, with all its objectionable appurtenances, is to be a perpetual portion of our executive depart-

ment. If there is anything in the Constitution of the United States to authorize such a state of affairs as permanent, I have not been able to find it. It is utterly foreign to the principles of equal rights and personal liberty, and a self-reliant manhood among all our citizens, without distinction of race. The Government might just as well make permanent pets and wards of the free blacks, or of any one of the immigrant peoples, of whom there arrive every year twice as many as all our Indian tribes together.

On the other hand, there is a disposition among many humane people, warm friends of the Indian, and who entertain very correct ideas concerning the future status of the Indians, to clamor for the immediate realization of that status; and they expect to accomplish it by abolishing the reservations, breaking up the tribal organizations, settling the Indians on homesteads in severalty with fee simple titles, admitting the adults to the fullest grade of citizenship, ceasing the distribution of all rations for subsistence, and exterminating the Indian Bureau. All this they would have done in one, or, at farthest, in two years. These friends of the Indians should remember that the problem presents two classes of phases—the temporary and the permanent. The Indian Bureau, the Reservations with their agencies, post-traderships and contractors, are necessary evils, beneficial for a time, and not to be abolished hastily; but to remain like the scaffolding of a building, only until certain permanent plans are completed. Nor would I suffer those phrases—"for a time" and "it takes time"—to be used to cover up and prolong indefinitely objectionable measures, which are merely a choice of evils, and must be borne till the Indians are educated up to a sufficient standard of civilization. To prevent this procrastination, let us hurry up our educating and civilizing forces.

Those who object to the Government furnishing subsistence directly to the Indians may be pleased to learn, that of the California Indians, only 1314 are charged with a percentage of their subsistence—(about 28½ per cent.)—equal to the total support of 374 Indians. All the others, about 17,500, are earning their own food. Those who want the reservations abolished are informed that more than three-quarters of our Californian Indians are not living on any reservation, nor subject to any Agency of the Federal Government. They are subject to the civil and criminal laws, and the police of the State, and are not exempt from taxation: but they get no pro-rata of school moneys unless they are "*living under the guardianship of white persons*"; nor are the adult males admitted to vote.

There is a United States law, approved March 3rd, 1875, an appropriation law, mainly, but which contains two sections—(15 and 16)—especially intended to enable Indians to avail themselves of the general homestead law of May 20, 1862, and the acts amendatory thereof. The law of March 3rd, 1875, applies to any Indian born in the United States, who is the head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and who has abandoned, or who may hereafter abandon, his tribal relations. The act does not allow the Indian the benefit of Sec. 8 of the homestead law, which permits the white settler to pay up and change his homestead title to an ordinary pre-emption title; and it also provides that the Indians' homestead title "shall not be subject to alienation or incumbrance, either by voluntary conveyance, or the judgment decree or order of any court, and shall be and remain inalienable" for five years from the date of the patent. The homestead law of 1862 allows no distinction on account of race or color; and excludes mineral lands. The substance of the law may be found in the volume of United States Revised Statutes, Sections, 2,290, 2,291, 2,292 and 2,295 to 2,302. Further details may be learned at the District Land Office. But for all such legal acts, the unlettered Indian needs some trusty friend and counselor to pilot him through the mazes of the Land Office.

The Round Valley and Hoopah Valley Reservations are very important institutions, and will continue to be so during the present decade, not only for the Indians who

reside on them, but for the large body of outside Indians in the northern counties. They furnish centers around which may gather a sufficient number of Indians, carrying on farming and other industrial pursuits, and receiving education for their children under the supervision of the Agents, and by the aid of animals, machines, tools and buildings furnished by the Government. They serve as models and experiment stations to show what can be done under a judicious system of farming and stock-raising, and its superiority over the precarious dependence on the chase for a living. The crowding of the incoming immigration will prevent the segregation of any more large Indian Reservations in this State. The two northern Reservations, after supplying the limited number of Indians that remain upon them with allotments in severalty, may have a surplus to be divided among outside Indians.

The boarding-school now being opened at Round Valley—and which ought to be duplicated at Hoopah Valley—will test the efficacy of such schools near the home of the Indians, and serve as a model for other schools of the kind. In this connection it is gratifying to observe that the Agent of Round Valley, Mr. H. B. Sheldon, has lately attended in person the annual examination and exhibition of the Indian training school at Carlisle.

The true destiny of our California Indians is to become full citizens, with constitutional, legal, and social rights equal to those enjoyed by the whites, or the African or Moorish races born on our soil. And it is to prepare them for this citizenship within a reasonable time, twenty years, if possible, certainly not over thirty, that active measures must be speedily undertaken. There are about 13,600 of them outside of any Agency of the Federal Government. They are divided into many bands, each with a chief, and are scattered among the outlying counties, mainly the northern. They support themselves partly by hunting and fishing, and partly by working for wages among the whites. They have been peaceably disposed since the Modoc War, and that involved on.y one tribe of a few hundred. But they are still Indians, and retain many of their vices and their superstitions, and practice their cruel and barbarous rites; and if, by the crowding of an incoming immigration, they were harshly encroached upon, they might become formidable enemies.

Two practical questions now present themselves: How shall they be civilized, and Who shall attend to it? The chief thing to be done is to educate the young Indians. Divide 13,600 by 4, and we have 3,400 as about the number to be educated. These are so distributed that the largest number of children in any one county is 484 in Humboldt County, (outside of Reservation); 316 in Mendocino, 259 in Shasta, and in other counties according to the table heretofore furnished.

It may be as well here to look the fact squarely in the face, that we may expect little or no more aid from the Federal Government than we now receive. This is about $35,000 annually, not under any treaty stipulation, but dependent each year upon the good will of Congress, which is restrained by the competition of other Indian districts. It amounts to nearly $2 per head for every Indian in the State, or $8 per head for the 4,324 under Federal Agencies. It would not pay half the school tax of the Indian children of school age, if they were all enumerated. It amounts to about $9 per head for each adult male Indian.

But let us not despise the gifts of the Government nor abuse its Agents, but be thankful for what we get; and get more, even double, if we can. The great objection to looking for aid to the general Government is the loss of time and golden opportunity. There is great apathy in Congress on Indian affairs. The reports of the Indian Agents and of the Commissioners are full of prayers and suggestions relating to other than financial matters; such as land titles, police, criminal jurisdiction, surveys, etc., requiring prompt action, which are neglected year after year, to the great damage of the Indian service. Plenty of instances in California could be cited if our space permitted. The

Round Valley Reservation furnishes one. The percentage of subsistence now paid there by the Government would all be saved if the title to the improvements held by settlers were extinguished. All the Indian children in the State could receive five years' education during the delay necessary to get some very important act in Indian affairs passed by Congress. This difficulty suggests the idea that the impelling force must originate nearer home; not, as a general rule, in the State Legislature, only in some exceptional cases, but in the counties themselves where the work of civilization is to be done. Mrs. Gen. Bidwell has set a most commendable example by establishing a private school for the Indians on her husband's rancho.

Suppose that in each county containing a large Indian population, a volunteer committee of benevolent citizens were organized to act as an Indian Bureau. There should be at least five—better seven—members. The County Superintendent of schools should be one; the clergyman who has had most experience in Indian affairs might be another; some earnest, motherly lady of the Dorcas type should be another; one of the more sagacious, industrious, and sober of the Indians should be another; and the other three might be selected from the lawyers, doctors, and business men of philanthropic instincts. The committee should be appointed by some public meeting, or some other expression of citizens representing the public opinion of the county. The committee could not, of course, possess any legal power for the enforcement of their plans, but must rely upon moral suasion applied both to the whites and the Indians. Their first labor should be statistical—to ascertain the number and whereabouts of the Indians—the number of school age, the number under school age, and the number over school age as far as those of twenty inclusive:—their condition as to modes of procuring subsistence, habits of life, morality or immorality, knowledge of English language, superstitions, savagery and other details. Another important fact to be ascertained is the willingness or unwillingness, as well as the ability, of the adult Indians to contribute to the maintenance of the schools, at least in part. With such a body of facts as a basis, the committee will be ready to study up and adopt its plans for action. The first duty is to provide the children with schools where they can obtain an ordinary common-school education, and with it the common principles of Christian morality; and, if possible, an industrial education. No language but English should be taught in these schools—certainly no tribal language should be perpetuated.

The details for providing ways and means for the maintenance of the schools must be regulated by the committee; and the importance of obtaining, in a legal way and at a proper time, the pro-rata of school-moneys pertaining to these children will, of course, suggest itself. If further legislation is needed, the co-operation of the various county committees can be brought to bear upon the Legislature.

A second object of the committee's attention should be the condition of the adult Indians as regards civil rights, facilities for obtaining steady employment in civilized pursuits, facilities for obtaining land by homestead entry under proper restrictions; as far as possible encouraging them to abandon intemperance, gambling and other vices and superstitions, and cruel rites; and especially to aid in the enforcement of the law against selling liquor to Indians. As regards obtaining employment for adult Indians, the inquiry is pertinent, why cannot they be employed at railroad building as well as Chinamen? If such a committee can be successful in its efforts for a few years, although the school taxes may have been augmented, a better class of citizens will have been raised up, and the tax-payers will be relieved from the expense of support of worthless prisoners and criminal trials; the country people will have for neighbors industrious and worthy people, instead of savages.

The inquiry naturally suggests itself: Why should we take any more special pains to

educate the children of poor Indians than those of poor white men? Why such anxiety to teach the English language to young Indians, and such indifference to teaching it to young Scandinavians? An answer in part might be: This ye should do, but not leave the other undone. But there is another reason why. At the poor white man's home the children imbibe the English language as their native tongue; so that at the age of six years the child can make known its wants and ideas fluently, if not grammatically. The Indian child, at the age of six or even ten, has only been taught some miserable tribal language, which it can only use among Indians; and it has to begin learning another language at school. Again, the poor white man's children are brought up at home—or ought to be—to habits of cleanliness, punctuality, obedience, persistent industry and morality. The Indian child, born in a wretched wigwam, amid vermin and squalor of all sorts, is trained to familiarity with the loose, lazy, and vicious habits and superstitions of savagery practiced by the adult Indians. Machinists are familiar with what is called a "dead point" in the movements of machinery, where a much greater force is required than the average needed to keep it in motion. There is just such a "dead point" in the social and educational life of the young Indian. To such an extent does this evil exist, that teachers of Indian children in day schools complain that the child unlearns at home, at night, much of what it was taught in the daytime. This fact has caused the adoption of the Industrial Boarding-School System, which has been successfully in use on a few reservations, and has just been introduced at the Round Valley Agency.

If the younger quarter of our Indian population can receive impetus enough to carry them beyond the dead point alluded to, and the children that shall be born of them can be trained in civilized homes, to speak English as their native tongue, with the morals and steady industrial habits that should go with it, the savage tribal relations, superstitions, barbarous and cruel games, and "medicine" humbugs of the adults will vanish spontaneously; and constitutional civil rights, just laws, Christian morality, homesteads in severalty, industrial trades, common sense medical practice, and the sports and quiet enjoyments of civilized life will take the place of squalor and savagery. When that time comes, the adults of to-day will be on the downward slope of life, both as to age and influence, and the youth educated during the next fifteen years will be the leaders of their people, not by force of law or ancient traditions, but by the force of intelligent moral influence. The Indians will not then be regarded as a distinct, half degraded race, held in leading strings; but will be citizens, with rights equal to those of their white or colored neighbors. An Indian mechanic or farmer will be at liberty and fitted to enter public land, or to change his domicile to any other locality, near or distant, among Indians or whites, as may suit himself. There will be no need of reservations, nor agents, nor post-traders, nor contractors, nor Indian Bureaus. There will be no Utopia about it. There will be good Indians and bad ones, as among other races; but they must meet the tests of life and be judged individually, and not as tribes or a collective race. It is best neither to overrate nor underrate the importance of this problem. There is great tendency to apathy on the subject, because more than half the population of the State, residing in the counties contiguous to the Bay of San Francisco, and in San Joaquin and Sacramento Counties, scarcely ever see an Indian at all. In these counties there are only 618 Indians, or only one to 755 of the total population. They would furnish only about 150 children of school age, who may properly be commended to the home-missionary forces of the various religious societies in each of these particular counties, and others where the Indian population is small.

Of course, the people of the several counties are free to continue the present policy of doing nothing for the Indians. "Let them work out their own civilization in their own way as they have done hitherto." "Am

I my brother's keeper." The policy is inhumane and unjust towards the Indians, and will perpetuate a vicious and dangerous element of society, tending to the corruption of the younger whites, and increasing the county taxes for the property-holders to pay. Let it not be supposed that if the county provides no schools of a proper kind for the Indians, they will be left entirely without schools. The whiskey dealers and the "squaw-men" have already provided them, and the Indians are quite as apt scholars in the schools of vice as in those of a better class. Their ignorance of our language does not prevent their learning our vices. An old missionary says "vice is at home with any language."

Why not send these outside Indians to the Reservation, and let them be schooled there? First—because the Indians don't want to go. They don't find congenial company there, neither of their own race nor of the white race. Second—because *forcing* Indians from their own homes into reservations, against their own will, leads to such scenes as the Modoc War, and the Ponca barbarities (by the whites), and such mingling of explosive materials as they are now experimenting with at the San Carlos Reservation in Arizona.

Hon. J. G. McCallum, formerly a State Senator, and for some years Register of the United States Land Office at Sacramento, and more recently an attorney in Oakland, practicing especially in land law-cases, has been appointed United States Agent for the Mission Indians of Southern California, and entered on his duties early in October. It is to be hoped that his thorough knowledge of the public land laws and of Mexican ranch titles may enure to the benefit of his Indian "wards" in their conflicts with intruders.

Erratum. In the November number of the OVERLAND, on page 467, in Table I, insert 4,405, instead of 1,405, for Outside Indians of Washington Territory; which makes total for that territory 17,508, and requires corrections in the summing up by adding 3,000 where necessary. The grand total for the United States is 339,098.

Sherman Day.

SONNET.

HIGH in a Roman tower where white doves feed
An artist toils alone. The plastic clay
He molds with loving hand from day to day,
Till pure ideal expressed his fond eyes read.
In busy mart, where thronging footsteps speed,
A host of workmen skilled the chisel ply;
The model fair before the watchful eye
They reproduce with care and patient heed.

The Master Artist gives a type most grand
Of noble life wherefrom ideal to take.
The workmen we, with rude or skillful hand,
From out the record marble statues make,
Which for eternity and time must stand.
Alas! if idle blows their beauty break!

Amelia Woodward Truesdell.

A COUNTRY WALK.

I AM going to tell you of a country walk which I took last spring through Devonshire lanes to a certain hamlet where old-fashioned speech and superstitions still find a home. It is grievous to watch how such local coloring is fast disappearing in these days of bustle and movement, when even the poor move from place to place, until they seem likely to rival the Americans who say that with them you can count on your fingers the instances of three generations of a family being buried together. But in our West Country wilds the old roots are not yet all torn up, and I only wish that all who go among the poor, where provincialism still exists, would write down their stories and expressions, as every day such peculiarities are growing rarer and rarer.

I fear my country walk will not please those who look for descriptions of nature, since she chiefly appeals to me as a background for human nature. I prefer to "trace the secret spirit of humanity which 'mid the calm oblivious tendencies of nature, 'mid her plants and weeds and flowers and silent overgrowings, still survives."

I took my way over the hill which lay between me and my destination, lingering awhile at the summit to view the landscape o'er. Dr. Watts, himself, would feel it no profanity to hear his words used for such a landscape, for I am convinced that Christian saw just such a one when he looked southward from the House Beautiful and saw the Delectable Mountains in the far distance. Verily, now, as in Bunyan's day, "the House Beautiful stands at the wayside," at least it certainly does in Devonshire. The hill I speak of enjoys no special reputation, and yet if you had stood with me that spring afternoon, and seen the broad valley with its little white town nestling among the trees at its seaward end, and followed with your eye the line of white beach as the red cliffs gradually rose beside it, till they stood out in the bold red mass five hundred feet high, which we call Mount, and then, subsiding a little, crept along the shore till they disappeared in the blue haze that makes the distant curve of the bay; whatever your own home scenery may be, you would have felt that such a scene raised in your mind Heber's thought:

> "Oh God, O good beyond compare,
> If thus thy earthly realms are fair,
> How glorious must the mansions be
> Where thy redeemed shall dwell with thee."

How southern was the blue of the sea that afternoon, with its little waves curling softly in, crisped into suggestions of "white horses" by the gentle east wind, which in these regions is a perfect zephyr, only noticed from the added clearness it gives the air, so that you might have seen the far-away towers of Dartmoor rising in the distance beyond Mount, and on the steep sides of Mount itself you might have seen every dint washed by the rain in the soft red marl; nay, you would almost have fancied you saw the primrose that I knew to be carpeting its ravines down to the very beach, and that in the soft stillness you heard the wood pigeons, who there build side by side with the sea gulls, so close are the trees to the water's edge.

The heights of Exmoor could be seen rising through a gap in the large hill which forms the opposite side of the valley, a hill on whose slopes Sir Walter Raleigh wandered when a boy, and which was hallowed in later years by the musing steps of Keble, a strange contrast to that wild sea-faring worthy, who, nevertheless, sighed for the "scallop shell of quiet," which might be taken as a fitting emblem of Keble.

Up the valley inland lie swelling hills, green and peaceful, with every now and then the shadow of a passing cloud to throw their smiling brightness into relief. But the sea fascinates one's gaze, so that the

rich inland country gains but a passing glance, and you turn again to that marvellous sapphire floor with the deep, steady, wine-colored shadows under Mount, and the little outstanding rocks at its foot, "Sentry Rock" and "The Man of God."

But, like Christian, we must not linger to gaze from the House Beautiful: we too, have a steep descent before us, a true Hill Difficulty. Every now and then as you follow the winding road there are most beautiful glimpses through the trees.

As this is to be a country walk, I must not stop to describe the quaint, old-fashioned little watering-place through which our way lies. A hundred years ago it was fashionable, and Fanny Burney came down here to recruit after the fatigues of tying Queen Charlotte's necklace. The place seems hardly to have altered since, though the grandees who followed in Fanny's track shortly afterwards built various quaint little houses, one of which, in the form of a pagoda, we shall pass. It came into the hands of an eccentric old man who had been jilted by some lady in his youth. He made this house a museum of curiosities, and had the grounds turned into a menagerie, parceled out into miniature pounds, in which were llamas and other strange beasts. Every Monday he admitted the public by thirty at a time, and sat watching them through a peephole, hoping that some day the faithless lady would be among them. The story does not say whether his long watch was ever rewarded: it was interrupted by death years ago, and the house is about to be turned into an hotel, which will not number llamas among its attractions.

But we must not linger in these quiet old streets, which may have been alive in the days when George the Third was King, but which seem to have been waiting ever since for something to happen, and to have waited in vain; for the nearest approach to an event which they ever behold is when Lady B's carriage and four drives through them; and even that, with its postilions and outriders, seems a survival of the past, raising no sense of incongruity. So we wander dreamily through the silent town, listening to Fanny's voice as she discusses with the baker's wife his good Majesty's late visit to Exeter, and how many bonfires his loyal subjects raised in his honor.

And now the road takes us into real country lanes, and we pass by "Jenny Grey's corner," where Jenny lies buried with a stake through her heart, and where, it is whispered, she may still be seen should anything take you that way at night. It is a very suitable approach to the first cottage we enter, for we are going to call on old blind Molly; and you would not wonder at her reputation as a witch if you saw her on a winter's day, in the great chimney corner, cowering over the embers beside the great cauldron which hangs from the recess, her black cat bristling its back as you enter, the window impervious to light (whether from dislike of water or from love of warmth I never quite made out); so that when you have shut the door out of regard for Molly's rheumatics, only the glowing embers and the wide chimney shaft help you in groping your way to a chair. The cottage is quite solitary, and its thatch suffers from all the winds of heaven, as it is perched on a little hill. At the foot of the hill four roads meet, where Molly would doubtless have been buried long ere now with a stake through her heart, like poor Jenny, were it not that she lives in an age of sweetness and light—the only sweetness and light, I should say, that have anything to do with her, and her relation even to them is somewhat of a negative description.

I never myself had proof of Molly's powers, and as she regularly attends my Bible reading in a neighboring cottage, I do not feel bound to take any steps about what may possibly be only a scandalous report—indeed, with amiable weakness I studiously avoid speaking of the Witch of Endor at my readings. But the neighbors, though I fancy they shirk the subject with Molly herself as much as I do, consider the tale far from a mere scandal, and one of them only expressed the feeling of the community when she told me:

"Well, Miss! I don't *know* as she'd dü us any harm if she *did* come, but still I allus keep something at the top of the chimbly to hinder her coming down it."

Molly *may* have superhuman powers in the matter of chimneys, but yet we shall not be disappointed if we look in her cottage for the human nature we came in search of. In constitution she is certainly human, for she generally begins the conversation by groaning out:

"He be *that* troublesome, Miss! I sometimes dü declare I don't hardly know how to bide wi' he,"—the "he," referring to her stomach, which she proceeds to rub vigorously.

But it is not through that organ alone that she is kin to us all. I remember one day after I had been reading to her, she burst out:

"Ah, yes! I know what trouble be, Miss: I be eighty-five year old, and I've had fifteen children, and reared 'em all to get their own living. I lost five of my boys when they were young men, and 'twere hard, very hard; but I've never had no trouble wi' my boys—its my gals as troubled me; one or two on 'em turned out *racketting*, and, O dear, I've been that bowed wi' the trouble of it, as I felt I *couldn't* go drew [through] it. When folk makes away wi' theirselves, and you hear a many say they can't think how they came to do it, I've a thought in my heart as *I* knowed. But, there! We must ha' troubles, and the only way is to put our trust in God, and not to think on 'em too much, but to hope as he'll bring us drew."

It was touching to think of the poor old soul feeling for those rashly importunate, gone to their death, a tenderer and more understanding pity than did the neighbors, making their comments as they came to gossip with old Molly the witch, whom they secretly considered as out of the pale of their human sympathies.

Not only Molly, but most of the poor, I find, put us to shame by their trust in God, even though their expression of it may raise a smile. The woman who anticipates Molly's aerial visit was sorely tried last winter by sick children, rheumatic gout in her hands, and, to crown all, a severe illness attacking her husband, "a strong laborious man, Miss, but now he be so wake as death, and the weather baint certilated to strengthen him. I prayed to God for him last night, I did indeed, indeed, Miss!" said she, "for as a general rule, Miss, I puts my providence in him, and I'm sure one can't do better than in one's own chimbly corner," though, I suppose, could one have read her thoughts one would have found among them the mental reservation, "provided the chimbly *top* be secured against Molly's unlawful entry."

The husband only earned 10s a week like most of the laborers in these parts, and he might think himself fortunate to have only five children to keep upon it, instead of ten, like many of his neighbors. Indeed, a certain old Heath, in telling me of the days of his youth, observed apologetically: "You see, Miss, we were somewhat rough in the matter o' wearin' apparel, seein' as there were seventeen of us." I privately thought no apology was needed, for I fear that if I had had to bring up seventeen on a laborer's wages, I should have thought wearin' apparel of any kind for them a work of supererogation.

Heath was an amusing old man to talk to, and had more wits than could have been expected as a seventeenth part of the family intelligence. The winter of '14 was his standard of comparison for the weather, and he had heard his great-grandmother tell of the frost of 1687. He well remembered the days of pack horses, the only suitable conveyances for our narrow lanes; and the introduction of the first cart, which happened when he was a lad—only as its driver got crushed to death by it, it was left to rot on the ground in Oakford Wood, where the accident took place; the mishap was held proof positive by all the country round that there was no blessing on new-fangled ways, and so the pack-horse reigned supreme yet a while longer. Many were Heath's lamentations over the modern prevalence of machinery, and the few laborers now employed.

He had been a laborer himself, and had lived all his life in the house where his great-grandfather was born. His working days were over when I knew him, and he was but just able to potter about the garden with his cat, who, as he said, was fond of poking about "tu his lee-sure"—a remark which would have fitted himself as well as his beloved puss. But it was not old age alone which so crippled him: he had been *overlooked* by the parish clerk—a portly tradesman of the little town, whom I never should have suspected of such practices. It was an unexpected shock to his vicar, also, when I informed him of old Heath's ailment, and its cause—*he* knew nothing evil about the clerk's eye, he said, except that he never could catch it when he wanted to speak to him in church. But if the poor people of the place are to be believed (and their information about skeletons in their betters' cupboards is often surprisingly accurate), there can be no doubt about the painful fact. The clerk, they say, inherited the evil from his mother, who had a book of witchcraft; and I am given to understand that old Heath is not the only victim to his fascinations.

However, these powers of, we will not say darkness, but of twilight, have occasionally worked to Heath's advantage. Every one knows that marvellous gifts are bestowed on seventh sons, especially gifts of healing, and Heath secured the assistance of one of them to cure his daughter, who had a bad hip. The man was unwilling to undertake the job, as he declared he always suffered intensely himself after exerting his powers; but finally consenting, he said he must come before sunrise seven mornings in succession to strike his hand upon the place, and that the cure would then be complete. The girl's recovery and his own illness did actually follow, to the great strengthening of Heath's faith in all such powers.

Fifteen or twenty years ago you would have seen hanging under most cottage lintels in this hamlet a sheep or bullock heart, stuck with pins and needles to keep off witchcraft. I believe this custom is now forsaken; but the superstitions still prevailing about illness in these parts are many, and of course the virtues of charms are fully understood. I know a woman who has had no return of neuralgia since a certain "wise" man, a carpenter, "up tu" Otcombe, as they say here, gave her a text to sew in her stays. Being carried at midnight over the parish boundaries is still considered a certain cure for hysteria, and those who live on the borders often hear the screams of the patients as this remedy is literally carried out. It is considered terrible not to see a "token" before death, as that shows an unprepared state of mind. A sick girl I knew was told by a neighbor that she ought to see Christ upon the Cross, and it made her low-spirited for days because she could see nothing. At last, I went in one day and found her radiant.

"O, Miss!" she said, "I've seen my vision. The Lord Jesus came and stood at the foot of my bed; I was wide awake; and then he vanished out of the window, leaving the room full of light."

An old man, "a bed-lyer," as they say here, shortly before his death told me he had seen a stranger come into his room, who stood at the foot of his bed, looking at him with pitiful eyes, and said, "Never mind, it won't be for long"; "He were the finest gentleman I ever saw, and I reckon as 'twere the Lord Jesus," said the old man, unconsciously echoing Dekkar's feeling that our Lord must have been "the first true gentleman that ever breathed." Even in the case of children they expect to see something; a man near here who used to go up-stairs every evening when he came back from his work to see his sick baby, came down the night before it died to tell his wife that it was all right, as he had seen a star in the child's hand. I suppose some ray of the setting sun had rested on its outstretched palm.

The curious part is that their faith in these signs does not seem upset by the fact that recovery, instead of death, often ensues. Let us hope that they never assist in the fulfilment of the prophecy. I remember that

when a friend of mine went to see an old woman in another part of the country, after a lengthened absence, and asked after her husband—

"What!" said the good old woman, leisurely taking off her spectacles and putting them as a marker in the big Bible which lay open before her,—"What! haven't you heard of poor Joe, my lady?"

"Why, you don't mean to say he is dead," said my friend; "I had no idea of it."

"Why, you see, my lady," said the old woman, "this is how it was. He were very old and suffering, my lady, and I couldn't *abear* to see him suffer, my lady; I really couldn't *abear* it. So I just took a piece of tape out of the cupboard—a nice *clean* piece o' tape, my lady—and I put it round his neck, just *so*, and then I pulled it a little tighter—*so*—he were *very* suffering, and I couldn't abear to see him suffer—and I gave another little pull, and another, and then his dear head went back, and he gave one little squeak—and he was gone, my lady, gone! for you see I really couldn't abear to see him suffer any longer."

However, that was some few years ago, and the "school-master" may have educated the people beyond such doings—even as my friend's old woman had been educated beyond the still more primitive stage in which Mr. Clements Markham found the tribe of the Cocomas in Peru, who are accustomed to eat their deceased relatives, and to grind their bones to drink in fermented liquor; "for," urge they, "is it not better to be inside a friend than to be swallowed up by the black earth?" Yes, education I am sure does good sometimes, though we are a little afraid of it in this part of the world—as a rector of the old school, talking of the culture and higher standards of modern days, once said to me in an anxious and perturbed voice, "You see, you never know where this sort of thing may stop. I knew a clergyman who got to be so particular that at last he didn't consider any one in the parish fit to stand as either godfather or godmother—except himself."

I do not think, however, that the hamlet I am describing suffers from any unhealthy degree of mental development; although there is one man, old Kirby, who considers intellect to be his forte, and who delights in startling unwary visitors by laying before them knotty questions, generally of a scriptural kind, such as why Balaam was punished when he had permission to go with the messengers, and whether it was just that Job, being righteous, should suffer so greatly. He was standing in his doorway one day as I passed, and he fired a string of difficulties at me in broad Devonshire, which I had to solve on the spur of the moment from the middle of the road. As he was rather deaf, I had to raise my voice, so that if my presence of mind had deserted me, my discomfiture would have been overheard by all the neighbors, who had gathered at their windows looking as if it were quite as good as bull baiting. I certainly felt rather like the bull, with this merciless old thing laying one trap after another for me, his questions being manifestly put merely to see what I should say, and not from any wish for information—of which he considered himself to have large stores already. I should be afraid to say how long he stood there, with his wrinkled old face puckered up into smiles of the keenest enjoyment, as I managed to hold my own; for I must say he took a pure pleasure in the intellectual exercise, apart from baiting me. Indeed, if his opponent made a retort neat enough to commend itself to him, he enjoyed it quite as much as making a point himself, which is more than can be said for many of his betters who share his love of arguing. If the Persian proverb be true, that every time a man argues he loses a drop of blood from his liver, old Kirby must have retired with that organ in a singularly bloodless condition, as, at last, I got away with no blunder that he perceived—though I found afterwards my dates had been a year or two out in giving him the full account of the old and new style and all alterations of the calendar, which he had ruthlessly demanded of me. However, I did not feel it necessary to correct my statements when I next met him, for a year or so makes

little difference in our uneventful corner of the world, which takes no account of time, and can find no equal for dawdling—unless it be in a certain German province, where I have heard that the ships on its river lose so much time on their passage that, starting in spring, they usually arrive the previous autumn.

Old Kirby, in particular, takes little heed of time; the state of Ireland in '98 excites him quite as much as its present condition, and the vexed question of Charles the First's execution exercises his ingenuity fully as much as the accounting for Mr. Gladstone's various "new departures." He is an ardent politician, and Ireland is his usual topic; though he is always careful first to inquire the nationality of any friend I may happen to have with me, since he has a lively recollection of having once inadvertently discussed Irish affairs before an Irishman. I never heard the particulars, but I believe the consequences were as serious as one would expect. He looks all the time like some old magpie in an ecstatic state of enjoyment, his keen little eyes twinkling with fun, and his gray head on one side to catch what you say, while every now and then he expresses the delight it is to him "to have some one sensible to talk to," adding with ineffable scorn, "as for most o' the folk hereabouts, you might just so well talk to a dog!" His interests are, as I said, by no means confined to modern times; he borrowed Josephus from me by special request (having once begun it some sixty or seventy years ago), and no sooner had he got to the end than he began it all over again. I was rather sorry his literary tastes lay in that direction, as he held me personally responsible for all discrepancies between it and the Bible, and I feared also that he would detect how superficial was my own acquaintance with Josephus, as, though I, too, had read it in my youth, I had not the excuse of so many intermediate years to make me forget it. He greatly enjoys it if I bring him a book of my own accord; but if I ask whether he would like one, he thinks it due to his dignity to reply loftily, pointing to the table with half a dozen volumes on it: "Bükes! bükes! why I've *abunnance* o' bükes—bükes o' *all* descriptions, a library of bükes, and mostly by all authors, I may say."

A few years ago he lost the light of his eyes "his maid," his daughter Agnes, (hereabouts you always speak of your "daughter" as your "maid") and since then he has lived alone, though he is terribly rheumatic, and the little hedging and ditching he is still able to do makes him gradually worse.

"I asked the doctor, years agone," he said, "if he could give me a cure, and he shouted back as loud as *that*, 'Na!' and I allus remembered his word, 'twere as cutting as a two-edged sword: 'Na! there baint no cure for such as yü, yü go out i' the wet and drink quarts o' sour cider; why don't yü drink gin'?"

Here a peddler came to the door, and Kirby hobbled to it on his bandy legs, and stood there making the queerest grins and grimaces: "Na! na! I wants nowt but money—and the grace o' God."

"But mebbe ye'll want an almanac?"

"Has ye got one as ull tell the weather?"

"Yes!"

"And has ye got one as ull tell the truth?" whereat the peddler retreated discomfited.

Kirby is a great friend of old Heath's, and is the only person who can manage him when he gets violent, as he sometimes does, frightening his two "maids" out of their senses, so that they run off for Kirby to quiet him; Kirby limps in to find him using terrible language to his "maids," and devoutly wishing he were quit of them.

"Now yü should'nt talk like that," says Kirby, "yü know they tend on yü as if you was a baby; if I'd *my* maid to dü as much for me, 'twould be very different for me."

"Well, I'm sure *I* don't want 'em," says Heath; "yü may have the two of 'em for all *I* care!"

Kirby is rather proud of being able to manage such a difficult "case," and details to me his efforts for Heath's spiritual improvement.

"He be a maäzed man, Miss. I read un the ninetieth Psalm the other day, and there!

he tük no more heed on it than if 'twas a ballat. But I can always manage him; not as I can always agree wi' un; I crosses un on every hand, he can't say nowt but what I 'poses un" (he meant "opposes," but "poses" is characteristic, being what he generally does to his district visitors and clergy), "and he always comes round, though bless ye! his maidens can't dü nowt wi' un! He's always runnin' on summat i' the past as goes against un. Very often 'tis the way the railroad was made here.

"'They waästed a thousan' poun' on that theer bit,' he'll say, and make hisself quite in a way about it.

"'Aye,' ses I, 'but it didn't coom out o' my pocket, nor out o' yeorn, did it?'

"'Why, no!' he'll say, after a bit; 'no more it dü!'

"And sometimes it ull be the storing o' the coal at the railway. He sits and watches 'em, and ull put hisself about *terrible.*

"'They dü waäste such a *deal* o' space,' he'll say.

"'Well,' ses I, 'it ull dü *me* no manner o' hurt, if so be as they stretches the coal all along the line, and I don't *see* as how it ull dü yü any.'

"'Well, p'r'aps it don't,' he'll say in a while.

"But that's just his way; he'll sit and fret hisself about anything as isn't done to his mind, just as if it was downright wrong; when mebbe 'tisn't no affair o' his. He's allus goin' on about them houses tü town as is being pulled down, and says 'tis against the Commonweal; so ses I, like the song,

'Let all the churches and chapels fall,
Then there'll be work for us masons all.'

"But he don't see it, he don't see it! and then he's so set on *company*—he's allus complaining as how he wants some un to talk tü—so I tells un, 'I don't hold wi ye there. I could live i' the middle o' Oakford oo-od [wood] and never want nowt for company but a crow or a pigeon, if so be as I'd a maiden to tend me, same as yü;' but there! he never understands me when I say that—though 'tis trüe—not but what I likes a call as well as any one, now and then," added the courteous old thing.

And when I left he was profuse in acknowledgments of my kindness in coming, for fear I should think he might have preferred me in the shape of a pigeon or a crow; and, what struck me as still more gentlemanly was, that he would not appear to think that I *could* take his remark home to myself, so his thanks were at the end of my visit, and apparently in no way connected with his Thoreau-like sentiment. He was too well bred to make a slip of the tongue prominent by direct apologies, though I could see what was in his mind quite well.

His criticisms on the sermons are enough to make any body of clergy nervous: if, by some rare chance one of the curates preaches one in which he finds nothing to cavil at, his invariable comment is, "Aye! aye! they be güde words, but bless ye! I *know'd* as 'twarnt none o' *his*!"

"Last Sunday we had Mr. Johnson," said he, one day: "he preached on Micah five, eight. I knew the text as soon as ever he'd given it out, for I'd heard it preached on years agone, though Mr. Johnson he didn't take quite the same view of it neither; but his doctrine's very good, though he dü use dictionary words, and so to a many o' the folk he might just so well prache in French. And then he reads on so fast, and never stops for us to take it in a bit—you daren't lose a word or else you'd be nowhere, but if you can hold hard on to him, why, *I* likes what he says."

Dictionary words are at a discount in the hamlet except with old Kirby, as was brought out in a conversation I had with some women to whom I had to read.

"I hope, Miss," said Mrs. Jackson, "as you won't be discouraged because there's so few of us to-day, for we dü look for your coming so, for you see we don't get just the likes of it at church: the ministers preach, and sure 'tis all very good, but they don't speak to us poor folk as yü dü—you see, Miss, we don't *look* to understand the ministers."

"The ministers! No!" broke in Mrs.

Canning, with an accent of fine scorn, "*they* don't speak for us poor folk to understand them, and I dü declare when I see Mr. Harris" [a most unoffending curate] "walk into church, I walks out."

"Dear! dear!" murmured Mrs. Jackson, in a shocked voice. "You *shouldn't* speak so, Mrs. Canning."

"Well, I allus speak my mind, and Mr. Harris he dü gie me the fidgets that bad, I can't abide him!"

"Well!" said I, laughing, "I hope *I* don't give you the fidgets."

"You! dear, no, Miss, I likes to hear you —you put it so plain, and you make it so *new*, somehow—I declare that chapter about Jesus Christ being born as you read this afternoon, why, 'twere like a new tale as I'd never heard, the way you put it, weren't it, Mrs. Jackson?"

"Aye, *that* it were! I never heard no one tell it so before; I've heard a many speak on it, but none on 'em went so *deep* as I may say." (Farrar's Life of Christ had been my most recondite assistance in preparation.) "And telling us what the inns were like in those parts made it so real, somehow!"

I used to close my readings with some of the Pilgrim's Progress, and I well remember the breathless interest of old Molly, who took it quite literally; and evidently, in her own mind, assigned a recent date to the events recorded in it. When we reached Christian's fears lest he should fall into Tophet while going through the Valley of the Shadow, it made her quite nervous till he got safely through; and ejaculations, *sotto voce*, of "O, my *dear* life!" only partially relieved her excited feelings. Another time, opening the book, I said: "And where did we get to last time?"

"Let me see, Miss!" said Mrs. Jackson, "why Christian had just left the Interpreter's House."

"Ah, you've a good memory, Mrs. Jackson," whereat she wriggled on her chair with grinning delight, and responded:

"You see, Miss, us poor folk as aren't no scholards think over a thing, and think *into* it, if I may say so, more than scholards, I fancy—more deep-like than them as knows more. Now there was several things we read last time as I wanted to ask you about, and one was Mr. Legality. Now, Miss, what do *you* hold was meant by him?"

"Thinking that you can get to heaven by being respectable and never going before a magistrate," replied I, promptly, as one possessed of Bunyan's full confidence; at which authoritative decision a murmur of applause arose, and Mrs. Jackson, our hostess, looked triumphantly around, as if she had been privately boasting of what she called my "plain way."

"Ah, yes, Miss, exactly so. Now, I *dü* like to be able to ask about things, for when one meets with them as is deeply learned, one dü feel so silly not to know about everything."

