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THE

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WAS IT A FORGERY?

To reproduce in fiction, in such vivid form as to deceive the reading public, scenes purporting to be from actual life, requires a faculty for accurate description accompanied by an acute memory for details. When we consider the enormous volume to which the literature of fiction has grown, the great talents which have been devoted to writing novels and stories, and the careful study which many writers have applied to their work, we must regard it to their credit, that so few have been tempted to test the credulity of their readers by passing off the coinage of their brains as truth. There are, however, occasional instances where men have written stories whose object was to deceive. This has been done by them for the amusement of hoaxing the public or for the purpose of gain. One notable case there is of a writer, who, to his astonishment, found that what he had intended to pass for a story with a moral, had been so well told that it was accepted by many as the truth.

De Foe's "Apparition of Mrs. Veal at Canterbury," is said to have been written with intent to aid the flagging sale of the work on "Death," then recently published by his friend Drelincourt. It is a conspicuous instance of success on the part of a writer celebrated for the verisimilitude of his style. The alleged voyage of Admiral Fonté was originally published anonymously in a London periodical called "Memoirs for the Curious." The author of the story could hardly have expected to deceive the cartographers of the day, otherwise he would have spared his readers many of the absurdities with which the tale is overloaded. Nevertheless, for many years after its publication, no discussion of the probable existence of the northwest passage would have been considered complete, which did not allude to the story of Fonté's voyage, and this, too, notwithstanding the exposure of its preposterous character by many intelligent reviewers. It was, indeed, gravely cited by Onis, the Spanish Ambassador to this country, in one of his arguments concerning the Louisiana boundary question. Crude as Locke's "Moon Hoax" seems to us today, it found a reading public ready to believe it, and easily shouldered out of its way the more artistic attempt in the same line which Poe was then publishing elsewhere. The strenuous assertions of Mr. Hale, that his "Man Without a Country" had no foundation in fact will, perhaps, never be believed by several people who have deluded themselves

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with the idea that they had met the hero of the story.

These examples furnish types of remarkable successes in this line of literature, which include the wilful, the humorous, and the unintentional hoax. What follows is a digest of a paper read before the American Antiquarian Society. If its conclusions are accepted, it will consign to the same general classification the remarkable story told by Le Page du Pratz, in his "Histoire de la Louisiane," on the authority of a Yazoo Indian, who claimed to have made a journey across our continent about 1700 A. D., and to have met on the Pacific Coast bearded white men, whose clothing and general appearance would readily enable us to identify them with the Orientals.

The simple narrative of the Indian rivals the best work of De Foe in its quaint air of truthfulness. It was republished in the "Revue d'Anthropologie," in 1881, by M. de Quatrefages, who there demonstrated to his own satisfaction that the journey was actually accomplished, and that the bearded white men must have come from Lieou-Tchou, or the eastern isles of Japan. Whether true or false, the story is interesting. On the one hand, ethnologists the world over are concerned in its details, which would go far towards settling the origin of the tribes of North America. On the other, there is added to the curious literature of hoaxes a characteristic story, amplified and enlarged for purposes of deception, whose details fail to reveal their origin in the imagination of the writer, except under the closest inspection and with the resources of a large library at hand for purposes of comparison and analysis.

The story is so little known that M. de Quatrefages congratulates himself on being the first, as he supposes, to call attention to its ethnological value, and it is of sufficient intrinsic merit to rivet the attention of the reader, if he be endowed with but a moderate amount of interest in historical subjects. To determine whether we shall exalt this tale to the position assigned it by the French anthropologist, or classify it with De Foe's "Mrs. Veal" and Locke's "Moon Hoax," we must first know something of the historian and his surroundings, and then subject the story itself to a critical examination.

In the autumn of 1718, the "Company of the West" forwarded to America a party of eight hundred emigrants, among whom was M. Le Page du Pratz. The future author of the "Histoire de la Louisiane" settled first at New Orleans, but very soon joined a party which was about to start a new village at Natchez. He remained on the farm which he then acquired eight out of the sixteen years that he was in this country. We gather from his book that he had previously served in the army in Germany, and that he had received a fair education. He tells us that he picked up the language of the natives, and he records a variety of speculations concerning their origin, the mysteries of their religion, and the laws regulating the hereditary succession of their chiefs, which indicate a close observer and an active mind.

The origin of the Indian tribes was to him a mystery of special interest. Thinking that some clue to their migrations might be discovered in the oral traditions of the tribes, he lost no opportunity to talk with their old men, whose minds were stored with stories handed down to them from their ancestors. The zeal with which he pursued his investigations is impressed upon us as we read his work, and we are irresistibly led to compare the fervor of the secluded ethnologist upon his farm in the wilderness with the self-sacrificing spirit of Lieutenant Cushing in our time, who is following precisely the same slender thread of research in the Pueblo of the Zuñis. In 1758 he published his history, and, in addition to the personal experiences and observations there recorded, he has treasured up for posterity in this work much that he garnered from these conversations. He tells us that he was particularly perplexed about the origin of certain of the red-men who were found by the Natchez living on both sides of the Mississippi River, "for they had not, like the Natchez, preserved their traditions, nor had they arts and sciences like the Mexicans, from which one can draw inductions." It is not difficult to imagine the pleasure with which this solitary enthusiast, pursuing his researches day by day among his red-skinned neighbors, learned that among the Yazoos, one of the tribes whose history was such an enigma to him, there was a kindred spirit—an old man who was himself imbued with a love of research, and who, like Le Page, lost no opportunity of gathering information upon these subjects; who had given up seven or eight years of the prime of life to perilous travel in the pursuit of knowledge upon these points, and who, in his mellow old age, would be glad to sit and chat with his fellow scientist upon the subject in which they were both interested. The very name of the old man, "Moncacht-Apé,"—"One who destroys obstacles and overcomes fatigue,"—was a testimonial to the respect in which his travels caused him to be held by his friends; while the name by which he was known among the French—"The Interpreter,"—was in turn a tribute to his extensive knowledge of Indian tongues, acquired during his wanderings.

The Yazoo district was distant from the residence of Le Page about forty leagues. It was inevitable that the sympathy of these two men should bring them together. If Moncacht-Apé had not come to Le Page, Le Page must have gone to Moncacht-Apé. Here were all the elements to render the story immortal—a good story-teller and an interested listener; a history of personal adventure to be repeated to an auditor whose heart sympathized with the motive for the journey, whose hand cheerfully responded to the task of recording what he heard, and whose clear, lucid style preserved in translation the truthful simplicity of the Indian's narrative.

We can understand the delight of Le Page at a visit paid him by this native of the Yazoo nation, and we can appreciate his satisfaction at the evident pleasure afforded the Indian by the request for "an account of his travels, omitting nothing."

Seated in the rude cabin of this pioneer of the Mississippi valley, the native began his story. Its opening sentence furnishes the key to the interest which has led to the preservation of the record: "I had lost," he said, "my wife, and the children that I had by her were dead before her, when I undertook my trip to the country where the sun rises. I left my village, notwithstanding all my relations. It was my plan to take counsel with the Chicasaws, our friends and neighbors. I remained there some days to find out if they knew whence we all came, or, at least, if they knew whence they themselves came—they, who are our ancestors, since it is through them that the language of the people comes; but they could tell me nothing new. For this reason I resolved to visit the people in the country where the sun rises, and to find if their old language was the same."

It was thus that he announced the mission in pursuance of which he plunged alone into the depths of the mighty forest which then covered all that portion of the country, and entered upon the solitary pilgrimage in search of knowledge of his ancestors which led him first to the shores of the Atlantic, and then, after a brief rest, to that far-distant region, the northwestern coast of America, which was the bane of the geographer and the hope of the explorer of that day.

We can easily identify the course that he took upon his eastern trip. His astonishment at the tides of the Bay of Fundy and his wonder at the Falls of Niagara betray themselves in expressions so delicious in their simplicity that they amount almost to arguments in favor of the story. The loneliness of the western country at that time is brought vividly before our eyes, as we read that he floated down the Ohio River in his dug-out without meeting any man on the way.

The only result of this expedition was that Moncacht-Apé had learned that he must turn his steps westward if he would pursue his investigations. "His failure," says Le Page du Pratz, "far from extinguishing the desire that he had to learn, only excited him the more. Determined to dispel the shades with which he perceived that he was surrounded, he persisted in the design of discovering the origin of his people; a design which demanded as much spirit as courage, and which would never have entered the brain of an ordinary man. He determined then to go from nation to nation until he should find himself in the country from which his ancestors migrated, being persuaded that he could then learn many things forgotten by them in their travels.

His preparations being made, he started upon his journey up the Mississippi valley. He crossed the Ohio on a raft of canes at a point high enough above its mouth to prevent his being swept by the current into the Mississippi, and began his journey upon the prairies. Crossing the lower part of what we now know as the State of Illinois, he prepared to cross the great river, so as to land to the north of the mouth of the Missouri, using the same means and taking the same precautions that he did when he crossed the Ohio. His graphic description of the mingling of the waters of the Missouri and the Mississippi is another of the startling landmarks which we reach from time to time in this story, which bear witness to the fact that the speaker had seen what he talked about.

For several days after this he ascended the north bank of the Missouri until he reached the Missouri Nation, with whom he remained during the winter, and thus learned their language. He was much impressed with the enormous herds of buffaloes which thronged the prairies, and speaks of the diet of the Missouris as being almost exclusively meat. The winter being over, he renewed his journey up the Missouri till he came to a tribe called by Le Page the Canzés, but which the Indian speaks of as the Nation of the West. From them he learned somewhat of the difficulties of the journey which was still before him, and he heard for the first time of the head-waters of another river near those of the Missouri, but flowing from east to west. He was advised to leave the Missouri after traveling up its course for about a month, and to strike across to the northward to the headwaters of this other river, which he could thus reach in about seven days' journey. He was informed that he would find upon the banks of this river a tribe, called the "Otters," who would receive him kindly, and from them he could learn what was necessary for him to do in order to further pursue his explorations. So far as the journey in the river was concerned, he could descend it in a dug-out, traveling great distances without fatigue.

Following the instructions of his friends, he ascended the Missouri for one moon, but he hesitated to strike across the country to the northward at the proper point, for he was among the mountains, and feared that he might become footsore in crossing the rocky passes. The time, however, had come when he must make up his mind whether to take the course which had been advised, or abandon it altogether; and he had arrived at the conclusion that he must act the next day, when by a lucky chance, he saw smoke ascending from a distant camp-fire. Suspecting that the party could only be hunters from the tribe of which he was in search, he took advantage of the remaining daylight to guide himself by this smoke to the camp. He was kindly received, notwithstanding the surprise which his appearance occasioned, and the fact that communication could be interchanged only by signs. In thus meeting these hunters at this critical moment he was very fortunate, for when, in the course of a few days, he, with a portion of the party, proceeded towards their home, instead of striking at once across the country to the northward, as he was about to do, they ascended the Missouri for nine short days' journey farther, and then traveled five days to the northward before reaching a river with clear, beautiful water, flowing to the west, which they called "la belle Riviere."

Down the banks of this stream they traveled, until they reached the spot where the boats of the party had been concealed. Here his guide selected his own boat, and the party descended to their village, which they reached the same night. After a brief stay, he started from this place in company with a party who were bound down the river on a visit of ceremony, to smoke the pipe of peace with a tribe, who, he says, were brothers of those whom he was about to quit, and spoke the same language with some slight changes. For eighteen days this expedition floated down the river, putting on shore from time to time to hunt. The contrast between this easy method of traveling, and his wearisome ascent of the Missouri was so great that it fired the enthusiasm of our pilgrim, and he was for pushing on. From this he was dissuaded by his friends, who advised him to learn the language used by the tribes farther west before doing so. He had apparently reached a point in his journey where all the tribes that he might be expected to encounter were supposed to speak different dialects of the same language.

He lingered awhile, but before warm weather was entirely over, he was off again, this time alone in a dug-out. Equipped simply with what was essential for traveling, including some sort of a substitute for maize in his diet, he pathetically observed, "Nothing would have been wanting if I had had some Indian corn." He was surprised to find that maize was not cultivated in this region, although the soil seemed to him to be good. Floating down the river at his ease, he came to a tribe where short hair was looked upon as a badge of servitude. In consequence of the shortness of his own hair, a tart colloquy ensued on the bank of the river between himself and the chief of the tribe. Finally he landed, and was cordially received by the father of the chief, a very old man, to whom he had been commended by an old man among his friends, the "Otters." "Learning," he says, "from what parts I had come, he received me as if I were his son, took me into his cabin, and had all that was in my dug-out brought there. The next day he taught me those things that I wished to know, and assured me that all the nations on the shores of the Great-Water would receive me well on telling them that I was the friend of Big Roebuck. I remained there only two days, during which time he caused to be made some gruel from certain small grains—smaller than French peas—which are very good, which pleased me all the more, because for so long a time I had eaten only meat."