I fear if Mrs. Jackson was not like Dr. Whewell, in having science for her forte, yet that omniscience was certainly her foible.

After the reading, a talk arose on the present educational advantages of children.

"When I was young," said old Anne Walters, "we thought a deal o' getting a Bible or any büke: why, I mind when first we got hold o' the Pilgrim's Progress; Mrs. Grey, down yonder, had it, and I and two or three more maidens we used to take our lace work there and read it out, and such a state as we were in to hear more; but now children don't mind about their bükes, they've such a many."

"I never was tü a church-school," said Mrs. Jackson, her sister: "I lived down tü Newford and went tü naught but a grammar-school, as you may call it—an old woman who took the children and taught 'em when she minded of it."

"Yes, yes; I used to have a school at two pence a week, but it warn't what children do now-a-days," said old Betsy Timms.

"Yes," chuckled Mrs. Jackson, "and I'd be bound as one could ask you a dozen questions and you not know the answers to more than two or three!"

"Dear life! La, bless you, yes," says Betsy, with a fat, gleeful laugh, "*I* never had no larning."

"But you'd be frightened"—this is their usual word for astonished—"to see what the children *do* larn," said Mrs. Jackson. "Now, my little Polly came in yesterday, and said teacher had made her say a hymn about 'I'm a little sinful child'; but 'Mother,' says she, 'I'm *not* a little sinful child, I'm going to be an angel like my Willie.' You should hear her at her play, Miss; she's always pretending as our two boys, Willie and Charlie, as died afore she was born, are playing wi' her, and she'll always set two little stools by the fire for 'em, and never let nobody sit on 'em, and at dinner she'll keep a place on each side of her, and say: 'Now, Willie, you sit there, and Charlie, you come here!' and then she'll peep round the settle and say, 'Now, Willie, Charlie, you come in here, 'tis tü cold for you to bide there by the door.' And then she'll let no one touch their toys: somebody took up the ark the other day, and she was *that* vexed—'You mustn't touch my Willie's toy: that's my boy's.'"

Mrs. Jackson went on to tell me about this Charlie, who was a cripple. "Some young ladies taught him to read, and larned him one thing and another, till at last he was quite a nice Christian," she observed complacently, in the same tone in which she would have said he had quite a nice appetite.

The night before I took my country walk, there had been a Church of England Temperance Meeting, which both I and Mrs. Jackson had attended.

"And what did you think of Mr. Brooks's speech?" said she.

I was unable to say much in his praise as an orator—he was a well-to-do tradesman—though I had been rather struck by his assertion that, "to his knowledge there was no class of men more attached to their children than total abstainers," and also by the lofty flights of eloquence to which he soared in describing "eyes, once drowned in drink, but now radiant with intellect, shining as stars of the first magnitude, and colored with all the hues of the Christian graces." I could not help feeling that usually it is anything but the Christian graces which "color" eyes; but I suppose total abstainers are unacquainted with the common kind of temporarily colored eye.

"Ah! he warn't much to listen to," said Mrs. Jackson, loftily, "and I can't say as I was surprised, for I'd often heard him tü a cottage meeting, and though he's a very worthy man, still he's not what you might call gifted, like some—I'm sure I've often said as we must make *every* allowance for him, seeing as he's not gifted. Now I, Miss, am well accustomed to speaking at Good Templars' Meetings in old days; I always used to recite for twenty minutes or so, and I should have been quite ready last night if I'd been asked—not as I'd a book, but I had it in my head, and I never lose my nerve, which, as I say, Miss, nerve is half the battle."

But a country walk has its limits, and those of mine were reached; the sinking sun gave warning that the hill between me and home must be mounted shortly, and so I strolled back through the quiet lanes, stopping for a few minutes to see an old lady who does not share the prevailing horror of dictionary words, though she pays more regard to their length than to their strict applicability, which makes her remarks at times very striking. My visit happened to follow closely upon one from the bailiff, who had come to announce that she must be evicted if the rent were not forthcoming.

"He asked me," said she, tearfully, "'have you *no* eternity, Mrs. Brown?' 'No, sir,' said I to him, as solemn as I says it now to you, 'No, sir, I've *no* eternity.'"

To one unacquainted with Mrs. Brown's vocabulary in which "eternity" stands for "alternative," her statement would appear startling, as would also her next remark.

"Ah, deary me, Miss, it *have* upset me, for 'tis only the Lord above as knows how terrible I be afflicted wi' preparation of the heart." But if you know that "preparation" does duty for "palpitation," your fears as to her being too good for this world are set at rest.

Her daughter is always very grateful for

my visits, and once when she was telling me that the curate had been to see her mother, she added, "He be a nice young man enough, and I've nowt against him except that he's *not a lady*, and after all I don't see as we can hardly expect that of him, and so I be very pleased that you comes."

And now the road winds up hill all the way by a more inland route than before. It is the old coaching road to Lyme; along which Mr. Elliot drove in that carriage which excited Mary Musgrove's curiosity in the manner known to all readers of Miss Austin. The road winds gently up the side of the hill, and as you near the top an old quarry rises on one side, where silvery birches overhang the way, and close by you reach a copse where stands a fir called the White Lady's Tree. A treasure was buried at its foot in days of yore, and the White Lady was murdered there that her spirit might guard it. An old man died only a few years ago, who, in middle life, had determined to brave the Lady's terrors: he went at midnight with his pickaxe, but hardly had he struck the ground when he saw either the Lady, or may be some strange moonlight effect, which so scared him, old peninsular soldier as he was, that he flung away his tool and fled, leaving the treasure undisturbed to this day.

And now home is close at hand, Binneycroft Lane takes you quickly across the level ground at the top of the hill, and then you begin the short descent which lies before you, with all around bathed in the light of the setting sun. You cannot but pause as you reach the low wall of the church-yard with its little gray church; the yew tree overhanging the lich-gate throws its deep shadows on the sunlit graves, and you look across from the quiet dead to the blue sea stretching close before you, which, in its glassy stillness, might well be the sea before the throne.

Such an "earth scene" as this brings the two worlds very close together. Heaven seems near, both by sea and land, and you would hardly wonder if, in turning, you saw the kind old vicar, whose new-made grave, with its crown of flowers, lies at your feet; for he was preëminently such "a country clergyman" as Uhland had in his mind when he wrote:

"If e'er the spirits of the blessed dead
Have power once more our earthly paths to tread,
Thou wilt not come at night by moonlight cold,
When none but weeping mourners vigil hold.
No: when a summer morning shines around,
When in the sky's expanse no cloud is found,
When, tall and yellow, ripened harvests wave,
With here and there a red and blue flower brave,
Then wilt thou wander thro' the fields once more,
And gently greet the reapers as of yore."

But now the last gleam fades, and we must push on to the white house half way down the valley, with nothing between it and the sea but fields and orchards, with the dark red Devonshire cows to relieve the vivid green of the wooded hillsides rising gently on either hand, and in front of the house a cherry tree in full blossom, whose boughs make a silver network, through which you see the deep blue of the sea as you stand at the door, and think to yourself that surely you have reached the island-valley of Avilion,

Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea.

Lucy H. M. Soulsby.

A QUESTION CONCERNING OUR PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

A RECENT article in an Eastern paper, after criticising the books that are put into the hands of children, urged a more careful supervision of all literature for the young provided by our public libraries. This is only one of many indications of a feeling which has been increasing among thoughtful people, that the growth of the habit of reading is not without grave dangers.

The love of books has been for so long time considered praiseworthy, that it is difficult to make many realize that reading may be—perhaps is, in a majority of cases—an idle or vicious waste of time.

Formerly a "bookish" man was a scholar—a scholar in the fashion of his day. When the whole world rushes into print, bookishness has lost its distinctive meaning. A reader of books is about as distinguished a person as a wearer of clothes, or an eater of food.

Apparent as this fact is, the old superstition about books has by no means disappeared even from the ranks of the intelligent. The child that "loves her book" is still regarded by many parents with a complacency so satisfactory that little or no thought is given to investigating the kind of book that occupies so many hours of growing life. The same parents who faithfully care for the food, clothing, schooling, and companionship of their children, turn them loose with any library, and neither know nor care to know what mental food and companionship they find there. To those who have taken the pains to investigate the quality of the books that form by far the largest part of the reading of the young, the sight of those youthful devotees of the libraries is not a cheerful spectacle. Is it not time to enquire precisely what the public is doing for its future men and women, when it supplies them with indiscriminate reading? Like the public schools, our libraries are considered as mainly useful for the training of the masses. It is an accepted fact that the very life of the Republic depends on the intelligence of its citizens: therefore educate—educate—educate the people is the perpetual exhortation delivered from pulpit, from platform, and from the press. This education is not demanded because it is a refining agency, to polish the manners and whiten the hands of those who receive it; nor because it sweetens life, and gives happy hours to otherwise miserable existences, as the sentimentalists are fond of asserting. It is quite as likely to darken many lives with a knowledge that brings discontent and repining. Its wider vision reveals many discouragements, and adds to the pang of disappointment. Nevertheless, we demand it, because it is the only way; because it gives us capacity for incapacity, and makes it possible for every one who avails himself of it to take that next step in thinking and in acting which is progress. Therefore, it is supremely important that not only the instruction given in our schools, but also the stimulus added by the reading furnished in our libraries, should be of a sort to strengthen and inspire.

The theory of our free libraries is a noble one. Here is the best the world has to give, and it is for all. Here are great poems, great biographies, great histories, great works of fiction: here are science and art, and many lighter treasures of pure and gifted imaginations. Here are periodicals and papers which give the daily life of the dwellers on this queer planet, even to its uttermost parts. The most reluctant tax-payer could hardly look at this without a glow of satisfaction. How infinite are the possibilities of mental enlargement packed away on these shelves! how many new worlds are opened to the keen vision of this highly favored new generation.

The reluctance of any intelligent tax-payer, however, would be strengthened by an examination of other shelves filled with books unmistakably well read. Here are the dirty

books, the torn books, and here may be seen in crowds the eager young readers whom the library is intended to benefit. By far the larger part of these books is trash; trash that vitiates the taste and degrades the feelings. The statistics of our libraries show that the largest demand is for fiction, and in fiction that most relished by the many is the poorest. Leaving out of our consideration fiction that is thoroughly bad, and which is not supposed to be found in our libraries at all, there is a large and apparently increasing number of novels by ignorant and superficial writers. These books are filled with people and classes of people of whom the authors know nothing, and are as flimsy in conception as in execution. They are unfortunately attractive to young people, especially to young girls. They are, of course, love stories, and are conspicuously devoted to European nobility, which is, according to these descriptions, as reprehensible a class as the most zealous communist could desire. The heroes and heroines talk inflated nonsense to each other, and pose and writhe through the vulgar pages. These are the books that are oftenest seen in the hands of young girls in the streets and in the cars. Hours of each day are spent reveling in this demoralizing nonsense. It is no exaggeration to say that for every such book devoured the mental fiber is impaired, the grip on vigorous, energetic life weakened, and the individual made so much the less capable of wholesome work. When this reading has become a habit, its enfeebling effect is apparent enough, and is only to be compared to the somewhat similar dissipation of intemperate drinking.

It is urged by some, that a class of people who otherwise would never read begin with this literature, and are led on to better tastes. There may be exceptional cases of such abnormal development, but all probability is against it. It would be as reasonable to assert that sliding down hill was suitable training for mountain climbing, or idle dreaming a not impossible preparation for an active life. The mind that finds enjoyment in this class of fiction is not likely to seek anything better.

It is true that other influences may overcome a perverted taste, and this is no doubt true of the young people in intelligent homes. But how is it likely to be with the untrained, common-place majority? There can be little doubt that this literature is another weight added to the many it already carries in its struggle for life, in this complicated existence of the nineteenth century.

Among the daughters of the laboring poor, it has been easier to observe the mischiefs of this ill-directed reading than in other classes. Association with the children of more comfortable homes in the public schools is a trying ordeal for them during their childhood; and when they leave school they are already separated from their families by a better education and a higher standard of speech and manners. They must earn their bread; by reason of their superior intelligence they should be able to do it in a better way then their fathers and mothers did before them. It frequently happens, however, that they do not succeed so well. They despise the suggestions of their often sensible but uncouth relatives, and are more interested in wishing and wondering over their lot, than in mending it. These unhappy girls are to be counted by the hundreds. They are heavy burdens in their poor homes, inefficient and therefore ill-paid clerks in stores, restless, unsatisfactory servants in our homes. They seek situations as servants only when they must, and make it evident that they think the labor beneath them. They do nothing well, for the reason that they have no desire to excel. Their conception of work is, that it is a burden to be gotten rid of at the earliest moment. To teach such inertia is well-nigh impossible; there is no ambition, no love of thoroughness, no spirit of helpfulness. It is melancholy to think that to the inevitable perplexities of this class should be added the demoralization of flimsy fiction; and where there is such need of unflinching industry and clear sight, the judgment should be perverted by false ideals, and the vanity nourished by pictures of impossible life.

It would certainly be absurd to lay all these evils to pernicious reading: indolence and envy are very constant factors in every problem of human life. Poor girls have longed to be rich and idle before our republic tried to enlighten them, or the trustees of libraries voted ignorantly on the mental food for the masses. All the more, is it our duty to help to purify somewhat the turbid stream of democratic life.

It may be objected that since people like such reading, and can get it, it is idle to protest. The privilege of having what he wants and enjoys, be it hurtful or not, is one of the prerogatives of every citizen of this free country: but this is hardly a good reason, or any reason, why our free libraries should furnish such reading. There are undoubtedly many things desirable in the eyes of many, which they do not expect the public to give them. Free beer would be a luxury to working men, and it is a question whether it would not be wiser to spend the public money on beer than on wretched fiction. The aim of the free libraries is to do something more than to amuse. It is surely not claiming too much for their founders and supporters, to say that it was and is their purpose, with every book on the shelves, every paper on the desks, to add something to the literary or working capital of all who read.

In some of our libraries there is undoubtedly much conscientious choice of books, but this cannot be said of most; and it is certainly time that the influential men of every community where the experiment of a free library is being tried should insist on a strict and intelligent censorship.

Where there is any danger of the library's falling into the hands of politicians, there is the greater necessity for watchfulness, for there can be no doubt that no library is better than one under incompetent management. The more ignorant the man, the less he is able to comprehend that there can be anything in printed matter, not absolutely vicious, which is not improving.

There is another question concerning reading which must before long claim the attention of the thoughtful. There is little doubt that in time the faults of our library system will be remedied; we may even hope that that marvelous collection called the Sunday School library may be abolished, and something less intellectually enfeebling take its place. But is not the reading habit assuming too great proportions; is it not in many cases encroaching on other and more wholesome life? Is there not an increasing number of persons, even of the intelligent, who prefer reading about life to living it? They are thrilled by events that would not greatly interest them if they occurred in their own town, and delight in printed talk that would bore them in their own parlors. Are there not many who enjoy William Black's glowing landscapes, who would not go to a window to see a sunset, or take the trouble to walk or climb to look on a lovely scene? Is social or even domestic life all that it was before the flood of books overwhelmed us with its choice society and cheaper tenderness? Formerly, when fatigued with labor or weary of ourselves, the civilized creature sought a friend or friends, and repaired himself in the new atmosphere of another and fuller individuality. Most wholesome and most human solace! It draws out every better feeling, and quickens into activity every mental power! Now the weary man takes a cigar and a book; he shuts himself up to his printed world, and woe to the intruder from real life who interrupts and cuts short his fictitious existence. Is it not possible to live too much in the thoughts of others? Outside these pages our life, our short life, is waiting to be lived. How much there is that is beautiful for the eye, how much that is delicious in open air and garden fragrance to be breathed! There are lives, perhaps, running on near our own, whose unsought and unsuspected charm it is a grief to miss; thoughts and words of wisdom that wait only a sympathetic glance; there are treasures of neighborly good feeling to warm our hearts with; and all the sweet freshness and purity of little children to keep our youth alive. Surely no dead page, however noble, should be allowed to usurp the place of these glowing human experiences.

Harriet D. Palmer.

PHYSICAL STUDIES OF LAKE TAHOE.—II.

Color of the Waters of Lake Tahoe.—One of the most striking features of this charming mountain lake is the beautiful hues presented by its pellucid waters. On a calm, clear, sunny day, wherever the depth is not less than from fifty to sixty metres, to an observer floating above its surface, the water assumes various shades of blue; from a brilliant Cyan blue (greenish-blue) to the most magnificent ultramarine blue or deep indigo blue. The shades of blue, increasing in darkness in the order of the colors of the solar spectrum, are as follows: Cyan-blue (greenish blue), Prussian-blue, Cobalt-blue, genuine ultramarine-blue, and artificial ultramarine-blue (violet blue). While traversing one portion of the lake in a steamer, a lady endowed with a remarkable natural appreciation and discrimination of shades of color declared that the exact tint of the water at this point was "Marie-Louise blue."

The waters of this lake exhibit the most brilliant blueness in the deep portions, which are remote from the fouling influences of the sediment-bearing affluents, and the washings of the shores. On a bright and calm day, when viewed in the distance, it had the ultramarine hue; but when looked fair down upon, it was of almost inky blackness—a solid dark blue qualified by a trace of purple or violet. Under these favorable conditions, the appearance presented was not unlike that of the liquid in a vast natural dyeing-vat.

A clouded state of the sky, as was to be expected, produced the well-known effects due to the diminished intensity of light; the shades of blue became darker, and, in extreme cases, almost black-blue. According to our observations, the obscurations of the sky by the interposition of clouds produced no other modifications of tints than those due to a diminution of luminosity.

In places where the depth is comparatively small and the bottom is visibly white, the water assumes various shades of green; from a delicate apple-green to the most exquisite emerald-green. Near the southern and western shores of the lake, the white, sandy bottom brings out the green tints very strikingly. In the charming *cul-de-sac* called "Emerald Bay," it is remarkably conspicuous and exquisitely beautiful. In places where the stratum of water covering white portions of the bottom is only a few metres in thickness, the green hue is not perceptible, unless viewed from such a distance that the rays of light emitted obliquely from the white surface have traversed a considerable thickness of the liquid before reaching the eye of the observer.

The experiments with the submerged white dinner-plate, in testing the transparency of the water, incidentally manifested, to some extent, the influence of depth on the color of the water. The white disk presented a bluish-green tint at the depth of from nine to twelve metres; at about fifteen metres it assumed a greenish-blue hue, and the blue element increased in distinctness with augmenting depth, until the disk became invisible or undistinguishable in the surrounding mass of blue waters. The water intervening between the white disk and the observer did not present the brilliant and vivid green tint which characterized that which is seen in the shallow portions of the lake, where the bottom is white. But this is not surprising, when we consider the small amount of diffused light which can reach the eye from so limited a surface of diffusion.

In studying the chromatic tints of these waters, a hollow paste-board cylinder, five or six centimeters in diameter, and sixty or seventy centimeters in length, was sometimes employed for the purpose of excluding the surface reflection and the disturbances due to the small ripples on the water. When quietly floating in a small row-boat, one end

of this exploring-tube was plunged under the water, and the eye of the observer at the other extremity received the rays of light emanating from the deeper portions of the liquid. The light thus reaching the eye presented essentially the same variety of tints in the various portions of the lake as those which have been previously indicated.

Hence, it appears that under various conditions—such as depth, purity, state of sky and color of bottom—the waters of this lake manifest nearly all the chromatic tints presented in the solar spectrum between greenish-yellow and the darkest ultramarine-blue, bordering upon black-blue.

It is well known that the waters of oceans and seas exhibit similar gradations of chromatic hues in certain regions. Navigators have been struck with the variety and richness of the tints presented, in certain portions, by the waters of the Mediterranean Sea, the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and especially those of the Caribbean Sea. In some regions of the oceans and seas, the green hues, and particularly those tinged with yellow, are observed in comparatively deep waters, or, at least, where the depths are sufficiently great to prevent the bottom from being visible. But this phenomenon seems to require the presence of a considerable amount of suspended matter in the water. In no portion of Lake Tahoe did I observe any of the green tints, except where the light-colored bottom was visible. This was, probably, owing to the circumstance that no considerable quantity of suspended matter existed in any of the waters observed.

Physical Cause of the Colors of the Waters of Certain Lakes and Seas.—The study of the beautiful colors presented by the waters of certain lakes and seas has exercised the sagacity of a great number of navigators and physicists, without resulting in a perfectly satisfactory solution of the problem. And although recent investigations seem to furnish a key to the true explanation, yet the real cause of the phenomena appears to be very imperfectly understood even among physicists.

For example: some persons persist in assigning an important function to the blue of the sky in the production of the blue color of the water. Thus, as late as 1870, Dr. Aug. A. Hayes, in an article "On the Cause of the Color of the Water of the Lake of Geneva" (Am. J. Sci., 2d series, vol. 49, p. 186, *et seq.*, 1870), having satisfied himself by chemical analysis that no coloring matter existed in solution, distinctly ascribes the blue color of the water to "the reflection and refraction of an azure sky in a colorless water." He insists that the water of this lake "responded in unequal coloration" to the state of the sky, "as if the water mirrored the sky under this condition of beauty."

The question here presented is highly important in discussing the cause of the blue colors of the deep waters. For the first preliminary point to be established is, whether the colored light comes from the interior of the mass of water, or whether it is nothing more than the azure tint of the sky reflected from the surface of the liquid? In other terms, whether the water is really a colored body, or only mirrors the color of the sky? If the water merely performs the functions of a mirror, the explanation of the blue color of such waters is so simple and obvious that it is astonishing how it comes to pass that physicists have been so long perplexed in relation to the solution of this problem. This idea is susceptible of being subjected to decisive tests. It seems to me that the phenomena cannot be due to mirror-like reflections of the azure sky, for the following reasons:

(*a.*) If the blue color of the water is produced by the reflection of an azure sky, all tranquil waters should present this tint under an equally vivid blue sky. It is well known that this deduction is not confirmed by observation.

(*b.*) In looking vertically down into the blue waters—a condition rendering surface reflection very small—it is obvious that the tints emanate from the interior of the liquid.

(*c.*) When the sky is clear and the surface of the water is tranquil, the azure tint frequently far surpasses in vividness that of

the sky itself. This would, of course, be impossible, if the color was nothing more than the reflected image of the azure sky; since the reflected image must be less brilliant than the object.

(*d.*) A clouded state of the sky does not, under ordinary circumstances, prevent the recognition of the blue tint of the waters; although, of course, it is of less intensity. This fact is attested by a number of observers in relation to the blue waters of both lakes and seas; and it is evidently inconsistent with the idea of a mirror-like reflection of an azure sky.

(*e.*) Tranquil waters sometimes reflect the warm colors of the horizon, representing all the tints of the luminous sky so exactly that sky and water appear to be blended with each other. Under these conditions, the blue tints from the interior of the liquid are overpowered by the more brilliant surface reflection; for, if a gentle breeze ruffles the surface with capillary waves, the bright surface tints vanish, and the blue from the interior immediately predominates.[1]

(*f.*) My experiments with the "pasteboard exploring-tube" seem to prove beyond question that the color-rays proceed from the depths of the water, and not from its surface; for, in this case, superficial reflection was eliminated.

(*g.*) Finally, the character of the polarization impressed upon the blue light emanating from the azure waters of the Lake of Geneva—first announced by J. L. Soret in the spring of 1869, and subsequently confirmed by other observers—affords a satisfactory demonstration that the blue rays are not reflected from the surface, but, on the contrary, are veritable luminous emanations from the interior of the liquid. This point will hereafter receive special consideration in connection with the cause of the blue color.

The foregoing reasons appear to be abundantly sufficient to establish the fact that, in the blue waters of the lakes and seas, *the color-rays do actually come from the interior of the mass of liquid.* Moreover, the experiments of Soret and Tyndall prove, that when a beam of light thrown into an obscured chamber is concentrated by a lens and made to pass through small masses of the blue waters, taken from a number of the Swiss lakes, as well as from the Mediterranean Sea, the luminous cone which traversed the liquid, viewed laterally, was in all cases distinctly blue. These experimental results are absolutely demonstrative of the fact that the diffused blue light proceeds from the interior of the transparent liquid. (Soret, in "*Archives des Sci., Phys. et Nat.*," tome 39, p. 357, Dec., 1870: Tyndall in *Nature*, vol. 2, p. 489, Oct. 20th, 1870.)

Colors of Transparent Liquids.—So far as known, the colors of transparent liquids are due to the modifications of white light produced in the interior of the substances traversed by the luminous rays. Besides the well-known chromatic phenomena, arising from the refraction and dispersion of light (which are out of the question in relation to the subject under consideration), there are, in this class of bodies, three recognized causes of coloration, viz.:

1st. *Selective Absorption of Transmitted Light;* by which, through the extinguishing of certain rays, the emergent light is colored.

2nd. *Selective Reflection of Light* from the interior of the liquid; by which both the transmitted and the reflected rays are colored.

3rd. *Fluorescence*; by which colors are manifested by a sort of selective secondary radiation, in which light-waves of greater length than those of the exciting rays are emitted from the interior of the liquid.

Although the admirable researches of G. G. Stokes, Edmond Becquerel, Alex. Lallemand, Hagenbach and others, on the "illumination of transparent liquids," prove that a greater number of such bodies possess

[1] Indeed, in many cases this surface reflection seriously interferes with the vivid perception of the blue tints from the interior. The beautiful blue light which illuminates the interior of the famous "Azure Grotto" on the shores of the Island of Capri, in the Bay of Naples, is of greater splendor because its waters, while receiving a full supply of the transmitted solar beams through the large subaqueous entrance, are protected from surface reflection by the smallness of the opening above the water-level.

the property of fluorescence than was formerly supposed; yet all investigators concur in classifying pure water among the non-fluorescent liquids. Hence, in the case of this liquid in a state of purity, the admitted causes of coloration are reduced to two, viz.: selective absorption, and selective reflection in the interior of the transparent mass.

If the liquid traversed by the light is so constituted that none of the rays are reflected from its interior parts, while selective absorption is active, then the transmitted light is alone colored, according to the rays that may be extinguished by absorption. On the other hand, in transparent liquids in which there is no absorption of light, both the transmitted and the reflected light may be colored by selective reflection. For it is evident that if some of the rays are selectively reflected in the interior of the transparent mass, the transmitted light and the reflected light must present different colors. It is likewise obvious that if all of the white light entering the transparent medium is thus disposed of, the transmitted light and the reflected light must present tints which are exactly complementary. In most cases, however, when selective reflection occurs, there will generally be some selective absorption; consequently, the color by transmission will not always be exactly complementary to the color by reflection. In fact, this exact complementary relation cannot be realized when any portion of the light is absorbed.

Moreover, in many cases in which there is a rapid absorption of particular rays, the transmitted and reflected lights are of the same color. For example: there are large classes of bodies (such as solutions of indigo, sulphate of copper, etc., and also various colored glasses), which are of the same color by reflection and transmission. In such cases the rays of all the other colors are speedily extinguished by absorption, while a portion of the incident characteristic color-rays are reflected, and the rest are transmitted. Thus, in many blue-colored solutions, not only is the transmitted light blue, but the blue tint is visible in all directions by means of the diffused light.

Opalescent Aqueous Media.—It is now well established, that fine-divided substances suspended in water impart to it the property of diffuse selective reflection, whereby certain chromatic phenomena are produced. It has been long recognized that if about one part of milk be added to fifty parts of distilled water, the presence of the diffused milk-globules in the midst of the liquid imparts to it a bluish tint by the *scattered reflected* light, while the *transmitted* light acquires a yellowish color. Similar phenomena are observed when delicate precipitates of magnesia or of amorphous sulphur are diffused in water; and, likewise, when weak alcoholic solutions of certain essential oils are mingled with this liquid. The admirable experiments of Ernest Brücke in 1852 (*Pogg. Ann.*, vol. 88, pp. 363–385), prove that mastic and other resins, which are soluble in alcohol, will be precipitated in a finely divided state when added to water; and that when such a precipitate is sufficiently diluted, it gives the liquid a soft sky-like hue by the diffuse reflected light, while the transmitted light is either yellow or red, according to the thickness of the stratum traversed. These results have been abundantly verified by more recent experiments; and notably by those of Tyndall (probably about 1857), and by those of the writer during the years 1878–1879. The suspended particles of resin are so extremely attenuated, that they remain mingled with the water for months without sensibly subsiding. In many instances they are so fine as to escape detection by the most powerful microscope; they are ultra microscopic in smallness.

Media which possess the property of decomposing compound white light by selective reflection have been characterized as opalescent. The distinguishing characteristics of opalescent liquids are: 1st. That the reflected and transmitted lights are different in color; and 2nd. That the tints of the two colors are more or less complementary. It is evident, however, that when the liquid exercises any selective absorptive ac-

tion on light, the tints of both the reflected and transmitted lights will be more or less modified, according to the character of the rays which are withdrawn by absorption. Hence, it follows that the tints by diffuse reflection and by transmission may deviate more or less from the exact complementary relation.

Color of Pure Water.—In the investigation of the "Causes of the Colors of Waters of Certain Lakes and Seas," it is manifestly of primary importance to determine the color of pure water; for, if it is inherently colored, the tints afforded by impurities must be modified by the admixture of the hues proceeding from the liquid itself. Although pure water in small masses appears to be perfectly colorless, yet most physicists have been disposed to admit an intrinsically blue color as belonging to absolutely pure water, when viewed in sufficiently large masses. Thus, Sir I. Newton, Mariotte, Euler, Sir H. Davy, Count De Maistre, Arago, and others, ascribe the azure tints of the deep waters of certain lakes and seas to the selective reflection of the blue rays from the molecules of the liquid itself; while the green and other tints exhibited by other waters are due to impurities, or to various modifications and admixtures of reflected light from suspended materials and from the bottom.

More recent investigations seem to furnish some clew to the solution of this problem. R. W. Bunsen, in 1847, was the first to test the color of pure water by direct experiment. (*Ann. der Chem. und Pharm.*, vol. 62, pp. 44, 45.—1847.) He provided himself with a glass tube 5.2 centimeters in diameter and two metres long, which was blackened internally with lamp-black and wax to within 1.3 centimeters of the end, which was closed by a cork. The tube being filled with chemically pure water, and pieces of white porcelain being thrown into it, it was placed in a vertical position on a white plate. On looking down through the column of water at the bits of porcelain at the bottom, which were illuminated by the white light reflected from the plate through the rim of clear, uncoated glass at the lower extremity, he observed that they exhibited a pure blue tint, the intensity of which diminished as the column of water was shortened. The blue coloration was also recognized when a white object was illuminated through the column of water by direct sunlight, and viewed at the bottom of the tube through a small lateral opening in the black coating.

It is evident that the blue tints manifested in these experiments were those of the transmitted light; and they indicate that pure distilled water absorbs the luminous rays constituting the red end of the spectrum more copiously than those of the blue extremity. But they do not touch the question of the color of the diffused light reflected from the interior of the mass of water itself.

About 1857, John Tyndall confirmed the results of Bunsen's experiments, in the following manner: "A tin tube, fifteen feet long and three inches in diameter, has its ends stopped securely by pieces of colorless plate glass. It is placed in a horizontal position, and pure water is poured into it through a small lateral pipe, until the liquid reaches half-way up the glasses at the ends; the tube then holds a semi-cylinder of water and a semi-cylinder of air. A white plate, or a sheet of white paper, well-illuminated, is then placed a little distance from the end of the tube, and is looked at through the tube. Two semi-circular spaces are seen, one by the light which has passed through the air, the other by the light which has passed through the water. It is always found that while the former semi-circle remains white, the latter is vividly colored." Professor Tyndall was never able to obtain a pure blue, the nearest approach to it being a blue-green. When the beam from an electric lamp was sent through this tube, the transmitted image projected upon a screen was found to be blue-green when distilled water was used. ("Glaciers of the Alps," Part Second. (6.) "Color of Water and Ice," *Am. Ed.*, pp. 254, 255. Boston, 1861.) It will be noted that Professor Tyndall makes no allusion to the color of the diffused

or scattered light; indeed, his tin tube rendered it impossible for him to observe it.

It is evident that at this time (1857) this sagacious physicist was disposed to ascribe the blue tints observed in purest natural waters, exclusively, to their absorbent action on the transmitted light. Thus, extending the analogy of the action of water on dark heat to the luminous rays of the solar spectrum, he says: "Water absorbs all the extra-red rays of the sun, and if the layer be thick enough it invades the red rays themselves. Thus, the greater the distance the solar beams travel through pure water, the more they are deprived of those components which lie at the red end of the spectrum. The consequence is, that the light finally transmitted by water, and which gives it its color, is blue." (*Op. cit.*, *supra*, p. 254.) According to this view it would seem that pure water is really colored in the same sense as a weak solution of indigo; that is, it is blue both by reflected and transmitted light.

In December, 1861, W. Beetz, of Erlangen, obtained results analogous to those of Professors Bunsen and Tyndall, by the somewhat imperfect method of looking through considerable thickness of distilled water at the transmitted light made to pass by repeated reflections across a box ten inches long filled with this liquid. The transmitted light ultimately became dark blue, "with a very feeble tinge of green." (*Pogg. Ann.*, vol. 115, pp. 137–147, Jan. 1862; also, *Phil. Mag.*, 4th series, vol. 24, pp. 218–224, Sept. 1862.)

My own experiments, executed on various occasions in 1878–1879, afford complete verifications of the results obtained by the preceding physicists. My arrangements were similar to those of Professor Tyndall, except that a series of three glass tubes—of about three centimetres in clear internal diameter connected by india-rubber tubing, and having an aggregate length of about five meters, was employed instead of the tin tube used by him. Moreover, instead of the electric beam, I employed solar light thrown into a large, darkened lecture-room by means of a "Porte-Lumiére": the small beam passing through the first diaphragm at the window being rendered nearly uniform in diameter by the interposition of a secondary screen, with a small aperture in it, just before the light entered the end of the horizontally-adjusted series of tubes. By this arrangement, an approximate mathematical ray was obtained, which secured the transmission of the light along the axis of the column of water, without the possibility of the emergent beam being mixed with any light reflected from the internal surface of the glass tube. In every instance in which distilled water was used, the tint of the image of the emergent beam, received upon a white screen, was either greenish-blue or yellowish-green; the former tint seemed to characterize the summer, and the latter hue the winter experiments. Like Professor Tyndall, I failed to obtain a pure blue color in the transmitted light; the nearest approach to it being greenish-blue. Hence, it appears that, in a general way, my experiments confirm the opinion that pure water absorbs to a somewhat greater extent the solar rays constituting the red end of the spectrum; while at the same time they seem to indicate—in accordance with the deductions of Wild—that the absorption is more active at elevated temperatures. It must be borne in mind that these results relate to the tints of the transmitted light.

Has Pure Water any Color by Diffuse Reflection?—In relation to the colors observed in the deep waters of certain lakes and seas, it is evident that the transmitted light cannot reach the eye of the observer. Hence, it is plain that if such waters were perfectly free from all foreign materials—in solution or mechanically suspended—there are only two methods by which colored tints can emanate from the interior of such a transparent liquid. These are for pure water:

1st. Color tints by diffuse selective reflection from the aqueous molecules.

2nd. Color tints produced by selective absorption, and the diffuse reflection of the unabsorbed light.

In the first case, the tints of pure water would be analogous to those of opalescent liquids.

In the second case, the hues would be analogous to those of weak-colored solutions, in which the colors by transmission and reflection are the same. In both cases it is absolutely essential, in order that the color tints should reach the eye of the observer, floating on the surface of deep waters, that the aqueous molecules should possess the property of reflection. The only difference being, that in the first case the reflection is selective, while in the second case all of the unextinguished rays are more or less reflected. So that the primary question which is to be settled is: "Whether perfectly pure water has any color by diffuse reflection of light from the interior of the liquid?" This being a question of fact can only be settled by observation and experiment.

We have already seen that Sir I. Newton and many of his successors thought that water exercised a selective reflection on the rays of the sun-light which traversed it. In proof of this, he records an observation related to him by his distinguished contemporary and friend, Dr. Edmund Halley. Having descended under sea-water many fathoms deep in a diving-bell, Halley found, in a clear sun-shine day, a crimson color (like a damask rose) on the upper part of his hand, on which fell the solar rays after traversing the stratum of water above him and a glass aperture; whereas, the water below him and the under part of his hand, illuminated by light coming from the water beneath, appeared green. From which Newton concluded that the sea water reflects the violet and blue rays most easily, and allows the red rays to pass most freely and copiously to great depths. Hence, the direct light of the sun must appear red at all great depths, and the greater the depth the fuller and more intense must the red be; and at such depths as the violet rays scarcely reach the blue, green and yellow rays, being reflected from below more copiously than the red ones, must make a green. (Newton's Optics, book 1, part 2, prop. 10, exp. 17.) At a later date J. H. Hassenfratz verified Newton's explanation by means of a long tube blackened inside, closed at the ends by glasses, and filled with pure water, through which the solar rays were made to pass. The transmitted light became successively white, yellow, orange or red, as the length of the column of water traversed was augmented. Annular diaphragms placed at different points in the tube appeared black on the side of the observer, at the point where the transmitted light was white; a feeble violet where it was yellow; blue where it was orange; and green where it was red. The diaphragms being illuminated by the rays reflected from the interior portions of the water, the light presented a color complementary to that which was transmitted.[1]

It is evident, therefore, that both Newton and Hassenfratz regarded pure water as possessing the properties of an opalescent medium. On the other hand, we have already shown that distilled water really absorbs the solar rays constituting the red end of the spectrum more copiously than those of the blue end; so that the transmitted light comes out greenish-blue. The discrepancy thus indicated is, doubtless, due to the circumstance that in the older observations and experiments the water employed was not sufficiently free from mechanically suspended materials. For the presence of an extremely minute quantity of suspended matter in distilled water is sufficient to change the color of the transmitted solar light from greenish-blue to yellow, orange or red, according to the amount of foreign ma-

[1] The above account of Hassenfratz's experiments is taken from Daguin's "*Traite de Physique,*" 3rd edition, Tome 4, Article 2,056, p. 217.—Paris, 1868. Not being able to find any reference to Hassenfratz's original paper, I wrote to Prof. P. A. Daguin of Toulouse, and ascertained that the details given in his treatise were taken from the grand "Encyclopedie Methodique" 1816, "Dictionnaire de Physique," word "Couleur," page 610. He further informs me, that he has never seen the original memoir, and doubts whether it was ever published *in extenso.* The details given by Daguin are said by him to be scarcely less full than those given in the "Dictionnaire de Physique." I have not been able to find a copy of the "Encyclopedie Methodique" on this coast.

terial present. Thus, Tyndall found that when an alcoholic solution of mastic and other resins is added to water a finely-divided precipitate is formed, which, when sufficiently diluted, gives the liquid a blue color by reflected light, and yellow by transmitted light. Hence, he maintains "that, if a beam of white light be sent through a liquid which contains extremely minute particles in a state of suspension, the short waves are more copiously reflected by such particles than the long ones: blue, for example, is more copiously reflected than red." "When a long tube is filled with clear water, the color of the liquid (blue-green), as before stated, shows itself by transmitted light. The effect is very interesting when a solution of mastic is permitted to drop into such a tube, and the fine precipitate to diffuse itself in the water. The blue-green of the liquid is first neutralized, and a yellow color shows itself; on adding more of the solution, the color passes from yellow to orange, and from orange to blood-red." Again, he says, "It is evident, this change of color must necessarily exist; for the blue being partially withdrawn by more copious reflection, the transmitted light must partake more or less of the character of the complementary color." ("Glaciers of the Alps."—"Colors of the Sky." Edition *cit. ante*, pp. 259–261.)

My own experiments, by means of the series of glass-tubes already described, strikingly confirm the foregoing deductions. Indeed, I was unable to find any natural water, however clear, which did not contain a sufficient amount of finely-divided particles in a state of suspension to impart the opaline characters to the transmitted solar light. The purest hydrant water, as well as the water taken from the Pacific Ocean in latitude 39° 17′ North, and longitude 123° 58′ West from Greenwich, did not manifest the greenish-blue tint of distilled water by transmitted light, but exhibited colors of the emergent beam, which varied from yellowish-orange to green, according to the amount of suspended matter present in the column of liquid.

As early as 1857, Professor Tyndall seems to have fully recognized the important function of finely-divided suspended matter in imparting the blue tints to the light reaching the eye by diffuse reflection from the interior of masses of water. This is distinctly indicated in the account of his experiments already quoted. Again, in speaking of the bluish appearance of thin milk, he says, "Its blueness is not due to absorption, but to separation of the light by the particles suspended in the liquid." In reference to blue color of the waters of the Lake of Geneva, on the 9th of July, 1857, he remarks: "It may be that the lake simply exhibits the color of pure water." ("Glaciers of the Alps." Edition *cit. ante*, pp. 33, 34.) But a little later, and after making the experiments previously noted, he very significantly asks, "Is it not probable that this action of finely-divided matter may have some influence on the color of some of the Swiss lakes—on that of Geneva for example?" Again, in speaking of the color of the water of this lake, he says, "It seems certainly worthy of examination whether such particles, suspended in the water, do not contribute to the production of that magnificent blue which has excited the admiration of all who have seen it under favorable circumstances." (*Op. cit. supra*, p. 261.) Nevertheless, it is quite evident that, at this time, Professor Tyndall regarded the suspended particles as playing a comparatively secondary part in the production of the blue tints of the natural waters; for he clearly intimates that pure water has an inherently blue color in the same sense as a weak solution of indigo.

It was not until nearly twelve years later that the beautiful experimental investigations of Professor Tyndall, in January, 1869, in relation to the "blue color of the Sky, the Polarization of Skylight, and on the Polarization of light by cloudy matter, generally," ("Proceedings of Royal Society," vol. 17, No. 108, pp. 223–233. Jan. 14th, 1869)—first suggested to J. L. Soret, of Geneva, the analogy which exists, in regard to polarization, between the light of the sky and the blue light coming from the water of the Lake

of Geneva. In a letter addressed to Professor Tyndall, dated Geneva, March 31st, 1869, M. Soret maintains that the blue color of the water of this lake is due exclusively to the suspended solid particles, from the fact, which he established by direct experiments, that this light presents phenomena of polarization identical with those of the light of the sky. For, his experiments show: 1st. That the plane of polarization is coincident with the plane of incidence; and 2nd. That the polarization is a maximum, when the light received by the eye is emitted at right angles to the direction of the refracted solar rays in the water. (*Phil. Mag*, 4th series, vol. 37, p. 345. May, 1869. Also "*Comptes Rendus*," tome 68, p. 911. April 19th, 1869. Also, "*Archives des Sci. Phys. et Nat.*," tome 35, p. 54. May, 1869.)

During the year 1869, and soon after the publication of these investigations of the Swiss physicist, Alexander Lallemand made a number of interesting communications to the French Academy of Sciences on the "Illumination of Transparent Bodies," in which he attempted to controvert the deductions of Soret, and attributed the diffuse illumination of such media—as well as the peculiar phenomena of polarization above noticed—to the action of the molecules of water, and not to the presence of foreign corpuscles in suspension. The French physicist bases his conclusions mainly upon the phenomena manifested in transmitting beams of solar light through clear glass and distilled water; which he assumed to be optically homogeneous media. (For full text of Lallemand's Memoirs, *vide*, "*Ann. de Chim. et de Phys.*, 4th series, tome 22, pp. 200–234, Feb., 1871: and "*Ann. de Chim. et de Phys.*, 5th series, tome 8, pp. 93–136. May, 1876.) But the views of Soret were very soon abundantly verified by additional and more refined experimental researches, by which it was proved that under the searching test of a concentrated beam of light traversing such media in a darkened room, none of them manifested anything approaching to absolute homogeneousness in relation to light. Under the hypothesis that the illumination of such bodies is due exclusively to the presence of foreign corpuscles suspended in them, it is evident that the more a non-fluorescent liquid (as water) is deprived of heterogeneous particles, the less must be its power of diffuse illumination; and if we could secure a complete elimination of the particles in suspension, a concentrated luminous beam would produce no laterally visible trace in traversing the liquid. Accordingly, in relation to water, the experiments of Soret, in Jan. and Feb. 1870, show that the most careful distillation does not entirely remove the suspended matter; although in proportion to the care with which the distillation was made, the less was the light scattered in traversing the liquid. Moreover, he found that the scattering power of the waters of the Lake of Geneva was diminished by allowing the liquid to repose long enough (many months) to permit the suspended matter to partially subside.

Conversely, the experiments of the same physicist prove conclusively that when the number of particles in suspension is augmented—provided they are sufficiently attenuated—the power of illumination in the water was considerably increased, without modifying the phenomena of polarization. Thus it was found that very diluted precipitates formed in distilled water gave rise to considerable augmentation in the power of diffuse illumination, and the light emitted transversely to the traversing luminous beam presented the same characters of polarization as have been previously indicated. For example, in a flask filled with water from the Lake of Geneva, which, after long repose, manifested a very feeble power of illumination when a drop of solution of nitrate of silver was introduced, the presence of a trace of some the chlorides gave rise to a delicate precipitate, which was invisible in diffused light; but in a darkened room it exhibited a notable augmentation in the brightness of the trace produced by the passage of a concentrated beam of solar light; and the phenomena of polarization were complete. The addition of a second drop of the solution of nitrate of silver augmented

the power of illumination, the trace of the beam appeared distinctly blue, and the polarization became more complete. ("*Archives des Sci. Phys. et Nat.*," tome 37, pp. 145–155. Feb., 1870.)

In like manner, the experiments of Tyndall in October, 1870, prove that while, as a general fact, the concentrated beam of light may be readily tracked through masses of the purest ice, when made to traverse them in various directions; yet there were remarkable variations in the intensity of the scattered light, and in some places the "track of the beam wholly disappears." In relation to water, Tyndall was also unsuccessful in entirely removing the suspended particles by the most careful and repeated distillations. His experiments on water taken from the Lake of Geneva and from the Mediterranean Sea, off the coast of Nice, show that the concentrated beam of light traversing each of them manifested a distinctly blue color when viewed laterally. 'Viewed through a Nicol's prism the light was found polarized, and the polarization along the perpendicular to the illuminating beam was a maximum." He adds: "In no respect could I discover that the blue of the water was different from that of the firmament." (Nature, vol. 2, pp. 489, 490. Oct. 20, 1870.)

Professor Ed. Hagenbach confirmed Soret's views in relation to the polarization of the blue light emanating from the waters of lakes, by a series of observations on the Lake of Lucerne. Without contesting the fact that the polarization of the diffused light emitted from such water is produced by reflection from minute particles held in suspension; he, nevertheless, suggests that a certain want of homogeneousness due to differences of temperature in the layers of water might, likewise, give rise to similar phenomena of polarization. But Soret has shown, by direct experiments, that it is not possible to attribute the illumination and polarization to the reflections from the layers of water of unequal density. Moreover, even if these reflections contribute something, in certain cases, to the production of the phenomena, it is evident that, under ordinary circumstances, their influence must be insignificant. ("*Archives des Sci. Phys. et de Nat.*," tome 37, pp .176–181. Feb., 1870.)

In the light of the results afforded by the preceding experimental investigations, we are now prepared to give a definite and intelligible answer to the question, "Whether perfectly pure water has any color by diffuse reflection of light from the interior of the liquid?" It seems to me that the evidence leading to a negative answer to the foregoing question is overwhelming. Professor Tyndall's conclusion, in relation to this point, appears to be a perfectly legitimate induction from the ascertained facts. In speaking of the water obtained from the fusion of selected specimens of ice, in which extraordinary precautions were taken for excluding impurities, and which were regarded as the purest samples of the liquid hitherto attained, this sagacious physicist remarks: "Still I should hesitate to call the water absolutely pure. When the concentrated beam is sent through it the track of the beam is not invisible, but of the most exquisitely delicate blue. This blue is purer than that of the sky, so that the matter which produces it must be finer than that of the sky. It may be, and indeed has been, contended that this blue is scattered by the very molecules of the water, and not by matter suspended in it. But when we remember that this perfection of blue is approached gradually through stages of less perfect blue; and when we consider that a blue in all respects similar is demonstrably obtainable from particles mechanically suspended; we should hesitate, I think, to conclude that we have arrived here at the last stage of purification. The evidence, I think, points distinctly to the conclusion that, could we push the process of purification still further, even this last delicate trace of blue would disappear." ("Fragments of Science": "Dust and Disease," pp. 319, 320, Am. ed., N. Y., 1875.) In other terms, "Water optically homogeneous would have transmitted the beam without revealing the track." "In

such water, the course of the light would be no more seen than in optically pure air." Hence, the scattering of the light is not molecular; but is evidently due to the presence of finely-divided matter in a state of suspension, whereby the shorter waves of the beam are intercepted and diffused more copiously than the longer ones; thus rendering the trace of the light visible in the liquid, and imparting a blue tint to the laterally scattered polarized light. The conclusion seems, therefore, to be inevitable, that if water were perfectly free from all foreign materials, either in solution or mechanically suspended, both chemically and optically pure, it would have no color at all by diffusion of light: in fact, inasmuch as no scattered light would be emitted from the traversing beam, it would show the darkness of true transparency.[1]

Cause of the Blue Color of Certain Waters.—The preceding considerations very clearly indicate that the real cause of the blue tints of the waters of certain lakes and seas is to be traced to the presence of finely-divided matter in a state of suspension in the liquid. We have seen that Sir I. Newton and most of his successors, as late as 1869, ascribed the blue color of certain deep waters to an inherent selective reflecting property of its molecules, by which they reflected the blue rays of light more copiously than the other rays of the solar spectrum. Since the researches of Soret, Tyndall and others, this selective reflection has been transferred to finely-divided particles, which are known to be held in suspension in greater or less abundance, not only in all natural waters, but even in the most carefully distilled water. When the depth of water is sufficiently great to preclude any solar rays reaching the bottom, then the various shades of blue which are perceived under similar conditions of sunshine will depend upon the attenuation and abundance of the materials held in suspension—the purity and delicacy of the tint increasing with the smallness and the degree of diffusion of the suspended particles. Moreover, it is evident that Tyndall is quite correct in assigning to "true molecular absorption" some agency in augmenting "the intense and exceptional blueness" of certain waters; for it is obvious that the "blue of scattering by small particles" must be purified by the abstraction of the less refrangible rays, which always accompany the blue during the transmission of the scattered light to the observer.

It seems to be very certain that, were water perfectly free from suspended matter and coloring substances in solution, and of uniform density, it would scatter no light at all. "But," as Tyndall remarks, "an amount of impurity so infinitesimal as to be scarcely expressible in numbers, and the individual particles of which are so small as wholly to elude the microscope," may be revealed in an obvious and striking manner when examined by a powerfully concentrated beam of light in a darkened chamber. If the waters of the lakes and seas were chemically pure and optically homogeneous, absolute extinction of the traversing solar rays would be the consequence, if they were deep enough. So that to an observer, floating on the surface, such waters would appear as black as ink; and, apart from a slight glimmer of ordinary light reflected from the surface, no light, and hence no color, would reach the eye from the body of the liquid. According to Tyndall, "In very clear and very deep sea-water, this condition is approximately fulfilled, and hence the extraordinary darkness of such water." In some places, when looked down upon, the water "was of almost inky blackness—black qualified by a trace of indigo." But even this trace of indigo he ascribes to the small amount of suspended matter, which is never absent even in the purest natural water—throwing back to the eye a modicum of light before the traversing rays attain a depth necessary for absolute extinction. He adds: "An effect precisely similar occurs under the moraines of the Swiss glaciers. The ice is

[1] The presence of colorless salts in solution does not seem to impair the transparency of water, or to have any influence on the phenomena of coloration by scattered light. As previously intimated, there is no improbability in the supposition that the existence of certain salts in solution might augment its transparency.

here exceptionally compact, and, owing to the absence of the internal scattering common in bubbled ice, the light plunges into the mass, is extinguished, and the perfectly clear ice presents an appearance of pitchy blackness." ("Hours of Exercise in the Alps," "Voyage to Algeria to observe the Eclipse." Am. ed., N. Y., 1871, pp. 463–470.) In like manner the waters of certain Welsh tarns, which are reputed bottomless, are said to present an inky hue. And it is more than probable that the waters of "Silver Spring"—whose exceptional transparency has been previously indicated—would, if they were sufficiently deep, present a similar blackness or absence of all color by diffuse reflection.[1]

[1] Several more recent investigations relative to the colors of water, inasmuch as they refer to the tints of the transmitted light, have not contributed anything towards the real solution of the problem of the physical causes of the coloration of natural waters.

(1) The experiments of F. Boas of Kiel (Wiedemann's "Beiblätter zu den Ann. der Phys. und Chem.," Band V. [1881] p. 797), made by transmitting light through water contained in a zinc tube fourteen meters long, as far as they go confirm the deductions given in the text. (2) So likewise do the experiments executed in 1881 by Dr. A. C. Peale, in his researches in relation to the colors of the waters of the Thermal Springs of the Yellowstone National Park. (Hayden's 12th Report of the U. S. Geological and Geographical Survey for 1878, vol. II., p. 373, *et seq.*) (3) In like manner, the results secured by the experiments of John Aitken, communicated to the "Royal Society of Edinburgh," Feb. 6th, 1882 (Nature, vol. 25, p. 427), fall under the same category. (4) Even the more elaborate researches of W. Spring, of the University of Liége, ("*Revue Scientifique.*" Transl. in "Popular Science Monthly" for May, 1883) while they clear up some points in relation to the origin of the green tints which are mingled with blue in the light transmitted through a column of distilled water, do not, in reality, touch the question of colors seen by *diffused reflected* light; which, of course, alone can furnish the tints appearing in the natural waters. Like myself, he employed glass tubes closed at the end with glass plates; but a black sheathing was used, which necessarily cut off the laterally diffused light emanating from the interior of the contained liquid. Moreover, the arrangement was otherwise defective in that his source of light was a ground-glass pane in the window of his laboratory; for it is evident, that the light emerging from the tube, under these conditions, would necessarily be mingled with the light modified by reflections from the interior surface of the glass tubing.

One of the results, however, of the experimental investigations of the Belgian physicist is a very interesting contribution to our knowledge in relation to this subject. He found that the addition of one-ten-thousandth of bichloride of mercury to the distiled water in his tubes, enabled him to obtain a *pure sky-blue* by transmitted light. The blue-green tints obtained by his predecessors, he ascribes to the speedy development of *living organisms* in the purest distilled water. The poisonous qualities of this salt of mercury prevented the development of the organisms.

Cause of the Green Color of Certain Waters.—It remains for us to explain the cause of the green tints which the waters of certain lakes and seas assume under peculiar circumstances. These green colors manifest themselves under the following conditions, viz.:

(*a.*) In the finest blue water, when the depth is so small as to allow the transmitted light to be reflected from a bottom which is more or less white. Thus, a white sandy bottom, or white rocks beneath the surface of the Lake of Geneva, or of the Bay of Naples, or of Lake Tahoe, will, if the depth is not too great or too small, impart a beautiful emerald-green to the waters above them.

(*b.*) In the finest blue water, when a white object is looked at through the intervening stratum of water. In the blue waters of the sea, this is frequently seen in looking at the white bellies of the porpoises, as they gambol about a ship or steamer. In a rough sea, the light which has traversed the crest of a wave, and is reflected back to the observer from the white foam on the remote side, sometimes crowns it with a beautiful green cap. In March, 1869, I observed this phenomenon in the magnificent ultramarine waters of the Caribbean Sea. A stout white dinner-plate secured to a sounding-line presents various tints of green as it is let down into the blue water. Such experiments were made by Count Xavier De Maistre in the Bay of Naples, in 1832; by Professor Tyndall in the Atlantic Ocean, in December 1870; and by the writer in Lake Tahoe, in August and September, 1873.

(*c.*) In waters of all degrees of depth, when a greater amount of solid matter is held in suspension than is required to produce the blue color of the purer deep waters of lakes and seas. Thus Tyndall, in his "Voyage to Algeria to observe the Eclipse," in December, 1870, collected nineteen bot-

tles of water from various places in the Alantic Ocean between Gibraltar and Spithead. These specimens were taken from the sea at positions where its waters presented tints varying from deep indigo-blue, through bright green, to yellow-green. After his return to England, he directed the concentrated beam from an electric lamp through the several specimens of water, and found that the blue waters indicated the presence of a small amount of suspended matter; the bright green a decidedly greater amount of suspended particles; and the yellow-green was exceeding thick with suspended corpuscles. He remarks: "My home observations, I think, clearly established the association of the green color of sea water with fine suspended matter, and the association of the ultramarine color, and more especially of the black-indigo hue of sea water, with the comparative absence of such matter." ("Hours of Exercise in the Alps": "Voyage to Algeria to observe the Eclipse." Ed. *cit. ante*, pp. 464, 467.)

There is one feature which is common to all of the three above-indicated conditions under which the green color manifests itself in the waters of lakes and seas, viz.: when a white or more or less light-colored reflecting surface is seen through a stratum of intervening water of sufficient purity and thickness. Condition (*c*) is obviously included; for it is evident that a back-ground of suspended particles may, under proper conditions, form such a reflecting surface.

Inasmuch as under these several conditions more or less of the transmitted light is reflected back to the eye of the observer, it is evident that the rays which reach him carry with them the chromatic modifications due to the combined influence of the selective absorption of the water itself, and the selective reflection from the smaller suspended particles. Hence the chromatic phenomena presented, being produced by the mingling of these rays in various proportions, must manifest complex combinations of tints, under varying circumstances relating to color of bottom, depth of water, and the amount and character of the suspended matter present.

In the explanations of the green color of certain waters by the older physicists, we recognize the full appreciation of the influence of selective reflection in the production of the phenomena; but they seem to have overlooked the important effects of molecular absorption. We have seen that Sir I. Newton regarded the green tints of sea-water as due to the more copious reflection of the violet, blue and green rays, while those constituting the red end of the spectrum are allowed to penetrate to greater depths. (Optics., *Loc. cit. ante.*) Sir H. Davy ascribes it, in part at least, to the presence of iodine and bromine in the waters, imparting a yellow tint, which, mingled with the blue color from pure water, produced the sea-green. ("Salmonia." "Collected Works," vol. 9, p. 201.) In like manner, Count Xavier De Maistre ascribes the green tints to the yellow light, which, penetrating the water and reaching the white bottom, or other light-colored submerged object, and being reflected and mixed with the blue which reaches the eye from all quarters, produces the green. (Bibl. Univ., vol. 51, pp. 259–278. Nov. 1832: also Am. J. Sci., 1st. series, vol. 26, pp. 65–75.—1834.)[1]

On the other hand, after Bunsen, in 1847, had established that chemically pure water extinguished the rays of light constituting the red end of the solar spectrum more copiously than those of the blue extremity—so that the transmitted tints were more or less tinged with blue—some chemists were inclined to attribute the green color of certain waters to the presence of foreign coloring substances. Thus, Bunsen himself explained the brown color of many waters, especially of the North-German inland lakes, as produced by an admixture of *humus*; but he considers the green tints of the Swiss lakes and the silicious springs of Iceland, as aris-

[1] Similarly, Arago has very ingeniously applied the same principles to the explanation of the varying colors of the waters of the ocean under different circumstances —showing that when calm, it must be blue by the reflected light, but when ruffled, the waves acting the part of prisms, refract to the eye some of the transmitted light from the interior, and it then appears green. ("*Comptes Rendus*," tome 7, p. 219. July 23rd, 1838.)

ing from the color of the yellowish bottom. (*Vide Loc. cit. ante*, p. 44, *et. seq.*) Similarly, we find that Wittstein, in 1860, from chemical considerations, concluded that the green color derives its origin from organic admixtures, because the less organic substance a water contains, the less does the color differ from blue; and with increase of organic substances the blue gradually passes into green, and ultimately into brown. This is, likewise, the view taken in 1862 by Beetz; for he insists that in all waters the observed color of the liquid is that of the transmitted light, and not, in any case, of the reflected light. Moreover, he maintains that Newton, De Maistre, Arago and others were mistaken in classifying water among those bodies which have a different color by transmitted light to that which they have by reflected light. (*Loc. cit. ante.*)

Leaving out of consideration, for the present, those natural waters in which the colors are obviously due to various coloring substances (usually organic) in solution, or to the presence of minute colored vegetable and animal organisms diffused in them; modern researches point to selective molecular absorption of the water itself, and selective reflection from finely-divided solid particles held in suspension, as the real cause of the pure and rich blue and green tints presented by certain lakes and seas. The combined influence of these two causes seems to be fully adequate to explain all the tints characterizing such waters as are destitute of organic coloring matters.

We have already shown that if the waters were chemically pure and perfectly free from suspended particles, the red rays of the traversing solar light would be first absorbed and disappear, while the other colored rays pass to greater depths, one after the other being extinguished in their proper order, viz.: red, orange, yellow, green, blue and violet, until at last there is complete extinction of the light in the deeper mass of the liquid. But the presence of suspended particles causes a part of the traversing solar light to be reflected, and according as this reflected light has come from various depths, so will the color vary. If, for example, the particles are large or are abundant, and freely reflect from a moderate depth, while they prevent reflection from a greater depth, the color wiil be some shade of green.

When the water is shallow, and a more or less light-colored bottom or submerged object reflects the transmitted light to the observer through the intervening stratum of liquid, it is evident that the chromatic tints presented must be due to the combined influence of the selective absorption of the water itself and the selective reflection from the smaller suspended particles. In other terms, under these conditions, the tints are produced by the mingling of the blue rays with the yellow, orange, or red, so that the resulting hues must generally be some shade of green. In short, all the facts established by modern investigations seem to converge and point to the admixture of the blue rays reflected from the smaller suspended particles, with the yellow, orange and red rays reflected from the grosser matters below, as the true physical cause of the green tints of such waters.

Harmony of Views.—The establishment of the very important function of solid particles held in suspension in water, in producing chromatic modifications, both in the scattered light and in the transmitted light, serves to reconcile and to harmonize the apparent discrepancies and contradictions in the views of physicists who have investigated the color of water. We have already seen that Sir I. Newton and most of his successors, as late as 1847, regarded water as belonging to the opalescent class of liquids, in which the diffuse reflected light and the transmitted light present more or less complementary tints; the former partaking more of the colors constituting the blue end of the solar spectrum, while the latter presented more of the hues belonging to the red extremity. On the contrary, the more recent and more accurate experiments render it quite certain that in distilled water the rays of the red end of the spectrum are more copiously absorbed than those of the

blue extremity; so that the emergent transmitted tint is yellowish-green or greenish-blue. At first view, these results appear to be discordant and irreconcilable. But it will be recollected, that while even the most carefully distilled water contains a sufficient amount of suspended matter to scatter enough light to render the track of traversing concentrated solar beams visible, yet in this case, the selective reflection of the blue rays, due to the suspended particles, is not adequate to neutralize the selective molecular absorption of the rays towards the red end of the spectrum. Nevertheless, as has been previously shown, the addition of very minute quantities of diffused suspended matter confers on distilled water the dichroitic properties of an opalescent liquid. The presence of an exceedingly small amount of suspended solid corpuscles, by selectively reflecting the shorter waves of light, is sufficient to neutralize and overcome the selectively absorbent action of the molecules of water on the longer waves; and thus to impart yellow, orange or red tints to the transmitted beam. Moreover, it is very questionable whether any natural waters are sufficiently free from suspended matter to deprive them of these dichroitic characteristics. Under this aspect of the subject, the views of Newton derived from the observations of Halley, those of Hassenfratz deduced from his own experiments, as well as the explanations of the green tints of certain waters given by De Maistre, Arago and others, completely harmonize with the conclusions deducible from modern researches, provided the property of selective reflection is transferred from the aqueous molecules to the finely-divided particles held in suspension.

As a striking illustration of the slight causes which sometimes transform the purest water into an opalescent or dichromatic liquid, it may be interesting to detail one of my own experiences. On the 21st of December, 1878, the series of glass tubes employed in my experiments (as previously indicated) being filled with distilled water, the transmitted solar beam presented, when received upon a white screen in a darkened room, the usual yellowish-green tint of my winter observations. On the 24th of December, or after an interval of three days, during which all parts of the apparatus had remained *in situ*, I was much surprised to find that the transmitted solar beam was enfeebled, and presented an orange-red color with no tinge of green. Puzzled to discover what could have produced so marked a change in the optical properties of the liquid, the "scientific use of the imagination" pictured the possible development of ultra-microscopic germs, infusoria, bacteria, confervæ, etc. The next day (Dec. 25th) the same phenomenon presented itself, when I called the attention of my assistant, Mr. August Harding (who had kindly prepared the arrangement of tubes), to the anomalous change that had taken place in the color of the transmitted beam. He suggested that as he had used alcohol in cleaning the glass plates closing the end of the tubes, and as the plates were secured to corks by means of Canada balsam, the alcohol absorbed by the corks, being gradually diffused, dissolved some of the balsam, which solution mingling with the water might produce a fine resinous precipitate, which might stifle the transmitted beam and scatter the rays of shorter wave lengths, thus leaving the orange-red rays predominant in the emergent light. This view was speedily verified by a critical examination of the track of the traversing beam. A sensible turbidity was visible (in the darkened room) at the extremities of the column of water adjacent to the corks securing the glass plates; and the light diffused laterally at these portions, when examined by a Nicol's prism, was found to be distinctly polarized. The emergent beam examined by the spectroscope exhibited orange and red in full intensity; but the yellow and green were greatly diminished. Ten days later (Jan. 2nd, 1879), the solar beam traversing the same column of water emerged much brighter than on Christmas day, and the tint was orange, tinged with yellow and red. This long repose caused, doubtless, some of the resinous precipitate to become

more generally diffused or to subside, and thus diminished the turbidity of the liquid.

The recognition of the dichroism imparted to water by the presence of finely divided particles in suspension, serves, likewise, to harmonize the conflicting views promulgated by physicists who have studied the chromatic phenomena presented by this liquid. Some claim that the rays of higher refrangibility are more copiously withdrawn by absorption; while others maintain that the rays of longer wave-lengths are more absorbed. In many cases, the chromatic tints ascribed to selective molecular absorption are, unquestionably, due to selective diffuse reflection from the ultra-microscopic corpuscles which are held in suspension. (*Vide* Jamin's "*Cours de Physique*," 2nd ed., tome 3, p. 447, *et seq.*)

Colors of Sky and Water.—The consideration of the dichroitic properties imparted by the presence of finely divided matter in a state of suspension likewise harmonizes the views of the older physicists with the deductions from modern investigations. It was long ago insisted that there existed a complete analogy between the tints of the sky and those of the purest natural waters: indeed, that the causes of the blue color of the sky and the red tints of sunrise and sunset were identical with those of the pure natural waters under corresponding circumstances. In other terms, that in both cases the blue tints are due to reflection, and the red to transmission. In relation to the sky, these have been long recognized as the true causes of its variable tints. Now we have shown that the light transmitted by a column of natural water is in reality "yellow, orange or red, like the light of sunrise or sunset"; while the light reflected from the attenuated suspended particles partakes of the various shades of blue, like the hues of the sky. Hence, the analogy is completely verified upon the sure basis of experiment.

Moreover, the thermotic researches of Prof. Tyndall and others seem to demonstrate that liquids which possess absorbing qualities for radiant heat preserve these properties in the gaseous or vaporous states. In other words, when a liquid assumes the vaporous state, its power of absorbing heat-rays follows it in its change of physical condition. Hence, it appears that the absorption of the thermal-rays seems to depend upon the individual molecules of the compound, and not upon their state of aggregation; for the change into vapor does not alter their relative powers of absorption. This power asserts itself correspondingly in the liquid and in the gaseous states.

Now, although we have as yet no direct experimental evidence in regard to the relative powers of absorption of various vapors for the different luminous rays, yet these thermotic results render it analogically probable that vapors carry with them the same relative absorbing powers for the different rays of light which their liquids enjoyed. Hence we may conclude, that if the mixture of air and aqueous vapor constituting our atmosphere were perfectly free from suspended particles (ultra-microscopic globules of water no less than solid corpuscles), it would probably, like distilled water, absorb more copiously the rays forming the red end of the solar spectrum than those of the blue extremity; so that the green-blue tints would appear by transmitted light. But as in the case of natural waters, the presence of finely divided matter in a state of suspension in the atmosphere, by scattering the shorter waves of light, neutralizes and overcomes the effects of selective molecular absorption; so that, in reality, yellow, orange and red are the tints transmitted at sunrise and sunset; while the light reflected from the attenuated suspended particles gives us the blue color of the sky. It thus appears to be in the highest degree probable, that the dichromatic properties of the atmosphere are due to the same physical causes as those of the waters of lakes and seas.[1]

[1] Since the above was written, Prof. S. P. Langley has published the results of his refined and admirable experiments at Alleghany in the spring of 1881, by means of his "*bolometer*." The title of his paper is, "The Selective Absorption of Solar Energy," (*Vide* Am. Journ. Sci. 3d. S., vol. 25, p. 169, *et seq.* March, 1883.) but, when properly interpreted, they seem to fortify the view above expressed. They indicate that

Cause of Other Colors of Certain Waters.—Besides the rich blue and green tints which we have been considering, the waters of lakes and seas in some places present various other hues. From the preceding discussion it is evident that the shades of color presented to the observer will depend upon several circumstances, viz.: (*a*) The presence of coloring matters in solution; (*b*) The color of the bottom; (*c*) The depth of water; and (*d*) The amount and character of the suspended matter present.

(*a.*) There are certain natural waters which obviously derive their colors from the presence of coloring substances in solution. In most cases various organic matters seem to be coloring agents. Thus, the waters of pools, ponds, and small lakes, as well as those of their tributaries, in certain level forest-clad regions, frequently exhibit various shades of brown, and sometimes present a rich sherry color when viewed in considerable masses. These tints, doubtless, arise from the diluted colored infusions produced by the percolation of the meteoric waters through decaying leaves and other organic substances.

(*b*). The color of the bottom, when the water is sufficiently shallow to reflect back to the observer more or less of the transmitted light, must evidently modify the resultant tint presented to the eye. According as the bottom exhibits various shades of white, green, yellow, brown or red, the mingling of these tints with the blue reflected from the suspended particles in the intervening stratum of water must give rise to various chromatic hues, from bluish-green to yellowish-red. There is much uncertainty in relation to the origin of the color-designation of the Red Sea; but it is by no means improbable that it arose from the abundance of red coral found in it, which imparts a reddish tint to the waters occupying the shallow portions. The waters of the Bay of Loango, on the western coast of tropical Africa, have been observed to be always strongly reddish, as if mixed with blood, and Captain Tuckey assures us that the bottom of this bay is very red.

(*c.*) It is scarcely necessary to remark that, as the tint of the light coming from the bottom to the observer is modified by the thickness of the intervening stratum of liquid, the color due to the mingling of it with the blue reflected from the suspended particles must depend, to some extent, upon the depth of water as well as the hue of the bottom.

(*d.*) Lastly, it is very obvious that the amount and character of the suspended matter existing in the water must, more or less, modify the color presented to the observer. Near the mouths of rivers the sea exhibits tints evidently depending upon the color of the suspended materials discharged into it. Thus, the Yellow Sea derives its name from the hue imparted to its waters by the large amount of yellow sediment discharged into it by the Hoang Ho and Yang-tse-Kiang.

Moreover, the variety of colors of the waters of the seas may, in many instances, be traced to myriads of living vegetable and animal organisms diffused in the liquid. The unfortunate Captain Tuckey, while navigating the seas on the western coast of tropical Africa, found that the waters began to grow white on entering the Gulf of Guinea; and in the

some fifty-four per cent. of the long-wave (infra-red) solar energy is transmitted through the air at low-sun; and only about eight per cent. of short-wave (ultra-violet) radiation reaches us under similar circumstances. Prof. Langley ascribes this difference to the greater "*selective absorption*" of the short-waves by the atmosphere; but it is obvious that the greater *selective reflection* of these waves would produce identical phenomena. In fact, as we have seen, Tyndall's experiments seem to show that these short-waves are *not absorbed* by the atmosphere, but are *selectively reflected* from the ultra-microscopic corpuscles which are held in suspension. Hence, we conclude that the results recorded by Langley are not due to selective absorption, but to selective reflection: so that a slight freedom of interpretation brings these experimental results into harmony with those deduced from experiments on the natural waters.

The *green sun* occasionally seen in India (or elsewhere) just preceding the beginning of the rainy season, (Nature, vol. 28, p. 575 and p. 588. Oct., 1883) may be due to the selectively absorbent action of the enormous quantity of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere on the red end of the spectrum, *neutralizing* and *overcoming* the effect of the removal of the short-waves by selective reflection from the suspended matter. In other cases, the phenomenon may be due to volcanic products projected into the atmosphere.

vicinity of Prince's Island his vessel appeared to be moving in a sea of milk. He ascribed this white color of the water to the multitude of minute animals (many of them phosphorescent) diffused near the surface, which completely masked the natural tint of the liquid. In like manner, according to the observations of Captain Scoresby, the olive-green waters of certain portions of the Arctic Seas owe their color to the presence of myriads of medusæ and other animalcules.

The illustrious Ehrenberg having observed that the waters of the Gulf of Tor, in the Gulf of Suez, were colored blood-red, subjected a portion of them to microscopic examination, and found the color to be due to the presence of a minute, thread-like, dark red oscillatoria or alga. The same alga was observed by Dupont and by Darwin as imparting a similar tint to certain areas of the oceanic waters. In other cases the sea is colored red by animals of different kinds, as by minute crustaceans or infusoriæ. Thus in the Gulf of California two distinct shades of red are produced by the presence of different microscopic infusoriæ. Again, the presence of diatoms frequently gives rise to various colorings in the waters in certain regions of the sea; and the local development of bacteria has often given origin to the apparently mysterious appearance of bloody spots extending over very limited areas.

John Le Conte.

LEISURE.

Written in La Paz, Mexico.

Sweet Leisure, welcome! Lo! I run to thee,
  Fall at thy feet and kiss them o'er and o'er;
Not since my childhood's hours have I been free
  To lay my cheek to thine, or hold thee more
Than one short moment in a fond embrace:
Can it be true I meet thee face to face?
  And stranger, if 'tis true that thou art mine,
Hard to believe, and harder still to doubt
  When thy soft arms so tenderly entwine
My weary, languid form around about;
  And thy calm voice rehearses in mine ear
  The love of him who gently bore me here
  To meet thee, 'neath the palms beside the sea,
That I my fevered, restless feet might lave
  (Thy magic hand all gently soothing me)
In the cool waters of the crystal wave,
  Far from the world, apart, with thee to rest,
  Yet in a world complete—supremely blest.

Sweet Leisure! while within my soul the bliss
  Of meeting thee stirs every pulse and thought;
While nerve elated, and from happiness
  To rhapsody the senses high are wrought;
Ere yet within thy atmosphere they gain
A mood too tranquil, listen to my strain:

Thou art the Queen of gifts bestowed by heaven,
For thou in turn dost richest gifts bestow;
Unto thy hand a universe is given,
Unto thy feet are pathways few may know,
Yet rich in treasure—atoms from the tide,
And spheres that circle us on every side
Displaying mysteries they cannot solve,
Unto the wise, and truths none dare displace,
While from those truths crude theories evolve,
Whereby, with labored thought they dimly trace
The outline of a Universe so grand
That they are mute with awe; and wondering, stand
As on a threshold, quivering with delight,
And thrilled with joy at what they have attained,
Yet half dismayed when on a nearer sight
Mysteries on mysteries multiply, as though ordained
To whisper in man's dull, reluctant ear,
To finite minds a limit and a sphere.
Rebuffed, not baffled ! back they questioning turn
To probe that mind, and analyze, and weigh,
Hoping perchance its mysteries to discern,
Or gain some subtle clue whereby they may
Grope through dark labyrinths, and hail the sea
Of an eternal past or broad futurity.

To those alone on whom thy hand resting
In benison (the world afar) is given
The joy of such research—to those who vesting
All their intellectual wealth have interwoven
The lore of generations with their own,
And from thee won rare treasure—else unknown—
Treasure of knowledge that through lengthened train
Of keen deduction and analogy is led
By deeper knowledge perforce to regain
The height from which the great and eager fled;
Seeking by reason Nature's truths concealed,
Ere giving faith to those same truths revealed.

Come, blessed Leisure, bringing unto me,
Thy gentle daughter, tender, pensive Thought,
Whose unobtrusive grace on waste, on sea,
Oft to my soul companionship hath brought;
When she is nigh no solitude, no night,
But sweet society and glorious light.
Here let me rest reclining in thine arms,
My duties past—my joys what thou may'st give
'Neath skies resplendent with their tropic charms,
Let me one blessing from thee now receive:
Awake mine ear to hear and understand
The rich wild notes of this far border-land.

Margaret A. Brooks.

INCIDENTS OF HORSEBACK TRAVEL IN AN INDIAN COUNTRY.

MIGRATORS on horseback in a semi-wilderness, as well as nomads of other quarters, or people living quietly elsewhere, are liable any day to contact with one or both of the two existing distinct species of savage—the real and the imaginary. Both of these gloat over their unholy triumphs, yet they are very unlike. The real savage is a creature to be dreaded, whether found in a palace of art and luxury and in a select community, or roving in Nature's solitudes among the unexplored mountains of new territory. The imaginary savage, too, is a formidable enemy. He is one of those heartless practical jokers who deserve the worst punishment, but never get any. He is ever mocking, scoffing and menacing; he is a bug-a-boo, always threatening. He neither shoots, scalps, nor strikes with his tomahawk; but he might almost as well do so, for he never fails, when present, to make you believe he will do it the very next minute. While you live in the awful suspense of what seems your inevitable fate, your nerves are shocked and your hair gets a fit of curiosity, as it were, and stands up on end to take a bird's eye view of the wicked wretch; and by the time you succeed in making it lie down in obedience to your will, you discover that you are growing prematurely gray. Then you rail at credulous fools and mythical monsters until tired, and, finally, you wind up with a spiritless laugh and the stereotyped words: "Next time I'll examine him before taking alarm." But the next adventure with this jester comes in due time, and then you go through the ordeal as if you had never known a trickster.

The imaginary species of savage is manufactured from boulders, trunks of trees, chaparral, barked stumps, the shadows of moving branches, four-footed animals and the like. They are not long-lived, but active and mischievous enough to make up for that. They spring into existence in a twinkling, and no one mourns their loss if they die the next minute. We have all seen a few or more of them, for they are native to every clime.