From this point to the coast he appears to have made the descent of the Columbia alone. He does not enumerate the tribes through which he passed, but simply says he did not stop more than one day with each of them. The last of these nations he found at the distance of one day's journey from the ocean, and also at a distance of about a league from the river. "They remain," he says, "in the woods, to conceal themselves, as they say, from the bearded men. I was received in this nation as if I had arrived in my family, and while there I had good cheer of all sorts; for they have in this country an abundance of the grain of which Big Roebuck had made me a gruel, and although it springs up without being sowed, it is better than any other grain that I have eaten. There are some large bluebirds which come to feed upon this grain, which they kill, because they are good. These people have also meat from the water. It is an animal which comes ashore to eat grass. It has a head shaped like a young buffalo, but not of the same color. They eat also many fish from the Great-Water, which are larger and much better than our large brills, as well as a large variety of shell-fish, some of which are very beautiful.

"Although they live well in this country, it is necessary to be on the watch against the bearded men, who do all they can to carry away the young people, but have never captured any of the men, although they could have done so. They told me that these men were white, that they had long, black beards, which fell upon their breasts, that they were short and thick of stature, and covered their heads, which were large, with cloth; that they always wore clothing, even in the hottest weather; that their coats fall to the middle of their legs, which, as well as their feet, were covered with red or yellow cloth. For the rest, they did not know of what their clothing was made, because they had never been able to kill one, their arms making a great noise and a great fire. Nevertheless, they retire when they see more red men than their own number, and then go aboard their vessel, where they number sometimes thirty, never more."

The story of these Indians was that the mysterious bearded men came from the west each year, in the spring time, in search of a certain wood valuable as dyewood, which they described as being yellow and as having a disagreeable smell. In order to relieve themselves from the fear of losing some of their young people by capture on the occasion of these annual visits, this tribe followed the advice of one of their old men, and killed off all the specimens of this tree near the river, leaving for their own use only scattered trees in the interior. This had the desired effect, so far as visits to the lands of this particular tribe was concerned; but some of their neighbors could not imitate their action, because the yellow wood was the only wood that they had, and the bearded men transferred their visits to that part of the coast. These others had apparently, in turn, endured this periodical fear for the safety of their young people until the burden was too great for their patience, and the arrival of Moncacht-Apé at the time when the annual visit of the bearded men was impending, found the several tribes of this part of the coast prepared for a formidable rendezvous at the customary landing-place of the vessel. They hoped through their great superiority of numbers to destroy the expedition, so that others would be frightened and prevented from coming. The presence among them at such a time of a man who had seen fire-arms and who had met white men was especially gratifying to them, and they urged him to accompany them, adding that their expedition lay in the same direction that he must go. Even while thus joining his friends on the war-path, this remarkable savage frankly admits that he was influenced by his thirst for knowledge.

"I replied that my heart found that it was good that I should go with them. In that I had a desire that I wished to satisfy. I was anxious to see these bearded men who could not resemble the French, the English, nor the Spaniards that I had seen, all of whom trim their beards and wear different clothes. My cheerful assent created much pleasure among these people, who thought with reason that a man who had seen whites and many nations ought to have more intelligence than those who had never left their homes and had only seen red men."

The place of rendezvous was to the northward five days' journey, and here the Indians assembled at the appointed time. They waited seventeen days for the bearded men before there were signs of their arrival, when two vessels were seen to approach. A skillful ambuscade had been arranged under the advice of Moncacht-Apé, which in the event of their landing and dispersing as usual to cut wood, promised the annihilation of those who landed. But the white men, instead of landing at once, busied themselves for three days "in filling with fresh water vessels of wood similar to those in which the French place fire-water." It was not until the fourth day that they went ashore to cut wood. "Then," says Moncacht-Apé, "the Indians carried out the attack which I had advised. Nevertheless they killed only eleven; I do not know why it is that red men, who are so sure in shooting at game, aim so badly at their enemies. The rest gained their vessels and fled upon the Great-Water, where we followed them with our eyes and finally lost them. They were as much intimidated by our numbers as we were afraid of their fire-arms.

"We then went to examine the dead which remained with us. They were much smaller in stature than we were, and were very white. Their heads were large, and their bodies large enough for their height. Their hair was long only in the middle of the head. They did not wear hats, like you, but their heads were twisted around with cloth. Their clothes were neither woolen nor made of bark, but something similar to your old shirts, very soft and of different colors. That which covered their legs and their feet was of a single piece. I wished to try on one of their coverings, but my feet would not enter it.

"All the natives assembled in this place divided up their garments, their beards, and their scalps. Of the eleven killed, two only had firearms and powder and balls. Although I did not know as much about firearms as I do now, still, inasmuch as I had seen some in Canada, I wished to try them. I found that they did not kill as far as yours. They were much heavier. The powder was mixed—coarse, medium, and fine—but the coarse was in greater quantity. See what I have observed concerning the bearded men, and the way in which the Indians relieved themselves of them. After this I thought only of continuing my journey."

Joining a party of natives who lived further north, he traveled with them along the coast of the northwest to their homes, where he remained for several days. "I noticed," he says, "that the days were much longer than with us, and the nights very short. I wanted to know from them the reason, but they could not tell me."

"The old men advised me that it would be useless to go farther. They said the coast still extended for a great distance to the northwest; that then it turned short to the west, and finally it was cut through by the Great-Water from north to south."

He found a tradition among this people that these straits were once dry land, and the Asiatic and American coasts were united. He had now reached a point so far north that his friends dissuaded him from proceeding on the ground of the harshness of the climate, the sterility of the country, the scarcity of game, and the consequent lack of inhabitants. They all advised him to return home. This he did by the same route as that which he took in going, and the story of his return trip he condensed into a few words. When questioned as to the time which he should require to repeat the trip, he replied that he could go over the same ground again in thirty-two moons, although the original trip had occupied five years.

This story, romantic as it is in tone, and interesting as its details are to the student in ethnology, has never attracted much public attention. It has not, however, been entirely overlooked. As early as 1765 it was subjected by Mr. Samuel Engel to a careful analysis, in a paper devoted to the discussion of certain geographical questions. He constructed a chart which he published with his paper, on which he laid down the Indian's path, the course of the Missouri, and that of the Beautiful River, and he shows the point upon the coast where Moncacht-Apé turned back. The point reached by Moncacht-Apé is also entered upon a chart in a supplemental volume of plates of the French Encyclopœdia, which was published in 1777. The story was translated by Mr. Andrew Stuart, and published in the proceedings of the Quebec Literary and Historical Society, in 1829. Greenhow, whose "History of Oregon" was the only creditable result of the "fifty-four forty or fight" cry, refers to it with a qualified approval. It is not surprising, however, that the attention of M. de Quatrefages was not attracted to either of these authorities, and it is not unlikely that other writers may also have discussed the credibility of the story. Mr. H. H. Bancroft, in a volume of his history which has been issued since the publication of the paper referred to, devotes a chapter to the story of the Indian.

In making our examination of the probable truth of this story, we must bear in mind that Le Page du Pratz was manifestly a theorist and an enthusiast. To him the romantic notion that this venerable red-skin had undertaken his journey for the purpose of hunting up a genealogical record would be conspicuously apparent, where the thought of such a motive might have been entirely overlooked by one not afflicted with the ethnological craze. Filled with his peculiar notions, his natural tendency would be to exaggerate such portions of the tale as coincided with his views, and to hold back other details which perhaps another person would have regarded as more important. But, however this may be, was the journey itself a possibility? Could this solitary traveler have penetrated a region the secrets of which were withheld from public knowledge until they were yielded to the bold attacks of Lewis and Clark in the year 1804?

Cabeça de Vaca with his three companions, tossed about from tribe to tribe, half starved and terribly maltreated, was nine years in making his way across the continent, but he finally reached a place of safety under the Spanish flag on the Pacific slope. Colonel Dodge, in "Our Wild Indians," tells of an Indian who traveled "on foot, generally alone, from the banks of the Mississippi to the mouth of the Columbia, and who afterwards in repeated journeys crossed and recrossed, north, south, east, and west, the vast expanse of wilderness, until he seemed to know every stream and mountain of the whole great continent." Captain Marcy, in "The Prairie Traveler," tells of another, who "had set his traps and spread his blankets upon the head-waters of the Missouri and Columbia, and his wanderings had led him south to the Colorado and Gila, and thence to the shores of the Pacific."

Granting, then, the physical possibility of the trip, the question, What could Moncacht-Apé or Le Page have known about the Columbia River? must be answered, before we can estimate at its proper value the argument based upon the coincidences of the narrative with subsequent discovery. What there was of rumor or statement about this region could at that time have come only from Indian sources. The interview between Le Page and the Indian must have taken place about 1725. The Indian was an old man, and the journey was a story drawn from his memory. If we allow that the trip took place about 1700, we shall not place it too early. We have no authentic account of the landing of any white man on the Pacific Coast north of 43° N. prior to that time. There were, however, among the Indians in the Mississippi Valley, rumors concerning a great sea to the west, and a great river flowing into it, and stories about them were passed from mouth to mouth, treading closely upon facts and suggesting a foundation in actual knowledge. The various writers of that day record enough concerning the rivers flowing westerly and the sea into which they empty to convince one who examines the subject that the Indians knew about the Columbia, and probably also about the Colorado rivers. There was no knowledge in detail of the character of the Pacific Coast or of its inhabitants; but the rumor passed from mouth to mouth of the river, the ocean, and also of visits from foreigners whom the French fathers identified with the Chinese or Japanese. All such information would naturally be accepted by the contemporaries and friends of Le Page as corroborating his story; but with us it simply tends to reduce the value of the argument of coincidences.

During the time that Le Page du Pratz was in Louisiana, an officer named Dumont was stationed there. In 1753 he published a description of the country with an account of his life there, entitled "Memoires de la Louisiane." He also gives an account of the journey of Moncacht-Abé—as he calls him—whom he says in the preface he knew. The account of the journey, however, he credits to a friend, who was, as we are told in a note, Le Page du Pratz. It is a curious fact that this version of the story, although purporting to come from the same source as the other, has an entirely different ending. In Dumont's account there is no fight with the bearded men, no gunpowder with its peculiar mixture of different sized grains, no journey to the north along the coast, and no speculations as to Behring's Straits. Instead of all this, the Indian is prevented from reaching the coast by a hostile tribe. He joins a war party against them, secures a female slave, whom he marries, wins her confidence by kindness, and from her mouth receives the narrative of the arrival of the bearded men, the vessels with masts and sails, the boat that goes and comes between the larger vessel and the shore, and the taking in of water and yellow dyewoods, all told with the same air of truthfulness and simplicity which gives so much weight to the other version. "They were five days," said she, "taking in wood and water, after which they all returned into the large vessel, without our being able to understand how they could raise the smaller vessel into the large one, because we were so far off. After that, having caused the thing which was hung high up on the great vessel to inflate, they were borne far off, and disappeared from sight as if they had entered the water."

Which of the two men is responsible for the difference in the endings of the two versions of the story? The two books were published about the same time—Dumont's in 1753, Le Page's in 1758. Prior, however, to this date, Le Page had published in the "Journal Œconomique" what he terms an abridgment of his history. Dumont, in his "Memoires," accuses Le Page of borrowing his manuscript and of appropriating his work; and while repeatedly speaking of him as his friend, charges him with inaccuracies, blunders, and falsehood. The credulity of the reader of the "Memoires" is taxed by the author's assertion that he saw a rattlesnake twenty-two feet in length, and a frog that weighed thirty-two pounds. On the other hand, Le Page's volumes are free from all exaggeration of statement, are void of personalities, and except for certain speculations on the origin of the native races and their religion, which betray a fondness on his part for theories of his own, seem perfectly reliable. Were it not for the fact that Le Page must have been in France at the time of the publication of Dumont's book, where he could hardly have escaped seeing the version of the story there given, with himself as authority, we should have little hesitation in charging Dumont with the responsibility for the change. As it is, however, we must search further for a satisfactory explanation of the two endings.