In January, '70, eight horsemen were traveling through the northeastern part of Arizona. About noon one day they met three Navajoes, apparently friendly, who said they were hunting strayed ponies. Their peacefulness, however, was somewhat doubtful, and the migrating party concluded to keep a lookout for pits, and for the possible sudden surprise of greater forces.

The Indians passed on, and a mile beyond the travelers came upon two Cornish miners in camp, but crossing the country on foot, with a *burro* to carry their food and blankets. They had been a quartette party, but in passing them the three Indians had shot their dog, and they were bemoaning the loss of their faithful night guard. They were, too, considerably alarmed for their own safety; and thinking they could better evade the hostiles if alone, they offered to sell the jack for almost nothing. The bargain was made, and the larger party moved on. Shortly after, when a favorable browsing patch was found for their horses, they camped for a lunch and rest. While they were eating, one of the men concluded that he would like to send a message back to Prescott, and that while his comrades were dozing and smoking he would walk back to the Cornish camp and ask this favor.

Jo took an ordinary length of time in going the mile's distance, but it took him only a short time to return, and with so ghostly a face that the sight of it made his seven friends each snatch up his gun and run for his horse. Between the camps were ridges, gullies, pines and leafless trees, ample shelter for any number of foes to lie in ambush, or steal upon them to a rifle-shot reach; yet nothing uncanny was visible. The men were soon on their journey again,

and by this time Jo had recovered his normal state sufficiently to tell what was amiss.

"No; I did n't see a single Indian," he replied, in answer to the questions of his anxious friends.

"What, then?" they all asked in a chorus, for they were all impressed with the one idea that a great body of savages was plotting and maneuvering in some of the neighboring ravines.

"Not an Indian; but what do you think I found? The two Cornishmen killed, scalped and mutilated in a manner to defy description. I could n't stop to examine the premises, but in my opinion the three Navajoes came back and done it. That camp was just about their size."

The Indians, as was evident by this piece of work, had no confederates near at hand, or they would have attacked the larger party in preference; but they must have had a grievance, real or imaginary, to avenge, or they would not have returned to kill the two; for there was no plunder to be got by it except a couple of blankets, a few pounds of flour, bacon, coffee and sugar. Even the donkey had disappeared in their short absence.

The horsemen rode on fifteen to eighteen miles, and at dusk located their camp in a choice spot on the banks of the Chiquito Colorado. The river at that point had a bend, enclosing on three sides a peninsula of four or five acres. The banks on both sides were ten to twelve feet, and perpendicular. The weather was quite cold, and though snow on the level lay only in sparsely scattered patches, the river had ice on either side, while the running water was more or less congealed. On one side was a beaver dam. The less active water reminded the travelers of their porridge suppers while they were youngsters in backwoods cabins away off in the States. Trees grew in abundance on the enclosed field, and there was enough dry grass for the occasion; so the horses were turned in, and the party made their camp in the neck of the peninsula, which had a breadth of about two hundred feet.

They had some fear the Navajoes would find reinforcements and pursue them, or if not, other straggling bands might spy them. Located as they were, however, an attack could not be made without their enemies risking their own lives. The guard had only the one side to watch, as the Indians could not profit by firing from the opposite side of the river. The cliffy banks offered them no shelter from view, while the trees gave the campers an extra advantage. Thus they were quite comfortably quartered for a night's rest.

It is a strange truth that the bravest of men, and those most cool-headed and wicked in times of real danger—almost certain death—get sometimes utterly helpless with fright while they are threatened by no danger whatever. At such times they often act in a most ridiculous manner, or walk aimlessly around and around, staring at every bush, but making no effort to leave the place which they think holds their unavoidable destroyers. I have known men to get these fits who had had much experience in frontier adventures, and to walk for hours over a little patch of ground until their friends found them and carried them away bodily, while neither an Indian nor a sign of one had been discovered by the temporary lunatic or by any one else.

When the campers retired for the night it was Jo's turn to stand as first guardsman; and never had he dreaded it as he did then. He held his peace, not wanting to be a laughing-stock for his companions; but his nerves had received a shock at noon that had brought on one of these fits of fright, and life had become for the time being an uninterrupted nightmare. The sight he had seen haunted him persistently; every shrub took the form of a crouching savage.

The seven men lay down in a row, each rolled up in his respective blanket head and ears, and soon they were snoring like so many steam engines. Ward, who was to relieve Jo after a two hours' watch, woke up shortly, and seeing Jo standing beside him, his knees rattling together, and his whole frame shaking, asked what was the matter.

"Matter enough!" said Jo, his teeth chattering. "I'll tell you, Ward, this is the coldest night I ever experienced. I do believe I'm froze stiff as a poker! The wind is just whistling through every bone in my body! The tree-trunks, too," he added, gladder than he wished to acknowledge that he had one of the seven to talk to, "keep skulking around each other, though the horses don't seem to mind it; and that awful *burro*, he hangs around camp here: and no matter which way he turns he looks for all the world like a Navajo!"

"Build a fire, Jo, if you are cold," said Ward, understanding but feigning ignorance of what was the matter with the sentinel.

"Do you think I want to make a target of myself?" returned Jo. "It would be the death of the last one of us. I wish that jack were in Halifax!"

"Nonsense!" said Ward, the only one of the party who thought their camp absolutely safe: "build just a little bit of a fire, and hide it on the dangerous side by your blanket"; and Jo was at length persuaded to try the experiment, while his adviser sat up to watch for intruders upon their grounds.

A handful of dry grass, weed-stalks and twigs was soon gathered. To the guard's consternation, as soon as the match ignited them they blazed up over his head. Jo would have smothered out the fire instantly, but his friend got up and insisted on letting some of the less unruly twigs burn. The fire, reduced to about three inches of a flickering flame, and sheltered by a blanket held up on two sides, could only be seen at a certain point on either side of the peninsula. Jo was getting a little warm, perhaps as much by the wide-awake presence of his friend as by the heat of the fire, when suddenly a great disturbance was heard in the water.

Jo was panic-stricken in a moment. "Indians, boys, Indians!" he cried; "they're crossing the river and will be over the bank in a minute!" kicking the fire right and left, and making the burning sticks fly high in the air, while the coals and cinders were cast into the faces of the six, who had been awakened by the lively splashing, and had jumped to their feet trying to realize what had happened.

Through the display of fireworks, Jo stood, a kicking central figure, like a veritable savage in a fantastic war-dance. For a few moments all was confusion; then the wreck was deserted, and each man stationed himself behind a tree, his gun aimed at the bank overlooking the dam, and his finger on the trigger.

Then the minutes seemed to lengthen into hours. As no dusky heads rose up over the brink, and nothing further could be heard or seen, they began by-and-by, in low tones, to consult each other's opinions as to the mystery. One suggested that the brink had caved in and dumped a horse overboard. Positive in this belief, he crawled off on all fours to reconnoitre; but he soon returned, having counted the number and found them all safe. His next theory was that it was nothing but a cave; but he was alone in this belief too, for they all knew well enough that rocks and inanimate earth could not flounder, flap and flounce to make such a sound as they had heard. The intruders, they began to think, had been taken with cramps in the icy water and had drowned. At length one of them crept away to the bank to take notes, and discovering the mischief makers, he called out with more cheer than eloquence:

"We're a lot of chuckle-headed fools. Who ever heard of Indians trying to steal into anyone's camp, and then making such a noise about it? We're a nicely hoaxed community for this night. Come here, boys, and see your Navajoes. These black rascals have been playing a practical joke on us. I say, Jo, where did all that fire come from? I thought a volcano had bursted out right under my nose."

All hastened to the bank to satisfy their curiosity, and saw in the middle of the dam a family of restless beavers. The man was right; they were the savages. The first flash of Jo's fire had thrown a light over the dam, and brought them to the surface to study the phenomenon; but the fire had been put out too quickly for them. Filled

with apprehension, however, they had skirmished around in the dam until they caught a second glimpse from the rift between the two shielding blankets, and had all simultaneously given the signal of danger, which is done by lifting the tail in the air and bringing the flat side of it down on the water with all possible force.

When the excitement of the false alarm had subsided, Ward went on duty, but Jo did not sleep much, as the *burro* kept on looking like a Navajo.

N. Dagmar Mariager.

TIM'S HISTORY.

"It's nigh onter sixteen year ago that I brought that ere dog home," said Old Man Tompkins, filling his pipe and ramming the tobacco home by means of a little oak stick carried for the purpose. His fingers being all far too large for the performance of that office, the oak stick was naturally his inseparable companion. "Yes, it's full sixteen year; and then I was livin' about a hundred miles nigher the coast, down to a place they called Spanish City, though there warn't no city there—nothin' but a store, and a gin-mill, and a blacksmith's shop, and the diggin's—that's all. O' course there was a few houses, but mighty few, and mine warn't by no means the handsomest o' the lot. There were mighty few on us 'at struck pay gravel at Spanish City, and that dog's master warn't one on 'em. Tell you Tim's history? Sartin, gen'lm'n, if you'd like to hear it; but I didn't reckon you would."

It was a December evening in the Southern Sierras; a late rain had awakened the slumbering trees, sent the sap coursing anew through their drowsy veins, and brought out a fresh spring crop of leaves. The day had been warm and heavy, heavy with the languor of an early spring day on the Atlantic coast; but the evening breeze was a little chill, slightly suggestive of camp-fires and blankets.

My friend Randall and I had had a long and toilsome journey of it. He was a taxidermist, giving his attention more particularly to the capture and preparation of rare birds for museums, colleges and private collections. Each year he made an excursion into some remote corner of the earth, and having secured and skinned his feathered prizes, returned to civilization, and mounted them at his leisure. On this particular expedition I, Sam Clover, had accompanied him; first, for the benefit of my health, which had begun to suffer through too much office work; and second, that I might "write up" this region for the benefit of the journal of whose staff I was an ornament. We had left Denver early in the fall, taking with us an outfit of horses, pack-animals, native drivers, and a companion or two bent on missions like unto our own. Altogether, we were quite a formidable little caravan, and thought we could safely bid defiance to Indians or grizzlies. We had traveled leisurely and met with no serious mishaps, but had filled our packs with treasures prized by the geologist, the botanist, and the taxidermist of our party. We had successfully avoided Death Valley and other fatal spots, where it had been too much the custom for emigrants to strew their bones by the wayside. We had crossed spur after spur of the Sierras on the Pacific slope, working gradually down toward the sea. And in a shady nook, near the mouth of a large cañon, we had found "Old Man Tompkins's shanty," as Hawkins, our chief guide, called it—the first white man's habitation we had seen in many a long day.

It was a log-cabin, old and moss-grown; a "shanty" of quite a superior order, for it boasted two rooms, four windows, and a well-defined chimney. Between the logs were wide crevices, originally filled with adobe clay; but now, in many places, giving free access to the winds of heaven.

Across the center of the door, in the place usually occupied by a door-plate, some humorous individual had chalked "Tompkins"; while the upper portion was occupied by a spirited sketch of a man on horseback, intended as Hawkins informed us, for a likeness of the "old man himself."

Behind the house ran "the creek," a swift mountain stream, which flowed above or below ground, as the fancy took it—just here preferring to wind its way in the bright light of day. Beside it wound the trail by which we had just come. Down below lay a sea of little hills, melting away into dimness and distance; while up above and behind us rose the tall peaks of the Sierras—golden silhouettes, drawn sharply against the blue of the sky. Up above the "shanty" roof towered the twelve-foot flower stalk of a *yucca*, or "Spanish bayonet" in full bloom, looking like a huge candelabrum, all alight with dulcet white blossoms. A couple of live oaks had somehow slipped out of the cañon and into the open, where they afforded a grateful shade, the one to the shanty door and the other to the not far distant corral. Down the trail an inferior shanty or two could be seen; and not far off the unmistakable traces of placer mining on a small scale.

The log-house door stood hospitably open —indeed, there was strong matter for doubt whether it had been closed for a month past. In the doorway stood its master, a tall, gaunt, muscular old man, with a pair of gray eyes, keen yet kindly, and a wealth of gray hair flowing freely over shoulders and breast. Evidently barbers were a rarity at "Tompkins's Claim." His dress was like that of most border men, not particularly neat, and certainly far from gaudy. A gray flannel shirt, cinnamon colored water-proof trousers, a pair of gigantic boots, evidently intended for use in the diggings, and an ancient *sombrero* completed his outfit. Close beside him stood an aged mastiff, blinking and drowsing in the sun. As we drew near, both dog and master advanced to greet us, the latter extending the hand of welcome to the foremost of our party.

"Wal, gen'lm'n," said Old Man Tompkins, as our weary cavalcade paused before his door: "I'm glad to see yer. Reckon yer'd better stop a spell and rest yerselves—looks as though that *pinto* was pretty nigh petered out. H'are yer, Jim?" nodding to our guide. "Come in, gen'lm'n, come in,—room for all."

So we dismounted, took the saddles off our weary horses, and settled down for a day or two's rest. We had canned vegetables in plenty, and had brought in game enough to last for a week. So we accepted the old gentleman's hospitality with clear consciences, and soon were cooking our own supper in the kitchen, the smaller of the two rooms. The larger apartment was parlor, bedroom, and dining-room all combined. On two sides were placed bunks for the accommodation of stray travelers like ourselves; in the center was a rough table, on the walls a few gaudy lithographs and a cracked looking-glass. The hearth was wide and deep, and on it crackled and flamed a fine wood fire. It was after supper, when we had all lighted our pipes and drawn around this cheerful blaze, that I asked him about the dog.

"So yer want ter hear Tim's history, do yer?" resumed Old Man Tompkins, after a five minutes' pause, apparently spent in retrospection. "What made yer think Tim had a history? Most old dogs have? Wal, p'raps you're right—they're like most old men in that, I reckon. Tim hasn't *much* of a one, but yer shall hear what he has.

"Yes, it's full sixteen year ago that Tim and me was first acquainted, and we've been fast friends ever since, haint we, Tim?" he added, pulling the dog's ragged ears, and patting his sturdy sides till it seemed as though Tim's ribs would crack beneath his master's fervent caresses. He was a very aged dog, this old Tim, and showed it in every hair of his rough old coat. He stood higher than his master's knee, was deep-chested and bull-necked; was the owner of a long and graceful tail, which waved courteously when said owner was addressed by a stranger, but quivered with delight when called into motion by Old Man Tompkins's

attentions. His original color had been a dusky brown, but time had interspersed so many gray hairs among those of a darker hue that it had now changed to a light pepper and salt. His ears bore scars of battles, presumably fought long ago in his lusty youth; while his sides still showed marks of a severe clawing undergone in by-gone days at the paws of some wildcat or "painter." His eyes were of a deep glassy blue, misty in outline, and blank in expression—the poor old orbs being evidently almost sightless. He always sat within reach of his master's hand, generally resting his muzzle on the old man's foot or knee, and looking up into his face with the closest attention. Evidently, the bond of affection between the two was deep and strong.

"Blind?" asked Old Man Tompkins. "Wal, yes; I reckon so, or nigh onter it. Sometimes I think he's deef, too, and that he kinder *smells* out what I say to him. But there's one very curous thing about that dog, gen'lm'n, and that is he's had a whole set o' new teeth since he was fourteen year old. Look at 'em now—open your mouth, Tim—they're like those on most dogs o' six."

Tim obediently lifted his lip and displayed a formidable array of fangs and grinders, not so white as the teeth of his youth, but evidently strong enough still to "chaw" a ham bone to powder. "It's very *re*markable," continued Old Man Tompkins, releasing Tim's upper jaw, and falling to gently rubbing his own leg. "I never knew of but one other case, and that was a little terrier bitch o' my father's. But she warn't as old as Tim, not by two or three years, when she got *her* wisdom teeth, as I call 'em. Tim's a pretty likely dog *now*," continued his master, with pardonable pride. "If he warn't so fat and so nigh blind and deef, he could pull down a deer as well as ever. He's only grown so fat lately, and I think he's catched the rheumatiz from me. I see he's kinder stiff in his jints, and he can't frisk no more as he used to. When he's pleased, he just lollops round like an elephant; but he used to be spry as a squirrel.

"Wal, gen'lm'n," and Old Man Tompkins pushed back his shabby *sombrero*, thrust his abundant gray locks behind his ears, clasped his hands at the back of his head, and tilted his chair back against the wall. Then he crossed his rheumatic knees, and pointed with the foot that dangled uppermost at Tim's corpulent body, stretched as near as possible to his master's chair. "Wal, gen'lm'n, when I fust saw that there dog, he warn't no older 'n nothin'. As I said, I was livin' at Spanish City in those days, and my old woman was alive, and my darter was a little thing, no more'n six or seven year old. Wal, one day I'd been down to Quicksilver Gulch, somewhere about twenty mile from Spanish City, and I was comin' home in the evenin', ridin' pretty fast, for it was gettin' dark and the road was full o' squirrel holes, when all of a sudden my horse shied and jumped clear out o' the road. Wal, I pulled up and went to see what scared him; for I thought there might be some fellow tight and lyin' in the brush. I didn't see nothin', but I heerd the most curous noise, somethin' like a baby cryin'. So I got off my horse, and I'd scarcely set foot on the ground when I heerd the noise again, and somethin' touched my boot. I stooped down and picked it up, and thar it was, a half-growed puppy, a whimperin' and cryin' and too lonely for anythin'. How in the world he got there, ten miles from any house, I haven't the least idee, unless some darned fool put him out of an emigrant wagon. The man that deserts a good dog, gen'lm'n," continued Old Man Tompkins, impressively, waving his pipe in mid-air, "don't deserve a friend, and most probably'll never have one, for he won't set no proper value on such a blessin'. Wal, the puppy was delighted when he seen a man—not much of a man either, gen'lm'n, for even in those days folks was beginnin' to call me 'Old Man Tompkins.' But the puppy, he thought I was better'n nothin'; so he danced and licked my hands, and waggled all over with delight, and he hadn't no idee o' partin' with me no more'n I had with him. So I put him up on my horse and packed him home; and

great trouble I had doin' it, too, for he would insist on standin' up on his hind-legs in the saddle when the horse was on the lope, and tryin' to lick my face. However, I got a good grip on him and didn't let him fall off, and by-and-by I got him home safe. O, wasn't my darter delighted! She hugged him and kissed him about a thousand times, and she named him 'Tim,' arter a dog in a story-book her ma'd been a readin' her. He took to it right away, and that's been his name ever since.

"Wal, Tim was so tired that night, that arter he'd had his supper he just laid down beside the fire, and he slept there till the next day. Early in the mornin' he went out and down to the creek, and helped himself to a drink o' water, and when he came back I was sittin' at the table eatin' my breakfast, and he walked right up to me and stood lookin' in my face inquirin' like, as though he was askin' a question. I know'd it warn't meat he wanted, for Molly—that's my darter—had fed him till he couldn't hold no more. So says I:

"'Tim, what do you want?' He never said a word, but he waggled his tail very hard.

"So I looked at him close, and I seen plain as day that he wanted *somethin'*. So I thinks a minute, and then says I:

"'Tim, do you like it here?" and he waggled harder'n ever. Then says I:

"'Tim, spose you and me stick by each other till death do us part."

"Wal, will you believe it, gen'lm'n, that dog just walked right up to me and offered me his paw, just as if he'd say plainly, 'Put it there, old man!' And from that day to this, he has never but once shaken hands with a living soul! My darter tried hard to teach him, but he never would learn—any o' you gen'lm'n can try him."

Here Old Man Tompkins paused in his narrative to allow of the company making overtures to Tim; which overtures the latter received and acknowledged politely, but after such fashion as to throw no doubt on his master's tale.

"No, 'taint no use," remarked Old Man Tompkins with secret satisfaction, as Tim gently but firmly declined all invitations to "shake hands." "He never would and he never will. Wal, gen'lm'n, Tim grew up into a fine strong dog, as you see; and he war a great fighter, and a great dog for huntin'. He warn't no more afraid of a bear than he war of a cat; a deer warn't nothin' to him. And he took to me most wonderful—he was that fond o' me that he'd never let me out o' his sight if he could help it. *Now* I sometimes get off when he's asleep, and he don't know it—he's a powerful sleeper now he's old—but he generally noses me out as soon as he wakes up, and comes follerin' arter. But when he was young, nothin' could keep him away from me. Once I was goin' to a funeral down at Topeka Point, and I saw from the cock o' Tim's eye that he allowed to go too. I knew that wouldn't do—'twas a real first-class funeral, gen'lm'n, with a parson and pall-bearers, and all that—so I asked the friend I was stoppin' with to shut Tim in the wood-shed, and so he did.

"Now, how that darned dog managed to get out I don't know; but just as we were all a standin' round the grave with our hats off, and the parson were a sayin' 'ashes to ashes, and dust to dust,' and somebody'd put a heap o' flowers on the coffin—for this was a family man, gen'lm'n, and a public man, and had no end o' friends—I heerd a kind o' commotion across the graveyard. I peeked out from under my hat, and there sure enough was that darned old Tim, a comin' lickety-cut across that cemetery like a race horse. He'd caught sight o' me on the fur side o' the grave; and he war leapin' them tombstones as though he'd been at a hurdle-race. And before I could lift a hand or do a thing he came right for me, straight through them mourners and pall-bearers, jumped over the grave, and just cleared the coffin, but kicked all them flowers helter-skelter, every which way. The crosses and the wreaths and things flew a dozen ways for Sunday; and then that sacrilegious cuss danced all over me in a second and just yelled for joy. The sexton and his man

jumped round lively arter the flowers; and one o' the ladies got frightened and began to scream it was a bear. I reckon there'd a' been a stampede if I hadn't grabbed Tim by the neck, and made for the back wall with him. Wal, I tumbled over the wall, and he jumped arter me; an' I lay on the ground just howlin' and kickin' with laughin'; only I stuffed my hankercher in my mouth, so's not to interrupt the ceremonies inside. And Tim he just lay beside me, cockin' his ears and waggin' his tail: but I knew by the kind of a grin he wore in the corner o' his mouth, and the comical way he quirled his tongue out one side, that he knew as well as I did how funny it was to see the parson waltzin' about in his black gown, and the mourners faintin' in each other's arms.

"Wal, that evenin' as I was a ridin' home and Tim was a cavortin' alongside, I see a man with a shooter standin' beside the road.

"'Hullo!' says I, pullin' out mine, 'what are you up to?'

"'I'm goin' to shoot that blasted dog o' yourn,' says he.

"'What for?' says I.

"'For spilin' my funeral,' says he. And then I saw he was the undertaker, Stumps by name.

"'You'd better not,' says I.

"'Why not?' says he.

"'Because,' says I, 'if you do, Hurse & Kasket 'll get ahead o' you in biz'.

"'How's that?' says he.

"'Why,' says I, 'because they'll have two nice funerals, yourn and mine. If you shoot my dog, I'll shoot you. Then the vigilantes 'll get arter me, and so Hurse & Kasket 'll have all the fun.'

"'Do you mean to say,' says he, 'that you'll risk your life for that dog?'

"'I do,' says I, 'and why not—he'd do as much for me any day. Besides that, he's saved my darter from drownin': I forgot to tell you, gen'lm'n, that he pulled Molly out o' the creek one day when she went in bathing, and the current were too strong for her.

"'Saved yer darter from drownin', did he?' says Stumps; 'then there's good reason for settin' store by him. A dog as can do that ain't born to be shot, and 'taint I as 'll shoot him. But I'll tell yer what it is, Old Man,' says he, puttin' up his revolver and leanin' on the peak o' my saddle kinder mournful like, 'I've had a mighty hard time over that funeral, and nobody but myself knows what I've been though. In the first place,' says he 'the Gineral's been very long a dyin'; and though I've been promised the job this year and a half back, I was kept anxious like through knowin' Hurse & Kasket was a trying to cut under me all the time. You see the Gineral's oldest son were a kinder friend o' mine, and he always told me I should have the job as sure as eggs was eggs. But it came to my knowledge as how Hurse & Kasket had offered the gloves and the hearse for nothin', if the fam'ly'd only pay for the coffin and carriages. Now, I wouldn't go that, so I was kep' worried all the time. The Gineral's son he thought as how we'd ought to have eight white horses; but there warn't so many in town. I thought four was enough, and then it would be easier drivin' on 'em. Anybody can drive four in hand, but I don't know a man that's used to eight, except it's a mule teamster, and he ginerally walks. But the Gineral's son he was sot on eight, so eight it had to be. Then there was a great deal o' trouble in regard to the band,' says Stumps: 'you know the Gineral's son was the leader, and when they began a practicin' the funeral march, two or three months ago, he said somebody had ought ter learn ter take his part, so that he could ride in the first carriage and be head-mourner. And besides that, he said it kinder went agin him to be practicin' the funeral march for his father, and he not dead yet. But then the cymbal man spoke up, and said he guessed the young man needn't mind it if the old man didn't. For yer see they was practicin' right across the way, and the Gineral could hear 'em just as well as if they'd been in his own house. P'raps it soothed his dyin' moments to hear what a fine march was goin' to be played at his funeral. Wal, the end of it was,' says Stumps, gittin' more and more sorrowfuller, 'the end of it was that the son

had to march with the band till they got to the cemetery gate, and then he got in the carriage with his uniform on and acted chief mourner. But that warn't the worst on it,' says he; 'the eight white horses, not bein' used to each other, nor the drums, and pipes, and trumpets, got frightened and ran away. I had Al Norton, the stage-driver, fixed up in black, and he was to drive the hearse. But he never druv more'n six horses in his life, so the eight soon pitched him out. They ran agin a post at the corner, smashed my new hearse all to pieces, and left the Gineral just inside the door o' the Woodbine Shades. Then they cut for the hills, kickin' up their heels and flourishin' their black gowns about as if they was a dancin' the can-can. Wal, we picked up the Gineral and put him inter an express wagon and druv on to the cemetery; and 'now,' thinks I, 'my trouble is over, for there ain't any more darned unmanageable beasts in the way, and the parson *he* can't go fur wrong.' But no sooner was everythin' goin' on slick as grease, before that miserable, blasted, onfeelin' dog o' yourn must come a genuflexin 'round and raise Cain ginerally. It's too bad, Tompkins,' says he. 'I declare, I feel like givin' up business altogether and goin' inter some other line. I did my best by the Gineral, and this is all it comes to. I feel mortified to death!' says he.

"I'm glad the story pleased you, gen'lm'n," remarked Old Man Tompkins, with a twinkle in his gray eye, as the frail shanty shook with our laughter. "I kinder thought it would. Wal, I comforted up Stumps the best I could, and promised him all the custom I could get for him, for I allowed he *had* had a pretty poor time on it. You see, gen'lm'n, his story was all new to me as to you; for I hadn't jined the cortadge till at the grave, so I knew nothin' about the stampeded horses. Wal, Stumps felt better arter a bit, and he went back to town concludin' Tim warn't no such bad dog arter all. You see I told him a lot o' stories about Tim; about the good huntin' dog he was, and all that; and Stumps kinder changed his mind. Tim had stood there all the time, a lookin' first at one on us and then at t'other; but I don't think he caught the drift o' the conversation."

There was a minute's pause, during which Old Man Tompkins brought his chair to the ground and moved it a little more into the shadow. Next he slowly put one hand to the back of his head, and brought his hat down over his eyes by the simple process of tilting it up from behind. Then he hemmed and hawed once or twice, stooped down to pat Tim, and with his face still bent low over him, resumed:

"The next queer thing I remember Tim doin' was when my wife died. I set great store by her, gen'l'm'n—those o' you as is married p'raps knows what it is to have a good wife. I hope you'll never know what it is to lose her. My wife and me'd been married nigh onter forty years; we were married young, and we lived to grow old together. All our children died young 'cept Molly; and when she was about twelve years old her mother took a cancer and died, too. You know, gen'lm'n, a cancer sometimes takes a long time to kill, and that was the way with Sally. I had to see her sufferin' and sufferin' day arter day, and know there couldn't be nothin' done for her. Wal," continued the old man, after a minute, his face bending lower and lower over Tim, "when the end came I couldn't stand it nohow. I just rushed out o' the house, leavin' my darter with her dead mother; and I went out into the woods, and put my ilbows on my knees and my head in my hands, and I cried like a baby, gen'lm'n."

Another short pause, during which Old Man Tompkins heaved one or two heavy sighs; and Tim, who had raised himself on his fore-paws, stared into his old friend's face, whining piteously. Silence reigned amongst the rest of the group. Before the door our two guides dozed on their respective blankets, each keeping an eye and ear open in the direction of the corral and our horses. Through the open door the great white stars looked down on us, big and fair and lustrous; and the perfume of the wild cyclamen floated in, mingling with the fragrant incense of our pipes. Up the cañon

the "coo-coo-coo" of a belated dove softly broke the stillness.

"Wal, gen'lm'n," resumed our host with his customary formula, "there aint much to say about that. Only this, that presently I felt somethin' in the crook o' my elbow, and I looked up, and there was Tim a cryin' too —the great big tears a rollin' down his face. And he was a lookin' up at me so pitiful, and tryin' to lick away my tears; and then I saw he was a tryin' to comfort me. And then I remembered what a mean cowardly thing I was a doin', leavin' my poor little darter there all alone by herself; and that I ought to be doin' for her what that dog was a doin' for me. He taught me my duty that time, gen'lm'n. So I just got up, and went back to the house, and looked arter my little gal, as I had orter been a doin' all the time. But he was cryin' real tears, gen'lm'n; and wasn't that a queer thing for a dog?

"Arter a while my darter grew up, and she got engaged to be married. She didn't want to marry and leave me here all alone, so she told the young man he must wait. But says I, 'Lor, Molly, my dear'—I think a heap o' my darter, gen'lm'n—says I, 'My dear, don't you do no such thing! Emmons is a right good feller, and it won't be doin' the handsome thing by him if you make him wait for the old man to die.' And then says I, just to make her laugh, 'it won't be the fair thing by me—I want to see the grand-children. If you're sure Joe Emmons is the man,' says I, 'don't you waste your youth a waitin' and a waitin'—jest you git married and leave the old man to shift for himself; he aint no sich bad hand, I can tell you.'

"Wal, Molly she laughed, and she cried, and she said she'd never leave me; and while we was argyin' it, in come Joe, with his face as bright as a new milk pan. Says he, 'Cheer up, Molly, I've found a way out o' the mess!—we kin git married, you and I, and you won't have to leave Mr. Tompkins behind.' He called me *Mr.* Tompkins, gen'lm'n, on account o' expectin' to be my son-in-law. 'I've been to Topeka Point,' says he, 'and I've found a party as is willin' to buy your father's claim, and to take possession two months from this day. So your father can sell out and come down and live with us; or if he's particular about havin' a house o' his own, why we'll build him one right along side o' ourn.'

"Wal, as you'll believe, that was satisfactory. This is a very good claim o' mine, gen-'lm'n, and it's rich in minerals; but I haven't the capital to work it, so all I could do was to keep possession till some party was found as had. Wal, Joe Emmons, knowin' as how my darter wouldn't leave me, he'd been lookin' for a purchaser these six months, and now he'd got one, and that settled the whole difficulty. He aint no slouch, gen'lm'n; there isn't much grass as grows under *his* feet. But Joe has a good ranch down in the valley; he aint much on minin'—he thinks a heap more o' stock raisin'. So in course he don't want to leave his cattle and come up here; and he knowed the only way to git my darter down there was to git me there too. So he didn't say a word to Molly nor to me, but knowin' as how I'd be willin' to sell, he jest set about it and hunted up a customer.

"'Now, my dear,' says I, 'that settles it. You jest git married next week, and by the time your honey-moon's over, I'll be ready to come down and jine yer.' So Joe he said so too, and arter that we had a weddin'. I daresay you gen'lm'n as comes from New York and Shy-kay-go wouldn't a thought much on it for style, but it was pretty good for these parts.

"But I'm not tellin' yer very much about Tim, am I?" asked Old Man Tompkins, pulling himself up short in the midst of a retrospective sigh—evidently for the wedding festivities past and gone; "but that's a comin'. When Molly was a leavin' home, she began to feel right bad—gals always does, I reckon—and says she, 'Father, let me take Tim along; then I shan't feel so lonely.' Says I, 'Tim shall do just as he likes. If he wants to go with you I shan't hinder him; and if he wants to stay with me, why I shan't quarrel with him 'bout that, neither.'

"So Molly got in Joe's wagon, and I called Tim, and I said nothin'. But will you be-

lieve it, gen'lm'n, she couldn' get that darned dog to go with her nohow! He seemed to know she warn't comin' back, and though he'd run arter her a little way, he'd mighty soon about face and come bouncin' back to me. Joe wanted her to be pleased, so he jumped out o' the wagon, and 'I'll fix him,' says he. With that he ran into the kitchen, and brought out the leg of a wild turkey; then he held it out to Tim, and began trailing him along toward Molly. Tim went arter him, and took it in his mouth; but Joe didn't let go, so Tim follered a few steps. Then all on a sudden the idea seemed to strike him, and he looked up at Joe with the most curous look, as much as to say, 'I see what you're up to!' Then he let go the bone, and turned up his nose, kind of contemptuous like, and shut one eye very slow and knowin'. Then he whisked up his tail, and galloped back to me; and when he'd reached me he stopped just in front o' me, and looked up in my eyes very solemn. Then he lifts up his paw, offered it to me to shake, as much as to say 'Don't be afraid, I'll stick by you, Old Man!' And then, gen'lm'n," added our host, with a humorous twist of his mouth, "after I'd accepted o' the civility Tim laid down beside me; and here we've been ever since. And that's all."

"What did your daughter say?" asked the geologist, who, as was natural for a gentleman of his profession, had a taste for getting at the bottom of things.

"Oh, she laughed, and told Joe he'd better give it up. And all the fellers as had come to attend the weddin' they laughed too, and gave three cheers for Tim, because he wouldn't desert his old master. Molly and Joe went down to the ranch, and their honey-moon's up to-day. In about two weeks the new owner takes possession here; and then Tim and me'll go down and try our hand at ranching along side o' Joe. Hadn't we better turn in, gen'lm'n? Reckon I've kept you awake too late already with my long yarns. Come, Tim, you and I have to be up early, and off arter wood, my boy! Wish you good-night, gen'lm'n."

In another moment the shanty resounded with the snores of master and dog, as they lay side by side fast asleep.

* * * * *

The morning broke fresh and cool, cloudless as the skies of Paradise, filled with sweet odors and delicious sounds, as must have been that garden wherein God walked. Up from the far distant sea crept a tiny breeze, a breeze just strong enough to flutter the leaves, and set them whispering in the ears of the still dozing birds. Then up from their dewy nests sprang the larks, and soon were singing and soaring far aloft in that deep vault of blue. Then the little lizards began skurrying hither and thither, running about, and bidding each other a hasty good-morning. Then the golden heads of the California poppies nodded to each other in friendly greeting; and the "Indian pinks" blushed an even more vivid scarlet in the flush of their first awakening. Then the merry sun leaped up above the tall, black mountain ridge behind us; the blue sea of hills spread out below lost its azure tint, and was flooded with gold. The little fleecy mists rolled themselves together and fled away, no one knew whither; and with one accord the orioles, the goldfinches, and the magpies shook out their dazzling plumage, and shouted aloud their joy that a new day had come.

But inside the shanty matters did not progress so fast. We were none of us, I think, unless it were our host, glad to see the dawn. All were tired, *over* tired, from our long journey, from our watches by the camp-fire, from our chilly nights and scorching days, from our long and toilsome marches over sand and rock, from days spent without water and with but scanty food. Now all that was of the past; the border-land had just been crossed, a fertile and fragrant land been reached. Once more we were in a white man's habitation, and knew that but a few days' journey would bring us within sight of the western sea: what wonder that having bidden good-morrow to the sun, we were ready to roll ourselves over in our blankets, and once more float off into the land of dreams?

I woke early to feel Old Man Tompkins stepping over me on his way to the door. "Better sleep it out, boys," said he, as the botanist and I raised our heads. "No trains to catch here, or steamboats to take, and I reckon you'll be the better for a good, long snooze. You see, Tim's settin' you the example—*he* won't stir this hour yet, will you, you lazy old cuss?"—aiming a playful kick at the snoring Tim, which, however, was carefully directed so as not to reach him. "I'm going up the cañon, gen'lm'n, to get out some wood, and I'll be back 'bout midday. Make yourselves at home; don't be bashful!" and with a hospitable wave of the hand, he disappeared through the open door. In a moment we heard his voice hullooing a good morning to our guides; and the sounds which soon followed proved to us that the early birds were partaking of their early worms in company. I turned over and dozed off again, the last sight that met my eyes being the slumbering hero of last night's history, his lips parted in a peaceful smile, his tail wagging inanely, and a series of little far-away barks issuing from his throat. Evidently the angels were whispering to him.

Toward eleven o'clock I woke, considerably refreshed, but hungry beyond reason; and it took a large invoice of Hawkins's flapjacks and quail to restore my ordinary state of being. Tim had woke before me, had breakfasted, and was now wandering hither and thither, snuffing at this and that, apparently wondering what had become of his master. Finally, he settled down beside Randall and the geologist, who, though still in a semi-comatose state, had roused themselves sufficiently to light up their after-breakfast pipes. These they were enjoying stretched at full length under the live-oak before the door, listening to the hum of bees, as they dodged in and out of the sweet *yucca* blossoms, and sang to themselves of the gladsome flowery time now come again. Redding had taken his gun and gone down the cañon for game, while Hawkins busied himself mending up our dilapidated saddles and bridles. So I, too, drew out my beloved brier-wood and joined the smokers.

A quarter of an hour passed in quiet; then Tim suddenly raised himself on his fore-paws, cocking his ears as though intently listening. Every hair down his spine bristled with excitement, his glassy eyes fixed themselves, and every nerve seemed strained to hear. Had I not known him to be partially or wholly deaf, I should have thought him listening to some gruesome sound, too distant for dull human ears to catch. Then suddenly his head was raised, and a long-drawn, terrible cry issued from his jaws—a cry awful as that of some human being in utter anguish and despair, but filled with the weird horror to be heard only in the noises of the brute creation. It was a cry that chilled us from head to foot, and despite the warm Californian sun, started the cold perspiration on brow and lip.

Randall let fall his pipe in astonishment, and stared at the dog with open mouth and starting eyes. The geologist hastily pushed himself away from the deep red jaws whence issued that dolorous cry; while Hawkins dropped his saddle and hastily strode toward his old friend. I looked into the dog's eyes and shuddered, for no nerves could withstand that terrible sound; but before Hawkins could reach him, Tim had gathered up his fat old body from the ground, stretched out his rheumatic legs, and started at topmost speed up the cañon. He was so stiff and heavy he could not run straightly, but wobbled from side to side, his paws constantly interfering and nearly tripping him up. But the pebbles flew from his hind feet in showers, as he kicked his way up the path, and his flight was so swift and sudden that before he could be spoken to he had disappeared.

Hawkins stood staring after him in amazement; and "What in thunder's the matter with that dog?" he asked. "I've been acquainted with him these five years, and I never knew him act like that before."

The geologist, too, looked up the trail, his eyes following the direction Tim had taken. Then he wiped the dew from lip and brow. "Mad, perhaps," he suggested in trembling tones. He was one of those

persons with whom "a dog" and "a mad dog" are synonymous terms.

"No, *sir!*" replied Hawkins, emphatically. "Tim's as level-headed as his master, and that's sayin' a good deal in his favor." And he resumed his saddle-mending with such vigor that his thread snapped in his hands.

Twelve o'clock came, but not so Old Man Tompkins; then another hour passed by without bringing our host. By two o'clock, the rest of the party had straggled in, but at three the old man was still absent.

"I don't half like this, Mr. Clover," said our guide in a confidential whisper. "I'm afraid there's something wrong with Tompkins. As a general thing he's a remarkable punctual man, and I don't quite like his staying away so long over time. Guess I'll go and hunt him up." And Hawkins commenced stowing away his needles and waxed thread, his jackknife, and other sewing materials.

I was still weary from my long journey, so dull and drowsy as to be but half a man. Still I could not allow my host to get into trouble, and I not lift a finger to save. I looked up from the cool spot where I was lying, and questioned Hawkins further.

"Is there any danger for him here!"

"Well—yes; there's more or less danger everywhere for everybody, I reckon. Country's pretty rough here, though, and Tompkins is rather an old man to go stumping about alone. Reckon I'd better go and look after him"; and he took his rifle down from a rack where it hung just inside the door.

"Stop," I said, rising at last to my tired, dilatory feet. "I'll go with you. Just hand down my rifle, too. Thanks—which way shall we go?"

"Up the cañon, I guess—the old man said he was going after wood, and that's the way Tim took when he scooted so sudden. I tell you what it is, Mr. Clover," Jim added, as we commenced our march, and put ourselves beyond ear-shot of the rest of the party. "Tim's actions has scared me more nor the old man's staying away so long. I don't know what to make o' that dog to-day; but I reckon whatever ailed him, he made a bee line for his master."

So we marched up the cañon, Hawkins leading and picking out the trail, which was sometimes rather blind. I followed closely on his heels. The country was rough indeed; great boulders lay tumbled together on the mountain-side, while down in the cañon's depths tall cotton-woods and sycamores lay prone along the ground, long fallen and now rotted to powder. So rough was it that my unpracticed eye could scarcely tell ours were not the first feet to tread this path; but Hawkins confidently asserted it to be a *bona fide* trail, and one quite lately in use. As we advanced the forest became thicker, and the shade really dark and deep. Those broad patches of sunlight to be seen in most woodlands of the southern Pacific slope were now shut out by thick branching live-oaks, and heavily-leaved grape vines. All was dark and solitary, as though Nature had set the scene for a tale of sin or woe. As we passed an asphaltum spring, black and devilish as some tributary to the Styx, Hawkins suddenly sprang forward with an oath bitten in between his clenched teeth.

Yes: there lay Old Man Tompkins crushed to death beneath the weight of a new-fallen tree, his gray head battered and bruised by the stones among which it lay, and his right arm outstretched toward the ax and rifle just beyond his reach. Close at hand lay the corpses of two mountain wolves, their foul bodies still limp with the life which had but lately left them, blood still dripping from many a wound, their savage lips yet snarling with fierce longing for the flesh of the dying man.

We stood silent for a minute; then Hawkins gave a kick to the nearest wolf. "Damn the critters!" said he, in a strange, bitter voice, "they've heard the poor old man a groanin', and couldn't wait till he was dead! But Tim heard him too! Look here, Mr. Clover," and pulling aside the vines and branches nearly covering the dead, he showed me Tim's faithful head resting on his master's breast, while Old Man Tompkins's

left arm curled most lovingly round the neck of his faithful friend.

"Is he dead, Jim?" I asked, laying down my rifle, and stooping over the two who had vowed so long ago, each in his own way, that naught but death should part them.

"Lord, yes!" groaned Hawkins, showing a great gash in the dog's throat, that which had been his death wound, and sent him crawling for shelter to his master's arms. "They've all been dead for hours. Tim and the wolves they killed each other, and the old man must have died soon arter. That dog didn't shake hands with Tompkins for nothin', Mr. Clover," added Hawkins, rising and gazing pitifully down on the group before him. "The old man always said Tim 'ud die for him, and so he has. Well," softly removing his hat, evidently as much out of respect for the dog as for the man: "I reckon that's the last of Old Man Tompkins and of 'Tim's History.'"

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

The Chinese Question might rather be called the Immigration Question, for the principles underlying it are general and not special in character. It only happens that the Chinese immigration, for the first time in the history of the country, seriously calls up for consideration these principles. It is not a question of the Chinaman, for or against: it is a question whether there may arise circumstances, or whether there may appear a class of immigration, such that we ought to vary from our offer of a home and citizenship to every comer: for our form of government does not contemplate any permanent residence of a race of men without citizenship and the right of suffrage.

It is not a question for partisanship, nor for local jealousies, neither for the present only. For the whole land feels the evil or the good which may appear to be local; and the future is affected by the decision and the act of the present. It is not a question of whether simply the laborer of to-day, the factory operative of San Francisco, may be injured, but a question of the laborers of the whole land and for the future. It is not a question of the moral character of an especial quarter of San Francisco or Los Angeles, but a question of the moral average of the nation for all coming years. It is not a question of the clashing and rowdyism of certain roughs or mobs in the byways of Dupont Street or China Alley, but a question of the future clashing or harmonizing of races over the whole land. In other words, it is a question national, not local—for the years, not simply for to-day; a question for statesmanship, not for party politics.

The question is to be viewed in a double light:

1st. The legal rights involved.

2d. The moral rights and duties in the case.

The desire to migrate and the necessity for emigration are as ancient as the history of the human race. It is the natural solution of that problem of over-population which had to be met even in those old Syrian days when Lot and Abram tented together in that land which "lieth between Beth-el and Hai": "and the land was not able to bear them that they might dwell together."

Population in the older lands becomes too dense. The means of subsistence are not sufficient for all. There are more people to be fed than food to feed them, and a portion must move on. We did it. The Irishman and the German are doing it. The Chinaman seeks to do it. The law that impels him is the same law that impels the Irishman and the German. We need not blame him for this.

Yet while the over-crowded population of one portion of the earth may have a right to emigrate, there is also another side to be considered—the rights and the powers of

those to whose land it may desire to go. If there remained yet only one land in the world not over-crowded, and not yet supporting its full quota of human beings, while all others were burdened with an over-population, we might question whether any right, either legal or moral, could exist under which that land would be justified in repeling immigration from its borders. But with many extensive and fertile regions in every quarter of the globe still almost unoccupied, and under no recognized race control, the legal right of each organized community to the absolute control of its own domain can scarcely be disputed. It is the case of the vineyard and its owner over again: "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own?" It is law; and it is just and reasonable law. The Turk may say who shall and who shall not settle in his land. The Chinaman has the same right. The American has it also. It is the old English common law that "a man's house is his castle," and the land of a race is its home, its house, its castle.

Viewed in a moral light, how is it?

Here the question begins to lose its general character. The law is the same for all races. The moral rights and duties, however, of one race, or of one land, are not necessarily the moral rights and duties of another, any more than it would be with individual men. One man may have children to provide for. It is his moral duty to keep his property and not scatter it in charity. Another man may have only himself in the world. It is his moral duty to distribute his wealth freely where it may help the less fortunate. Viewed in a moral light there is a double duty before the republic:

1st. To give refuge and shelter to the oppressed of other lands.

2d. To prove to the world the possibility of self-government; what Lincoln so well called "A government of the people, by the people, and for the people."

The first has to do with the individual man; the second, with men everywhere, and for all time. While these two duties can be made to harmonize it is well. If they at any time conflict, than the less must yield to the greater: and in deciding which is the greater it is to be borne in mind that the example to the many must necessarily be of infinitely more worth than any relief which may be given to the few. It is not free government now, and here, that is of the most concern. It is free government for all humanity and for all time. This I take it is the greater: that men everywhere, in all lands and ages, shall be able to point to a successful republic and say: "If they can maintain a government of the people, why may not we?"

But how shall we best maintain and perpetuate this government of ours, this government by the people?

The question involves in its answer a review of the whole principle underlying representative government. In a republic the man, the voter, is the ultimate factor. Upon him rests the whole superstructure. It is of vital importance, then, that this man, this voter, shall be one who is fitted for the duties which must devolve upon him. It is also essential that population shall be homogeneous; that there shall be no clashing of races, or of bloods, or of kin. When these things enter, disintegration and disruption begin. A monarchy may exist made up of many and diverse peoples. Of this fact Austria, with its seventeen different languages and races is a fair illustration. There the only duty of the masses is to obey. But an Austrian republic would be an impossibility. All these different races, with race prejudices, different forms of faith, unlike speech, could never harmonize so far as to carry on a republican form of government. Even under the monarchy the tendency to disruption is so great that insurrection and revolt are almost the normal condition. The Sclav, the Hungarian, the German, each draws away from the other, and would go with his own kin.

The homogeniety so essential to the perpetuity of republican institutions can only come of a kinship of birth. The people must be one in blood. The immigrant must not remain a foreigner. He must become

absorbed into the great body of the people. There must be no divided allegiance. He must leave behind him his language, his customs, his fraternities, his loves, his hates. In order that he shall not become a source of disturbance, it is essential that he shall not remain a foreign element in the body-politic, nor in the body-social; but shall lose his race identity, shall be taken up and merged into the great common mass, and become one with it. He must marry and intermarry, until his blood is their blood, and their blood is his.

Every nation of mixed origin must go through this process. Its composite nature must cease. But there are reasons which make the limit to which bloods may mix a narrow one for a republican people. It is only certain races of the world which seem capable of developing the tendency toward or the capacity for a representative form of government. Some races tend naturally toward a despotism. The Asiatic races of to-day are equally as old as that one branch which centuries ago left the highlands east of the Caspian—the so-called Indo-European—and moved on westward. Yet while this branch has developed the capacity for self-government, the others have never shown any such tendency. All Asia has in the whole course of its history no single instance of a republican form of government. And indeed, of the Indo-European races, only the so-called Germanic bloods have shown a marked capacity for self-government; and of this Germanic blood only the older, the Anglo-Saxon branch has developed the capacity in the highest degree.

No fact is better established in the breeding of men, as in the breeding of animals and plants, than that peculiarities of type tend to reproduce themselves generation after generation, and that they can scarcely be eradicated. Another fact is also well established: that the crossing of the higher with the lower, while it may be elevating the latter is as surely degrading the former. The product does not occupy the plane of the higher order, but a plane somewhere between the two. It is a lowering of the standard. To mix, then, this Anglo-Saxon blood with the blood of a race utterly without the instincts of representative government in their mental constitution, is inevitably to lower the capacity of the resulting race for self-government below the standard of the Anglo-Saxon. Whether that standard can be safely lowered is a problem well worth deliberating over; and it is a problem the answer to which should be settled before the lowering process begins. The interests at stake are too great to admit of taking any chances upon it. And even though the bloods should not mix, though the foreign element should remain separate in race, yet as our form of government contemplates only citizenship for all permanent residents, the effect upon the average vote would be in a measure the same.

Again: theorize as we may about the common parentage of the races of the world and the brotherhood of man, the great fact remains that now the races of men are many and diverse, and that except to a very limited extent and among nearly allied bloods, they do not cross well; a crossing means only a hybridization, and the progeny is worthless. Men may not understand, may not even suspect, the existence of the great underlying laws of race life, and of human development; but nevertheless they are all the while living their lives, and working out their destiny in obedience to them. Wittingly or unwittingly, willingly or unwillingly, we submit to their unchanging dictates and travel in the inevitable path; and all history teaches this lesson: *That it is the races of pure blood who have made the world what it is, and are doing the world's work.* And the converse of this is also true: that the mixing of widely diverse bloods results in degradation and ruin to both.

That "Eastern Question" which, like Banquo's ghost, sits at the board of every European royal feast and *will not* down, is simply the question of mixed bloods. For ages Eastern Europe has been a mingling ground of European and Asiatic races, Greek, Latin, German, Magyar, Turk, Sclav,

until such a thing as a pure race-blood is scarcely known. As a result, war—war of races, of bloods, of religions, of sects—has been the normal condition for centuries. The land has been one seething mass of insurrection and battle; each man's hand raised against every other: walled cities looking down upon hostile plains; mountain fastnesses frowning out upon valleys whose people are aliens and foemen. Even the mixing of bloods differing no more than the Latin and the Norse resulted in a demoralization so complete that it took Western Europe a thousand years to recover after the downfall of the Roman Empire, so that stable government and civilization became again possibilities.

The history of the American continent after its discovery teaches the same lesson in a manner never to be forgotten. The energy and the ability of the *Conquistadors* was in a few generations so utterly dissipated in the mixed progeny of their Indian intermarriages, that the grand Spanish domain which they had built up, and which reached from the Mississippi to Cape Horn, fell to pieces with its own weight; and to this day its fragments have never been able to establish or maintain a stable government, or contribute their just share to the world's work. It is another and a more hopeless "*noche triste*" that has darkened down upon the race. The same crossing of bloods between the French in Canada and their Indian neighbors sapped the energy of the knightly race which had fought over every battlefield, from the gates of Calais to the walls of Jerusalem; until Canada passed with scarcely a struggle under the domination of the English people. The Anglo-European alone, of the races that came to the New World, kept his blood pure; and this fact has made him master of the continent; and it is this same pride of blood which is making this Anglo-European master of the world. He *will not* mingle with inferior bloods. He ostracizes the man of his race who does so far forget himself. A social ban is upon him stronger, more irrevocable, than any law. It is for this reason that the Anglo-European is the most successful colonizer of all the races of men. Wherever he goes, whether to the jungles of India, amid the backwoods of Canada, under the pines of the Sierra, or to the islands of the seas, he remains Anglo-European.

Thus far, we as a people have had to meet this race question only twice; for the immigration which has come to our shores has been almost entirely English, Celtic, or Germanic; kindred races whose blood mixes so readily with our own that the second generation is American. The Latin blood, also of Indo-European origin, but less closely related, has not come to us rapidly enough to make more than a ripple upon the current of the national life.

The first essentially alien blood was, of course, the Indian. Our blood would not mix with his, and he died out before us. Then came the African blood. This was an immigration which came not of its own free will. The negroes were brought in large numbers to the Southern and Gulf States, but they were brought as a subject and inferior race, to be held in bondage, and to take no part in deciding the destinies of the country. As such, they remained for two centuries; in the land but not of it. By the fortunes of war they were freed from bondage. By the spirit of our institutions, which contemplate no relationship but that of citizenship for permanent residents, they have become voters, having a voice in the councils of the nation. As a blood they will probably remain distinct. They are showing more and more a tendency to segregation, to drawing apart into communities by themselves. They are here, and we must make the best of it. Yet, can any man question that they are, and must ever be, a disturbing element in our national future? Suppose it were proposed to reopen this African immigration, and pour upon the shores of the Atlantic States a hundred thousand fresh negroes each year. How long would it take for the States receiving the first wave to see the danger which it involved, and to protest against it?

The third essentially alien blood now

comes to us from the Pacific. It is the Mongolian as represented by the Chinese race. With the immense numbers of these people in their own land, this newly developed immigration has back of it possibilities of such a rapid influx as the African immigration never possessed. And it is coming, not to the older, the thickly-settled portion of the country, where our own race holds the land by a more secure tenure, but to the thinly-settled portion, where their influence is proportionately greater.

The census of 1880 shows that one-sixth of the adult male population of California was then Chinese. During the two years next after that census was taken the immigration of Chinese was proportionately much more rapid, so that a ratio of one-fifth would probably now not be far amiss. And the tendency was all the while to a constantly increasing rate of influx. How is it to be in the future, unless the policy of restriction is continued and enforced? Our own population is fifty millions. That portion of Europe which gives us our Atlantic immigration represents a population of about one hundred and fifty millions. China, which stands ready to give us our Pacific immigration, has three hundred and fifty millions.

What shall we do with these people? There is no use shutting our eyes to the questions which must arise. They have to be met. One of four things we must do:

1st. Mingle our blood with theirs and absorb them, or be absorbed by them, as we do with our European immigration; or,

2d. Keep them as a separate and distinct blood, and yet make citizens of them; or,

3d. Keep them separate in blood, and while granting to them the privilege of remaining, deny them the rights of citizenship; or,

4th. Continue to restrict immigration.

Which shall it be? If we try the first, how shall we escape that lowering of the average capacity for self-government which we as a race have developed, and which they as a race have not? And how shall we escape that evil of hybridization of blood of which the history of races shows so many sad examples? Can we hope that for the first time in the history of the world a great race law will be of non-effect?

If we try the second, making them citizens, but keeping them distinct in blood, how shall we hope to escape the same lowering of average intelligence in the resulting vote? And back of this, what of the wars of races which have always, sooner or later, come to other lands of mixed peoples? How about Austria of to-day?

If we try the third, we are doing violence to one of the fundamental principles of our form of government, and still more increasing the danger of that war of races; for a subject people never are a contented people. It is only a question of numbers when trouble shall begin. And could we carry out this plan? There would always be the temptation to rival political parties to enfranchise them for the purpose of securing their vote.

The fourth, restricting immigration, settles all controversy.

In conclusion, I would repeat: The greatest boon which America gives to the world is not the right of asylum; it is this example of a successful republic; a living, indisputable demonstration of the truth that man can govern himself. The right of asylum is a mere mote in the scale compared with it, and should not for a moment be weighed against it, if by so doing it is found there would arise any possibility of jeopardizing the ultimate success of the great experiment. It is man, not men, that is to be considered. Pity for men may become a great wrong against man.

J. P. Widney.

THE IDEAL CLUB.

I SHALL not tell by what lucky chance seven of the nicest people I know met at Volumnia's one dull winter day. It was a day made for talk, a day of misty sky, cold enough for a wood fire of mysterious whispers and sparkles and flames, warm enough to make the outer air smell of growing things.

It was fitting that Volumnia should be the hostess, for she was free of speech, but hospitable, courteous, but decided. She was a born commander. Did I say that the "seven nicest people" were all women? Well, never mind, let it go. They had been talking, in detached groups, of the things which are supposed to interest women. The range is limited, but it had gone from spiced currants to embroidery. Lesbia, who knew nothing about either, had picked up a stray magazine, and was looking over it, when she was startled by an imperative voice—the voice of Echo.

"If you are going to read, read aloud."

"O, it's only something about clubs," said the discomfited one, throwing down the book.

"Ah, but clubs are *so* nice," murmured Aprille.

"What kind of clubs?" asked Echo, sharply.

"Why, she means book clubs, of course; clubs for mental improvement. *You* know what she means, Echo. There is but one kind of club for ambitious womanhood." And having thus exploded, Lotis sank back looking a little sulky.

"I belong to a musical club which is very pleasant," murmured Cecilia, who is an enthusiast on harmony.

"Musical clubs, book clubs, sewing clubs, are all nice enough," quoth Volumnia, squaring herself, so to speak, for a mental boxing match, "but what good do they do to *us*? You live in the city, Cecilia, and in the city one can always lay his finger on something or somebody who will give him a lift. Even impecuniosity itself has the Free Library for reference; but I'm not philanthropist enough to gush over the feast of reason and the flow of soul that leaves *me* out in the cold. Of what use are clubs to a fellow who lives twelve miles from a lemon?

"Hear! Hear!" called Penelope from her corner. Volumnia "tipped her a nod" *a la* Wemmick, and went on boldly. "Of what use is a club to Lotis, who sits in her office from eight in the morning till eight at night; who can't afford to buy books to keep up the curriculum required by the high-laws and by-laws of the club (with an ornamental C), whose head aches and whose eyes are blinded by her work? What Lotis wants is a cheerful knot of intelligent friends (like ourselves, you know), who will 'chirk' her up, take her out of her business rut, and give her the result of their reading in exchange for her own original clever thoughts."

"Such reflections are what one might call the sweets of adversity," said Lotis faintly, "but my case is well stated."

Echo had been fidgeting in her chair. "I hope you don't object to systematic culture, Volumnia."

"I don't object to anything" (and here Volumnia's tempestuous contralto fairly flooded the room) "but systematic stupidity; but you can't make roses out of cabbages by any systematic process in the world, and you can't bring the mountain to Mahomet. What became of *me* when I tried to get up a 'class in literature'? I invited the celebrated Miss Franchise out to lecture. She promised to come if I could get up a class of fifteen. 'O, yes,' I said, joyfully, 'that will be easy enough.' Well, to cut a long story short, within a radius of *ten* miles, wherein lay two towns, one with a population of 2,500, I found *four*, FOUR women who were willing to go into the systematic culture business. One had to wean her baby. Another had to make mince pies for Thanksgiving. Half a dozen couldn't

afford it, because they had already subscribed to a *dancing class:* and so it went on. Extremes meet. It was a question which they should educate, their heads or their heels, and the heels had it. Now, my dear Echo, what would *you* have done in such a case?"

"Let them alone, of course," and Echo sniffed contemptuously.

"Well, that's what I did," said Volumnia with much good nature, "but it 'most broke my heart to give up my scheme of trying to make roses out of cabbages. It's the last of a series of experiments I've tried, or seen tried, in the way of literary culture in the provinces. I'm tired of it. Let them vegetate if they will, but I'll not 'bourgeon and grow' with them. I don't aspire to be a rose myself, but I would like to be a hollyhock, or even a bouncing Betty; and somehow, sometime, I mean to crawl through the palings into the flower garden."

"But you don't mean to say, dear, that the brains are all in the cities?" said Aprille timidly.

"Of course I do. The city is the rallying place for ambitious brains, the market place for marketable brains: and while I don't mean to say it is *all* brains, it certainly averages better than the country, where four females were found to hie themselves to Miss Franchise's lectures. It is where brains belong and where they naturally gravitate."

Aprille looked quenched, and Echo, to reassure her, begged that she would come forward and give her experience and opinions in modern culture.

"Oh, the culture's all right," said Aprille, a little inconsequently, "but how are we to get it? As Volumnia (with so much originality) says, the mountain won't come to Mahomet, and one Mahomet at least can't go to the mountain. My reading is confined to a monthly magazine or so, and whatever stray books I can pick up. We can send to the city libraries, but that's very unsatisfactory. You feel as if time stood behind you with his hour-glass waiting for you to finish, and one gets into the habit of gorging as he does at the railway stations. If you don't like the book you feel cheated and like throwing it away, but have to wait for a chance to return it. If you *do* like it you want to keep it forever, and feel envious and melancholy because you have to give it up. It's all very well for books of reference—well, anyhow, we're too far away from 'improvement made easy' to growl over its possible drawbacks."

"A great deal can be accomplished with some industry," said Cecilia, who kept house for a large family, took music lessons and practiced galore—*gave* music lessons to twenty pupils or so, did musical critiques for the "Weekly American," edited a column in the religious paper, and found time to read and do fancy work besides.

"But unluckily, there are only a few, a *very* few Cecilias," said Penelope in a melancholy mumble. "You might as well ask me to walk from here to Alaska overland as to expect me to follow in *your* illustrious footsteps. I *can't.* 'By the laws of a fate I can neither control nor condemn, I am what I am.' I can not work without some kind of pay. Echo may talk about systematic culture till she loses her voice, but it won't give any stimulus to pilgrim souls like mine that rest in a desert. Unless I am rubbed on some other steel, I rust. To read and write and practice without coming in contact with some other reader or writer or musician is at the best but a pallid sort of joy. One might grow into a bookworm after a while, but she (I give femininity the preference on this occasion) would be very stupid company. She would be an egotist and a monologueist." Here Penelope caught a fleeting smile on Lotis's face, and laughed herself good naturedly. "You think I am treading on my own toes. Well, that only proves my theory that a hermit must be conceited. After all, I am pleading the cause of the 'truly rural' at large; of Volumnia, of Lesbia, of Aprille here. Cecilia has no business among us, really; she is a child of the metropolis."

Cecilia made a pretty little face, and begged to be heard in defence of her rights as a villager. Her sympathy was with us.

Was the memory of a dozen of her brightest, best years spent in the country to count for nothing? If she was a child of the city, it was only by adoption. "In fact," concluded Cecilia, in her pretty girlish manner, "nobody knows better than I the heart-sickness of hope deferred. A country girl, forced into inharmonious companionship, lacking *camaraderie* of any sort, feeds on the nectar and ambrosia of dreams. She feels that something *must* come to her sooner or later of romance, of worldly experience. She chafes at the peaceful monotony, and scorns delay. In short, very few of us have the charming philosophy of Sidney Smith. What was it he said? 'I am not leading precisely the life I should choose; but I am resolved to like it and to reconcile myself to it, which is more manly than to feign myself above it, and to send up complaints of being desolate and such like trash. In short, if it be my lot to crawl, I will crawl contentedly; if to fly, I will fly with alacrity: but as long as I can possibly avoid it, I will never be unhappy."

There was a silence after Cecilia's quotation, but Volumnia came gallantly to the rescue.

"Do you call that a charming philosophy?" she asked contemptuously. "*I* call it a sluggish content; the philosophy of despair; no man knowing his own gifts will calmly sit down and let fortune dribble out his payments on the installment plan, without a protest. We will pardon Sidney Smith for his abject submission because he was a clergyman; but nobody except a clergyman or a woman has any right to lean on Providence in that manner."

Cecilia looked a little shocked and laughed uneasily; and Lesbia, who felt rather conscience-troubled at the storm which she had evoked, tried to create a diversion.

"I should like, she said timidly, "to ask Echo, who seems to be the recognized apostle of culture, what I shall do—"

"To be saved," muttered Volumnia, parenthetically.

"I don't even know where to begin," Lesbia went on, unheeding. "If I had the library of a bibliopole, I wouldn't know what to take out of it. To talk of systematic culture to an a-b-c-darian in literature is foolish. I am not exactly stupid, and I know most of our modern writers by name, and that's about all. Even if I were in the very heart of progress, I would not dare to ask for help from the numerous societies which dot our mental landscape. I take warning by the experience of a friend of mine, who is clever and world-wise, but who has a good many home cares. She had a thirst for improvement and sought it in the Electra Society (no, you don't know it); she knew only one of its members, and with her went to the place of meeting. Her name was proposed for membership, but that one visit showed her that she could not keep up with the ardent spirits of the society, even if the fountain of knowledge remained forever sealed to her. So she told the friendly member to withdraw her name and application, and so thought the matter settled. A few weeks after, she received an official notice from the Electracal secretary, if I may call her so, stating that Miss Smith had been elected a member of the society, and must be prepared to deliver, at a certain time, a lecture —a lecture on what do you think?" queried Lesbia, with a twinkle in her melancholy dark eyes. "A lecture on Roumanian and Wallachian Literature, from some way-back century to the present time. Well, my friend Miss Smith was a trifle rusty on her topics, and sent hasty word to the council to "count her out." Now, *I* might have been in my friend's place. I shudder to think how much deeper would have been my discomfiture than hers. Evidently, that is not the place for me. Now, where shall I go for instruction? What shall I do (to paraphrase Volumnia) to be saved from ignorance and ennui?"

"You must first find out your bent," said Echo with a Bostonian flavor of superiority in her tone.

"I didn't know you believed in bents, at all, Echo," put in Lotis from her corner, where she was dividing herself between "A Reverend Idol" and the discussion in hand.

"I thought your creed was that education could be trusted to do everything, and that the original brain was merely a receptacle for poured-in wisdom; in short, that education made the bent."

This was such a recognized bone of contention between these two, that the rest refused to take sides at all, foreseeing an endless argument, and Volumnia interposed briskly.

"Emerson," she said, in "Society and Solitude" devotes a whole chapter to clubs, but they are conversation clubs, the reunions of savants, *bon vivants* and literati: masculine clubs, which are beyond our ken or our ambition."

"I have often," murmured Penelope, "*heard* of clubs—information clubs, if I may call them so; I have known members of the same, have been invited to join, have criticised their progress and jeered at their failures; but I have never really seen one in its workings."

Volumnia turned on her with well-simulated awe: "You shall be put in the niche with the woman who never saw Pinafore," she said, solemnly. "You are one of the seven wonders of the world. A villager who knows not a club! Go, happy one! Sport away thy butterfly life, and only remember that knowledge *is*. I believed in them all once; I fought for culture; I carried an invisible banner with 'Excelsior' for its flaming motto. I lived in the hope of genius and science, face to face, in the model club. Now ambition sleeps and faith is dead. I'm nothing but 'pore low-down white trash.'"

"I think," said Cecilia, gently, "that Volumnia overrates the advantages of a city life to the would-be student. The really cultured part of society is apart from what is known in the reporter's column as 'The Social World.' The social world cares no more for culture than it does for Timbuctoo politics, and for the most part frankly confesses its indifference. It reads the most popular thing in novels, and even dips a little into the lighter monthlies, but it would get along very comfortably without any books at all. It has libraries and bookcases for the same reason that it has aubusson rugs and Persian portieres, because they are a sort of sign manual of respectability. Clearly, we cannot turn to the 'social world' for help in our mental starvation." And Cecilia looked more cynical than we had guessed she could look.

"I always knew that the middle classes held the real mind-power," said Echo calmly, "as they have the best education, and live the most sensibly in every way."

Cecilia smiled. "Judging from my wide if shallow experience, there is no cultivated class in California in the sense we mean. There are isolated cases, so to speak; but culture is not as yet epidemic. There are fine ladies who play at study, and little circles of congenial spirits, some decidedly Bohemian, some æsthetic or classical; but I cannot see that they are strong enough to exercise any influence."

"Well, to return to our subject," said Penelope, "there is evidently no such thing as our Ideal Club; which, roughly formulated, would be a baker's dozen, perhaps, of bright ambitious minds. Nobody must know too much nor too little. There must be two or three ruling spirits, who in their turn are not too old or too wise to learn. They must be so harmonious that though seas swept between them they would still hold the magic thread which is to lead them to a higher life. They must be modest, yet self-reliant—yes, yes," muttered Penelope, sarcastically, "it's a very pretty idea, but it's *only* an idea."

"O, why *couldn't* it be?" said Aprille, almost angrily. "It would be so beautiful."

"Because," and Volumnia rose and stood with her hand on the door-knob, like an enemy retreating in good order, "because we are only human, my dear. Our Ideal Club could never pass between Scylla and Charybdis. It would either split or become that vilest of compounds, a mutual admiration society," and she smiled benignly on us, then went away to superintend the salad.

A discouraging silence fell upon us, and somebody tried feebly to talk of every-day matters, but Echo was not satisfied with such summary disposal of our topic.

"I will concede," she said severely, "that we can not do *everything*, but we can do a little, which is much better than nothing at all. Each one can seek in his own way and along his own path the elements of the society we should like to have, and some time they may be drawn together. It is not impossible, and as Penelope jeeringly says, it is a very pretty scheme."

So, seduced by Echo's earnestness we vaguely dedicated ourselves to the Ideal Club; and then the lunch bell rang, and mind-hunger was set aside for body-hunger. Before the twilight fell each had gone his own way to his own work or idlesse as the case might be.

Since then, two or three persevering ones, holding our symposium in mind, joined a large fraternity known in derisive circles as the "Jaw-talk-away," but after the first flush of enthusiasm paled, they found that it gave them a great deal they didn't want and withheld a great deal they wanted; so they are still wandering about like restless souls in Purgatory.

Aprille kicks against the pricks, but is too young and inexperienced to find her own in the unclaimed material floating about her. Lotis settled back into her day-dreams, which ever hang a misty curtain between her and the world. Lesbia lost her ambition in love and never found it again; for love, though "'tis not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church door," is enough: and Cecilia asks no odds of anybody, but makes the most of her opportunities, and sails away from us not selfishly but serenely, to open seas which we toil in vain to reach. Volumnia at last turned back to music, and found in "Velocities" and Schumann a stop-gap for her seething ambition. Penelope dissects all their failures with microscopic fidelity, but does little herself except dabble in the thing nearest her hand, drifting with the tide in a purposeless way which must eventually leave her without any occupation whatever. Echo, being of Puritanistic lineage, holds to her convictions as firmly as does the bull-dog to his natural foe. She believes in culture, and thinks she has found the cultivated class; but the rest of us, though we have seen afar scintillations which seemed born of the jewel of our search, always found on closer inspection the diamond to be paste; and so—and so the Ideal Club has never been realized.

K. M. Bishop.

SONG.

Dear Heart, why grieve each other so?
  I know you love me,
I hear your whisper soft and low,
  And know you love me.

Why say harsh words to me, dear Heart?
  You know you love me:
Why say so coldly, "We must part"
  Because you love me?

I would I had the words to tell,
  How well I love you.
Would I might all grave doubts dispel,
  And prove I love you.

Ah! dearest, wait a little while,
  You know I love you:
Some day with neither guilt nor guile
  You'll know I love you.

J. C.

AUTHORITY.

Is authority dethroned? If not dethroned already, will it be in some near future? If not likely to be dethroned, ought it to be? Such questions are suggested by certain current complaints and current boasts. Complaints have long been rife. Authority has been pictured as a conscienceless tyrant, a cruel monster, hydra-headed, insatiate, full of all malice. More recently, boasting has begun. This tyrant has been fatally wounded; this monster's heads have some of them been slain, others scotched. Its dominion totters to a final overthrow.

And what is the malignant tyrant, this monster of evil? Of course we are not speaking of the authority which rests on force, and has a power of absolute compulsion. No questions are raised about that sort of authority. Of the only sort which can be discussed, an approximate definition may be found in such descriptions as John Henry Newman's: "Conscience is an authority; the Bible is an authority; such is the church; such is antiquity; such are the words of the wise; such are hereditary lessons; such are ethical truths; such are historical memories; such are legal laws and state maxims; such are proverbs; such are sentiments, presages, and prepossessions." This description is from a churchman's point of view. A jurist might make a different enumeration. A metaphysician and a practical statesman would not emphasize the same points. It is near enough to our purpose to say that authority includes all those prescriptions, rules, customs, influences and antecedents which tend to shape the judgments and the choices of men. A popular lecturer is reported as saying: "Influence is persuasion, authority is coercion"; but the distinction is less than half true. The authority which alone comes up for discussion is in its very nature non-compulsory. Law is an authority; but, in our sense of the word, not as laying on us an irresistible iron hand, but only as securing a reasonable and willing obedience. In all civic life men yield voluntarily to authority; swept on, it may be, with scarcely a recognition of the current that bears them, but able at any time to turn and row up-stream. In religion the great antagonist of authority, as Cardinal Newman puts it, is private judgment. Authority is no *resistless* tyrant, for force takes us into quite another domain. Whatever tyranny there may be in authority, its victims all have the indefeasible right of rebellion. The tree cannot rebel against the ax that smites it. The planets cannot rebel against the physical law of gravitation. Human souls do find it possible to resist the strongest claims of authority. This is, therefore, a moral power, exercised over natures endowed with freedom of will, having the whole play of its energies in the sphere of voluntary human conduct. This simple distinction is enough to throw more than a shadow of doubt over the complaints already spoken of. There is in authority, as we mean it, no absolute slavery, from which men need emancipation. There is in it no crushing oriental tyranny, no Napoleonic oppression, no haughty compulsion like that of imperial Rome.

What do men mean, then, when they speak of the tyranny of authority? They can mean only that the strength of prescriptions, rules, customs, influences and antecedents is so great that men's judgments and choices are actually swayed by them, even when it would be for their interest to break away from the old lines of conduct. In this there is a large measure of truth. But the fault is far less in the prescriptions, customs and antecedent influences than in the too acquiescent judgments of freely acting men.

But is this the only danger in shaping human conduct? Is there no opposite danger of caring too little for the old, and running foolishly or insanely after the new? Is

authority to be ignominiously degraded and entirely discarded? Such is the tendency of our day. Is it altogether wholesome? Is it really safe?

The claim now-a-days is, that there may be a perfectly unrestrained utterance of new doctrines, however subversive of the old, not through the ordinary channels of public utterance, but in presence of the rising generation; that no teacher in any school or institution of learning should feel himself in the least fettered by the opinions of the majority or by the authority of the past; that it is, in fact, the duty of every teacher to promulgate his ideas, however radical, and the duty of all who do not like these ideas to stand aside and say nothing, while their children and youth are indoctrinated with sentiments which they, the parents and guardians, believe to be wrong and pernicious. The only duty of such parents and guardians is to select a teacher of ability, give him the best advantages, leave him to form his own opinions, and then allow him to teach these opinions without let or hindrance. We have to answer the question, whether *such* freedom of utterance is rightly demanded. There are various fields of human conduct on which the justice of the claim may be tested.

Let us look, for example, at the sphere of the good citizen. He is a voluntary actor in this sphere. No law can compel him to be faithful to his civic relations. But many things, in a well-ordered community, come in to influence him to do a citizen's duty. Statute laws are teachers of duty; the customs of society conform to the laws, and carry their spirit further along in conduct; the settled sentiments of the community tend in the same direction. A well-meaning American citizen is hemmed in on every side by such barriers; barriers which are not adamantine; which he could easily break through and over, but which are strong enough to constrain his judgment and his conduct. He is held by silken fetters, so soft that he does not think of their pressure, so strong that it would cost him an effort to break them. Are these fetters useful? Are these barriers a blessing to the man and to the community? If we say no, we cut the citizen loose from all restraint. We send him out on the sea of life without a chart or compass. He has his own nature—let us suppose it sound and true. But human nature is a prey to various impulses, some useful and some hurtful. He has a conscience; but how many consciences are blunted by passion and self-interest! If we take from him all the influence of authority, we shut him up to a narrow round of individual experiments. He can learn nothing from others, at least without weighing it and testing it for himself. Every citizen becomes an isolated unit. There are no consentaneous, harmonious movements of masses of men; no common impulses to sway them, to incite them to lofty deeds in times of national peril; no martyr-spirit that touches hearts prepared for sacrifice, and flashes like the lightning from soul to soul, till a whole nation is enkindled and offers itself on the altar of the national honor. The things that have made nations great, heroic, noble, would have no place among a people deaf to the voices of the past, sensitive to no external influences from the present.

In a nation like ours, can we afford to cut loose from all authority? Where, then, would be the incentives to national glory, where the fountains of a swelling patriotism, where the barest holding-place for a nation's pillars of support? National life is more than the aggregate of individual lives. It is a separate and powerful vitality, nourished by the deeds of former generations, quickened by sympathy with the feelings and sentiments of many great and good men. There is a national pulse: and he who feels no responsive throb in his own veins is an incomplete and sorry citizen.

The sentiments proper to a patriot and good citizen are not accidental: they grow out of direct teachings and transmitted feelings. Suppose, then, it were claimed that it is no matter what one's political teaching is: you must not trammel the teacher by prescriptions and prejudices; you can not insist on a set of stereotyped opinions. Select

an able teacher; equip him well; then let him have perfect freedom of utterance. How would that work for the nation's welfare? In our common-school system we require allegiance to the common government. The trustees take a formal oath; the teachers are required to "instruct the pupils in the principles of a free government, and to train them up to a true comprehension of the rights, duties and dignity of American citizenship." Here is authority in full blast. The tender minds of the children are not left to be formed at haphazard on the subject of civic duties. It is thought no wrong to the rising generation to imbue them with the principles of their government and with a love for their country. Freedom of utterance is not allowed the teacher, so far that he may strike at the foundations of our free institutions: he may not advocate a return to absolute monarchy, nor a lapse into anarchy. We say that patriotism has a *right* to be first in the field of thought, and judgment, and feeling; that our national welfare is of such vast importance that it cannot be left to the unaided impulses of American youth. We *train* them for their civic duties: we seek to inspire them with a sacred sentiment of love of country, and of freedom, and of good institutions. While we do this, we do not affirm that all wisdom was with our fathers, nor that we, who have changed some things in our institutions, have nothing more to change. We only say that a fair presumption is on the side of our existing institutions; that changes, if made at all, should conserve the best results of the past; and that radical, violent changes may work irreparable mischief. So we ought to adhere to authority, while we yield it no blind obedience. And, therefore, freedom of teaching in political matters must have some metes and bounds. There will always be venturesome theorists, sometimes very able ones, who take a pride in independent, unbalanced thinking. There will always be men of a sensational or a demagogic spirit, whose delight is to startle and dazzle plain men. We tolerate such theorists, even when they propose to sacrifice all the past for a visionary future. We let them meet in conventions, and use the public press, and challenge public attention; feeling confident that a well-instructed community will pick out the grains from their heap of chaff, and blow the chaff away. But we do not put these extreme theorists in our school-rooms. We do not allow absolute monarchy or anarchy, socialism, nihilism, or red revolutionism, to be taught our children at the public expense.