About the same time that these books were going through the press, a great war was going on among the European cartographers on the subject of the northwest coast of America. Into this war our two historians drifted. Dumont ranged himself with his countrymen. For Le Page to have taken the same step, would have been to abandon Moncacht-Apé. We may feel sure that if Le Page originally believed in the story of the Indian, the fires of his faith, now that he had become mixed up in this partisan controversy which questioned its truth, would be fanned to a fiercer glow; while, if the story was a fiction of his own construction, he would avail himself of any opportunity to build it up and increase its strength.

In the sixteen years which elapsed between the return of Behring's expedition and the publication of Le Page's History, more or less of the information gathered by that expedition had been furnished to the public. With his senses sharpened by participation in the war of the geographers, it would not be wonderful if Le Page had heard that the natives of the coast were in the habit of eating roots, and that the seals furnished them with meat. There had, however, been no such publication of these facts as would justify us in saying that he must have known them.

The outline of our coast, as suggested by Moncacht-Apé in his travels, shows a much better conception of the facts than do the hypothetical maps of the French cartographers, which were hampered in their construction by the fictions of Fonté and Maldonado. The Russians published a chart about this time, based upon knowledge which was public and freed from the prejudices of upholding geographical theories, which corresponds very closely with our coast as we now know it, and would easily answer to Moncacht-Apé's general description.

To just the extent that we may believe Le Page to have come into possession of the knowledge upon these subjects which we have shown to have been possibly within his reach, will the argument of coincidences between the statements of the Indian and the revelations of subsequent discoveries be weakened. It depends upon our views on this point what weight we shall give to the Indian's astonishment at the absence of Indian corn, his yearning for it, and the inadequacy of the breadstuff furnished him as a substitute—the natural and probable experience of a traveler over this route. So, too, with reference to the use of seal's meat as food.

And now, what about the bearded men, who came habitually to the coast with such regularity that their arrival could be predicted within a few days; whose purpose simply was to get a cargo of dye wood, and who had no expectation of traffic in their annual visits? If we admit this part of the story to be true, we shall have no difficulty in accepting the learned argument of M. de Quatrefages to prove that the foreigners came from Lieou-Tchou or the eastern islands of Japan, but if we submit the tale to a careful scrutiny, it is not an easy one to believe.

There is not sufficient evidence to justify the belief that the Japanese or Chinese ever made such ventursome voyages. We have both record and tradition of the arrival of Japanese vessels on our coast, but they were plainly unwilling visitors. There is no known wood upon our coast of particular value as a dye-wood, and there is no part of the North Pacific coast where the extermination of a particular tree would leave the inhabitants without wood. The collection of a cargo of dye-wood in a country which has no wood valuable for that purpose is not a sufficient motive for the annual voyage. If, for the purpose of rendering the story more plausible, we admit that the bearded men came for the purposes of trade, then we should expect to find some traces of its existence in the hands of the Indians. A careful examination of the authorities does not disclose any evidence of such a trade ever having existed.

Our conclusions, then, are that the journey of the Indian was not only a possibility, but that the accumulation of testimony showing knowledge of the river and sea of the West bears evidence of the existence of intercourse between the tribes inhabiting the valleys of the Mississippi and the Columbia. We can not accept as probable the habitual visitations of the bearded men; and since Dumont acknowledges that he receives the version that he gives from the lips of Le Page, we must hold Le Page responsible for their introduction in the story and for the double endings. That Moncacht-Apé existed, that he had a reputation as a traveler, and that he made some such trip as is described in the story, may be inferred from Dumont's statement that he knew the Indian; and although he does not give full credit to the story, still his publication of it shows that he felt that there might besome foundation for it.

Should the students who may hereafter have access to Oriental records find material there which will justify the belief that the shores of the North Pacific Coast of America were frequently visited by the Japanese or Chinese, we shall gladly withdraw our conclusions that a large part of the story of Moncacht-Apé, as told by Le Page du Pratz, is to be assigned to the literature of hoaxes, and cheerfully join in restoring it to the region of history.

Andrew McFarland Davis.

RIPARIAN RIGHTS FROM ANOTHER STANDPOINT.

WHAT can be done in the matter of irrigation by the State of California? How far and in what manner can the waters of our streams be diverted from their natural channels for the purpose of rendering fruitful the great arid valleys of the State? These are destined to become shortly the most prominent questions of the day, because within a few years a great effort will be made to utilize to their utmost the waters flowing from the Sierras in the work of irrigation. The Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys are now, for the most part, treeless plains. The late rains enable the growth of small grains, but forage plants, fruits, and vines cannot be grown with success. A thousand acres will not afford a reasonable living to more than one family. Were it possible by a network of ditches to bring into these valleys an abundant supply of water, a metamorphosis could and would be accomplished in their agricultural condition. The soil is rich and the climate warm. With the requisite moisture, forage plants, trees, and vines would grow with rapidity and luxuriance. The broad valleys would become a vast garden laid out in orchards, vineyards, alfalfa and grain fields. One hundred acres would yield an increase sufficient to support a family in affluence.

In the June number of the OVERLAND a very able article discussed the power of the State legislature to make the waters of our streams public property, and the justice and wisdom of the common law doctrine of riparian rights as applied to the State of California. The writer concluded in favor of the existence of the power mentioned, and pronounced the common law doctrine as thus applied unwise and unjust.

The correctness of his conclusions may well be doubted. The State government has not the power to declare the waters of the streams of this State public property. At common law, the owner of land upon a stream has a right to the use of the waters thereof for household purposes and for watering his stock; to the natural irrigation of his land, worked by the percolation of the waters through the soil; to the use of the waters for artificial irrigation, so far as it is consistent with the undiminished flow of the stream; and to the water power derivable from the natural fall of the stream while passing his land. He is entitled to have the waters flow down as they have flowed from time immemorial, undiminished in quantity and unimpaired in quality. This right is not an incident or appurtenance to the land. It is as much a part and parcel of the land as the soil, or as the stones and the trees upon it. (Angell on Water-courses, Sec. 92.) So far as the public lands have not passed from the United States to individuals, the title to the water-rights as a part and parcel of the lands resting upon the running streams is in the United States. The State has no more property in the waters than in the soil of the public domain. The lands of this State, with every part and parcel thereof, the soil, the trees, and the waters and water-rights, passed to the United States by grant from the Mexican government, before the State of California emerged above the political horizon as a new but brilliant star in the firmament of States; and those lands have remained in the United States, except where granted to private individuals, or, as in the case of the sixteenth and thirty-sixth sections, to the State. It is hardly necessary to say that the State can no more declare the waters of the public lands of the United States public property, thereby debarring the United States from passing the usual water-rights to individuals, than it can declare the soil or trees public property, subject to the disposition of the State legislature.

Where public land has passed by sale and grant from the United States to individuals, the water-right, as a part and parcel of the land, has passed to the individual. A conveyance of land situated upon a stream conveys the usual water-right without express words to that effect. It is no more necessary to express a grant of the water-right than it is necessary to express a grant of the trees or stones upon the land. (Angell on Water-courses, Sec. 92.) The United States patents are no exception. Their operation as conveyances are to be determined, not by the civil, Spanish, or Mexican law, but by the common law. Private water-rights may not have existed in California under the Mexican regime. But the national government, vested with the title both to the soil and the water of the public lands, has passed to its grantees, by its common law conveyances, the soil and certain water-rights, and we are bound to resort to the common law to ascertain the nature and the extent of those rights; as in the case of a marriage contracted in California previous to the cession of the State to the United States, and property acquired to the married couple previous to such cession, we are bound to resort to the Mexican law, to ascertain what rights the husband and wife respectively possess in such property. It cannot be claimed that the United States' grants have not had this operation. Such a position would involve the contention that the United States' patents made to lands in Ohio, Kentucky, and all the other States east of the Mississippi River, passed no rights in the waters whose nature and extent we have to ascertain from the common law.

But if the water-rights have passed to individuals, they cannot be arbitrarily divested by the State. The legislature can no more extinguish such rights by its arbitrary decree than it can thus extinguish the right held by one by virtue of a private grant, to flow water from another's reservoir. It would be depriving a man of his property without due process of law, and taking private property for public use without compensation therefor. Were the State to pass an act declaring such rights public property, the State courts would be bound to declare the act unconstitutional. If they failed to do so, the Supreme Court of the United States would adjudge the act void. An appeal would lie, because the act sought to take private property without due process of law in violation of the fourteenth amendment to the National Constitution. A strenuous effort was made, in the case of Lux *et al. vs.* Haggin *et al.*, to induce the Supreme Court of this State to reject the doctrine of riparian rights, but that court remained true to the law. Had our court not done so, on appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States the decision would have been reversed. The water-rights now existing in individuals in this State can only be extinguished by condemnation to public use in the exercise of the power of eminent domain. An alteration in our code will not, and cannot, affect the riparian rights of land-owners. They derive their rights from the national government solely, and now hold them as vested rights. The code operates only in the case of public lands. Where parties acquire water-rights upon such lands under the codes, they can enforce them against all persons not holding title from the United States. The case is identical with the possession of our public lands. Under our State laws, a possessor of such land can hold the same until the United States or a grantee from the same interferes. In the case of lands still a part of the public domain, the United States can, if it sees fit, reserve from the operation of subsequent land grants the water-rights, or it can grant the same separate and apart from the soil. The latter it has heretofore done to some extent in the case of mining and irrigating ditches, by the United States statute of July 26th, 1866. (Rev. Stat. U. S. '78, p. 2,339.)

The legislature of California cannot therefore abolish the riparian doctrine or the riparian rights. It can only provide for the condemnation of water-rights for the public use. It can authorize the formation of water companies, and empower them to institute judicial proceedings for the condemnation of the waters of the streams. This condemnation may involve an enormous expense, for it will be necessary to condemn the water-right of every owner of land upon both sides of a stream from the point of diversion to the mouth. It must be remembered, however, that this expense is incurred to secure to these riparian owners an equivalent for a valuable property of which they are divested, and the institution of a system of irrigation cannot be profitable to the State unless the diversion of the water enhances the fertility of a country greater in area than the lands deprived of water and rendered unnaturally dry and infertile. And in that case the owners of the lands enhanced in value should, in justice, compensate those whose lands are rendered less fruitful. But it is a mistake to suppose that irrigation necessarily involves the extensive condemnation of water-rights. The attempt to divert the waters of the small streams in the San Joaquin is in reality an attempt, not to utilize waters which do not serve any purpose of irrigation, but to divert to lands not now naturally irrigated, the waters which now naturally irrigate equal if not greater areas of land. The true system of irrigation should aim to utilize, for the purpose of irrigating our arid plains, the surplus waters over and above the waters which annually serve to naturally irrigate the lands along the banks of the streams of our State.

These surplus waters are the waters that come down in the spring and winter freshets. These should be hemmed up in huge artificial lakes in the gorges of the Sierra Nevadas, and the waters thus stored should be drawn off in ditches during the summer months, and conducted into the valleys. No condemnation of water-rights would be necessary, for the storing of the surplus flow of the streams would not interfere with the use of the waters for domestic purposes, with the natural irrigation along the streams, and with the water power derivable from the natural fall. The hydraulic mining companies adopted this system for mining purposes. They erected enormous dams in the Sierra Nevadas, and thereby secured for themselves, without diminishing the usual flow of the streams, a supply for their summer operations.

The doctrine of riparian rights, as applied to California, has been stigmatized as unjust, unwise, and as conducing to monopolies. But it is very questionable whether that doctrine is not eminently just and wise. The owner of lands upon a stream does not claim the right to divert its waters and to vend them to the public. He claims only the right to enjoy the natural advantages secured to his lands by their situation. He has a monopoly of the advantages resulting from the stream in the sense only in which a man has the monopoly of a mine when he owns the land upon which it is discovered, or of the advantages resulting from a fertile soil, or from a valuable stand of timber upon his property. He has not a monopoly in the sense that he has the control of something which is of no value to him except so far as he can compel others to pay him tribute for the use thereof. The irrigationists propose to deprive him of an intrinsic source of value to his land, in order that they may reap an equivalent, but no greater, value. The many men who purchased lands upon our streams, purchased the same from the government, with the view of enjoying their natural advantages; and to deprive them of that which renders their property valuable is equally unjust and unwise. The waters flowing down our streams during the months when irrigation is necessary are sufficient to irrigate but a small portion of the lands of the great valleys. They now serve to naturally irrigate certain strips of territory, in the possession of private owners. There is neither justice nor wisdom in the diversion of that water to other strips of territory, leaving the former dry and infertile. The State is not enriched thereby. The only result is the impoverishment of one class for the benefit of another. Were it competent for the State to declare the waters of our streams public property, the only consequence would be a struggle to appropriate the same, resulting in the exclusive appropriation of the waters naturally running during the summer months to the use of a limited territory or class. Ultimately, the method of storing the winter floods would have to be resorted to, as the only means of supplying irrigation facilities to the entire territory within our valleys.

The riparian doctrines of the common law are, as a matter of fact, a magnificent foundation upon which to base a State system of water laws and irrigation rights. They determine with accuracy the rights of all parties to the natural and ordinary flow of our streams. The particular objections urged to the doctrines on the score of justice are more specious than real. The case frequently cited as an instance of their unjust operation, when carefully examined, is found to involve no element of injustice. That case is where an owner of lands, extending, say, ten miles from the side of a stream, divides the land into twenty-acre lots, and sells the same to different purchasers. It is urged that an injustice is done to the owners of the lots not bordering upon the stream; but such is not the case. It is true that the owners of the lots adjoining the stream alone enjoy the use of the stream for domestic purposes, alone enjoy the water power and the opportunity to artificially irrigate their lands, so far as they can do so without diminishing the volume of the natural flow. But they have paid for those advantages by paying a greater price for their lands; while the owners of outlying lots have purchased their lands with full knowledge of the absence of such advantages. The latter are not debarred from the privilege of diverting the water for purposes of artificial irrigation because of the rights or for the benefit of the riparian owners between them and the stream, but because of the rights and for the benefit of the hundreds of owners of lands below upon the stream. Were the riparian owners between them and the stream to assent, the diversion could not be accomplished, because it would involve injury to those hundreds below. Nor are the owners of the outlying tracts without benefit from the riparian doctrine. So far as their lands are in the river plain, and are naturally irrigated by the seepage or percolation through the soil of water from the stream, they have riparian rights. Were all the owners of lands upon the banks of the stream to consent to the diversion of all the water of the stream at a point above, these owners of outlying tracts would have a remedy, in case, through the cessation of natural irrigation through the soil, their lands were rendered appreciably dry and less fruitful.

The provisions of the civil code of California (pp. 1410, 1422), while they cannot authorize an interference with riparian rights, and therefore cannot authorize the appropriation of waters ordinarily flowing down our streams during the summer months, are adapted to enable the appropriation of the flood waters of our rivers and their storage in reservoirs in the cañons in the Sierra Nevadas. The riparian owner has no property in the water. His right is confined to the advantages he derives from the ordinary flow of the stream. In the absence of such provisions, no company could dam up and thus appropriate flood waters with any assurance that they might not be deprived of the same at any moment. If the State so desires, it may convert the right to reservoir these waters and to distribute them to the valley lands into a privilege subject to conditions imposed by the State, and subject to regulation as to water rates exacted, and as to facilities extended to the agricultural districts. Thereby many of the abuses which might otherwise spring from the private control of the means of artificial irrigation may be prevented. If the State sees fit, the State may itself proceed to build, at its own expense, dams and ditches, and to operate the same. But private enterprise would probably accomplish the desired end with greater certainty and efficiency and at less expense. In this connection, it is to be noticed that the abolition of riparian rights, if it could be accomplished, would leave the waters open to appropriation, and the valuable property would inevitably fall to the strongest, that is into the hands of private monopolies. If the State should attempt to manage its waters through its governmental machinery, as public property, a paternal element would be introduced into the State. Such an element is especially dangerous, when we consider that in proportion as the administration partakes of that character can the State be converted to the purpose of communism with greater ease. The State would have appropriated property claimed by individuals, and would be administering it for the so-called good of all. What better precedent is needed for the progressive encroachment upon the rights of individuals for the assumed good of all? What greater aid can be given to those who seek to use the State to a paternal or communistic end, than can be given by creating a large class of government employees, engaged in the management of governmental works of great magnitude, and a large attendant class seeking for governmental employment, and eager to enlarge the industrial activity of the State in order to increase the number of its employees? The unsuitableness to our country of the laws of France, Italy and other states, relating to water, consists in the intensely paternal government required for their administration.

The true course for the State is to protect vested rights by recognizing the water rights of riparian owners; to provide for their condemnation, if necessary, to the public use; and to authorize the appropriation of the flood waters by private companies and corporations, not in absolute property, but in pursuance of a privilege extended by the State and subject in its enjoyment to State regulation. Thereby rights will be protected, monopolies prevented, and yet all progress towards a paternal government be avoided.

John H. Durst.

LIFE AND DEATH.

Two Angels, clad in untouched white,
Met, once, upon a highway near the sea.
One wore a smile of summer light,
The other's look was that the midnight has
When stars crowd close the solemn sky,
Tender, sweet, convincing.

This, a golden goblet, shining to the brim
With living water, pure and clear;
And he, that other, held a chalice
Dim and deep and empty,
Save for one half-clinging drop.
"Whither goest, Angel?" said the smiling one,
While yet they stood, in doubt, apart.
"To yonder palace, brother sweet,
Unto the queen. And whither thou?"
"Unto the prince, her son, that is to be."

"If must be, hand in hand we go,"
Said Life, and bowed his shining head;
"It must be, brother, but I follow thee,
And, lingering by the door, I wait
Till thine own errand is fulfilled."

So Life went in; and Death awaited there,
Then, closely following, stood beside the queen.
The other pressed him back,—"Too late!" he cried,
"It is too late! she knew not what she did,
And snatched my goblet, drinking half."
"Yet would she rather,—had she known,—
Have taken mine," mused Death.
"Ay, or no, I cannot tell," said Life;
"For may the prince be better served
With half, than all the lotted years,
And may the world be better served
With half a life this mother guides—"
"Ay, or no, we cannot tell," mused Death.

Then, hand in hand, they left the hall,
And Sleep, soft trailing through the chamber door,
Stooped low above the mother-queen,
And lapped the infant prince in dreams.

I. H.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE: A TALE OF THE ARIZONA MOUNTAINS.

THE following story was related to me by the leading actor in the adventure himself. I have written it in the way he told me, using his language as nearly as possible, only substituting fictitious for the real names of the parties concerned.

I was in love with my employer's daughter Alice—the old story—and was too poor to pay my addresses to her, although I felt sure in my heart she loved me. Her father, a large importer of fine cloth, was a proud old man, subject to frequent attacks of rheumatism; so it fell to my lot to perform my business duties in the handsome, spacious library of his Fifth Avenue mansion, instead of in the dingy down-town office in —— street. I am a short-hand expert, so Mr. Baxter would dictate to me his voluminous correspondence, and I would take it down in short-hand, and afterward, in my own room, in script. This room of mine, away down in the lower part of town, was poor and bare enough, I assure you, with not a superfluous article in the way of furniture or ornamentation—indeed, hardly the necessities of life, I thought then. All that can be said in favor of it is, that it was neat and clean. It was on the "basin and pitcher floor" of a once fine house, now fast falling into disrepair, in a quiet street, where I could see from my short, square attic window the tall, misty masts of the great ships lying at the city docks.

Somehow the constant sight of these masts made me restless, suggesting as they did far-away countries, and seas, and foreign soil; and not without reason altogether, for at the time I speak of I had been guilty of a great imprudence, of the enormity of which, at that moment, I was fortunately in ignorance. I imagined I was making the great strike of my life. But I must be more explicit:

There was a reason for my economy and poverty. Although I received, comparatively speaking, a large salary, for fourteen long months I had prepared my breakfast and supper on a miniature oil stove, brewing my tea and boiling my couple of eggs, with a roll or two from the neighboring baker's. My one square meal had been in the middle of the day, at a place I had patronized for a long time—an odd, poor little Italian restaurant in an obscure portion of the city, where I could get a hearty dinner with soup for twenty-five cents. This resort was patronized by men as poor and Bohemian as myself apparently, and as reserved, for they came in quietly, and although seated *table d'hôte* rarely exchanged words or even commonplace remarks. Many frequenting the restaurant daily for months, never made acquaintances; and almost invariably they came alone, and not in companies of twos and threes. I had discovered this queer little place in my Bohemian days, when I was a reporter on one of the big daily papers and my work took me into all and any of the mysterious nooks in the wonderful city of New York. I kept going there even after my engagement with "Baxter & Bros.," and had managed to put by quite a considerable sum, when I came into contact with the influence which changed my whole life.

I had known Miss Baxter then for several months—a beautiful, brown-eyed, brown-haired girl of twenty or thereabouts, with the most winning smile ever seen on a woman's face. Her father could not bear her out of his sight, so she would bring her work to the library and there sit beside him, as he dictated to me his correspondence. Mr. Baxter always treated me like a gentleman. The idea of his amanuensis falling in love with his daughter never seemed to enter his mind, and as I aimed to be a man of honor, I never by word or sign violated his confidence; for although I could not sit day after day in the society of his charming daughter without falling in love with her, I never told her of it, and the opportunities were many. I was proud and poor; for paltry enough was the sum in my possession with which to aspire to the hand of an heiress.

It was a warm, sultry day in the early part of September, and while going to dinner I felt nearly overcome by the heat. My work had been almost doubled for several days, and I was completely fagged out. Distracted by my own cares and thoughts, I entered at noon on this fatal September day, Taglionini's little restaurant. I sat languidly down at my place at table, and pushed from before me my plate of soup, for I had no appetite or wish for anything. As I did so, a man, who for some time had been my *vis-a-vis*, regarded me with serious and fixed attention. He had long been a subject of curious observation and speculation to me, for he was totally unlike any of the other frequenters of Taglionini's, or, indeed, any one I had ever seen before. Tall, magnificently built, strikingly handsome, and of commanding appearance, he seemed wholly out of place among the worn-out specimens of humanity who were, for the time being, his companions.

As I pushed my plate from me, he took from the inner pocket of his coat (which was of fine, foreign-looking material) a small vial; then pouring a few drops of dark liquid from it into a glass of water, passed it to me, and told me to drink. He spoke with a slight accent, barely noticeable; but his language was singularly pure. I felt ashamed of my momentary hesitation, as I saw the dark color rise to his bronzed cheeks; for his eyes were frank, brown eyes, having, I noted at the time, a remarkable brilliancy. I drank the liquor and returned the glass, observing, as I did so, on the third finger of his left hand a curious gold ring of singularly reddish gold, hammered rudely into the form of a serpent, with sparkling ruby eyes.

When I rose to go, my chance acquaintance rose, and joined me at the door, and we walked down the street together. Though not by any means a small man, I felt insignificant beside him, for he was head and shoulders taller than I, with the physique of an athlete—as I had cause to remember long after.

For many weeks we met daily, and once, in a mood of confidence and anxiety—for my affairs seemed to grow more hopelessly entangled as I saw more of Alice—I invited him to my simple quarters, and in response to a sympathy and influence he seemed to exert over me, told him my history and position.

He listened attentively, then ran his hand thoughtfully through his rich curly hair. "Is this Alice, this Miss Baxter, beautiful, my friend?"

"Lovely as a dream!" I cried enthusiastically.

"Good?"

"As an angel!" I cried.

"In love with you?"

"Well," I hesitated, "she has many admirers, but I think she is not indifferent to me."

"Then," he continued soberly, "so far, so well. I think I can direct you to a way to fortune."

"How?" I questioned eagerly, glancing round my shabby little room. "Tell me, I beg of you."

"Hush," he replied, significantly putting his finger to his lips. "The walls are thin; we may be heard. This is a secret between you and me. Draw your chair up by the window, closer, so—there can be no eavesdropping there; it is too high. My friend, there is a fortune in store for you—an immense fortune—for you and me." His eyes snapped brilliantly, and he leaned back in his chair to see the effect of his announcement.

"Where?" I cried, striving to control my excitement.

"In the mines," he murmured softly; "in the gold mines of Arizona. I had just returned here when I first met you at Taglionini's, with assays and rich specimens in my pocket, to see if I could raise capital to work my rich discovery. A very little I need—but no; these people are too occupied to pay attention to me. And yet, my friend, there are millions in it, which would make the fortune of the wealthiest of them a mere bagatelle in comparison."