Still more: As between plausible theories of government, we have a decided choice, and insist on teaching our chosen theory. Much can be said in favor of a constitutional monarchy, like that of Great Britain. Some of our theorists incline to give it the preference over our republican system. But we do not allow them to teach their doctrines in our schools. Our government is a republic: it has a right to instil and inculcate republican principles. Constitutional monarchy is a very respectable thing; but we can not, in our country, afford to advocate it at the public cost, to the undermining of a system which most of us deem so much better. Our presumption is in favor of free popular government; and this presumption has a right to all the advantages of authority —to the prescriptions, maxims, customs, influences, and prepossessions which tend to give our system the first place in the hearts of the people. There is here no injustice. The other form of government is not debarred from a public hearing. If it is really superior, it will work its way in the end to a full acceptance. The change will be so gradual that no harm will result. While the old is giving way, there will be time to fashion and prepare the new. No cataclysm will ensue; no anarchy nor bloodshed will mark the transition. In Great Britain the presumption is the other way. If, as is not unlikely, the monarchical theory wanes there, and the republican theory comes to prevail, it is infinitely better that the latter assume the *onus probandi;* that it contest and win against odds every inch of ground. That will give a peaceful and healthful transition, instead of the bloody alternations which

have dimmed the glory and sapped the strength of fickle and fiery France.

For another test of the claims of authority, we may take the maxims of propriety in human conduct. Civilized communities have agreed that certain things are proper and decent in a well-ordered society, and certain other things improper and indecent. On some points of propriety these communities may be mistaken. Less civilized peoples make a stumbling block of things which we deem proper. The Turk keeps his women closely veiled in public; the Englishman delights to show off his charming princesses and ladies of rank. Civilized Greece shut up wives at home; the Roman matron was given a much larger liberty. In our own day the dictates of feminine dress are arbitrary, and in some respects absurd. We can leave aside all such minor points, determined as they are by caprice or fashion. But we have remaining certain dictates of propriety which all civilized peoples respect, which only fanatics transgress. The Quakeress who walked unclad into a New England meeting-house was a fanatic; and we can not wonder that the Puritans abhorred her (however unjustly) and her co-religionists. A decent attire is the first mark of civilization among heathen tribes lifted by Christian teachings.

If a party or sect should arise among us, boldly proclaiming a return to this heathen simplicity, it would be an intolerable offense, and the community would at once put it down. If a teacher of children should indulge in such freedom of teaching, he would be as rank a fanatic as the New England Quakeress, and be as summarily dealt with. For less offenses the rule holds good in the corresponding degree. While profane speech is rarely punished by the civil law, it is frowned on in respectable families, and banned from the teacher's desk. The hard drinker is not imprisoned for his habits; but if he should try, in a school-room, to indoctrinate his pupils in the theory and practice of intemperance, his occupation would be gone. There are various improprieties of conduct, not gross nor criminal, which society tolerates in individuals, but does not allow to be taught to its children and youth. The teacher, in a well-ordered community, must not be outlandish in dress, nor clownish in manners, nor wild in behavior. If his freedom includes these things, society protects itself by withdrawing the young from his presence. In points where no principle is at stake, a decent regard for the opinions and prejudices of the community practically limits individual freedom. Social improvements in things unessential are obliged, very properly, to make their way slowly, and to overcome the presumptions from antecedent usages.

Where conduct is not immediately involved, the claims of authority may be such that no teacher can fly in the face of it. Scientific truth has some inalienable rights that cannot be yielded to individual caprice. The consensus of scientific men is a court from which there is no appeal. Few men have searched out for themselves the facts relating to our solar system; but we trust the unanimous voice of the astronomers. We are simply amused at the obstinacy of our anti-Galileo, the Reverend John Jasper, when he declares that "the sun do move" around the earth; but no Jasper, black or white, would be allowed to teach our children this astronomical heresy. Alchemy was once believed in: would it be suffered now to take the place of chemistry, when some erratic teacher chose to espouse it?

We may turn now to the province of Ethics. Ethics is the theory of which morals is the practice. Men agree substantially as to practical morality; they differ as to its theoretical grounds. Some ethical theories seem unimportant in their deviations from accustomed teachings; others are more or less revolutionary. Is no restraint to be put on any new teaching? Those theories have access to the public ear; they can be printed and spread broadcast in the community. But shall they be *taught* in our schools, at the caprice of the individual teacher? There is, for example, a theory that right and wrong doing depend, not on the choices of a freely acting moral nature, but on an inflex-

ible environment. What seems freedom of will is a delusion. All human actions are determined by an irresistible necessity. Excellent men have held and promulgated this theory. Possibly more hold it now than we suppose, in these days of a rampant materialism—more than at any previous time. Thought is free; the press is free; public assemblies are free: the advocates of this theory of ethics can go on holding and promulgating it to the bitter end. But the large majority of our people are not yet ready to adopt it. They believe in freedom of will, in self-determining moral natures. They rear their families on this old-time theory: on this theory they make their laws and punish their criminals. Suppose, now, that in our schools and public seminaries of learning there should arise a race of instructors who are necessarians; teaching that a child cannot help doing wrong, and that a criminal cannot help breaking the law. Here is a theory of ethics adapted to produce immediate and disastrous results. The guardians of the young see at once that it is revolutionary, destructive of good order in the school-room, in the family, in society at large. What would they do with this new race of teachers? What could they do, but withdraw their charges from such instruction? There is surely a strong and time-honored presumption in favor of the old doctrine of human responsibility. By that doctrine many generations of self-restraining men and women have been trained in the past. It has the "promise and potency" of a healthful influence on innumerable generations to come. There is no higher dictate than self-preservation; and the self-preservation of society demands that the old doctrine have a first and full hearing in every family and every school. Here is certainly a case where freedom of teaching must not be allowed its fullest possible play.

And there *are* moral teachings and influences so flagrantly immoral as to make any public utterance an offence against the common weal. Such are the free-love doctrines and practices of the Oneida community. Such are the most repulsive phases of Mormonism. There comes a time when the civil law interferes to restrain immoral teachings, as it restrains indecent publications.

How, then, will it be in the kindred province of religion? There is no end to the ridicule heaped on those who object to the freest utterances of religious or anti-religious opinions. How, it is asked, can you fetter the seeker after truth? And how can you restrain him from promulgating the truth that he thinks he has found? He may be mistaken, but we are not his keepers. Religion is an open field, and he who walks out therein, exploring its bounds, finding for himself the green pastures and still waters that suit him best, must have no padlock on his lips. He must be at liberty, not only to cry aloud to the Father of his spirit, but to echo the Father's answering voice. If no voice comes to him, if the universe seems dumb to his appeal, he must be allowed to utter his disappointment; to declare that there is no God, no soul, no future world; to make the welkin ring with the cry of despair. Well, all this is freely done in our day. Writers and speakers give forth their negations and their erratic affirmations with the largest liberty. They find their fit audience, whether few or many. But in addition to this they claim the right of instilling into the minds of the young all their own doubts, and denials, and assertions; their destructive and constructive hypotheses. Whose business is it to interfere? Thought is free as air: let it fly forth unbidden, and flash unopposed into every breathing soul. That is the claim: is it a fair one?

Religion is an atmosphere. The atmosphere may be clear or murky, light or dense: but it is essential to man's spiritual nature. In some religious atmosphere the nations of the earth have dwelt. If a few degraded tribes have acknowledged no religious aspirations, they show by contrast the universality and strength of the religious feeling. Certain nations go by the name of Christian, and these are the foremost nations of the world. The Christian religion is a definite thing. Held in somewhat varying forms, it is in each form a living and powerful influence

to the people who hold it. We may set aside its excrescences, which are human accretions; and if we penetrate to its heart and center, we find among Christian nations a system of belief to which they owe their purest morality, their noblest incentives, their dearest and brightest hopes. It is a system with a history, and with historic foundations. It is stronger now than it ever was before. It has shown an increasing power to bless the human race. Furthermore, it is a system which proclaims the need of its own teachings. On its theory of the world, the world can not do without it, can not be left in ignorance of its claims. It asserts a universal human weakness, and to that weakness it offers restorative help. Here is a transforming element, an all-important safeguard. If the young grow up without it, they lose the most potent influence for good. If they are taught to despise it, they are put on a false track for their whole career.

Such opinions are held by the great majority in Christian lands. A small minority, respectable in ability and influence, think the Christian religion is outgrown, and now worse than useless. They utter their views in public; they gain a foremost hearing in magazines and reviews, as well as in more solid publications. No one denies them this right. But when they come, as many of them do, to claim an equal hearing in our public schools, the matter assumes a very different aspect. Antecedent probability among us is in favor of the Christian religion. The presumption, thus far, is overwhelming on the side of its teachings. Can a Christian community look on with indifference while its dearest possessions are taken from it? Can it, without a protest, see itself robbed of the guardianship of its children? Can it stand by unmoved and hear its most sacred beliefs disparaged and sneered at in the presence of its youth? No more than the patriot can be indifferent while the doctrines of disloyalty are taught to his family. He would not nourish a progeny of rebels; he must teach his children his own principles of loyalty, imbue them with his own love of country and our free institutions. The Christian's faith is vital to his citizenship in a heavenly country. It is a prime dictate of allegiance to the great government of Him whom he believes to be King of kings and Lord of lords. He is not to be called a fanatic, he is not to be teased and harried, for acting on this only consistent view of his responsibilities. It is the logical outcome of positions held for many centuries by multitudes of reasonable and cool-headed men. If their belief is all a mistake, the world will, in due time, find it out. But till it is proved a mistake, he must adhere to his faith and follow out his teachings. The presumption on the side of those teachings is still enormous. It is the sheerest audacity to claim that both sides have an equal standing in the court of Christian nations.

In our public educational system we show a sufficiently tender regard for men of divergent views, when we simply secularize the schools. We do not force the religious views of the majority upon the small minority. But it is a compact with two sides. If the general belief is not to be inculcated in our schools, neither is it to be assailed. Freedom of utterance is not to be carried by teachers to the extent of opposing and undermining in any public way the general Christian faith—a faith consecrated by so many millions of worthy lives; a faith which has in it so much that is pure and noble, its opponents themselves being judges; a faith which has behind it so many hallowed usages, prescriptions, influences and prepossessions, in short, so much of genuine and commanding authority.

There will come a time in many lives when all ethical and religious questions are to be re-opened. Authority cannot stifle inquiry, even on the most sacred themes. But such inquiries demand a maturer mind, a wiser and more candid judgment, than we find in the school, or usually in the college. It is the height of folly to precipitate these inquiries on the crude and thoughtless years of early life. To take away the teachings of the great and sacred past, is to tumble the unfledged bird out of its only safe nest, to

bid a toddling child shoulder the heavy armor of a full-grown man.

Let us fully understand the point of our discussion. The question is not, whether there has been too much blind adherence to authority: doubtless there has been. It is not, whether there should be progress in things political, social, ethical, religious: doubtless there should be; and the prophets and champions of true progress deserve excellently of their fellow-men. In many places and in many ways there has been need of reform; and there is need of it still. We ought not to settle down content with what is oppressive, either in our governmental and social framework, or in our inner and spiritual life. The question is not, whether it is lawful for one to break away from old opinions and beliefs, even if he stands alone: reformers have always started out single-handed. Nor is it whether, if the fire burns in one's bones, he should weakly stifle it: "the prophet that hath a dream, let him tell a dream." If it be but a dream, it may stir the world to a higher ideal and a nobler life. The question *is*, whether there are sentiments and usages and principles so deeply rooted in the past as to have a strong presumption in their favor; a presumption so strong that the *onus probandi* is altogether on the innovator. And further, whether there are institutions and beliefs so sacred to the majority in certain civilized communities, and deemed by them so fundamentally important to good government, good morals, and good religion, that the minority have no right to use the common funds and common endowments in tearing them down. And especially, whether freedom of utterance in public schools and educational institutions and learned societies is to be under no possible check; to be limited only by individual caprice and sensational conceit.

Or the question may be stated thus: Is the centrifugal movement in the world's progress to recognize no counterbalancing centripetal force? It is an old saying that some are born to be radicals, and others conservatives; and that the safe progress of society results from the equipoise of the elements they represent. There have always been, in the leading nations, two opposing camps. If the one had altogether prevailed, there would have been no progress; if the other, a progress so rapid and wild as to throw the world back into chaos. Sometimes, among these best nations, the conservatives have been too strong, and the dial has gone a few degrees backward: such times were those which saw the Cæsarism of pagan Rome, and the later terrors of the Romish hierarchy. Sometimes the radicals have bounded madly forward, and led to such scenes as those of the French Revolution. Radicalism is a tangential force, needing ever its due counterpoise. The two working together beget harmony, life, progress; as the centrifugal and centripetal forces of the solar system preserve the *kosmos*, the beautiful order—while yet the earth and its sister planets go speeding on at a really tremendous pace. Such a counterpoise there must be in the moral and spiritual world. Its need is recognized by the champions of that type of religion which rests most on authority. Cardinal Newman, for example, in speaking of the perpetual conflict between authority and private judgment, makes this assertion: "It is the vast Catholic body itself, and it only, which affords an arena for both combatants in that awful, never-dying duel. It is necessary for the very life of religion, viewed in its large operations and its history, that the warfare should be incessantly carried on." And he proceeds to show from his point of view, how infallibility, as claimed by his Church, and reason, with its ceaseless tugging at its tether, constitute the needed forces: and so Catholic christendom "presents a continuous picture of authority and private judgment alternately advancing and retreating as the ebb and flow of the tide." This is from a champion of conservatism. Can not the thorough-going radical make a like concession? If he can not, must we not make it for him? We can no more give ourselves, without safeguards, into the hands of blind iconoclasts, than we can settle down into the opposite extreme of subservience and inac-

tion. The Greeks had a wise maxim, "Nothing too much"; translated by the Romans into "*Ne quid nimis.*" It is a good motto for us. If a golden mean is anywhere valuable and invaluable, it is in the teachings that regulate human conduct and bear on human destiny. All hail to the genuine man of progress! A blessing on the men of the past who have left us so rich a legacy.

M. Kellogg.

ANNETTA.

XXI.

Rodney Bell had put a question to which one might naturally suppose he would demand an immediate response. Yet when Annetta, instead of answering, asked another and irrelevant question, his mind went promptly off upon the new track without any apparent shock to his sensibilities.

"Larry O'Toole!" he echoed, "Why, I can't tell unless I refer to the book." And he met that glance of gentle upraiding, which he had once before missed seeing, with an air of perfect openness.

"Would you mind looking into the matter now, Rodney?"

"Not at all."

Following Bell, as reëntering the house he marched toward the office, Annetta's thoughts were resting comfortably upon his behavior. What a weight off her mind to think he might be able to explain things she could not understand.

"How long since Larry O'Toole quit work?"

Rodney had evidently been pondering her query while, at much waste of matches, he succeeded in lighting the gas; Annetta waiting meekly in darkness material and mental for the deferred illumination. The jet—a long vicious tongue—sputtering up at last, Annetta drew forth the pay-roll, and Rodney went diligently to bend over it with her, his short forefinger following her slender one down the list of names.

"H'm, let me see—"

"Here it is, Rodney."

"Yes; O'Toole, Larry"—sweeping across the page to where "Paid off" marked the close of certain hieroglyphics.

Rodney's stubby index pausing there, his eyes climbed the appropriate column.

"What date is that at the top, Netta? the seventeenth, isn't it? Look for yourself. There, you have it. O'Toole was paid off on the seventeenth."

He stood up and gazed full in her face, as with candid inquiry touching her object in thus catechizing him.

"But, Rodney"—wrinkling her brows—"don't you think that Larry has been gone two weeks from camp instead of three days, as this indicates?"

"Why, no, he hasn't; unless—"

But Annetta hastened to lay before him with a minuteness purely feminine, just how she happened to be in possession of the facts of Larry's particular case.

Bell listened until prepared to interrupt with a "By Jove! Netta, I think you're right."

"I know I'm right. For there's Maggy to back what I say, and Mrs. O'Toole"—uttering these names triumphantly, and with the conclusive air of a child—or woman—unaccustomed to have her unadorned word hold good.

"Mrs. O'Toole would certainly have no object in telling me how Larry has been walking over to North Beach every working day for a fortnight, if it isn't true. I went to see her, Rodney, intending to find out directly, if I couldn't indirectly. I had been studying the pay-roll quite carefully—because—because—why should I disguise the truth from you? Some one has been calling your honesty into question, and your method of

keeping the pay-roll is a particular point upon which he urged investigation."

Annetta had not meant, at starting, to be so explicit. But how could she refrain, with Rodney staring at her as if for full explanation of her extraordinary conduct?

When she ended in some confusion, wondering if she would be able to refuse to tell who had been talking, Rodney still eyed her, and so blankly that her winning smile, spontaneously springing forth to disarm expected wrath, was nothing more to him than to a stone the flicker of a stray sunbeam over its hard surface. The anticipated question as to her counsellor did not come. Rodney began instead to say in his most disconnected fashion, and yet with pompous hems and haws:

"I think—though of course I can't keep all these things in my head—that O'Toole was one of a half-dozen boys 'sacked' somewhere along about the beginning of the month."

"On the third, Rodney."

"Ahem! Had to reduce the force, you know. But cash didn't rain down from heaven or spring up out of the ground to settle with 'em. So, for fear they'd kick, I sent 'em with a 'recommend' to Seth Ormsby—big contractor—friend of mine. He gave every last one of 'em work."

"But why is Larry credited with the two weeks?" Annettta continued pleasantly, anxious to have the whole matter cleared up that she might smile away Dr. Bernard's suspicions.

"He isn't! How do you know he is?" Rodney burst in.

"Don't these marks"?—finding certain slanting lines with her eye first, then her finger.

But Rodney, examining the page, interrupted as domineeringly as ever Tom in the old days, "How do you know that the amount set down here includes pay for the fortnight? Have you reckoned up Larry's whole time from the day Tom took him on? Are you prepared to state that the sum given him wasn't due on the third?"

"I am not, Rodney. But—" meeting his overbearing manner with rising spirit—"I will look at your figures and see if they are correct."

"Very well," Rodney returned, modifying his attitude somewhat, "Shall we go over the book together?"

"That is what I wish."

Bell jerked the ledger away from Annetta and towards himself, talking fast as he noisily turned the leaves.

"I don't object to having my accounts overhauled. Every thing I do is done straight, you bet. My books are open to any angel or devil who wants to pry into them. We've got to go 'way back. Let me see. Tom died in September—lord! What am I saying? I ought to know that date—the thirty-first of December—well enough. I've written it time and time over. M'm. Larry was hired in November? No; earlier, October—September. Here it is: 'O'Toole, Larry.' Now you understand—" straightening himself up and shaking the pencil drawn out for service at her, "the men's wages had been running behind long before Tom died."

"I have reason to know it," Annetta sighed.

"Well, we've got to find how many days Larry was on duty each month, how much, in little trifling sums, he drew, and—" consulting his watch, "had we better start at it this evening?"

"How late is it?"

"Half past ten. If you're not in any particular rush—"

Annetta merely shook her head. She did not care to explain her impulsive longing to know Rodney free from any possible charge, even of carelessness.

"Very well; I'll come to-morrow evening," Rodney said. "Got an engagement with the boys, but I'll get off so's to be here at half-past seven."

He had closed the book.

"But Rodney—"

"Well?"

"Pray tell me who were the men dismissed on the same date?"

"As Larry?"

Bell's manner of speech, grown smooth

and gay, instantly deteriorated toward incoherence. He hummed and hawed again, tweaked his mustache, fussed over the leaves of the ledger without seeming to look at anything in particular, and finally mumbled, "I don't remember; but I can get the names from Tompkins."

Tompkins, now casually referred to, was a young person whom Rodney had recently hired as his special clerk and factotum.

"Never mind: Maggy knows," Annetta answered. "Of course, 'twill be worth while to see if the same mistake has been made with regard to them as in Larry's case."

Bell did not permit Annetta's indirect assertion to pass unchallenged.

"What do you mean by talking about a mistake before you know there's been any?"

Annetta laughed cheerfully. "You needn't be so cross. We'll lay the subject over until to-morrow evening."

This said, Rodney became passably good-humored, and remarking that his hostess seemed tired and sleepy, he asked, suiting an off-hand action to the words, if he mightn't help her lock up for the night. As he clicked the latches and clapped the blinds of that window which opened out of the office upon the small private street leading to the stables, Annetta's house-wifely eye fell upon the burned matches he had scattered about. She was still gathering these together when Rodney announced all secure, and proceeded, somewhat unceremoniously, to extinguish the gas.

Such was now his hilarity of spirits, that he would straightway have embraced Annetta; but she contrived to elude his groping arms. Nevertheless, he departed laughingly through the office door, which being bolted after him, Annetta hastened through the lonesome silence of Tom's chamber, and so got up-stairs into her own.

With such promptitude did Bell re-enter the house on the following evening that Annetta was excited to merry comment.

"What's going to happen, Rodney? Did you come to tell me the skies are falling?"

He did not wait to be ushered into the office.

When Annetta joined him there, he was seated at the desk, and had pulled all the ledgers into confusion. He whirled around as she approached, and lifted his brows upon her with mild interrogation.

"Well?"

"Well!"

"Where is it?"

"The pay-roll? Why 'twas in that third compartment—no; on the right."

"I've got every book out. See for yourself. It is not among them."

Annetta examined the scattered ledgers. Her air of easy certainty changed to one of troubled indecision. She found herself launched upon a search which proved long and anxious. She had Maggy in, vainly to question her. She opened every drawer of the desk, now (like Tom's chamber) in rigorous and melancholy order.

Meanwhile, Bell walked the floor blustering. The book should have been given him to keep. Nobody ever meddled with anything in his office. Why wasn't the door leading into the back-yard kept locked? Nor did he seem to hear when Annetta declared that it hadn't been opened since she had closed and bolted it after him the previous evening. What was to hinder tramps from getting into the house that way, and walking off with whatever they could lay their thieving hands on? The men's time, the accounts of their wages, would be in a damned pretty muddle now. If the confounded book didn't turn up, it must be advertised, and a reward—a big reward—offered for it. He'd pay twenty-five or even fifty dollars out of his own pocket sooner than not get it back!

The book failed to turn up, then or afterward, although notice of its loss duly appeared in the public prints. As for Annetta's mild investigations into Rodney's conduct of affairs, many things conspired to lead her to forget all about them. Whom else than Rodney had she to lean upon in the business troubles thickening about her?

The very sorrowful day was at hand when she must nervously discuss the civil suit

instituted by Calson to force a judicial acknowledgment of the justice of his claim.

In vain Bell harangued Annetta upon her too evident distress.

"He hasn't a scratch of Tom's pen to substantiate his statements, Netta. He'll never get judgment, or if he does, you know, we'll take precious good care 'tis never satisfied."

This door of hope, although hinged to swing both ways, seemed to offer Annetta no egress from her difficulties. She grieved like the tender-hearted young woman she was.

"How dreadful to be at war with my brother's old friend. Oh, if Tom might only whisper one word across the gulf!—I wish I had approved the claim."

"Nonsense! I tell you the man hasn't a legal leg to stand on."

This Rodney could declare and reiterate with great vigor. Yet not three hours before, during a chance interview with Calson, he had acknowledged in the most friendly manner a personal conviction of the justice of Calson's cause.

Another matter bore heavily upon Annetta's hopes. The property owners all along the interminable line of the —— road extension had protested, basing their action upon an alleged flaw in the contract.

"They've engaged Calson's lawyer," Rodney explained, "which leads me to believe that Calson himself is at the bottom of the fuss. Darn his ugly pictures! The merest rumor that the property owners might combine, made collections miserably thin! We're in a devilish close box, and no mistake. As the Frenchman said, 'Money's ver' intoxicated' with us, eh, Netta?"

Rodney's attempted imitation of a foreign accent was not clever; yet he appeared to enjoy it hugely. And indeed, the condition of affairs which he had described, although melancholy enough, had no visible effect upon his spirits. His air was one of bounteous prosperity. Whatever pinch Annetta might be made to feel, he had not yet lacked the wherewithal to enjoy fine clothing, fine suppers, fast teams.

If his business activity had been noted in Tom's time, it was almost notorious now. He seemed to have interests afoot in many parts of the city, for in many parts was his workaday figure well known. He drove here, there, and everywhere; from "camp" to "camp," from "dump" to "dump," along crowded streets and unfinished roads, always at the same tearing pace. Yet rack as faithful "Dick" might, the beast never could get his master quickly enough to any journey's end.

Rumor said that Rodney's long hours of incessant hurry often ran into nights of wild jollity. However this may be, he sometimes presented himself before Annetta in a state of heaviness and exhaustion, which excited her pity. Not but that she rated him soundly for his overwork.

"What is the matter with you, you insufferably stupid fellow!" she exclaimed one evening. "Are you going to sleep before my very face?"

Her trenchant tones did not prevent Rodney from surrendering his lolling head more utterly to the sofa's arm.

"I know I'm stupid," he mumbled. "Go away, and don't look at me. Just throw a shawl across my shoulders and let me alone for half-an-hour. I'll wake up then as bright as a dollar, and we'll talk business. Lord" —with a restless toss of arms that struck an observer as a trifle too short for his body— "how my muscles ache—and my head—is —like—to—sp—lit."

Annetta stood watching him as his eyes, after rolling a little under weighted lids closed, and his thickish red lips fell apart. How peacefully he slept! His forehead, encroached upon but slightly by blonde hair, worn immaculately smooth, was as fair and free from lines as a child's.

Then Annetta grew merrily pitiless, "Home with you!" she scolded. "And don't come here again of an evening when you ought to be abed!" repeating as many of her words in the form of ejaculations as were needed, accompanied with shoulder-shakings to arouse him.

Rodney sat up reluctantly; but once awake, seemed to have no idea of accepting

his summary dismissal. Even the mere wink of sleep so adroitly stolen had refreshed him. After talking over Calson's suit and the deadlock in the affairs of the——road extension, an *élan* of youthful ardor moved him toward a more attractive theme. Suddenly, when Annetta was least expecting it, he reïterated the question, in substance if not in form, which she had already parried.

"Netta, why do you keep me in misery until the darned old estate is settled?"

Nor were his words so supplicating as one might imagine. His tones took on the triumph of a successful wooing. Possessory anticipation boldly sunned itself in his laughing glance. He walked across the room to seize Annetta's hand and make buoyant announcement.

"You're to belong to me sooner or later: why not sooner?"

"To belong to you!"

Annetta's mockery was very light, although she diligently resumed control of her fingers.

"Of course," pompously doubling his chin. "Else you wouldn't have encouraged my attentions."

Annetta stared at him in unfeigned astonishment.

"And—and people expect us to marry."

Annetta had suffered him to stand near her. She now impulsively drew back from him as an embodiment of the expectation referred to so complacently.

"Rodney," said she, quivering a little with indignation, "must I infer that you have allowed remarks to be made—our names to be coupled? Who has dared—"

"All the boys in camp," Rodney began comfortably.

"The boys in camp! Those rude, ignorant boors!"

"You don't let me finish: the boys gossip, of course, though not in my presence. And—and all Tom's old friends say—"

"Name a single one of Tom's old friends!" with an air of scornful incredulity.

"Ahem! a dozen if you please; Ben Leavitt spoke to me about it only yesterday. Said he supposed we'd settled other matters quicker than those of the estate. And Jim—"

"Do you mean Dr. Bernard?"

"Who else? Jim told me 'twas reported about town that we are already married—secretly, you know. Wish 'twas true, Netta."

Had any one ventured to predict to Annetta before this conversation began that she could be so angry with Rodney Bell, she would have laughed in pleased unbelief. What if from a gentle tolerance of Rodney's shortcomings she had been gradually growing into a cheerful blindness to them? The process was checked at once, and violently. All Rodney's worst faults importuned her from his present attitude.

Her indignation was by no means silent. Mr. Leavitt nor Dr. Bernard nor Rodney escaped her flaming scorn. When she had lashed the three with a woman's only weapon, she singled out one name for contemptuous repetition.

"Dr. Bernard!"

"Yes," explained Rodney, rather enjoying her exhibition of temper, "and Jim said that if I hadn't got Netta yet, I was to get her by all means, fair or foul, as quickly as possible."

"'Netta!'" echoed the angry girl. "No; quietly insolent as Dr. Bernard is, he would never be so gratuitously impudent."

"You haven't objected to my calling you that," said Rodney, a trifle sullenly.

"Ah, you insufferable idiot! how did you answer Dr. Bernard? Repeat every word, sir!"

"Oh, I—ahem! I told him that I'd never proposed to you yet, and wouldn't, of course, until the estate should be settled."

"Not dreaming that Dr. Bernard's sole aim was to induce you to repose entire confidence in him!"

Annetta's utterance was scornful; yet, in truth, her imperious anxiety was somewhat appeased. How would it have been augmented had she known just what had taken place.

"Your sweet little principal's the very woman of all women for you, Rodney," Dr. Bernard had declared with mellow cordiality. "But I guess you don't need any one to tell you that. You've played your hand for

every spot 'twas worth since Bartmore threw up his."

Then Rodney? Well, out of his brimming elation and self-confidence, he had, at first, merely winked. Pressed further, he had acknowledged that the wedding would come off as soon as "she" could put aside her mourning.

Now, in Annetta's presence, by way of setting her ejaculations at naught, Rodney sputtered with an access of offended dignity, "Jim's a very particular friend of mine."

Annetta laughed. "His conduct proves it."

"What do you mean?"

"Promise to behave reasonably, and I'll tell you. It was this 'very particular friend' who urged me to look into your method of keeping the pay-roll. You remember I said some one had been warning me."

"No; I don't remember. You didn't say anything about Jim."

"I thought it wiser not to mention names. But I've changed my mind. Dr. Bernard is far from being a friend of yours. Bear this enlightenment patiently and show yourself a man."

But Rodney chose to show himself a man in a fashion other than self-control. An angry redness rushed to the very roots of his sleek hair. His mind seemed to be blown a dozen different ways, as by contending draughts of thought.

"Did Jim dare—the idea of your keeping such a thing from me! I'll kill the damned sneak! Nobody shall defame me and live!"

Annetta's temper had reached its highest point. She broke into a soft ripple of merriment.

"O, Rodney! I've heard expressions so like those before—not from your lips! 'Tis plainly to be seen upon what model you have formed yourself. The original was not without power; the imitation is ludicrous."

Rodney pretended disdainful ignorance of Annetta's meaning. Yet his adoption of certain forms of speech and of an overbearing manner, peculiarly Tom Bartmore's, had not been unconscious.

"I mean blood!" he shouted, really enraged.

He strutted about, flaring his nostrils and snapping his eyelids as his wont was when unable to gaze frankly.

"I'm not to be laughed at. I come of a killing family. My mother shot two burglars before I was born, and my brother Jonas let daylight into a fellow who insulted him."

Annetta laughed until tears wet her curling lashes. She used her first controllable breath however to restore peace; following up her pleadings by a solemn assurance that unless her visitor modified his behaviour, she would leave the room and refuse to see him, she finally induced Rodney to be silent.

"I have something very serious indeed, to say to you, Rodney!" she declared, her manner suiting her words.

Whether or not the young man apprehended her meaning, he consented to perch himself in a chair, or rather on its very edge, his chin doubled between the stiff flare of his standing collar, his eyelids still busy. Then Annetta, not untouched by this evident perturbation, yet intent upon her purpose, stood before him, explaining with womanly gentleness of tone and glance why he must forever give over the futile hopes he had held in regard to herself.

"I cannot care for you, Rodney. Don't you fancy that my indifference may be overcome. I wish to save you pain. I should have spoken out before. I will even tell you what I have never breathed to a living soul; for you have been like a brother to me since God took mine. . . . . I care for somebody else, before whom all other men seem insignificant, untrustworthy. If I never see—him—again, it will make no difference except in—suffering."

The last word, whispered, and with a suffocative sense of its meaning, though in confession, was prompted by the tenderest sympathy for what Rodney might now be feeling. Did she not know the pangs of a despised affection?

Her listener's uneasiness had visibly increased. Curious as were its manifestations, Annetta had no smile. Her tears fell, large and slow, as poor Rodney sat there, the

briskness, the fury, the vanity, the gayety—all that could animate—utterly gone out of him. His one determination appeared to be to avoid any encountering of her glance; to which end he diligently craned his neck, lifting his chin safely over this or the other point of his collar, and turning his head to right or to left, wherever she was not.

Awaiting some speech from him, Annetta only caught a mumble of "Suit yourself," and falling back, grieved and disappointed, she impetuously dashed away her tears.

Rodney rose after an ungracious silence, and, crossing the room, took up his shining beaver, which he donned with an air of irresolution.

"I am sorry if I have wounded you, Rodney," Annetta murmured wistfully.

He thrust his hands deep into his trousers' pockets, snapped his eyelids at a picture hung high on the opposite wall, before he said, surlily:

"I hope for your own sake, you're not thinking too much of that damned—Doctor!"

"Dr. Bernard! God forbid!"

"Who is it, who can it be you care for?" Rodney burst forth, still without glancing her way, "I'm sure there's no man about you now fit for a decent girl"—this with spiteful emphasis—"to choose for a husband."

"I haven't chosen any one, Rodney.—But don't seek to—

"Is it—is it"—Rodney interrupted her, his speech stammering, his unsheathed rage suddenly scathing her in a fierce, darting look. "Somehow I think that—yes; you used to act damnably over the—the Eastern chap, who played Tom so about the——street property. By God! Tom told me—but I fancied he was joking—that the puppy wanted to marry you!"

Annetta's sole reply was to point imperiously to the door.

Wrought up to a furious pitch, and finding some violent movement necessary, Rodney took her at her gesture, and flung his miserable self forthwith into outer darkness, where, doubtless, did ensue wailing and gnashing of teeth.

XXII.

Several days passed, bringing troublesome matters of business to the Bartmore house, but no agent to assist in their transaction.

To be plain, the troublesome matters of business were divers impatient creditors who could not be brought to see why Miss Annetta Bartmore should not sell the gown from her well-clothed back, the rings from her shapely fingers, the beloved piano from her parlor, and straightway settle their claims. Her purse being empty, no alternative occurred to Annetta but to direct the men (laborers, far less awed in her presence than they had been in Tom's day) to Bell's downtown office. Vainly. They returned more importunate than before, having met with other creditors of the estate hanging about Bell's office, but with no success in their quest. Annetta began to consider the advisability of consulting Mr. Baring.

But toward noon at the end of the week, as, dressed for a walk, she was leaving the garden, Rodney drove up to the gate, speaking in his most bustling manner even while alighting from his buggy.

"Where are you going, Net—Miss Bartmore? Come back into the office. I have some papers here for you to sign. Ought to be done at once, so that I can take them along with me. Claims. All correct. I've looked into them myself."

Annetta eyed the friend whom she was afraid she had lost wistfully. The week had been quite forlorn without his lively inroads.

Yet she must demur. "I haven't a moment to spare, Rodney."

She would not copy his ostentatious formality.

"Do you know Jerry is very low again? And I've faithfully promised Mrs. McArdle to sit with him while she's busy over dinner. I'm late now."

"A second later won't matter," Rodney urged.

Annetta unbuttoned her right-hand glove with an undecided air.

A rumble as of approaching carts broke on her ear.

"No! I cannot, Rodney. Give me the papers. I'll sign them this evening. You're sure they're all right? You may get them to-morrow."

"I'll not be here"—ungraciously.

"Well; I'll carry them safe to your office. Wont that do?"

He whirled himself on his heel, sprang into his buggy, urged Dick forward down the steep, broken grade, and was gone. Annetta put the papers into the satchel she carried, and went on her way, reaching "camp" but a few seconds in advance of the carts.

Mrs. McArdle, too, had heard their clanking; had heard it as a signal to have the mid-day meal in readiness. She began to clatter around the long, blackened tables, filling an interminable row of tin cups from the bucket of tea which she carried, and leaving behind her as she moved a dissolving wake of steam. Half way between tables and range, wild with hurry and wet with perspiration, she met Annetta appearing cool and quiet. Whereupon she burst out in blatant greeting.

"It's no lie to say but yez air browsic!" uttering a favorite adjective, which freely rendered means plump and fresh, with an unmistakable twang of resentment.

A huge frying pan sharply hissed and sputtered, amid gigantic bubbling pots, over the fierce fire. Mrs. McArdle clashed down her bucket to catch this up, and overturn its well-browned contents into a deep tin platter, talking on. "It's for the likes o' yez to be goin' about, fut for fut, weel-a-waggie ——" here communicating by twistings of her lank body a lashing effect to the bedraggled hem of her skirt. "An' ivery shtep yez take, yez casht back an eye!" Ignoring this exhibition of temper, thinking it not unreasonable, perhaps, all culinary anxieties considered, Annetta turned the subject by asking if Jerry were better.

"Betther!" shouted Mc Ardle, beginning to prod a long fork violently into a black vessel filled to its throat with boiling potatoes. "He'll niver be betther whiles I kin tatther round an' do for him, begorra. It's the likes o' Jerry'll play the gintleman so long as fine ladies comes to sit be him, an' niver a thought iv her as is shweatin' like the day rainin' to airn a pinch o' money—I may be put from gitten, begorra!"

Reflections upon Jerry's gentlemanly ways might be indulged in with some circumlocution, but nothing save an almost savage directness would serve McArdle's turn when she touched upon matters pertaining to her pocket. Had that financial thrust been less vigorous, it would not have missed the breast at which it was aimed. Annetta found herself these late days grown super-sensitive to any allusion to her indebtedness. Tears sprang into her eyes under the blood-shot leer of McArdle's. But what could she answer? What promise dare she breathe? Alas! She could no longer say, "When the road is finished!" She could only go quickly up the creaking stairs, glad to escape McArdle's tongue, and the mob of men pouring with scuffling haste into the dining-room.

Glad to escape—to what? Jerry's chamber presented only piteous sights and sounds. The sick man's limbs were writhing under the twisted bedcovers. A dirty, red-cotton handkerchief, spread over his face as a protection against the bites of ravenous flies, swarming everywhere, yet nowhere so thickly as about the bed, fluttered with his rapid breathing.

Annetta's approach was noiseless. Her soft black dress gave out no rustle. She stood a moment looking down sorrowfully upon the sick-bed.

Rude laughter burst forth below stairs. The very floor seemed to tremble with the loud clattering of cups and plates; with the guttural hurry of many voices. Then through an instant's hush, Mrs. McArdle's tones rose up harshly. "What's the harrd knots in our hands to thim who can kape their fingers waxh-like be our toil an' shweat?"