My strange friend had grown curiously excited. So eloquent was he, that it was not long before I was equally enthusiastic; and before many days had passed I had arranged to place at his disposal for investment all of my little hoard, so hardly saved, reserving only a small amount in case of actual sickness or necessity.

In a week his plans were matured; he took steamer by way of Panama to a Mexican port, and from there secured passage on a coaster up the Colorado river to Arizona.

I heard from him regularly. His letters were written in the highest spirits, for he was evidently of a sanguine temperament; and they contained nothing but what gave me renewed confidence in him and his ability, for, as I have remarked before, it was obvious he was no common man.

So matters continued for a year. I had pinched myself to the last penny, so as to send more means for the mine's development. At its close, I found myself in very straitened circumstances and in delicate health, owing to poor living and overwork. There came a letter at this critical period from my strange partner, calling for more funds or my personal attention at the mines, as my advice was needed in many ways as to the development of the property.

I was totally ignorant in such matters, yet so eager to force and gain possession of my prospective wealth to lay at the feet of my lady-love, that I actually wrote to my partner acquiescing in his plans, and started out for my employer's mansion to tell him of my intended departure.

I found him confined to his bed with his old malady. Alice met me in the library, and told me of his illness; for, promoted to the responsible position of private secretary, I was a privileged member of the household.

"Miss Alice," I said, before starting for Mr. Baxter's room, which was in the wing of the house, "I must bid you good-bye; I am on the eve of departure."

She stood dressed for walking in some material of a rich, mossy brown color, a jaunty little hat with bright colored wings crushed down over her lovely hair. "On the eve of departure, Mr. Maxwell!" she repeated, changing color. "That surely cannot be. Is this not something very sudden? But where is it?"

"Arizona," I replied.

"O, surely not," she ejaculated with almost a cry. "This is very unthought of, surely. Why you cannot be in earnest; you must not go to that far away place. You will never come back again," and she lifted her pretty eyes pleadingly to my face.

How her words came back to me long afterwards: "You will never come back again!"

She was very much in earnest, and held her hands, in their beautiful little gloves, clasped tightly. My heart gave a great bound at her apparent emotion, for perhaps she really cared for me.

"I must go," I continued, considerably moved. "It is very kind of you, Miss Alice, to care what becomes of such a poor dog as I, but my presence is imperatively needed in the West, to look after some property." I spoke this latter clause with a little thrill of pride.

"And how long will you be gone?"

"It is uncertain," I replied; and then we went upstairs, and after a short interview with Mr. Baxter, in which all business matters were satisfactorily settled, I descended the stairs for the last time.

I bade Alice good-bye in the library. She had not gone, but was waiting for me; and still determined not to speak, I held myself under control. She was very pale, and I fancied her hand trembled as I held it.

"You must let us hear from you," she said kindly; and I assured her I should write, she little knowing, poor girl, what the parting cost me, or what was in store for us.

On leaving the vestibule, I discovered I had left behind some maps of the mine, which were of great importance; so I retraced my steps, and as I entered the library, found Alice sobbing wildly on the lounge, her face buried in her hands. She had not heard my step, but I could not leave her in that way. I called her name softly: "Alice! Alice!"

She sprang to her feet, and threw her handkerchief over her face to hide the tear-stains.

"My dear young lady," I cried, "forgive this unintended intrusion, but what is it that troubles you?"

"My father," she cried, in a broken voice, "he is very ill—and—"

"But he will get well," I interrupted.

"I fear not," she said. "O Mr. Maxwell, I am so miserable—why will you, must you, go and leave us so?"

"My dear girl," I cried, taking her cold hand in mine, "am I deceiving myself—are these tears for me?"

"I do not know—I cannot bear it—I—"

"Alice," I said, taking her in my arms, "my darling, do you really care for me? Heaven knows what it costs me to leave you; it is for your sake that I go to these wilds to make my fortune, so as to be able honorably to win your love."

"It is yours already," she said softly, between her sobs; "you are all the world to me. You will break my heart if you go away."

I comforted her as well as I could; the separation should not be for long; I should hurry back to her side; there was no happiness for me out of her society. Then, kissing her sweet face and bidding her be a brave girl, I tore myself away, not daring to trust myself any longer.

I shall pass over the details of my departure and my journey—the wearisome staging over the great sandy desert, and my arrival at "Roseta," the little town from which we bought our stores, received our mail, and did business generally—the connecting link, as it were, although a slight one, between civilization and the desert. This was the stage center for the many distant mining districts, and although one hundred miles from the nearest railroad switch, was a resort for all miners and ranchers for leagues around. My friend met me as I alighted from the stage—dusty, travel-stained, worn, from my long ride. I felt pale and insignificant beside the stalwart, strong, sunburnt men who clustered noisily around and about the conveyance, surveying it and its passengers with undisguised curiosity. My dress seemed inappropriate in comparison with theirs. I was clad in a light gray tweed suit, with a stiff traveling hat, somewhat the worse for the late banging and jostling it had received; while they wore the careless costume of the miner—dark shirt and pants and high-top boots.

I was only too glad to escape from the little crowd and go quietly with my friend, before the group had dispersed and the horses had been unharnessed, to a lightly constructed frame building, where he had taken a room for us, so primitive in its appointments that my humble quarters in New York seemed quite luxurious in comparison. There was a tin basin and a pitcher of water on a rude, unpainted wash-stand; also a clean towel and a piece of coarse brown soap, which I discovered subsequently to have been quite a mark of attention to a stranger. The walls were so thin we could hear everything going on in the next room, also the whole of the conversation, which seemed to be between a man and his wife—very noisy, indeed, and relative to dinner.

It was then about noon. My friend seemed much the same, only more bronzed and handsomer, if possible, than of old; there was a little more gray in his hair, which he had allowed to grow longer; it added to his picturesque appearance. He was clad in the same working costume as the others—a dark blue flannel shirt, belted in at the waist, with a revolver securely and conspicuously fastened in it, a slouched hat, and immense, heavy boots. He grasped both my hands warmly when we were in the room together, and seemed to me a little excited; the cordiality of his welcome dispersed, however, any little homesickness I felt at the strangeness of my surroundings.

"I have brought you here," he said, walking restlessly up and down, "so you should be free from the crowd of loungers and gossips who swarm about the Eagle Hotel and fall upon a stranger. Here we are alone by ourselves, with no one to disturb us or annoy us in our plans; the woman serves our meals and we are free from intrusion."

I appreciated his thoughtfulness, and soon, arrayed in the costume he had provided for me, went with him to dinner. The florid woman of the house provided us with a substantial meal, surveying us curiously the while; her husband, on a bench in front of the shanty, smoking his pipe, threw his head over his shoulder now and again to favor us with the same prolonged gaze. I noted this at the time and felt uneasy under it, but my friend warned me to ignore this impertinence. "They know no better," he said, "and are consumed with curiosity. They will question you unmercifully if they have the opportunity, but we must hold them at a distance and have no intercourse with them. They would know the secret of our mine, our prospects, our bonanza, and wrench it from us if they could," he continued, speaking softly across the table; "but I am too shrewd for them, although they are a sly set. But you and I understand each other. For the present moment we are relatives—cousins. We want nothing from them. You see, many of these adventurers have wished to join me in my enterprise, but I fought shy of them. They are at a disadvantage, for I am independent of them: I make all my own assays, and so cautious have I been that they have not the slightest clue to the whereabouts of our wonderful mine, although they have tracked me many times to find it."

He snapped his fingers triumphantly as he spoke. So ignorant was I of the practical details of any business outside of my own, that this strange conversation did not strike me at the time as in any way unnatural, although I had cause to remember it later in my travels, when it came to me with terrible meaning.

As it was, I drank in, innocently, every word my companion uttered; and quite elated and contemptuous toward the poor devils who were not so richly provided for with mines as ourselves, crossed the road, and on to a small room, resembling an office, to the right of a large frame building, like the one we occupied. Here I procured my baggage, and transacted some trifling business in exchanging coin for notes. It was express, post office, telegraph office in one; and in one corner of the room stood Wells, Fargo's clerk, behind a tall, weather-beaten desk. He was a fine looking young fellow, nimble and light on his feet, with sharp, brown eyes, and lightish hair like my own, closely shingled. He looked at me pleasantly, then curiously, when he saw my companion, looking up from the accounts he was apparently busy over, as I strolled about the room.

As he produced my trunk and valise, and I passed him the check, he questioned me with apparent carelessness.

"Going to be long in these parts?"

"I do not know," I replied evasively.

"From the East?"

"Yes."

"Bound for the mines?"

"Yes."

"What mines?"

I colored a little, resenting his curiosity, and almost at a loss for an answer.

"I am journeying with my cousin," I replied, "quite a distance into the interior, on a prospecting tour. I hardly know myself what course we shall take, but somewhere toward the Spanish Peaks."

It was the truth, as far as it went. He looked thoughtful a second, and would have added more, I think, but my friend, who had been detained in the further corner of the room, and had been watching our conversation suspiciously, beckoned me away, under some pretext, and we left the room together. From this time on, he never was from my side until the moment of our departure, which was at the next midnight.

All the necessary preparations had been made; we left the house in the gloom of night, walked a few paces ahead, and then turned to the left, continuing our way until we came to a small *rarésal*, where we found an Indian in waiting with three mules, two for our individual use, and one for the pack, which was quite heavy with provisions, blankets, and various necessities for our mountain trip. We were well armed, and when I was mounted, the Indian, who was a Yaqui, with a copper-colored, stoical face, came forward, and fastened a pair of spurs to my stout boots.

"Here, poor devil," I said carelessly, and tossed him *dos reales* (twenty-five cents). He gave a queer grunt in acknowledgment, and watched us until we rode out of sight. That piece of silver saved my life. I little thought what power lay in that savage hand, or knew that, as we journeyed over those long miles apparently alone, a step noiseless as a cat's was tracking our trail, so silently that even the vigilance of the leader was deceived.

We had little fear of the Apaches, for there had been no outbreak in their midst for some time. As we jogged along and felt the fresh air in our faces, my friend's spirits rose perceptibly. I had discovered that he was a brilliant talker, and he passed the hours, which otherwise would have been monotonous, in telling humorous stories of what must have been an eventful life.

He knew every stone on the plain and every tree on the trail by heart, and pointed out to me, as we trotted along, the various points of interest. The night was cool, and our road lay along the valley; for the little town of Roseta lay in an enclosure of dull, round mountains, which sheltered it from the terrible wind storms so prevalent in these regions. The pack jogged along in our rear, for the old mule was evidently used to the way, and as familiar with it as his master.

We traveled all night, and when the sun rose from behind the distant hills, there were several leagues between us and Roseta. When the first warm rays flooded the earth, we drew up underneath a tree, on a grassy plain, where we dismounted, unbridled, and tethered out our horses to crop a bit of grass.

We took only a light breakfast, so as to be able to push on our journey, and lose no time. A sandwich, some jerked beef, and crackers formed our frugal meal, with a tin cup of water from the tiny stream close to us. We then wrapped ourselves up in serapés and lay down to rest, and to snatch a few minutes' sleep.

An hour later found us crawling up into the Roseta Mountains, and at noon that day we had made considerable headway; and at six o'clock at night, had camped in a little cañon and begun to prepare for supper. My companion had killed two cotton-tails. We had brisk appetites, I assure you; but imagine my surprise when my friend built two heaps of twigs and brush, about twenty yards apart, and then lighting them, produced two sets of camping and kitchen utensils, one of which he presented to me.

"You must overlook a peculiarity of mine," he remarked pleasantly—for he was a most courteous gentleman in every sense of the word,—"but I make it a rule each night, no matter what company I am in, to make my own fire, and cook my own food, and expect my friends to do likewise."

I acquiesced in this proposal, although a chill sense struck me that it was a strange and desolate plan for two lone companions to follow in the wilds of Arizona.

The flames of my little pile leaped up brightly, however, so I added more fuel, and then broiled my rabbit; clumsily it is true, but with all the zest of novelty and a ravenous appetite; then put on my coffee, fried some bacon and eggs, and with some biscuit from the stores, soon had a supper fit for a king. My friend quickly prepared his meal, and long before mine was ready had helped me, then eaten his own and laid him to sleep, wrapped snugly in his blankets with his feet toward the fire.

I followed his example, and it was not long before I was unconscious of all my surroundings. I had looked at the stars above me, and thought of the curious destiny which had brought me thither, then consigned the care of the creature I loved best on earth to the love of a watchful Providence. If I had had a faint premonition of what awaited me, should I have slept so soundly? I think rather, in the depths of night, I should frantically have tried to retrace my steps.

The next morning my companion roused me cheerfully from a heavy slumber, and after a hot breakfast prepared from the ashes of our now faded fires, we mounted our horses, fresh after their rest, and rode on.

There was little to mark the day's advance. We descended the mountains, and entered upon a great desert, grayish white in appearance, throwing up an unbearable glare to the unprotected eye. The only growth was sagebrush, hardly different in tint from the alkali dust, the tract extending unbrokenly for miles, inhabited by no living creature.

Our provisions were ample for our journey, but for water we depended upon a well, situated in a little oasis which we reached at the end of our second day's travel over the desert.

About this time my enthusiasm concerning our mining enterprise had begun to wane; the strain of the ride over the desert, unaccustomed as I was to the saddle, the terrible solitude of the place, its distance from civilization, all combined to destroy the rosy hue with which I had surveyed my prospects. A visible change had also come over my friend; his talkativeness and brilliancy had faded away. He was a changed man; he appeared older, sterner, even a little morose.

The fifth night out, we camped near the well, surrounded by a patch of greenish grass, and here, in the death-like stillness which pervaded the place, my friend, following his curious and persistent habit, cooked his dinner fifteen yards away from mine.

The aspect of the country had changed somewhat—still a desert, but a curious one. Not far to the left of us extended a range of mountains so peculiar and weird in their construction, that their memory will haunt me to my dying day. Of the same chalky appearance as their surroundings, they were twisted, wrinkled, seamed as if in some terrible convulsion of Nature. Conical in shape, they reared their snowy heads up into the clear blue cloudless sky, standing like ghastly monuments of one knew not what—suggesting the burnt-out mountains with their extinct craters, so graphically represented in the maps of the moon.

In the distance my companion pointed to a far-away bluish range, which were the "Spanish Peaks," our destination, the home of our mines. After a day and a half of steady traveling we reached them.

My friend had long ceased to hold any conversation with me. Handsome, courtly as ever in his manners, he never addressed me one word; and when I spoke to him in sheer desperation, answered me in monosyllables. My surprise changed to wonder, wonder to indignation, indignation to suspicion. What was the matter with him? I talked to my animal, to hear the sound of my own voice in those awful solitudes. To my consternation, my companion began talking to himself—at first, unintelligibly, then in plainer accents. Mines, mines, mines, it was always mines—prospecting them, tunneling them, opening them, but always the same subject. Sometimes his voice rose loud and clear, then calmer again; then angry, again subdued. A terrible suspicion was creeping into my brain; no, it could not be. I would not believe it. I would have proposed returning to Roseta, and abandoning our project altogether, if we had not been so near our journey's end.

As I was about to sound him on the subject, however, his face lengthened perceptibly. "The highest peak of our destination," he remarked, "is only half a day's jaunt onward."

Here the face of the country changed again; it was more wooded. The last few hours of that last day's travel—I shall never forget it. It was a terrible climb; when we had apparently almost reached the summit, we came suddenly upon an awful precipice and chasm, which looked as if the mountain had fallen away, or caved in at this point. The slide was covered with a dense growth of underbrush, and was wholly impassable.

My companion and I exchanged glances. "My friend," I said, looking at him firmly, let us abandon this hazardous journey, and return to Roseta; believe—"

"Return," exclaimed he scornfully, "on the very point of our destination, man? What are you thinking of? I have simply made a mistake in the trail, and breasted the mountain on the wrong side. We shall retrace our steps, and make the ascent just opposite to where we are now stopped short by this precipice."

We mounted our jaded animals with no further words, and began the descent; far below us stretched the plain and the desert, glaring in the noon-day sun, and still farther away the burnt-up mountains, white still in the trembling heat.

When we reached the end of our long travels, one might readily believe the place to be the "fag end" of God's earth. A mountain of rock; in its jagged sides a tunnel; at its mouth a dump of what must have been ore—in my ignorance I did not know. That was all. Not a human being in that vast wilderness but ourselves. With what horror I entered that dark cavern, questioning if I should ever come out. That was my fortune; there was my pile. What folly I had been guilty of! This was the end of my fine plans—my hopes. Some little work, sufficient to sink all our money, had been done on the place—a great deal of it evidently by my friend's own hand, with the help, so he said, of an Indian, who had deserted during his absence. Poor wretch, how could he have staid so long!

After he had showed me the vein and the drift, we came out into daylight again, and sat down on two flat rocks at the entrance of the tunnel. I do not think I can accurately describe my thoughts; one idea alone possessed me—that of escape. My guide sat mumbling to himself, a few words distinct now and then.

"It can be done, it can be done. I planned it out long ago. The gold is there. Cowards! knaves! they would have deserted me at the last moment—treachery—leaving me the debts and responsibilities to shoulder." He looked fierce at times, and I shuddered. Had I been lured to destruction, and was there no escape! I had already begun to revolve in my brain a plan: could it be made practicable? Could I find and keep the trail? Could I supply myself with provisions without my companion's knowledge? Was there enough food for both?—for our trip already, by missing the way, and one thing and another, had doubled its length. Was I justified in leaving a human being alone in those solitudes, subject to the attacks of Indians and wild animals? What if he never returned; what construction would be put on my solitary reappearance?

This last thought influenced me more strongly than any other, in my morbid condition of mind. We went out together; we must return together. Suspicion would be rife if I returned alone. The die was cast; I had drawn my conclusions, outlined my plans, crude and imperfect as they were. *Get back to Roseta we must, if not by force, by stratagem.*

An awful thought had taken possession of me. Perhaps, by this time, it has made itself apparent to you. But I shall go on.

"My dear friend," said I stoutly, striving to hold my companion's attention, and catch his brightly glittering eye. "I was a coward and a knave to wish to return to Roseta, when such an enormous discovery of wealth lies at our very feet. You might well scorn me, but I was faint from the hardship and fatigue of the journey. But we can do nothing alone. Let us return to New York and secure capital. I have a certain amount of influence; by your efforts and mine, we can raise sufficient money to float this concern successfully. As it is now, what we can invest is like so many drops in the sea. Behold, yourself, how little we have accomplished."

"True, true," said he, mournfully glancing around the deserted spot, and grasping at the idea with childish eagerness. "Capital, capital—that is what we need. I could have pulled through with it long ago if it had not been for that. The knaves! they deserted me!"

I had no idea to what he referred, until long afterward; but taking advantage of his sudden change of humor, persuaded him to mount, and taking a hurried survey of the work and the premises, we turned the heads of our tired animals homeward. I did not feel fairly started until we had descended the mountain, and left the ill-fated mine far behind us.

Several times my companion would have retraced his steps and returned to the tunnel, suspecting me, at the moment, of treachery; but I assured him of the genuineness of my feelings, and we jogged slowly along. We continued our trip in comparative quiet, until the second night; but then my friend fell to railing at some unseen persecutors, cursing them so wildly that I became alarmed. "Ruin, failure, stares me in the face," he cried plaintively, "let us go back."

I dared hardly to address him in one of these moods, but kept myself well armed. At night, when we camped, he cooked his dinner as usual, amid low mutterings and expostulations, which continued long after he had wrapped himself in his *serapé* and lain down by the fire.

What horrors those nights were to me, God only knows. I was tortured by fatigue, yet afraid to close my eyes, with the fear haunting me of never opening them again. I formed the resolution of depriving my companion of his arms; he was a large, powerfully built man, as I have said, and I was in his power. It was impossible to steal his shot-gun, for he was vigilant as a cat, and I was never sure when he really slept; but one evening, preparing for camp, I removed the bag of shot from the parcel. It was the night we camped by the well, and under pretense of going for water, while he was building his fire, I sunk the shot in the well, hearing its heavy splash and dull clank in an agony of fear.

The next morning I published the accident. "My friend," said I in consternation, "we have suffered a loss by my carelessness. In removing and resetting the pack at the mines, I left the bag of shot in the bushes."

"Then we must go back for it," he said angrily.

Almost in vain, I tried to pacify and assuage his anger. Finally, when I represented to him the value of lost time, he consented to retract his decision and go on. Nothing, however, could soften his angry feelings toward me, and he conducted himself in an abused manner in my presence, which did not lessen my terrible anxiety concerning my safety. I fully determined, upon the continuation of his revengeful feelings, to deprive him of his revolver, and then take the consequences. But how? It was a desperate expedient.

It was necessary to rest our jaded horses; every hour they threatened to give out. So we picketed them on the grassy stretch before mentioned. I threw myself on the ground and began leisurely taking my pistol to pieces, venturing to suggest to my companion to do likewise, for the precaution was becoming necessary as we entered the Indian reservation. He sneered at me in answer, but as I steadfastly continued cleaning mine, he thought better of it, and, seating himself beside me, began taking his weapon apart.

When he was thoroughly engaged upon it, I sounded the alarm: "A snake, a rattlesnake!"

"Where?" he cried excitedly, springing to his feet, forgetting everything at the news.

"In yonder bush," I answered.

He sprang toward it; as he did so, I fearfully and tremblingly seized the barrel of his revolver, which he had thrown on the ground in his haste, and held it in my hand as I joined him in his search. A cold shudder ran through me as I did so. My excited imagination fancied him ready to pounce upon me every instant for my duplicity. How could I combat with such an athlete—I, slight, nervous, city-bred? I felt myself turn pale; what should I do with that piece of metal in my hand, burning as if into my very soul.

"Strange, where it has crept to," he suggested; "it must have gone into its hole."

He procured a long stick and began beating the bushes vigorously.

"I did not hear the rattle," he continued; "are you sure you were not mistaken?"

"Yes, sure," I replied firmly, "but I am not going to lose any time in the search. I have my pistol to finish cleaning."

I sat down on the knoll, knowing he, too, must continue his work, and that it would be some little time before he would miss the barrel in putting his weapon together.

I revolved in my mind what I should do. Then a sudden lucky thought struck me. I rose, and strolled carelessly toward the pack, found an extra coffee-pot, packed full to the lid with ground coffee, thrust the barrel into it almost to the very bottom, and replaced the tin. It was an extra supply; ten to one he would never think of seeking in such a strange hiding-place.

On missing the portion of his pistol, his anger was something frightful. He raved, he swore, he cursed. I had no influence over him; but when he had calmed somewhat, I suggested that he had dropped the barrel in the bushes when we went to look for the rattlesnake. I helped him in the search; we hunted the stones, the shrubs, high and low, but no tiny piece of the pistol.

After a good deal of coaxing, I persuaded him to continue the journey. Comparatively speaking, I felt safer, as I had deprived him of his arms, but still my danger was imminent. One night, after we had prepared our camp, he fell into a terrible paroxysm of rage, recalling and dwelling upon the affair of the shot-gun and pistol, uutil every moment I expected him to pounce upon me. I had one hand on my revolver, prepared to spring and defend myself at a moment's notice. Suddenly, all was quiet. I thought him asleep. Then I heard stealthy creeping footsteps. It was the dead of night, we two alone, on that vast silent desert. Nearer and nearer they came, but I was ready — still nearer. I sprang and confronted him, my evil genius.

"Coward! traitor!" he hissed, springing toward me, seizing me in his strong, relentless grasp, with a grip that fury alone can give. I was powerless. In those awful moments, by the light of the camp-fire, my worst fears were confirmed. I gave a low cry. Those awful, burning eyes seemed to scar me with their brightness. What could I do, even with my weapons? The die was cast; my fate was sealed. My companion — good God! no longer could it be concealed—was mad! I was in the power and the hands of a madman.

As this awful suspicion was realized (it had haunted me for days and nights), my strength seemed to give way. Everything grew dim. I struggled to recall my fading senses. It was too late. I swooned away.

When I came to my senses, I found myself in the long freight-room at Roseta, with the face of the young Wells, Fargo's agent bending over me. I was on a cot, and the countenance looking at me seemed full of pity and sympathy.

"Where am I? What is it?" questioned I faintly.

"Quite safe," he answered reassuringly; "only you must keep very quiet, for you have been very ill."

For days they tended and watched me like a child, and when I was strong enough, told me the remaining items of my awful experience. The Indian who had saddled our horses and prepared our pack, suspected, with the cunning of his race, that I was ignorant of my companion's condition. His opinion was confirmed by the freight-agent, who judged me a young, unsophisticated Easterner, especially when I equivocated about the relationship. The plans of my companion had been laid as only the tact and slyness of a madman could lay them.