Whereat, Annetta's added sorrow exhaling in a tremulous sigh, instantly a coarse hand, such as McArdle had indifferently described,

flew out of the bedcovers to jerk away the red kerchief, and show Jerry's face all quivering with eagerness.

"Och, glory to God!" came those mumbling accents broken by gasps and sobs, "it's hersel' shtandin' like an angel beside the sick an' sore!"

Annetta met this enthusiastic greeting with pitying words and looks, and set herself at once to render Jerry's condition more comfortable. A fresh linen pillow-slip which she had brought, a clean coverlet, induced him to sigh, "Arrah, that makes a man feel more dacent an' Christian."

Yet when Mrs. McArdle came up-stairs after dinner was over, to stand, her bared arms folded, looking down unmoved upon Annetta's modest improvements, Jerry's mind had wandered again. His breath was drawn swiftly in monotonous gasps, and given forth in stifled "wirra-wirra's" and groaning ejaculations of "O me mout'! O me mout'!"

Untouched by these evidences of distress, his wife proceeded garrulously to detail his fevered imaginings of the night before, and with the unadorned simplicity as of actual doings.

"He was afther the pore boss all night wid the hatchet. The boss was down be the fut iv the bed an' popin' up ivery minute to fetch a face at him. 'There he is, Ann!' Jerry wud chry, an' he'd be to hit Misther Bairtmore a slash wid the wiping. An' the hatchet was always afther flyin' off the handle, an' Jerry always sindin' me to find it, an screamin' for what yez know."

Perfectly aware that any mention of whiskey must promptly induce a furious demand for it on the part of the patient, Mrs. McArdle had wisely forborne such mention. Yet vainly. Whether Jerry heard, or whether the old need began unassisted to gnaw more fiercely, he immediately evinced a fearful and staring eagerness.

"Give it to me!" he yelled. "Wan weeny little sup—a whole tumbler-full, ye damned ould stingy hag!"

Thus importuned, Mrs. McArdle doled him out a medicated mixture from a druggist's vial, to get curses for her pains.

"That's too wake, by God! Wud yez shtarve me hairt alive?"

"The death-hunger," explained Mrs. McArdle, dryly. "An' see how he picks at the bed-covers. That's a sign. I've sint for Father Pathrick to come."

"Father Pathrick be beggared!" shrieked the tortured wretch.

"Ochone, Jerry dear," returned Mrs. Mc Ardle, in her perfunctory tone of consolation, "Yez must be an'inted wid howly oil before yez die."

Agonizing as this sick-chamber was to her sensibilities and her senses, Annetta heroically endured its foul atmosphere, its hideous outcries, until the camp-supper was ended.

At nine o'clock that evening, having meanwhile supped and rested, Annetta suddenly remembered the papers Rodney had given her, and went into the office there to sign them. Her pen dipped in ink, she paused a moment to glance at the backings.

Three of the claims were for various amounts due to laborers formerly in her brother's employ; the fourth was that of a sub-contractor for constructing a wooden sewer, laying sidewalks and curbs along a certain carefully described line of street; the fifth greatly surprised her by presenting the name of Rodney Bell.

Annetta read and read again. She began to tremble from head to foot. A sudden terror had seized her. She rose to look around the room as if to escape from some conviction whose walls narrowed cruelly about her heart. The paper fell rustling to the carpet.

"My God! what can it mean? . . . . Twenty thousand dollars? I shall be a beggar!"

Maggy had gone to bed. As the house grew stiller and stiller, Annetta could hear the sleeping girl's loud deep breathing trembling downward along the walls. Weird taps as of ghostly fingers came at the windows. Stealthy footsteps measured the veranda from end to end. The floors creaked mysteriously. Deep humming and thrumming noises, singular tricklings and drip-

pings rose and fell on her ears: in short, all the disturbances by which advancing night announces itself to a highly excited imagination troubled Annetta's lonely vigils. Yet not so fearfully as her own thoughts. At one moment she was fiercely upbraiding herself for reposing confidence in anybody; at another, she was asking pathetically, "What could I do?"

Now reviewing Rodney's dealings with her since Tom's death, she saw treachery in all things; the verification of Dr. Bernard's worst suggestions. Then she sprang up, crying: "He must explain this claim—he can explain it, I know. I will see him to-morrow."

If the to-morrow ever came! How easy now to sympathize with Tom's old impatience of night and inaction! How full must his brain have been of plans and schemes! Annetta's seemed like to burst sometimes.

Later, when the slow march of the sleepless hours most oppressed her, she stole—not unimpressed by the phantom-like silence of her own motions—into the parlor, minded to while away some moments in softest music. But, opening the piano, she chanced to drop a hand against the strings, and the reverberations of sound mysterious, hollow, so terrified her that, like Fear in the immortal ode, she recoiled, knowing not why. Had she not often played with those thick responsive wires—those giant nerves—of her dear instrument? But this mood of hers was too sad, too excitable, for such listening.

Very weary at last, she leaned her head upon Tom's desk in the office (where she had been writing a letter) and, falling asleep, straightway dreamed. The tall figure and stalwart, appearing before her, was unmistakable. Yet the voice speaking from those black-bearded lips had other than the expected tones. It was mild, husky, monotonous. And the gaze seeking hers seemed to steal from under pale, lowering brows. So that Annetta cried aloud: "Go away, Dan! You are as base as the rest!" and woke to broad daylight and its distinct individualities. A sealed envelope lying where Annetta's uneasy head had lain, bore this name: "Daniel Meagher."

Evelyn M. Ludlum.

[CONTINUED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

WILLIAM WATROUS CRANE, JR.

[THIS paper was prepared by a committee of the Berkeley Club, and read before that body as a memorial of a lost member, and was thus originally designed for a limited circle of friends. The public value of Mr. Crane's life and character are sufficient reason for giving it wider circulation here. A minor reason, but one more special to the functions of the magazine, is the informal and yet real relation which he had held to the OVERLAND. This relation was only one among many illustrations of his sympathy with all kinds of elevating influences in the community. It was hardly to have been expected that he would be one of the half-dozen men in the State to have the most cordial interest in a magazine of more or less popular literature; for apart from a serene sense of humor, and much love for music, his tastes were almost entirely what are called "serious." He by no means eschewed the reading of fiction and other light literature; but it usually failed to awaken any interest in him, except when it was merely the cloak for study of life and society—the studies of Henry James, Jr., for instance: and he more than once said that he should like to read a novel that contained no characters but men, and no love affairs; there was ample material for interest in studies of the working of ambitions and aspirations, of the relations created by business and intellectual life. None the less, no one was more ready to appreciate the mission in the community

of pure literature, and to give cordial support to magazine enterprise than Mr. Crane. During the last year of the old OVERLAND, various circumstances brought him into nearer acquaintance with it, and he became deeply interested in its preservation. He was one of those most frequently in consultation with proprietor and editor when the financial outlook grew grave, and one of those who organized a consultation among its friends as to the possibility of avoiding suspension. Had the consultation resulted in finding twenty men ready to do as much pecuniarily as Mr. Crane, the magazine would never have suspended. When, therefore, the proposal to revive the OVERLAND was made, his sympathy was enlisted from the very first; and without any formal connection with the magazine, "only a friend of the family" in his own phrase, he was from the first, with hardly an exception, the man to whom the managers turned most readily, constantly, and confidently for any such help as he could render, and the one who followed the affairs of the magazine with the closest interest and fullest knowledge. In addition to signed articles, Mr. Crane habitually contributed to the OVERLAND its reviews and editorials on public and political topics. In unsigned writings, no less than in signed, he never departed by so much as the turn of an expression from his real convictions. "I do not know how to write except just as I think," was his repeated remark.]

IN the death of William Watrous Crane, Jr., the immediate circle of his friends and the community of which he was a worthy and honored citizen suffer a loss that can be fully appreciated only when we reflect on the purity of his life and speech, the sincerity of his friendship, the clearness of his intellectual insight, and the earnestness of his efforts on behalf of the common weal. He was born in New York City, September 14th, 1831; and his early life was spent in New York and New Jersey. His education, general and professional, was obtained in New York schools, in some of the courses at Columbia college, and in law offices. In 1852 he was admitted to the bar, and soon began the practice of his profession at San Leandro, then the county seat of Alameda County, California. In a few years he transferred his practice to San Francisco, where, with some interruptions, he continued it for twenty-six years. His residence in this State was in San Francisco, where he was married to Miss Hannah Austin; at San Leandro, and for about twenty years in Oakland. In 1859 he was elected district-attorney for Alameda County. In 1862 he represented the same county in the State senate. In 1866 he was elected mayor of Oakland. In business and financial circles he assumed leading responsibilities, being at the time of his death a bank director and the president of the Oakland Gaslight Company. With rare adaptation for public stations, he was too independent to seek for office, or to keep on, when once in office, in the upward course of an ambitious politician. His best public services were rendered voluntarily, in unofficial methods and without expectation of promotion. Especial mention should be made of his devotion to the cause of political reform. He contributed largely, by his pen and his purse, to the dissemination of right political principles. Early interested in the national organization for Civil Service Reform, he was the leading spirit in establishing a branch of that organization on this coast, and was its president at the time of his death. These are the barest outlines of a life full of quiet activity, and animated by an unusual degree of public spirit.

Mr. Crane became connected with the Berkeley Club not long after its organization; and his fellow-members have known how valuable was his presence, how pleasant his social intercourse, how hearty and efficient his participation in our discussions. He was a model controversialist, alert and attentive to opposing views, courteous in reply, earnest in spirit, but serene in temper. Familiar with much of the most stimulating modern thought, he was bold in maintaining new positions, cool and careful in connecting them with older teachings. His

mind was eminently deliberative, impartial, reasonable in its processes.

The years embraced in the history of the Berkeley Club constitute the most fruitful period of Mr. Crane's intellectual life. During the greater part of this time he was, to a very great extent, free from the work of his profession. He was a man of leisure, who made rare use of his opportunities. The topics which especially engaged his attention were political topics. He visited Europe twice during this period, once in 1869–70, and again in 1879–80. On both occasions he was attracted, more or less, by those things which attract every intelligent traveler; but at the same time his activity there showed that his one predominant purpose was to familiarize himself with the political literature and the political institutions of the continent.

Some of the results of these years of study and reflection have been given to the public. They are found in essays contributed to the "Overland Monthly," "The Californian," and the "Berkeley Quarterly," and in his contribution to a volume on "Politics." One of the earliest of these productions was an article on "Communism," printed in the "Overland Monthly" for March, 1875. It was re-written, greatly enlarged, and published as a pamphlet in 1878, under the title "Communism: its History and Aims." Among Mr. Crane's later essays, the following were printed in the "Californian": "The First Legislature on this Continent"; "A Winter in Berlin"; "Up the Moselle and Around Metz"; "Herbert Spencer's 'Political Institutions'"; "Three American Statesmen." One of these, the essay on "Herbert Spencer's 'Political Institutions,'" was read before the Berkeley Club, as was also one at least of the following list, which was published in the "Berkeley Quarterly": "Problems of the Day"; "Government"; "The Jews in Germany"; "What is involved in the Irish Agitation" "Recent Change in the Value of Money"; "The New German Empire"; "Centralization"; "The Nation"; "The Precursors of Nihilism."

These essays were largely occasional pieces, and more or less ephemeral in character; but the little book on "Politics," which was wrought out more deliberately and under the influence of a two-sided criticism, gives expression to much of Mr. Crane's maturest thinking, and justifies a very favorable judgment as to his political insight. It was the outgrowth of conversations with a friend and co-worker during a vacation trip in the region of Mt. Shasta. It was suggested that to an examination and formal presentation of political topics one might bring a knowledge of history, and the other a knowledge of law; and in view of the fact that all intelligent discussion of politics involves data drawn from these two sources, they proposed to combine their forces and write a book which should have as its primary aim to furnish students of the University a brief introduction to this study of politics. Although the book was completed as a joint production, it was possible to maintain in it unity of treatment, because of the fullness, freedom and candor of the debates through which divergent views were harmonized. There was no yielding for politeness' sake, and none of that stubbornness which refuses to be persuaded on good evidence. In these private discussions, as one point after another came up for consideration, Mr. Crane was always sincere, always frank, never too readily convinced, and always a gentleman in the best sense of the term.

Later, there was conceived the idea of making the volume on "Politics" an introduction to an extended comparative view of the constitutional history and constitutional law of western nations; and the details of a plan for such a work were prominent in the thoughts and conversation of Mr. Crane during his last days of health. In these last days, moreover, on the invitation of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., communicated through Mr. Horace E. Scudder, he determined to write a social and political history of California for the series of American Commonwealths now in course of publication by that firm; in fact, among the last letters he ever wrote was one accepting Mr. Scudder's proposition. The following is the letter:

San Francisco, June 22d, 1883.
Horace E. Scudder, Esq.:

Dear Sir: Your kind favor of the 7th inst. reached me four or five days ago. The delay in answering your letter is due to the doubt whether I can adequately accomplish what you desire. The general plan strikes me as offering a line of books which ought to find, and I am sure will find, an appreciative public; and I have concluded that if I can assist you, I shall be happy to undertake the preparation of a work on California.

A great deal has been written about this State, more, probably, than about any State west of the Alleghanies; and yet even now, as you say, we are seen in a "confused light." Very likely this is in large part unavoidable, because of our remoteness. This element of remoteness affects us in various ways; it makes the conditions in which we work rather colonial than imperial, though at the same time it has preserved to the community a certain kind of individuality, and, at least, has made us almost wholly depend upon ourselves for the solution of some very difficult political problems. There was certainly a picturesque element in our early life, which has not entirely disappeared, and which could be made effective in the kind of work in view: though, I take it your idea is to show the growth of the commonwealth; that is, the growth of the forces, social and political, that have combined to produce the particular self-governing community to be seen here at this day. It is rather an orderly narration of these forces than the detailed annals of the State that you wish: it is not the narrative of our history or the mere discussion of affairs, but a grouping of the salient facts of our life. In short, here is an organic community: how has it become what it is? Possibly, I may not fully take in your plan; I think I do, however.

Will you kindly inform me when you propose to begin the publication of the series, and when you wish me to be ready.

Very truly yours,
W. W. Crane, Jr.

During all his life Mr. Crane's was evidently a growing mind. With some defects of early training, he aimed to make himself a thoroughly educated man. In his busiest years he found time for solid reading and study. He studied much with pen in hand; and, as his leisure increased, he gave himself more and more to the work of composition. His writing was never superficial. He chose worthy themes, and labored at them with a resolute purpose to gain new light on them, and to impart that light to others.

Studies in politics and social affairs furnish the characteristic work of his intellectual life, especially during the last decade; and in his special field of thought he displayed an unusually clear understanding. His thinking was straightforward and unbiased by sentimentalism. In fact, his thinking was better than his expression. His style was generally clear, but often redundant, and thus wanting in directness and force. It needed pruning, and with this it might have become attractive in the essay. As a public lecturer, Mr. Crane was deliberate and thoughtful; but he did not possess in full measure that power by which the orator carries with him, in his course of thought, all classes of his hearers. This lack was owing in part to his literary style, and in part also to the fact that he always appeared in the attitude of a seeker of truth, rather than of a bold proclaimer of truth already discovered. He used no tricks for persuading. His mind was remarkably candid; it was honest with itself, and dealt honestly with others. He allowed his reasoning to take no bribes of prejudice. His earnest desire to get nearer the truth made him a satisfactory listener to good argument.

Toward the end of his life, Mr. Crane's mind appeared to be driven by a new impulse. He worked like one having a task to perform, and conscious that his time was short. As the final revision of the manuscript of "Politics" dragged on from week to week, he grew solicitous, almost impatient, for its completion. He may have been moved by a premonition of approaching dissolution; but it is more likely that his restless activity was the effect of a mind eager to gain new points of view and occupy new fields of thought; for he died in the prime of his intellectual powers.

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE arrival of Matthew Arnold on the Atlantic Coast has been noted with a very considerable degree of sympathetic interest by the reading people on the Pacific. The length of Mr. Arnold's stay in this country, and the extent of his travels, are so far as we have seen unannounced; which leaves open a possibility that he may consider—as others have done—a visit to the extreme West an essential part of a tour of American exploration. Certainly, if one wishes to "do" the United States thoroughly, the Pacific cannot be omitted. If Mr. Arnold's visit, however, is merely intended to catch an impression of the scholarly and literary class of this country, he will find so many more of them to the square mile in the East than in the West, that it will not be worth his while to depart from the Atlantic sea-board. It is there that the books are written, and that the colleges of high rank gather thickly. A recent article by E. E. Hale gives the opinion of publishers and book-dealers, to the effect that it is by no means chiefly along the Atlantic that the books are *read;* that from the great producing centers of the East they are distributed with surprising impartiality over the enormous areas of the West. It would be an interesting point for inquiry to find just what books and how many are distributed in this State, compared with the same figures in the Central West, the East and the South. That that nucleus of our reading classes which may be called the intellectual group reads as much and as discriminatingly as that of any state is evident to the most casual observation, and is a matter of course; for this group consists of the best of other sections transplanted hither without change, and of their children. But the proportion borne by these to the whole reading public, and by the reading to the non-reading public, is a different matter. In any case, however the West and the Pacific may stand as recipients of letters and science and art, they are not, to any extent worth considering, producers. So far as a visitor from abroad comes to see the producers and the processes of production of the intellectual commodities of America, he can have little occasion to go far westward.

THERE are some respects, however, in which the Pacific commonwealth is of especial interest to the student of society. There is, of course, the sense of the greatness and substantial uniformity of the country, to be fairly grasped only by the trans-continental trip—that is, perhaps, what most of our visitors come for; there is the surprise of finding a civilization far less crude, a state of society far less wild, than the almost invariable preconception—but there are magazine articles and files of papers enough extant to correct the preconception without the week's journey; there is always the climate and the scenery, but those are matters of more interest to the tourist than to the student of society. The real peculiarity of our present Pacific civilization is that it is, perhaps, the most completely realized embodiment of the purely commercial civilization on the face of the earth. We are in the habit of calling society "crude" here; but we suffer from the limitations of our language in using the epithet. If crude means unripe, or anything akin to what in the bright lexicon of youth is called "green," then the commercial civilization hardly deserves the word; harsh, unmellowed it certainly is, but in no wise rustic or unsophisticated. It is a highly developed society in its own way; and that way seems to be really the modern tendency everywhere, carried here to a unique extreme. The growing weight of the commercial motive in English society; the growing power of money there as compared with rank; the tendency of the poorer classes to throw off subjection to all authority, checked only by the domination of money; the increased amount of industrial and commercial talent in the community, and the increased respect paid it by voting constituencies, by fashionable society, by youth in shaping its ideals —all these things have been noted by critics of English society, and have been set down not so much to English traits as to the spirit of the century. The same tendencies in a less degree press through the weight of opposing influences in almost every country. That America is the realization of what in England is only a tendency has long been the accepted doctrine. But we imagine that when the social critics come to compare California with the East, they will conclude that she has gone so much farther on the same path, that the achievements therein of New York must still be ranked as "tendency," the full blossoming of which may be seen here. The speed with which money will open all doors on the Pacific appears to bear some such ratio to the speed with which it will do so on the Atlantic, as that does to the same in England: the reluctance with which money flows into other than commercial channels, and the prejudice against accepting any other gauge of value, are in like manner carried here to their legitimate extreme. Herbert Spencer commented on the business-worn aspect of the Americans that he saw; but the greater wear and tear of business on the Pacific Coast, the higher proportion of brain and nerve diseases, the earlier whitening head, are subjects of common comment. The number and magnitude of Pacific millionaire fortunes; the paucity of a middle class; indeed, all distinctive traits of a commercial civilization are intensifications of the signs of the times elsewhere.

It would, perhaps, not be far out of the way to say that California is in almost every respect an intensification of the American spirit. The position in literature that has been of old assigned to the American girl seems to be becoming narrowed more and more to the Western, or even the Californian girl. Socially, a man can get the smell of retail whiskey as readily off his fingers here as of leather on the Atlantic, or of wholesale iron in England; he may gain and lose four fortunes here to two in the same time, in New York, or one in England; the Anglo-Saxon union of chivalrous admiration with frank *cameraderie* toward women, by virtue of which England both shocks the continent and plumes herself, is notoriously intensified in the American Anglo-Saxon, while the Californian Anglo-Saxon carries both chivalry and *cameraderie* still farther. Nowhere is woman surrounded with more of a certain deference of treatment, a subtle acknowledgment of something to her credit in that she *is* a woman; yet, at the same time, nowhere are men so ready to take her on her own merits, admit her to whatever avenues of employment she can show herself capable of, consult her judgment as an equal, trust her discretion in questions of behavior. Equal education in the highest schools goes as naturally without saying here as in the middle schools in the East. The colleges and medical schools have always been open to women as a matter of course; the barrier to the law school fell at an easy push; women have found not merely the study, but the actual practice, of both medicine and law unattended by the least discourtesy or even social disadvantage. All this is merely America, "only more so." In the single respect of having a less exacting moral sense than the average of America, California fails of intensified Americanism. Intellectually—in art, literature, education, science—we stand related to New England and New York very much as they did to England previous to the present literary epoch: their source of supplies was there; their literary models, their critics; they were just cultivating into existence a literature of their own—provincial enough then, and no doubt magnified by local admiration in a provincial enough fashion; yet in it was the root of the present admirable development of American literature.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Lieutenant-Commander De Long's Journals.[1]

The very full journals kept by Captain De Long from his departure from San Francisco up to within a few hours of his death are published in two handsome volumes of about 400 pages each. They are preceded by some biographical account of the author, and followed by an account of the rescue of the survivors, the search, and the findings of the Court of Inquiry: but in the main *The Voyage of the Jeannette* is from De Long's own pen. Although the reading public knew that his papers had all been saved, including log, journals etc., it will be a surprise to almost every one to find how completely "he, being dead, yet speaketh," in this account: it is like hearing one come back from the grave, to get our first detailed knowledge of the voyage in which he perished from his own narrative.

It is probable that in all the literature of exploration, this book will always stand out alone for the mournfulness of its story. Tragedy is not uncommon in the history of adventure; but tragedy so pathetic as this is more than uncommon. Of course, a large share of this pathos is due to the authorship of the book: no one but De Long himself could have told us adequately what the full misery of the Jeannette's voyage was. Physical suffering enough there has often been in exploring voyages—no doubt more than the Jeannette party encountered; but the long mental torture of the twenty-one months' drift in the ice stands by itself. To Captain De Long himself—no doubt in a less degree to the rest, but eminently to him—the danger, suspense, and nervous strain of these months were minor elements of distress; his sense of utter defeat, humiliation, and helplessness, as the months melted away in inaction, was overwhelming. Arrested in the very first movement toward actual exploration—not a week out from the last port, not beyond the range of whalers; held for nearly two years drifting about in a narrow region, of no importance to the explorer; constantly in danger and liable to be crushed to fragments at any hour, yet achieving nothing, while the time possible to remain in the Arctic shortened hopelessly; as bitterly sensitive as any human temperament could be to the humiliation of failure; feeling it almost an involuntary breach of faith with the liberal patron of the expedition to thus take his ship into the Arctic for nothing; then, by a sudden crash, deprived of his vessel, after keeping her afloat by pumping for more

[1] The Voyage of the Jeannette; Journals of Lieutenant-Commander De Long. Edited by his Wife. Boson: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. Sold by subcription only: S. Carson, Agent.

than a year, and so keeping her in condition that it is entirely possible, if once he had got her free, he might have worked through to the Atlantic, and had at least his life and his ship and a repetition of Nordenskjöld's discovery of the Northwest Passage to show for his pains and Bennett's money; then the labor of the sledges; the terrible passage across the ice and in the boats to Siberia; the rapid deepening in the Lena Delta of his completely mournful fate from the first conviction that he must relinquish the one hope still remaining to him—that of bringing safely home all those under his charge—through the falling away one by one of his companions, to the ghastly end:—a story that will place Captain De Long's name among the few in history great by the greatness of their suffering. It is more like fiction than like real life—not like modern fiction, but like a Greek tragedy in its grand and simple mournfulness, its accumulating weight and almost intolerable climax, its pathetic details.

It must not be supposed that De Long's Journals are mournfully written books. On the contrary, they are even sprightly, unfailing in courage and cheerfulness, full of sense of humor. Their literary merit is very considerable; unless the wife who edited them used a wonderfully judicious retouching hand, this gallant sailor possessed all the qualities of an entertaining writer. During the months when his leisure for writing was so great, the Journal abounds in anecdotes of the dogs, of the Indians Alexey and Aneguin, or the Chinamen Ah Sam and Charles Tong Sing, in whose quaint ways he seems to have taken an unfailing interest. The interest in little things, and especially in little things concerning human nature, is one of the many peculiarly gentlemanly things in De Long's character that this record reveals. Nothing could be simpler, franker, more manly and genial. Sensitive in every direction he seems to have been—to natural beauty, to reflective and religious feeling, to personal relations. Yet he was thoroughly objective, and no weight of time on his hands ever betrayed him into wasting paper over egotisms. The antics of the "hoodlum gang" among the dogs might go into the book, or a description of an aurora; but never any dissecting of Captain De Long or his feelings. Only occasionally, and in simple language, does a sentence get upon paper that betrays his overwhelming sense of failure, the intolerableness of his position. It must be heart-breaking to personal friends to read the long succession of resolute hopes; in the face of every thickening disaster it is, "Never say die," or —again and again—"The darkest hour is just before dawn." Even in the Delta the proverb is joyously repeated, upon the shooting of their last deer. One can hardly help the thought that he was not far wrong, after all; the end that he met was perhaps what he would have chosen, as the only thing that could dignify his failure. To a certain class of lofty temperaments—and De Long's seems to have been one of these—a cherished object is the dearest thing in life, dearer than life itself; and failure in such an object the worst of calamities. So calm and free from exaggeration are all his words, that we are inclined to believe that he literally meant what he wrote in passages such as these:

"So thoroughly do we feel that we are accomplishing nothing, that some of us think that the food we eat and the coal burned to cook it are utter and absolute waste. . . . . No matter how much we have endured, no matter how often we have been in jeopardy, no matter that we bring the ship and ourselves back to the starting-point, no matter if we were absent ten years instead of one, we have failed. . . . . and we and our narratives together are thrown into the world's dreary waste-basket, and recalled and remembered only to be vilified and ridiculed."

"My duty to those who came with me is to see them safely back, and to devote all my mind and strength to that end. My duty to those depending on me for support hereafter impels me to desire that I should return also; but those two duties apart, I fancy it would have made but little difference if I had gone down with my ship. But as there is nothing done without some good purpose being served, I must endeavor to look my misfortune in the face. . . . . It will be hard, however, to be known hereafter as a man who undertook a polar expedition and sunk his ship at the 77th parallel."

In all the bitterness of his private thoughts, De Long never lost the least nerve. Nor did he and his officers ever, during all the months of despondency, relax the most punctilious attention to every possible scientific observation, the most rigid care of the ship and of the health of the party, and even an unfailing habit of cheerfulness. The officers and crew throughout seem to have been a remarkable body, with all the qualities of heroes. Of the one painful episode which the newspapers made so much of, this book is absolutely silent—an omission that shows good taste in the editor. The high excellence shown by the two Chinamen is a point worthy of note. The whole crew did great credit to the commander's discrimination and knowledge of men, displayed in selecting them.

Nothing could be better than the editing of these Journals; the few words of introduction and close are so modest, straightforward and calm as to increase respect for the writer. There is nothing that can be called eulogy, nor a word or tone in the whole that accents the personality of the writer or the fact of her relations to De Long. Her sympathy seems to have been entirely with his ambitions, though the only direct expression of such sympathy is in the closing words: "Something was added to the stock of the world's knowledge; a slight gain was made in the solution of the Arctic problem. Is it said that too high a price in the lives of men was paid for this knowledge? Not by such cold calculation is human

endeavor measured. Sacrifice is nobler than ease, unselfish life is consummated in lonely death, and the world is richer by this gift of suffering."

The two volumes of *The Voyage of the Jeannette* are especially well printed, the illustrations satisfactory, and the charts excellent, except that the chart of the various journeyings in the Lena Delta is not as clear as it might have been made by the use of more colors in tracing lines of march, and similar devices. One of the exhaustive modern indexes is added, besides several appendices containing a few scientific reports and similar matters: the most important of these is a plan for an Arctic vessel, as drawn from their experience, the work of Melville and De Long.

How to Help the Poor.[1]

"THOUGH I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing," is the quotation that introduces Mrs. Fields's most sensible and excellent little book; and the chapters that follow explain with all earnestness the distinction—become, in our modern environment, even an antagonism—between charity and the bestowal of goods to feed the poor. To the student of society it is, of course, no new idea that civilization is weighted almost fatally by the growth of a helplessly poor caste, dependent by preference, destitute far less in goods than in mental and moral muscle; and that the great bulk of private charity, and still more of public alms, is a direct premium to the growth of this class: but such a doctrine has made very little way among the great bulk of alms-givers. To these Mrs. Fields's book is addressed; and it is, we think, for the general reader the best presentation of the subject—at once sound and popular—yet issued. The best review we can make of it is to advise every one who spends as much as a dollar in "charity," so called, to devote the first sixty cents of that dollar to possessing himself of Mrs. Fields's book, and then he will stand a better chance of not doing absolute harm with the remaining forty cents.

The immediate substitute for indiscriminate almsgiving that the book is intended to help is the Boston system for organizing charitable work—a sort of clearing house arrangement, to secure co-operation among the existing charitable societies, and between them and private beneficence. This organization is that almost unheard-of thing, a good work that is not in need of money, but only of workers; not that it is rich, but that it does not include in its work the use of money—merely the collection of knowledge for the intelligent guidance of those using money through the regular channels. A similar organization would be possible in many places; in many others, the reader must not expect to be able to copy literally, but merely to understand the principle of reform, and work out the special adaptation of it desirable for his own community. Any farther idea of this principle can best be given by quotation:

"To teach the poor how to use even the small share of goods and talents intrusted to them, proves to be almost the only true help of a worldly sort which it is possible to give them. Other gifts, through the long ages tried and found wanting, we must have done with. Nearly one million of dollars in public and private charities have been given away in one year in Boston alone; and this large sum has brought, by way of return, a more fixed body of persons who live upon the expectation of public assistance, and whose degradation becomes daily deeper. The truth has been made clear to us that expenditure of money and goods alone does not alleviate poverty. . . . . We have followed the law and not the spirit of the Master; but the law is dead, and he still lives among us, the shepherd of his sheep, speaking through these hungry and suffering children, and praying us not to give the meat which perisheth, but the meat which shall endure."

"The old method of working for the poor always left the man in the swamp, but threw him biscuits to keep him from starving. By means of throwing him biscuits enough, he managed to make the oozy place appear soft and even comfortable. The new method is to throw him a plank. He cannot eat or drink the plank, but he can scramble out upon it, and have his share of the labors and rewards which the experience of life brings both to high and low."

"In short, we have received the children of pauperized Europe into our open arms, and have wondered at first, then felt ourselves repelled by the sad issue of our careless hospitality."

"They are with us. . . . . It remains with us to train them into decent members of society, or to fold our hands and let the crowd of imbeciles and drunkards and criminals and lunatics increase year by year, till suddenly some frightful social convulsion opens the eyes that have refused to see."

Recent Volumes of Verse.

THE most of the verse issued in recent volumes is not recent verse; and the fact is a matter of congratulation. From the character of volumes whose contents are new, one would conclude that no good verse is being written, were it not that a small group of writers still do the muse credit through the columns of the magazines. Most of these writers, however, do not seem to care to collect their verses; and—with a few exceptions, notably in the case of Aldrich—the publication of a volume of verses seems to be fast becoming a confession that the author could not get his verses into the magazines. Accordingly, the poetical enterprises of the publishers for the holiday season turn principally to republications of standard poetry, either in specially handsome or specially handy form. Of the first sort is the earliest and perhaps the most noticeable of holiday issues of the season: *Twenty Poems*

[1] How to Help the Poor. By Mrs. James T. Fields. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

from Longfellow,[1] illustrated by his son, the artist, Ernest Longfellow. There are fifty illustrations, and the twenty poems that are selected for them are fairly representative of the poet's range of subject and manner. The conjunction of son and father in the two arts that make up the book is, of course, the point of great interest, and ought to make it a favorite among the holiday books. There seems to be a good deal of harmony between the genius of father and son, making it possible for the one to render in pencil very fairly the spirit of the other; it should be said that these engravings are from paintings, and therefore not as full renderings of the intention of the artist as if they had been designed in the first place to express his conception without color.

Somewhat more sumptuous than the Longfellow volume is an "Artists' Edition" of *Gray's Elegy*,[2] notable as the first attempt to bring out this poem in elaborate form. The twenty-two engravings on as many pages (the right-hand page alone receiving both illustration and verse, faced by a blank left-hand page), are drawn by nineteen artists, of whom W. Hamilton Gibson and R. Swain Gifford are the most eminent names, and engraved by eighteen different engravers. That they are all of great beauty, and make a most acceptable holiday volume, we need hardly say. There seems to have been a certain difficulty experienced by the artists in discriminating between Old England and New England rusticity, in the character of landscape and figures; a difficulty hardly avoidable.

On the other hand, in the line of the cheap and convenient, a Longfellow reprint appears again in the shape of *The Courtship of Miles Standish*,[3] arranged for acting in parlor theatricals and school exhibitions —a little fifteen-cent paper book (Number Three of the "Riverside Literature Series"), which we should think would prove very acceptable for the purpose for which it is designed. It is a good suggestion that the historically accurate description of surroundings and costumes, together with the intrinsic worth of the poem and the interest which children always find in acting and personation, will make its use in schools a better educating influence than the recitation of many short "pieces." Longfellow is already peculiarly the poet of children, and much has already been done, with excellent results, in the way of introducing him to the public schools; it is even customary in many of the schools of the country to celebrate his birthday—a curious phase of popular reverence to a poet, that perhaps illustrates more vividly than anything else the peculiar adaptation of Longfellow's genius to the general taste of America.

In *The Bay of Seven Islands, Etc.*,[4] the twenty-two poems of Whittier that have come into print since the latest collection of his works are brought together in an attractive little volume. As most of our readers have from time to time read these poems as they appeared in various journals (for in whatever journal published, almost every one has been seized up and copied and recopied all over the country by the press), we will not dwell upon them with any extended criticism. They are what all Mr. Whittier's later poetry has been; somewhat unequal, yet in every line, after all, showing the firm hand of the veteran and the genuine poetic spirit. He seems certainly destined to be one of the happy writers who go on to the end without a period of decay and weakness; for though every volume he now prints contains much that is less than his best, the same has always been true of him; and so sweet and lofty is the spirit of everything, and in its way so strong the expression, that no critic can bring himself to wish, for bare art's sake, that Whittier had preserved his poetic rank at a higher point by writing none but his most elevated and artistic lyrics. Not that the present, or any recent volume of the poet touches any such mark as the best poems of his prime; but to settle into a quiet level of excellence is a very different thing from weakness and decadence.

Of recent verse, the most ambitious issue, not only of this year but of several years, is a volume called *Poems Antique and Modern*,[5] by C. L. Moore. The collection includes six long poems, ranging in length from some four hundred to nearly three thousand lines, and six briefer ones, which the author calls "Lyrics," though only three have any lyric spirit. Nothing could be better than the taste with which these poems are issued: the very appearance of the book gives an impression of dignified confidence on the author's part that he had something worth reading to offer the world. And in our judgment, the poems ought to attract a certain amount of consideration, for they are at least not ordinary; but whether they do or not, they will have to be set down in the end as of no high rank. There has gone into them a certain—perhaps a not inconsiderable—amount of what we may call capacity of poetic execution, but without sufficient basis of poetic thought and feeling to give them any real value. They are of the "fleshly school," but not grossly so; in fact, one catches subtly the suspicion that the author has felt himself compelled by his theories to be more "fleshly" than his own spontaneous taste would dictate. That element of Hellenism that exists in subordination in Keats and

[1] Twenty Poems from Longfellow. Illustrated from paintings by his son, Ernest Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[2] An Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard. By Thomas Gray. The Artists' Edition. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1883.

[3] The Courtship of Miles Standish. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Arranged in Seven Scenes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[4] The Bay of Seven Islands, Etc. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[5] Poems Antique and Modern. By Charles Leonard Moore. Philadelphia; John E. Potter & Co. 1883.

Shelley, and constitutes the common trait in Swinburne, Oscar Wilde and Walt Whitman, is the chief motive in them all—the worship of the purely natural, and of that which is beautiful merely to the senses. In "Herakles" there is certainly something of a large, vigorous and dignified wording of this worship, much that is happy in epithet and impressive in picturing, and a certain metrical power; but not nearly enough to infuse worth through the whole four thousand lines; there is, besides, enough affectation to make much of the largeness and dignity resolve themselves on a near view into the paint and stucco of a wooden castle. There is throughout a good deal of metrical ability, and in "Prometheus," a real echo of Æschylus (or perhaps an echo of Mrs. Browning's echo of Æschylus). In the ode to Poe we find the only really original and happy conceit of any extent in the poems, though there are many in epithets. The substance of this conceit can be given by the quotation of a few lines (and the whole development of it would have been stronger in fifty than in the two hundred used):

> "For he was not of mortal progeny;
> Born in the under-world of utter woe,
> Sad sombre poet of Persephone,
> His home he did forego,
> * * * * * *
> What cared he for day's gaudy, glowing deeds
> The fiery-blowing flowers of the earth
> Or the wind's lusty breath?
> Still did he long for the black shades and deep,
> Still for the thickets inextricable,
> Still for the empty shadows of the gods,
> Still for the hueless faces of the dead.
> * * * * * *
> He knew the secret of his birth; he knew
> The low, the lost, the oft-lamented path
> That led unto his home.
> * * * * * *
> Too wise he was with memories of his youth
> To change for gaudy shows death's awful truth."

In this, and in other passages, there is real imagination, and of no mean quality. The language of all the poems has so entirely the air of education that one is surprised to come upon an occasional solecism, such as the invariable accenting of "horizon" on the first syllable.

He and She[1] is properly to be classed as a volume of verse, in spite of the alternation of verse and prose, since the prose constitutes only a connecting or commenting thread for the verse. Mr. Story's verses, though by no means of the highest rank, are always good, always have their modicum of genuine poetry, and often deserve much higher praise than this. The present collection contains some twenty-five poems, grave and gay, love and literary criticism, descriptive and society verse, read by "him" to "her," and connected by their comments. These comments—cast into dialogue—are by no means an unimportant addition to the little book, for they contain not merely an essay flavor of very fair rank, but a prepossessing touch of romance, a hint of deeper feeling suppressed, that at once puzzles and interests the reader like a chapter from life. The poems, on the contrary, have not enough of the suggestive; and, in spite of the author's protest in one of them against over-refining, would be better for that condensation, that concentration into shorter compass of all the meaning and beauty of the poem, which is really the chief good of the refining process. Mr. Story is vastly better in grave verse than gay; grave, with a somewhat intellectual cast, touched strongly with pensive, rather than with passionate feeling. Accordingly, the sonnets in this volume, the Horatian Ode "To Victor" and the "Io Victis" are about the best. The last, beginning strongly, weakens toward the end, as though the writer had laid it down half-finished, and had taken it up afterward when unable to recall the original impulse, or catch again the movement of rhythm, at once spirited and dignified, with which he began. Yet not merely through the average of these poems, but in even the least good, the reader could not fail to recognize the hand of thorough intelligence, and of genuine poetic spirit.