After we had been out some days, the Indian who had dogged our steps returned to Roseta, confirmed in his views, to get more help. With three men he started out again, fearing they hardly dared to breathe what. As I fell into the arms of the maniac, they, guided by the smoke of the camp-fire, sprang to my relief and manacled my unfortunate friend.

My poor friend; I shed bitter tears at his sad fate. He was a Count de Fontainblesse, an exile from his country, who had spent an immense fortune in the mines, a victim to unscrupulous speculators. Left in comparative poverty, fleeced by his enemies, he had gone out of his mind, yet continued to have comparatively sane spells, when he deceived even his nearest acquaintances by his apparent sanity. It was in this condition that he had gone to New York, at the time that I had fallen a victim.

The kind miners and merchants, knowing my sad story, made up a purse for me, and sent me back East to New York; but ah! not as I had left there. I was broken in health, and a strange thing had happened to me — my hair had turned white as snow. When I rose from my bed in the freight office, it was as if with the hoary locks of age. Would my best friend know me?

I reached the great metropolis almost in want. Should I seek my former employer? I shrank from such a course with the greatest abhorrence. I hardly dared meet Alice, my heart's love, in my present broken condition. I sought for employment, but in vain; finally, wasted and worn with the pangs of hunger—yes, if I must confess it, by starvation—I crawled to the servants' door of the handsome mansion on Fifth avenue, and asked for a piece of bread. That house, the steps of which I had run up so lightly and happily so many, many times! I knew they would hardly know me. I drew my tattered over-coat up about my ears, and waited patiently, for it was snowing heavily.

A strange house-servant opened the door, but when he saw me shivering in the merciless storm, he bade me come in, and brought to me, standing in the vestibule, a sandwich and a cup of hot coffee. I heard the bell ring violently—the drawing-room bell. My heart beat as if it would suffocate me; my hand trembled so, I could scarcely hold my cup. The man at the basement door was to be shown upstairs; that was the order.

I could barely stagger up the flight and into the library, full, oh! so full, with such happy memories. How rich, how sumptuous everything looked; how exquisite the statuary, how superb the portieres. All this flashed through my mind in a moment of time. Who was this, who swept from behind the curtains and the palms, in mourning robes, with her exquisite face pale and thin, but oh! so beautiful in its sorrow and trial?

"Grey, Grey," she cried in a passion of tears, "you couldn't deceive me, my poor boy. Oh! my love, my love, how could you leave me so long?"

I forgot my hunger, my poverty, everything except my love, my passionate love for this girl. I drew her to my heart, and laid my white head beside her brown braids.

"Providence has given you back to me; how can I be grateful enough!"

She cried for joy on my breast, and I, in this moment of supreme happiness drew the veil over "my terrible experience," only to lift it once to reveal it to you, although my beautiful wife, my Alice, shudders as I do so, and fain would blot it forever from my memory.

Bun Le Roy.

THE BUILDING OF A STATE.—VII. THE COLLEGE OF CALIFORNIA.

I AM asked to give as one of the papers in the "Building of a State" series, the history of the College of California. That history properly begins with the preliminary work in the year 1849.

Among the crowds of young men that were then coming to California for gold, there were some who came to stay and make homes, and help "build a State" here. They did not at first know each other. All were strangers then. But gradually they got into correspondence. As soon as there were mails and post-offices, they began to get acquainted.

One of the first subjects written about and talked of by those who had faith in a State to come, was that of education. To be sure, there were very few English-speaking children here at that time, and most people thought it was too soon to plan for schools. But some thought otherwise. They thought that there would be children here to be taught, quite as soon as schools could be made ready to teach them. They thought that schools would bring children here, doing away with one of the greatest objections to the removing of families to this country. There were some that went so far as to include the college in the forecast of their educational plans. Not that the college would be wanted soon, but they meant to see it well established, if possible, in their lifetime.

To make this the more sure, they thought that it would be worth while to get land given while it was cheap, toward the foundation of a college endowment. There were wealthy ranchmen who owned their leagues, and "city lots" were being rapidly surveyed, mapped, and offered for sale in San Francisco, San José, Benicia, Sacramento, and Stockton, to say nothing of Sutter, Vernon, New York, etc.—towns then projected looking for greatness, though they failed at last to reach it. It seemed possible to get donations of such property toward the foundation of a college, and probable that it might become so valuable as to be a material help when the college should want it. I do not know how extensive the correspondence about the matter was, but I know that Sherman Day, John W. Douglass, S. V. Blakeslee, T. L. Andrews, T. D. Hunt, Frederick Billings, J. A. Benton, Frederick Buel, and the present writer took part in it at that time; and it was the earnest purpose of all concerned to secure the coöperation of all friends of higher education in some practical college plan. The result was that some wealthy men were asked to make donations. Among others, Dr. James Stokes was applied to. The Doctor thought the matter over, and then said: "Go and see Dimmick; Kimball H. Dimmick and I own land together, bordering on the Guadaloupe River in San José. Tell him I'll give as much as he will."

Mr. Dimmick was forthwith seen, and the result was a written agreement, binding the parties, Stokes and Dimmick, to make a deed of gift, conveying the land for the purposes of a college, as soon as a board of trustees could be legally incorporated to receive it. Some other pledges of a similar character were made by other parties.

But all further progress had to await the organization of the State itself, and the enactment of the necessary incorporation laws by the Legislature. The Constitutional Convention met at Monterey, and did its work in September, 1849. Education found plenty of friends in that body, and the provision they made for common schools in the constitution was ample. The college plan also found friends among the members and some substantial encouragement. The Constitution was adopted, and the Legislature chosen in November, 1849. It convened for business in December following.

In due time a law providing for the incorporation of colleges was passed. It very properly required, as one of the conditions of a college charter, the possession by the applicants of property to the value of at least twenty thousand dollars, and it empowered the Supreme Court to grant college charters. Under this law our application was made. All the conditions were fulfilled that could be, but it failed, because titles to the lands proposed to be given had not then been adjudicated and settled, so as to make the property sure, as required by law. This was in 1850, as seen in First Cal. Reports, p. 330. It was years before they were so settled. Changes were swift and many in that length of time, and finally nothing came of the proposed donations.

But that did not hinder work looking toward the college. The friends of the movement held meetings; preliminary measures were discussed. All of us were busy about our own affairs, pushed to the last degree. None could at that time stop to look up a teacher, or do other needed things to get together a school preparatory to a college. But yet information was sought from every quarter bearing on the plan; extended correspondence was had with members of the faculty of Yale College and the government of Harvard College, touching the best methods of procedure in circumstances like ours. Letters full of encouragement and counsels drawn from experience came back, aiding us greatly in our plans.

THE COLLEGE SCHOOL.

At this juncture an unexpected light broke upon us. The very help we needed came to us. One day in the early spring of 1853, just after the arrival of the steamship from Panama, a stranger came to my house in San Francisco. He was a man in the prime of life, gentlemanly in his bearing, and in appearance the very embodiment of the ideal college professor. It was Henry Durant.[1]

His appearance was enough of itself to assure an immediate welcome, but letters which he brought from well known friends at the East made it doubly warm. Mr. Durant came to do the very work so much needing to be done. He came, as he said himself, "with college on the brain," and he was ready to begin at once at the very beginning. It seemed wonderful! Just the man we needed; a cultivated scholar, a successful teacher; on the ground at just the right moment, ready to begin at once. Of course, Mr. Durant was quickly introduced to all the circle of college friends, and, of course, delighted them by his evident adaptedness to the work. "Let him begin right off," was the common voice.

But where? Not at San José, now, for it was no longer the capital of the State, and access by stage or steamboat was slow and tiresome. Where then?

"Try Oakland," some said. Well, over to Oakland we went to see. A wheezy little steamer had got into the habit of crossing the bay two or three times a day to carry passengers. It was pretty regular, except that it was liable to get stuck on the bar now and then. In this case it took us safely over. Oakland we found to be indeed a land of oaks, having one street, Broadway, extending from the landing toward the hills, with a few buildings here and there on either side, and a few houses scattered about among the trees.

Upon inquiry, one single house was found vacant. It was situated on Broadway, where now is the corner of Fifth Street, and it could be had at a monthly rent of $150 gold coin paid in advance.

We reported progress. Upon due consideration it was determined to accept the terms, and let Mr. Durant begin the school forthwith.

He did so, opening about the first of June, 1853, with three pupils. It should be remembered that boys were few, as yet, in California.

This arrangement, however, was temporary. Land was soon secured between Twelfth and Fourteenth Streets, and between Franklin and Harrison Streets, four blocks and the included streets, some six or seven acres in all, and a house for the school, residence of the Principal, and boarding the pupils was erected thereon.[2] From that time the school grew steadily, though not rapidly.

But, through trying years, Mr. Durant proved himself to have not only the courage to begin a great enterprise, but the pluck and perseverance to stick to it. The outside friends stood by him, and never failed to help him over hard places.

INCORPORATION OF THE COLLEGE.

After two years' work, the school had come to number fifty pupils. The prospect of permanence became tolerably sure. The number who joined in the support of the institution increased. Opportunities to acquire property seemed to be in prospect. The need of a board of college trustees, incorporated according to law, became apparent.

The law of the State relative to chartering colleges had been changed, so that now the application had to be made, not to the Supreme Court, but to the State Board of Education, which consisted of the Governor, the Surveyor General, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction. A petition for incorporation was presented to this Board, and was signed by the following gentlemen, viz: John Caperton, John C. Hayes, J. A. Freaner, H. S. Foote, Joseph C. Palmer, F. W. Page, Henry Haight, Robert Simson, N. W. Chittenden, Theodore Payne, J. A. Benton, Sherman Day, G. A. Swezey, Samuel B. Bell, and John Bigler.

The official declaration of incorporation is dated Sacramento, April 13th, 1855, and is signed by John Bigler, Governor, S. H. Marlette, Surveyor General, and Paul K. Hubbs, Superintendent of Public Instruction. It made the Board of Trustees of the College of California to consist of Frederick Billings, Sherman Day, Samuel H. Willey, T. Dwight Hunt, Mark Brummagim, Edward B. Walsworth, Joseph A. Benton, Edward McLean, Henry Durant, Francis W. Page, Robert Simson, A. H. Wilder, and Samuel B. Bell.

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[1] See OVERLAND MONTHLY, August, 1884, pp. 167–172.

[2] OVERLAND MONTHLY, August, 1884, pp. 168, 169.

All the property of the College School now came into the possession of the Trustees of the College, and the school itself went on under their supervision. It gave thorough instruction in the various branches of an English education, and also provided a careful training for the few who wished to fit for college. From this time the College School increased in numbers rapidly. Soon additions to the first building had to be made. Then new buildings were erected, till the institution seemed like a veritable hive of industry all by itself among the oaks.

Meanwhile, regular classes began to form in the three years' course to fit for college. Mr. Durant's enthusiasm for college culture was a constant stimulus to the boys, and held them well to their purpose, even in those wild and exciting times.

THE BERKELEY SITE.

In the year 1856, attention began to be directed to the selection of a site for the final location of the College.

It was desired to make an early choice of some spot ample in size, situated in a healthy region, with fine outlook, having a copious stream of running water, and, withal, accessible.

To aid us in making the necessary examinations for the purpose of finding the best site, an unexpected and most competent helper appeared. It was the Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell. He arrived in California early in the year 1856, in pursuit of health. He was suffering from bronchitis, and wanted to try the efficacy of our warm, dry climate. But he was otherwise strong, and wished to live here an out-door life.

We at once told him of our college plans, showing him what we had done, and explaining to him what we now wanted to do in the matter of finding the very best location for the permanent home of the College. It interested him at once. Indeed, he became hardly less enthusiastic than his friend Mr. Durant, whom he had known years before at Yale College.

As a result of many interviews and much consultation between him and the Trustees, it was determined to offer him the Presidency of the College, that he might be in the best possible position to speak and act in its behalf before the public. He was chosen President, accordingly. In response to this action, Dr. Bushnell promised to take the matter of acceptance into consideration. If he should find himself strengthened and restored by the climate here, so as to be able to return to his pulpit in Hartford, he would return there. If he seemed to be able to live and be useful only here, he might accept the office and undertake its duties.