UNDER title of *The Earlier Poems of Anna M. Morrison*[2] are published a number of poems written with a few exceptions prior to the age of twenty, by a lady who appears from the prefixed biographical and other notices, and the affixed press congratulations on the forthcoming volume, to be a favorite with the press and public of the northern counties, where she has always lived, and has been well received as a lecturer. Her lectures, it is explained, were delivered for the pecuniary help of her family, while she was still a young girl; a fact that enlisted sympathy greatly in her behalf. A complimentary letter on the intended publication of the poems introduces the volume, and we note among its signatures several names of prominence. We have never seen a book so fortified with preliminary eulogy; but after reading all the explanations of the author's disadvantages of education in all senses, one finds the verses surprisingly good, all circumstances considered. It is never possible to say with regard to that poetic impulse which so frequently inspires persons of limited education to verse writing, whether it is of the quality which education would develop into higher poetic ability, or of that which education would prove merely a crude exhibition of appreciativeness.

WE have derived genuine satisfaction from going through a collection of new poems,[3] by Theodor Kirchhoff, the well-known German-American poet

[1] He and She: or A Poet's Portfolio. By W. W. Story. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

[2] The Earlier Poems of Anna M. Morrison. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co. 1883. For sale by Chilion Beach.

[3] Balladen und Neue Gedichte von Theodor Kirchhoff. Altona: C. Th. Schlueter. For sale by J. B. Golly & Co.

of San Francisco. Loftiness of conception and a great beauty of language, together with an easy and graceful flow of verse, distinguish both the "*Balladen*" and the "*Lyrisch-epische Gedichte*," and we desire to call our readers' special attention to "*Die Grüber am Donner See*," "*Pattu und Lavaletta*," "*Mond-nacht im Yosemmetithal*," "*Auf dem Mount Diablo*," "*Der Riese von Mariposa*," "*Mount Tacoma*," and "*Texaner Reiterlied*." As these titles indicate, most of the subjects refer to Californian points of interest, and will afford delightful reading for those conversant with the German tongue. The book is very tastefully gotten up in European style, and will be an ornament to every library.

Briefer Notice.

IN Putnam's "Handy Book Series of Things Worth Knowing" is issued *Work for Women*,[1] a convenient reference list of various occupations possible to women, the earnings possible in each, its present condition as to accessibility, agreeableness, competition, and so on, the qualification or preparation necessary, and similar practical facts. The occupations included are: Industrial Designing, Shorthand Writing, Telegraphy, Feather Curling, Photography, Professional Nursing, Proof-Readers, Compositors and Book-Binders, the Drama, Lecturers and Readers, Book-Agents, Dress-Making, Millinery, Teaching; with brief notes on Market Gardening, Poultry-Raising, Bee-keeping, Housekeepers, Cashiers, Buttonhole Making, Horticulture, Authorship, Type-Writing, and Working in Brass. There is not the least of the "Ysolte of the white hands" spirit about this manual; on the contrary, its collection of hard facts leaves the reader to draw the general conclusion that a woman without capital, if she is not afraid of soiling her hands, of long hours and hard work, need not have great difficulty in supporting herself, but need hardly hope for more than that; or if she will make herself mistress of some one ability requiring preliminary training, there are a few lines in which she may hope for earnings enough to secure modest comfort. The best chance appears to be in short-hand writing, feather-curling, nursing and book-agent work; all of these except the last require both natural capacity and arduous training (strange though the statement may appear as to feather-curling); the book-agent work requires only natural capacity, and is on the whole the employment of highest profits in the list. Men are said to earn from $4,000 to $10-000 a year in this occupation; women, however, make less, chiefly because they work more irregularly and are more easily discouraged. The scale of earnings, the amount of competition, etc., in the various trades, will differ more or less in our section from those given in this manual, which is, of course, drawn from investigation in Eastern cities; but many of the facts are of general application, and we should advise its reading even here.——Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have already issued eight volumes of a very satisfactory uniform edition of Emerson's works, which will be very nearly complete, though it will not comprise absolutely everything that is in existence from his pen. Eight volumes will contain the whole of his prose works hitherto collected; a ninth volume will contain all of the poems that he himself chose to form an edition of "Selected Poems," with the addition of a number of others, some hitherto unpublished; and lectures, addresses, and so forth, hitherto uncollected or even unprinted, will make up the tenth and eleventh volumes. The series, therefore, gives the public everything from Mr. Emerson's pen except some of his poems and some of his unpublished manuscripts. The selection among the unpublished manuscripts is made, according to Mr. Emerson's will, by his literary executor, J. E. Cabot, acting in co-operation with his children. The volumes of this edition now out are *Nature, Addresses and Lectures*[2] (to which is prefixed a portrait "etched by Mr. Schoff from a photographic copy of a daguerreotype taken in 1847 or 1848, probably in England," and much better than one would suppose possible); the two volumes of *Essays; Representative Men; English Traits; The Conduct of Life; Society and Solitude; Letters and Social Aims.*——As the holiday season approaches, the second volume of the New Bodley Series duly appears. The original series of five books carried the now so well-known children through various journeyings between 1848 and 1852; the present series takes *their* children through instructive tours abroad in 1880 and 1881. It need hardly be said that the Bodley books are the most successful of all this class of juveniles, and the present volume, *The English Bodley Family*,[3] is not inferior to its predecessors. The discovery of an English family of the name, and of an ancestra connection therewith, supplies the means of giving human interest to the historic studies into the relations of England and America, as the ancestral connection with Holland in the previous volume introduced the connection between Dutch and American history.——A paper-covered series of the best recent French stories is begun by William R. Jenkins, with *Dosia*.[4] The print is good and clear, but the external appearance of the book is shabby, not equal to the French comedies from the same publishing house.——Numbers 5 and 6 of the *Théâtre Contemporain*[5] come to us, "Le Pluie et le Beau

[1] Work for Women. By George J. Manson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[2] Nature, Addresses and Lectures; Essays, Vols. I., II.; Representative Men; English Traits; The Conduct of Life; Society and Solitude; Letters and Social Aims. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[3] The English Bodley Familyl. By Horace Scudder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883. For sale by Billings, Harbourne & Co.

[4] Dosia. Par Henry Greville. New York: Willlam R. Jenkins. 1883.

[5] Theatre Contemporain. Number 5: Le Pluie et le Beau Temps, par Léon Gozlan; Autour d'un Berceau. par M. Ernest Legouvé. Number 6. La Fée, par Octave Feuillet. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1883.

Temps," and "Autour d'un Berceau," making up number 5, and La Fée number 6.——The monograph on *Brain-Rest*,[1] by Dr. J. Leonard Corning, of the Hudson River State Hospital for the Insane, deals with the causes and treatment of insomnia. The causes he classifies as either purely psychical ("Idiopathic Insomnia"), a common result of the exciting American method of life, or physical—the various cases of irritation of the peripheral nervous system ("Symptomatic Insomnia"). The two conditions of cerebral hyperæmia and cerebral anæmia are considered especially. The author's recommendations as to treatment are largely with reference to these conditions, which he would treat by carotid compression or other mechanical process; he also defends the cautious use of bromides and the whole class of internal hypnotics, but does not omit to mention the importance of regimen in the way of warm baths, horseback exercise, and so forth.——We receive from its editor a pamphlet[2] containing a full list of the salaries of all civil service employees (except the lowest grade of postmasters), the civil service law, the rules and regulations for examination, with specimen examination questions in the custom house, post office, and classified departmental service. It is intended for the convenience of those looking to the civil service for a profession, now that its positions are comparatively open to the unpolitical public. We should say that it gave exhaustively the information wished by such persons, did we not fail to find in it any indication as to which of all the enumerated positions the candidate becomes eligible to by success in examination; for anything we find to the contrary, it might be to a foreign embassy.——*Circular of Information of the Bureau of Education, No. 3, 1883*, gives the proceedings of the Department of Superintendence of the National Educational Association at its meeting at Washington, February 20–22, 1883. The most valuable papers read were those of Dr. Harris of Concord, Mass., showing from the census returns as to occupations the practical impossibility of teaching trades with the least advantage in schools; and that of Rev. A. G. Haygood, of Georgia, on the dangers of universal suffrage unless the illiterate masses can be educated. Both papers were thoroughly sensible utterances; Mr. Haygood's was an appeal on the more vital subject, but Dr. Harris's specially commendable in being a clear-headed exposition of fallacies just now taking unfortunate possession of the public mind. We hope no reader of this will commit himself to any action or influence on the question of industrial education till he has read Dr. Harris's convincing figures.——In *Health-Notes for Students*[3] Professor Wilder prints the lectures on hygiene and regimen that he delivers to Freshman Classes at Cornell.——*Village Communities of Cape Anne and Salem*, by Herbert B. Adams, makes Nos. IX and X of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science; and *The Genesis of a New England State*[5] (Connecticut), by Alexander Johnston, No. XI. The numbers dealing with Cape Anne and Salem are made up of six separate essays from the historical collections of the Essex Institute. One number more will complete the present series, and a new one will be begun immediately, carried out in the same manner by monthly monographs.

[1] Brain-Rest. By J. Leonard Corning, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

[2] Copp's Salary List and Civil Service Rules. Prepared under direction of Henry N. Copp. Washington, D. C. Henry N. Copp. 1883.

[3] Health-Notes for Students. By Burt G. Wilder. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1883.

[4] Village Communities of Cape Anne and Salem. By Herbert B. Adams. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University. 1883.

[5] The Genesis of a New England State (Connecticut). By Alexander Johnston. Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University. 1883.

OUTCROPPINGS.

Private Letters of Travel.

The following descriptions of travel, northward and eastward, both written by California girls, are from private letters that have been handed to us, though the first one had previously found its way into print locally.

* * * * * * *

SITKA, June, 1883.

"A sailing on the sea." After a short stop at Tacoma for freight, and a few more hours at Port Townsend, we were off for Alaska, early in the morning of June 8. Up the straits past San Juan island, through the Narrows—a small passage crooked like an elbow. As we approached, it was almost impossible to see where the steamer was going, for we were apparently aiming to go through a mountain. But presently the way opened before us, and after two sharp turns, we were steaming up the straits of Georgia. On, straight on, leaving a glorious view of Mt. Baker behind us, a pale gold in the soft, blue sky; past Nanaimo and Departure bay, through the Seymour narrows, where the current when we first felt its force was so strong as to swing the steamer around a little, wind and tide both being against her; a strong wind blowing across the mountains from the sea, and through the woods, salt and deliciously fragrant of fir, spruce and pine; a light fog floating here and there, sometimes enveloping us in a fine mist, or spreading itself like a thin veil over the water; again caught by the sweet, warm wind rising

in a mass, it is whirled around some mountain top, and passing over is lost to sight. Up to the end of Vancouver's island, and across Queen Charlotte's Sound, on the morning of the 9th. All day we were passing through some of the finest scenery of the excursion—Grenville channel—the mountains on both sides, rugged and grand, lifting their snowy brows thousands of feet in the air, sometimes with misty veils over their rough faces, and again thrusting their sharp peaks of gray rock through the snow powdered over them; some so covered with trees that distance gave them a velvety appearance; here a precipice of gray rock rising up from the fathomless water for 3,000 or 4,000 feet into the mist and snow above; there a waterfall, losing itself in the deep, green water as it fell. Once we saw a mountain sheep, like a white dot, high up on a rocky spot crowning one of the mountains, but a short toot of the steamer's whistle sent it scampering out of sight.

Na-ha bay, where we arrived in the evening, is a little gem with a setting of high mountains, on the west extremely high, so that at a little distance, the steamer lying at anchor just below resembled a small boat. After lunch we went ashore, and after a rough scramble of about half a mile through the dense woods over a mossy carpet, we came to the Na-ha fall. Not less than sixty feet in height, over moss-grown rocks, it comes tumbling down like milk into the pool below, and then, seemingly satisfied with the feat it has accomplished, goes rippling along to the bay. The only unpleasantnesses were mosquitoes, small black flies, and a plant very appropriately called the "devil's walking stick." Shooting up as high as six feet and over, and covered with fine thorns from the beginning of its long straight stem to the end of its broad flat leaves that branch out at the top, it is by no means pleasant to encounter. When it stings it leaves a small red mark, and a mosquito bite is a dream of Paradise in comparison.

We arrived at Wrangel at 4 A. M., the next day. A fine rain was falling, so the place looked desolation itself. A few of us went over to the other end of town to see the Totem poles. Fifty or sixty feet high, sometimes higher, with all sorts of figures carved on them, they represented the family tree or history of a chief, the greatest having the highest poles. A few hours later we were winding through Wrangel Straits, a narrow passage that saved us at least 100 miles on the open sea. The scenery was beautiful, and as the weather was pleasant, we were able to enjoy it all. Several of the gentlemen amused themselves by firing at the eagles we saw from time to time, but did not seem to do much more than frighten them from their perches. We saw, besides, one deer and a red fox. Just after we left the straits, we saw the first glacier, the Great Glacier as it is called on the map, and a little further on, a second. The evenings had been getting perceptibly longer, even before we reached Wrangel; in fact the darkest hour of the night before we arrived there was only twilight, and now the sun set at 9 o'clock, the children on board making great endeavors to be allowed to remain up as long as the sun did. It was delightful to be able to sit up all night, were we so inclined, and view the magnificent scenery through which we were passing as well as if it were only a cloudy day.

Juneau, where we found ourselves on the morning of the 13th, is the most picturesque place we have seen. On a clearing at the foot of a very high mountain lies the little town; from there, stretching along the beach, are most of the Indian dwellings. We were reminded of pictures of Swiss scenery; the water smooth and mirror-like, enclosed by a horseshoe of mountains, with more distant ones barring the entrance, might well be taken for a lake. Then the village scattered along its shore, the high snow-topped mountains above, with several waterfalls coming down their steep sides, made a scene quite equal to the pictures, although possibly falling short of the originals. * * * After lunch, on continuing our wandering beyond the town, across a path like a wet sponge, over roots and sticks, we found another Indian village. On the largest house was a sign, "Klow-kek Auke, Chief." We entered without ceremony, and found the occupants all at work, some weaving baskets, others knitting—the latter accomplishment having been acquired at the mission school in Fort Wrangel. The house was neat and clean, far superior to any of the others, though built in the same way, of logs and shakes. In the center of a planked floor a square, well graveled, is left for the fireplace, an opening above in the roof letting out the smoke, letting in (?) the fresh air and light. One house had a small sign over the door, to the effect that "Jake is a good boy, a working man, friend of the whites, and demands protection." Hardly equal to the one at Wrangel, who has already made his will notifying all, by a sign over his door, with the words, "Analash. Let all who read know that I am a friend to the whites. This house is mine, and when I die belongs to my wife." Many of the women and children had their faces blackened, but when questioned as to the reason for doing so, would laugh and refuse to say. We were told afterwards by a pioneer, that it was done for such a variety of causes that it is almost impossible to enumerate them. If they have lost a friend, are happy or unhappy; if a wife has quarreled with her husband, or he with her, etc. We saw some very handsome furs in one of the stores. Silver fox for $20 and upwards, sea and land otter—the former at $80 or $100, and the latter from $4 to $8—mountain sheep, red fox, bear and wolverine, beaver and seal, and robes made of squirrel skins. We had an opportunity of buying a handsome bear skin from an Indian for $3, but thinking we could get it in the afternoon, lost it, for we saw it later in the N. W. T. Co's store and found they had given $4 for it, and would probably sell it for double. The mines at Juneau are not as yet very well developed, with the exception of the placer mines, which are paying well, though the gold is very fine and difficult to gather. It is only a question of time, however, when they will be exhausted, and the prosperity of the town will depend upon the richness of the quartz mines. There are two mills running, one at the Takou mines, three miles back of the town, the other on Douglas island. The ledge on Douglas island is reported to be 650 feet wide, but it is not yet known how well it will pay. * * *

On arriving opposite the great Davidson glacier, the captain stopped the steamer and gave us time to have a good view of the wonder. Sloping down toward us between two great mountains, there it lay in their shadow, its deep transparent blue crevices like amethysts set in the silvery ice. The sun, still high in the heavens, shone brightly on the forests that cover the mountains on the other side of the inlet, and showed a small glacier in dazzling light, its amethyst paled into delicate blue. So we went on, watching the wonderful scenes as they shifted, until wearied by our efforts to outstay the sun, we retired to our rooms in broad daylight.

We left Killisnoo at noon, and soon were in Peril

straits. * * * The passage over the first rapids was quiet, the rocks beneath only betraying themselves in smooth spots, or the water slightly ruffled by the wind; but upon approaching closer, the small whirlpools and eddies showed themselves. The second rapids were not much farther down, so we scarcely realized that we had passed the first, before we came to them. There the current circling around the rocks deep below the surface showed much more plainly as the Idaho turned now this way, now the other, first heading toward a point of land, then turning across to an island on the other side, zig-zagging her way through a narrow channel in a way that seemed incredible to us—and we were safe over the rapids. The landscapes became still more beautiful as went on, passing through places where the mountains seemed divided only by the channel through which we were going, and ready to meet again as we passed out of sight; by innumerable islands, sometimes with a glimpse of the sea, and a tantalizing view of Mt. Edgecumb hiding its face in the clouds; then Old Sitka, where the massacre of the Russians by the Indians took place in 1802. On, on, islands and sea on one side, mountains and snow on the other, until Sitka came in sight; then as we neared the gap between the mountains the gun was fired, repeated immediately by the echo once, twice—then a long silence, followed by a whispering sound that soon became a roar like a heavy wind through the trees, and dying away in the distance.

In the morning, with an Indian policeman for a guide, we went through the Indian village, and called on Mrs. Tom, the richest proprietor in the place. We found her seated on the floor, washing her hair, but not at all embarrassed by her visitors, she threw it back from her face, and, after arranging the bracelets on her arms to better advantage, was ready to enter into conversation. Her house, which is a new one, cost her about $3,000 to build. She was very stout, with a good-natured face; had one or two rings on each finger, seven bracelets on one arm and nine on the other. She put on more before we left, making in all about twenty-five, and then she had at least a dozen left. The wealth of these Indians is mostly in blankets. They buy cedar chests to store them in; as they fill one, buying another. Mrs. Tom had six or seven. It is not an uncommon thing, even in civilized life, for a woman's wealth to procure her a husband, but Mrs. Tom bought hers and paid cash for him. She was rich, and taking a fancy to a slave, bought him. As he is rather better looking than the majority of Indian men, perhaps it is hardly to be wonderered at. * * *

The church is in the form of a Greek cross; has a pale green dome over the center, and a bell-tower supported by another and smaller dome. One wing contains an exquisite painting of the Virgin and child, copied from the original picture at Moscow. All the drapery is of solid silver and the halo of gold, so of the painting nothing is seen but the faces and background. The back wing is the altar, raised by three broad steps and four doors, the two in the centre carved and heavily gilded, with silver bas-reliefs. Above, are large pictures, covered with silver, like that of the Madonna. Father Metropolsky kindly brought out many things of interest; among them magnificent robes of gold and silver brocade, and the bishop's crown, almost covered with pearls and amethysts. The ornaments, immense candlesticks and candelabra, were of silver, so that the effect of the interior of the church is extremely rich. We were told that on one picture alone there are eleven pounds of silver.

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IVY WANDESFORDE KERSEY.

MUENCHEN, Aug. 4th, 1883.

DEAR FRIENDS:

At this moment I look from a third story window upon tiled-roof houses, with queer little windows and sheets of water coming down between. We have had four pleasant days in three weeks, and if you could hear certain parties, who "have seen better days," using emphatic English, or good stout North American adjectives, you would recognize said parties at once as the blooming trio that departed San Francisco the 30th of May. But as no description of what I see at present can be of interest, I will go back to what has passed since I sat with you in the very room where you are now, likely, reading this letter. The overland trip was very pleasant, perfectly new to me; and besides seriously displacing some of the bones of my cranium by the complicated performance of dressing and undressing in those sleeping cars, nothing of importance occurred. Mr. L. was on board, and a Dr. F. of Oakland, beside a young man whose vocation in life we could not make out, as he wavered between an exceedingly sharp game of cards and the whole of Moody and Sankey hymns. Flirting was also an accomplishment of his, but after a most awful sketch of him by E. he subsided, and devoted himself to a young married woman with blonde hair.

We did the usual amount of changing and getting our tickets punched, and asked questions of the conductors (no one of whom stayed on board long enough to answer any very difficult questions), and generally amused ourselves until we reached Mt. Pleasant, where my cousin was waiting to receive us. Here was a new feature; with only five cousins to bless my lot in California, here are—just even forty, including Hancock and Garfield, the twins. We left there the 19th and reached New York city the 21st. We ate a little breakfast and found our friends, who escorted us around the city for the remainder of the day. The energy with which the sun shone was marvelous; it was boiling all day, and a gentle simmer all night. But we saw a good deal; and let me tell you, the *most* esthetic fashion is *stained glass.* We saw the Vanderbilt mansions, the rows of flat-fronted brick houses; the delight of New Yorkers, the elevated railroad, which is simply horrid, and shows off the worst part of the city to great advantage. We visited Central Park and saw the Obelisk. Poor old thing! it looks as if it were a long way from home, and as I told it that I was going to cross the ocean and be a good deal nearer Cleopatra's home, it winked its dear old eye at me and sent its regards. The night of the 22d, accompanied by our friends, we crossed to Jersey City, where lay the Waesland which was to bear us across the ocean. We occupied our stateroom that night, and at seven next morning there were many good-byes, and tears, and handkerchiefs, and much shaking of hands, but the little red-headed steamship agent was the only one we knew at all; presently, there a was a little jar, a splash; the gang-plank was brought in; a big splash; more tears, more handkerchiefs; and we were off! truly off for Europe, which, until this moment, has not seemed a reality. But now we are baptised in the sea-foam and consecrated to our work.

Our sea was very smooth until the seventh day out, and then it rolled and rocked in a most boisterous way. Just as this rough weather commenced, we thought it would be fine to dance; so the Virginia *reel* was considered appropriate, and a Catholic priest volunteering to play the piano for us, we made ourselves very happy. The next night we went on deck to dance; two violinists were found in the steerage; the red lanterns were swung up, and away we went. It's all very nice dancing at a ball with a gentleman on a solid floor, but when you try it on the slippery rolling deck of a steamer, your past life rises before you at every turn! I send a sketch. Of course my style of drawing is different from my sister's, but could you have seen us, you would give me credit for being true to the life. But the musicians! could you have heard them! The second violinist played from inspiration *alone*; he was at no time less than a measure behind his comrade; he introduced 67th notes and seventh*lets* and ties and double bow-knots with a prodigality never before equalled. We might have given him the start of a bar or two, but did not think of it until too late. After the first dance, four of us poor pilgrims to the shrine of Wagnerian art consulted together as to whether it were best to jump overboard at once, or take the next sailing vessel at Antwerp for Patagonia. (By the advice of friends and the aid of the ship's surgeon, we all came on to Munich.)

The only real event took place the night of this "ball" on deck, which was the arrival of an anonymous young lady in the steerage, and her christening on the 9th of July. It made a lovely picture down in the hold there, with no light but that of the seven candles on the temporary altar. Back of this hung a banner of white satin trimmed with gold lace, and on the altar the silver vessels for baptising. The god-mother and god-father were Bohemians—rather young—with strong vigorous faces and very smoothly brushed hair. The woman wore a dark green sacque and a red shawl over her head; the man wore a very short coat and held a broad-brimmed, light-colored hat in his hand. The baby, of course, was in white (nicely fitted out as to wardrobe by the ladies of the first cabin), and the tall priest in his black robes and white satin vestments; think of this, and then take for the picture the moment when these two hold the lighted candles in their hands, while the priest raises his in benediction; the strong light on their rough-hewn faces, the white bundle of humanity and the priest's refined features; while out from the background appear, though in shadow, the respectful looks and comely features of the cabin passengers. It was artistic in the extreme. The baby was named Marie—because it was born on Mary's Day; also Nikoletta—in honor of Captain Nichols; also Waeslandina—in honor of the ship Waesland; also *Hudak*, perhaps at the request of the father, as that was the name he was "sailing under."

Well, when we got out of this place — was it?—really? lend me your glass—yes—L A N D!! we all exclaimed, and rushed to starboard to see—the Isle of Wight? Nein! It was Pt. Lizard, and then Eddystone, and the Isle of Wight next morning. But—as it often happens—we were not so glad as we thought we were going to be; new friends had been made, and twelve days of constant association had made a little world which must perforce be dissolved, when port was reached. We take a peep at Brighton, and watch the shades of night settle down on Dover. The channel was smooth as glass. (Note—There are different kinds of glass.) The sun rose beautifully at Flushing when another pilot came on board, and we had to lie at the mouth of the Scheldt river two or three hours waiting for the tide, which at last carried us up the river, past dykes and the lovely old windmills. I can draw a windmill in a breezy sort of a way, but—I refrain.

More good-byes are being said and addresses given during these hours than you can imagine. But the spire of the cathedral comes in view, and the trunks come out of the hold, and our good-byes are told over again: the plank is put out and off we—"don't go"—as somebody has lost some diamonds in the second cabin, and the police come on board. Our trunks, meanwhile, are being chalked by the lenient custom-house officers; our friend rushes up in a tragic way. "The carriage waits," and amid the ye-ho-ing of sailors and calls of droschke drivers, we plant our feet once more on *terra firma*, thankful for our pleasant journey and safe voyage, and delighted with our surroundings. Now that the party is dispersed, I can tell who have been the traveling companions. Mr. C. and Mr. W., of Boston, both musicians, three artists; a Professor of Greek, wife and child; going to Athens; a young lady and her aunt, the former on her way to Paris to study painting for *six weeks* (fact); numerous travelers for pleasure; a fine young Hollander; a man just returning to his home in Antwerp from a trip round the world (awfully handsome, too); a converted (Catholic) Jew, who was—well, a little *non compos mentis*; a Bohemian priest; an Episcopal clergyman, and our very dear Father Wotruba—the pet of the whole ship. He was Professor of Sciences in a college in Portugal; he played well; accompanied us in Rubenstein's duos and other songs; told stories, and from the captain down to the children he was the favorite.

Antwerp is a lovely city, very old, and quaint-looking in the extreme. The houses are very tall, with queer tiled roofs, many having the front and back corners flattened down, and others on top of the façade have queer little steps. The streets are quite crooked and narrow, and there are about 7,000,000 windows in a building, and each one small. Here are Rubens's masterpieces and residence. But I cannot tell you everything, or rather, will not, for perhaps I have not the gift of making you see as I saw it. Of course, the East was rather strange and odd to one who has no recollection of any place but California; and then to come here and see a new people, new cast of features, strange dresses, strange language, customs and manners—it compelled me to open my mouth and eyes, and I nearly dislocated the celluloid muscle at the back of my neck bobbing my head; and I fear my eyes will always be a little queer from trying to keep one on the roofs of the houses and the other on the passers-by! But here, with all its pathos and power, comes "Oh! the clang of the wooden shoon"; it never affected me much before. The women here do all sorts of work; are harnessed to carts, clean the streets, keep the street car tracks clean, peddle milk, berries, vegetables, haul immense loads of boxes and barrels, work in fields, milk the cows, make and carry mortar, carry bricks, keep fruit, furniture, clothing and second-hand stores, butcher shops, sausage shops, and heaven knows what else. The dresses are odd, consisting of a full short skirt, a basque, with a little shawl over the shoulders, or a short, loose sacque of black silk; wooden shoes and colored stockings, and on their heads nothing, or else a very large black silk handkerchief tied tightly about the forehead and the four corners waving in the breeze. The older ladies wear

white lace caps which look something like an interrogation point. They carry baskets to market, but paper is scarce in all Europe, I believe; there they put a new piece of flannel, some cherries and a few rolls, all in higgle-dy, piggle-dy; and in Munich they hand you a dustpan or shovel, without a scrap of paper, and by request only is anything wrapped, and then in a newspaper. Only in fine dry goods stores do they have decent paper; even the music I bought is put up in what we call butcher-shop paper.

Of course, we went to the Cathedral. The spire is famous for its beauty and lightness or delicacy; is 466 feet high. Here are chimes of sixty bells set in position four hundred years ago, this year. One is so large that it takes sixteen men to ring it; it is called Carolus, after Charles V., and weighs 16,000 pounds. "Quite a belle?" *nicht wahr?*" Did we hear them? Yes! and what do you suppose those sedate old bells rang out above our heads at 6 P. M.? A passage from Mandolinata! If I expected to hear gems of Palestrina, I was mistaken. In this Cathedral hang Rubens's *chef d'œuvres*, "The Assumption of the Virgin," "The Elevation of the Cross," and "The Descent from the Cross"; but, be it known to the world, under green curtains which only roll up to the tune of a franc a head for travelers. Our party numbered eighteen; eighteen francs!! It was a swindle! It was ridiculous, and to the sachem that had charge of this big wigwam, we, as American citizens and citizenesses rebelled and objected; but the thin-visaged gent, with his numberless silver chains about his neck, terminating on his breast in an ornamental tin pie-plate or something, shook his gray locks, placed his hand on his heart, (where I hope for the peace of medical societies it was properly situated) and stood stiff at eighteen francs! There was a stampede, and after the smoke had cleared away from a perfect conflagration of square English with little sparks of California expressive adjectives—we—nine of us—found ourselves alone with the pie-pan man, counting into his lean paw the sum of nine francs. I spoke of that man's heart, but in thinking of it I'm sure it was fossilized, for we did not have a half-hour of sunlight left for our nine francs. Now, some days I can rave over those pictures, but it is always when I tell about the pictures before I tell about the man, and to-day I'm fairly caught. Yet, after all, who can describe a picture, a piece of music, or the perfume of a flower; the three things that I trust will abound in heaven. When we first entered the church, we found a number of old people, of peasants, and several priests, and rightly inferring that vespers were about to take place, we took low high-backed chairs and waited. Soon the organ began very, very softly, as if not to frighten the life-like images—a wonder in carving—nor to push its way too roughly through the broad bands of red and purple light that flooded the place; gently it wound about the pillars and kissed the foot of an angel above the altar, touched softly the names of the dead, whose tablets cover the floor of the nave and corridors, and then growing stronger, rose higher and higher, until it thundered against the vaulted roof and was finally driven back to quiet by the entrance of the priest with the Host. His robe was magnificent; soon he began to chant, answered by the choir of men; and after he had finished and while the sweet odors of incense mingled with the rose and violet lights, a fine baritone rang out clear and strong in a wonderful way. My dear, dear friends, I was all of a tremble; I felt like pinching to see if it were really I; and I do believe I would have broken down completely, if an old woman had not come up here and demanded ten centimes apiece for the use of the chairs we were in! Well, it got so we were afraid to stand up, much less sit down. Here are wonderful carvings in wood, statuettes and bas-reliefs. But the day closed; table d'hote at 6:30—we ate two mortal hours—and I'd just as lief live on paper cuffs and dried apples, as to be compelled to have table d'hote every day at 6 o'clock. The next day—no, I'll finish that night. We were all tired and disgusted, and one of our jolliest number had a boil on his neck, and our feet hurt so we couldn't keep still. Father Wotruba wanted to cheer us, so carried us all into the parlor at Hotel de la Paix—lighted the candles on the piano, and insisted on music! But the pedal squeaked, and squeaked louder and more dismally as we tried to play louder to drown it. At last Mr. C. said:

"We have been imposed upon" (he was one of the party who left the Cathedral), "and bulldozed, and treated outrageously ever since we landed, but this caps the climax. Shall we yield or shall we take vengeance?"

We eagerly cried for vengeance. So he sat down, and improvised a piece, so that the squeak would come in at the rests, and it was the funniest thing I ever heard. At 3 o'clock we were seated in the car "*nach München!*" We only had three baskets, three hand-satchels, two shawl-straps, four wraps, two bags of fruit, and one bottle of wine. If I travel again, I shall either take more or less, for just that amount is disagreeable. The country between here and Antwerp is one magnificent garden—no fences, few hedges, but covered throughout every foot with fruit, flowers, vegetables, or grain; it was like riding through 570 miles of park—such lovely stone bridges, where Uncle Sam would simply use his Liberty Pole and jump over. Such magnificent roads like a gray ribbon run through the carpet of green. Where a road crosses the railroad track, a long blue and white pole is placed as a barrier, and a man on duty in the bluest of uniforms to attend it. I believe it is raised by some pulleys, but he looks brave as can be, while his wife probably looks from some neighboring field as she plows or digs potatoes, and sighs with pleasure as she thinks how handsome and brave he looks.

Auf wiedersehen,

M. W.

THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY

FOR 1884.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY for January, 1884, will begin the third volume and second year of the magazine since its revival.

Probably at no time during the history of the magazine (dating back to its inception in July, 1868) have such decided and substantial gains been made during the publication of any volume as have been made during the publication of the volume which closes with the present number. The present owners and publishers are much encouraged to believe that the magazine has found a permanent place in the homes and in the affections of the people of the Pacific Coast, who take pride in the literature of the Coast. The aim has been to develope that which is best, most pure and elevating in tone and character.

During the year 1884, every effort will be made, not merely to maintain the character of the OVERLAND, but constantly raise it. The usual editorial departments will be maintained, and notable improvements will be sought in every direction. Special announcements follow in the next pages.

PUBLISHER'S TERMS, &c.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY for 1884, in addition to its usual variety of valuable studies upon important topics, will contain various discussions of the

CHINESE QUESTION

from temperate and thoughtful points of view. It aims by means of a series of records of actual experience in various occupations and places, by studies of Chinese character, and by inviting the better class of discussion, to bring a clearer light to bear upon this question than has ever been done.

PACIFIC HISTORICAL STUDIES

will continue to constitute a leading feature of the OVERLAND MONTHLY.

THE PIONEER SKETCHES

from time to time published during 1883, will continue to appear at intervals during 1884. An important series of historical papers, dealing with the building up of the Pacific civilization, will be begun during this year. Into this series will enter the papers upon the FOUNDATION AND EARLY HISTORY OF THE CHURCHES OF THIS STATE, by pioneer clergymen, announced for 1883, and postponed in order to make part of a completer series; also sketches of the foundation of Schools, Colleges, Art, Literature, Journalism and Drama. SHERMAN DAY, DR. J. A. BENTON, PROF. STRATTON, SUPERINTENDENT A. J. MOULDER, and other well-known early Californians, will contribute to these historical studies.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY for 1884 will continue to make a specialty of sketches of Pacific Travel and studies of Nature on this Coast, scientific and general; Alaska and the Northwest, China and Japan will be subjects of description and study.

Character Sketches and Studies of Life and Manners on the Pacific will continue to appear.

The STORIES, SERIALS, AND POEMS of the OVERLAND will continue to be chiefly Pacific and characteristic, or by writers of this Coast. In addition to the usual attractive variety of these, we mention specially the conclusion of ANNETTA in the OVERLAND for January, 1884.

The anonymous serial, A SHEPHERD AT COURT, will run through part of the year. The especially high character which the OVERLAND has established in REVIEWS, ESSAYS AND LITERARY CRITICISM will be maintained. In SCIENCE, especially that which deals with the special scientific questions of this Coast, the names of Doctors John Le Conte and Joseph Le Conte, Professor Hilgard and R. E. C. Stearns stand foremost among the contributors who will be on its staff during 1884.

The investigations which have been made during the year into the possibility of obtaining Illustrations of high grade, under the disadvantages of limited facilities on this Coast, and distance from the centers of engraving art, have led to the hope that the OVERLAND will be able during the year to place satisfactory Illustrations before its readers.

WRITERS OF THE "OVERLAND MONTHLY."

PUBLIC AND INDUSTRIAL TOPICS.

Hon. Horace Davis,
Prof. John Norton Pomeroy,
Irving M. Scott,
C. T. Hopkins,
Hon. Newton Booth,
Hon. John F. Miller,
Alexander Del Mar,
William M. Bunker,
Dr. J. P. Widney,
Pres. Wm. T. Reid, State University,
Hon. Andrew McF. Davis,
Sherman Day,
Hon. Theodore Hittell, and others.

ESSAYS, SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

Prof. John Le Conte, State University,
" Joseph " " " "
" Martin Kellogg " "
" Eugene Hilgard " "
" Bernard Moses, " "
" Josiah Royce, Harvard University,
" E. R. Sill,
R. E. C. Stearns, Smithsonian Institute,
Pres. D. C. Gilman, Johns Hopkins University,
Prof. Herbert B. Adams. " " "
" R. T. Ely, " " "
L. W. Wilhelm, " " "
John Johnson, Jr., " " "
Chas. H. Shinn, " " "
Prof. Edwin D. Sanborn, Dartmouth College,
Prof. L. W. Spring, Kansas State University,
Wm. H. Rideing, Editor Youth's Companion,
Dr. Horatio Stebbins,
John Muir,
Edward Everett Hale,
William Elliot Griffis,
G. S. Godkin,
T. H. Rearden,
John H. Boalt,
Wm. C. Bartlett,
Alfred A. Wheeler,
Frances Fuller Victor,
William Sloane Kennedy,
Milicent Washburn Shinn,
J. G. Lemmon,
C. T. H. Palmer,
Jas. O'Meara,
Dr. R. M. Bucke,
Esmeralda Boyle,

Dr. J. D. B. Stillman,
Dr. Charles D. Barrows,
Prof. George Davidson, U. S. Coast Survey,
Capt. C. L. Hooper, U. S. N.,
Prof. C. C. Parry,
Gen. A. V. Kautz, U. S. A.
Susan Powers,
S. P. McD. Miller,
Enrique Parmer,
Prof. G. Frederick Wright, Oberlin,
and others.

SKETCHES AND STORIES.

Charles Warren Stoddard,
Noah Brooks,
J. W. Gally,
Sam Davis,
W. C. Morrow,
Joaquin Miller,
D. S. Richardson,
Josephine Clifford,
Y. H. Addis,
Maria L. Pool,
Mary W. Glascock,
Leonard Kip,
Evelyn M. Ludlum,
Margaret Collier Graham,
K. M. Bishop,
Kate Heath,
Mary H. Field,
Edward Kirkpatrick,
Henry Liddell,
Col. William Winthrop, and others.

POETRY.

H. H.
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps,
Ina D. Coolbrith,
E. R. Sill,
James Berry Bensel,
Seddie E. Anderson,
John Vance Cheney,
Carlotta Perry,
Elaine Goodale,
Dora Read Goodale
Edgar Fawcett,
Joaquin Miller,
Milicent Washburn Shinn,
Charles S. Greene,
Henrietta R. Eliot,
Edmund Warren Russell,
Katharine Royce,
Joel Benton,
Wilbur Larremore,
Caroline F. Mason,
Robertson Trowbridge, and others.

The OVERLAND MONTHLY for January, 1884, will contain a paper by PPOF. E. W. HILGARD upon THE WINE INTEREST IN CALIFORNIA; the conclusion of THE PHYSICAL STUDIES OF LAKE TAHOE, by Dr. John Le Conte; a discussion of the Caucus System of Government, and of desirable amendments tc our Constitution, to reform this system; one or two PIONEER SKETCHES, and a NEW YEAR STORY; besides the usual variety of contents.