Meanwhile, the traveling to search for the best site was just in the line of his wish to live out of doors, and would furnish him an engaging motive for so doing. And so he started, traveling sometimes in stages, and sometimes on horseback, with many tramps on foot between. He began on the western side of the bay of San Francisco, looking along through San Mateo County, then through Santa Clara County, and around on the eastern side of the bay in Alameda County. He made his home a good while at Mr. Beard's, in the Mission San José, examining with great care the possible locations in that vicinity, more particularly a choice one in Suñol Valley. Sometimes he traveled alone, and sometimes some one of us Trustees went with him.

He came up to what is now East Oakland, noticing a splendid site on high ground lying easterly, but the defect was, it could not have running water. He visited the Berkeley locality,[1] and found it admirable in all respects, except that there was not water enough.

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[1] I use the name "Berkeley" to designate this locality at this time, although it was not known by that name till May, 1866. Then, when a name had to be chosen, and all the Trustees were making suggestions as to

In the early autumn he went to Martinez, Benicia, and through Napa, Sonoma, and Petaluma Valleys, spending week after week in his tours. In these journeys he met a great many people, and interested them in our college plans. At the same time he enjoyed the best possible advantages for his own recovery. And these proved to be so effectual, that he thought himself able to return home and resume his pastoral work. Before doing so, however, in the late autumn of 1856, he made a written report in detail to the Trustees, concerning several sites, specifying their peculiarities and excellences. He also delivered some addresses setting forth the claims of the College, and wrote an appeal to the public in its behalf. To our great regret, he thought best to leave us, but he promised to do his best to interest people in the Eastern States in our undertaking, and try to get them to help us, as people in the older States have always been in the habit of helping colleges in new States.

Possessed now of the information gathered during the summer with Dr. Bushnell, the Trustees prosecuted further inquiries at their leisure, inasmuch as there was no haste as to the final conclusion.

Meantime the College School grew, filling new buildings and employing a large corps of select teachers. The boys in the classical department made good progress, and the more advanced were approaching near to readiness to enter college.

As to the permanent college site, the opinion came to be unanimous in favor of the Berkeley location, if an adequate water supply could be provided there. Thorough examinations were made to determine this point. An engineer was employed. The flow of the springs was measured. The facilities for impounding water were ascertained. The extent of the water-shed was estimated; and, what was more, the possibility of bringing in Wild Cat Creek was determined. It was never contemplated, when the whole country was before us, to put a college where there was not an abundance of flowing water. We conceived that it would be an unpardonable blunder to plant such an institution—in a country of long dry seasons like this—where there could not be an unfailing and copious water-supply for all purposes of use and ornamentation. When it was found that this could be provided on the site in question, the only objection to choosing it seemed to be removed.

And so, at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held March 1st, 1858, the Berkeley site was, by formal vote, adopted as the location of the College of California.

THE ORGANIC BASIS OF THE COLLEGE.

As the work toward the full organization of the college went on, the question was raised in a certain quarter, What were its principles? To make plain in words what had, from the beginning, been well understood in fact by all concerned, the Trustees adopted and published their "Organic Basis," declaring that "The College of California is an institution designed by its founders to furnish the means of a thorough and comprehensive education, under the pervading influence and spirit of the Christian religion. That Trustees shall be elected from time to time, such as shall fairly and equally represent the patrons and contributors to the funds of the institution, provided that a majority be always members of evangelical Christian churches, but that not more than one-fourth of the actual members be of one and the same Christian denomination." In the election of professors, men of Christian character were to be preferred, and "the President and a majority of the Faculty must be members of evangelical Christian churches." The idea was this: It seemed possible to have a college grow up in California

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what it should be, Mr. Billings remembered the familiar stanza:

"Westward the course of Empire," etc.

"Berkeley!" said he, "Berkeley—why wouldn't Berkeley be a good name for a college town in the farthest west?"

On the whole, it was so agreed, and by vote of the Trustees on the 24th of May, 1866, the name "Berkeley" was given to this locality, which had been before known as "The College Site."

in our own life-time if we joined in building *one only.* In a State so remote, and likely to be settled so slowly, it seemed plain that if more than one college should be attempted, there could be none, in the proper sense of the word "college," for a long time to come. At the same time, there appeared to be no good reason why one and the same literary institution, such as a college is, should not serve all the evangelical denominations equally well: hence the plan, as expressed in the Organic Basis.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE COLLEGE FACULTY.

As the first class preparing for college was nearly ready to be admitted, it became necessary to appoint enough professors to receive and instruct them in the beginning of their college studies. It was a matter quite of course that Henry Durant should be first chosen. His chair was designated as that of "the Greek Language and Literature." Martin Kellogg was next appointed "Professor of the Latin Language and Literature," and Isaac H. Brayton "Professor of Rhetoric, Belles-Lettres, and the English Language."

A separate building was erected, containing recitation rooms, etc., for the accommodation of the College.

All things being thus in readiness, the senior preparatory class in the College School, having passed an excellent examination, was admitted to college, and the fall term of the year 1860 began with a Freshman class numbering eight students. Professors Durant and Kellogg gave their whole time to the instruction of this class, and Professor Brayton only a part of his, as he became at this time the Principal of the College School.

After a successful year's work the class was advanced to Sophomore standing, and a new Freshman class was admitted in June, 1861, numbering ten members.

When the spring term of this college year, 1861–'62, opened, it was remembered that at its end a third class would be ready for admission. Then more room would be wanted, and more teachers, and more means. The care of the college property also required attention. It was evident that the College must soon have a President as its executive head. And it was the opinion of all that more depended upon a wise selection for this office than any other thing. It was determined to proceed with carefulness and deliberation in this matter.

But, meantime, something must be done to supply the immediate want in this department. Anxious consultations were had by the Trustees as to the best method of procedure.

While these were going on, it became known that I was about to resign the pastorate of the Howard Presbyterian Church, San Francisco (which I had held for twelve years, from the church's commencement), with the intention of going East for relief and restoration to health. Indeed, my steamer passage was engaged. No sooner was this understood than the request came to me from professors, Trustees, and friends of the College that I would reconsider the matter of going East, and seek the needed recovery of strength in a change of occupation here, becoming the executive head of the College for the time being. Such was my interest in the institution, such was the urgency used with me, and so good was the prospect of the recovery of my health in the work, that I accepted the appointment, becoming Vice-President of the College, with the intention of remaining in office not over two years. My hope and expectation were to see the College in a new building by that time, and presided over by a thoroughly trained and qualified President.

All went reasonably well during my first year, while I was getting "broken in" to my new service. The new building was erected and paid for. It was a handsome structure, two stories in height, surmounted by a tower from which there was an extended view, embracing the forest of oaks that covered the encinal, and the bay and the mountains beyond. It contained a chapel, lecture room, recitation rooms, and library room. In due time, the third class was admitted, and the regular routine of college life seemed to be well under way.

When things seemed to be ready in April, 1863, for the election of President, Rev. Dr. W. G. T. Shedd, of New York, was chosen. The appointment was forwarded to him, together with such information as would give him as correct a view as possible of the importance of the Institution, and the opportunity for usefulness open before it on this coast. At the same time it was said to him that he might take time to become acquainted with all the facts, as we were in no pressing haste for his decision.

At the anniversary examination in June, 1863, the three classes were advanced, and a new Freshman class was admitted from the College School. William H. Brewer was elected Professor of Natural Science, and the college year 1863–'64 opened in the new building with the four classes, and the Faculty consisting of the Vice-President, and Professors Durant, Kellogg, Brayton, and Brewer, together with F. D. Hodgson, Instructor in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, C. L. Des Rochers, Teacher in French, T. C. Barker, Teacher in German, and W. H. Cleveland, Teacher in Spanish. The curriculum of study was very nearly that of the older Eastern colleges, including, perhaps, something more of modern language.

The college bell used to ring strictly "on time," and all the college exercises were punctually attended. There was the genuine spirit of college life, both thorough and manly.

THE FIRST COMMENCEMENT.

As soon as we had entered upon the second term of the college year, 1863–'64, we began to prepare for Commencement and the graduation of our first class. We determined to make this occasion as distinct a way-mark as possible in the progress of the College.

Of course, there would be the usual commencement exercises, but these would not be entirely new, because exercises similar to them had occurred at our anniversaries for years. The object was, to plan something that would call together educated men, and induce them to give a day to learning and the revival of college associations, and at the same time interest them in this college and give emphasis to our first Commencement.

We remembered the alumni gatherings at the Eastern college commencements, and how much they do to add interest to those occasions. We had no alumni. But it occured to us to invite all college graduates to our first commencement, providing them a supper and an oration, poem, and so forth, for themselves. So, first we consulted the ladies, and they promised to provide the collation and serve it in the College Chapel. A note of invitation was then prepared in the name of the Faculty of the College, inviting college graduates to a general alumni meeting with us on the afternoon and evening of May 31st, 1864, Commencement being on the day following, June 1st, promising at the same time an oration by John B. Felton, and a poem by C. T. H. Palmer.

This note was sent to all known graduates. It awakened an unexpected interest. The idea was new. It touched the college nerve. It soon became evident that there would be a full attendance. Preparations were made accordingly. When the appointed day came, all things were ready. The assembly convened for the oration and poem in the Presbyterian church, which was then situated in the grove near the present corner of Harrison and Sixth Streets.

The house had been made ready for all the exercises of this commencement occasion. Of course, it was crowded with people. Those who could not get in found standing room where they could hear, under the trees near by the open windows. At the close of these exercises the invited alumni present went in procession, escorted by the members of the college and the college school, through the grove to the college chapel. There the guests filed in and took their places at the tables, and, at the signal from the President of the occasion, Edward Tompkins, took their seats. There were one hundred and twenty-five of them, representing some thirty-five institutions of learning. Letters were received from twenty-five more, expressing regret that they could not be present. First came the repast—and a cheery time they had of it. Many of the guests had never met before. And now they were here, assembled in the interest of the higher education in California, and at the same time renewing the associations of youth and of the various colleges from which they came.

The scene was indescribable. All were young men, measuring lances together for the first time. Everything was refined and becoming to cultivated people. But the air of that room was electric with wit and humor, poetry and wisdom, till eleven o'clock, when the assembly reluctantly broke up. The short-hand reporter did his best to get something of it down on paper, but the finest things eluded the quickness of his pencil. It was the saying of all, that they had never seen the like of it. There was no effort about it. Much of the sparkle of the occasion was due to its novelty, and to the President, Mr. Tompkins, whose ability in guiding such a meeting was something marvelous. There were toasts and responses, and interjected speeches, and quick repartees, and all in such fine taste that every last thing seemed to be the best thing. The hours just flew, and it was an unwelcome surprise when the train-whistle gave the signal to break up. Before adjourning, however, it was determined to organize the alumni into an association, to meet annually in this way with the College of California at its commencements.

The next day was Commencement Day, when our first graduates were to receive their degrees. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the church was full and overflowing again. First came the exercises of the graduating class; after them a poem by Bret Harte, followed by an oration by Newton Booth. The degrees were then conferred in due form, and so the college rounded out the full outline of its work, thereafter to go on from year to year. Commencent exercises are so much alike that no detailed description needs to be given of this occasion. Its peculiar interest to us consisted in the fact that it was our first, and that it represented the full four years' course of study usually pursued in the best Eastern colleges.

From this time, the College went on from term to term, and from year to year, with a growing spirit of true college life. Commencements succeeded each other with only the usual variations incident to such occasions, and the "Associated Alumni" assembled with us in still larger numbers every year.

Meantime, the attendance at the College School went up to two hundred and fifty boys, taught by twelve instructors, giving the whole or a part of their time to the work.

At this time we received Dr. Shedd's letter, declining to accept the presidency. Very soon thereafter the Board of Trustees elected Rev. Dr. R. D. Hitchcock, and asked Dr. Bushnell, Mr. Billings and others, to see him, explain our situation, and if possible secure his acceptance of the appointment. All these delays in getting a President seemed to oblige me to remain in the office of Vice-President much longer than I had planned or desired. Though much against my inclination, I continued in the work, a great deal of which was irksome and disagreeable to me, in the hope of soon transferring it to other hands.

PLANS PROJECTED FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE BERKELEY PROPERTY.

In the summer of the year 1865, it was thought that the time had come to begin to make plans for the improvement of the Berkeley property, with reference to the removal of the College to it at no very distant day.

These plans contemplated the proper location of the college buildings, and the improvement of the grounds between the two ravines, and the laying out of the lands outside in a proper way, to attract the right kind of population to be near a college. It was the purpose of the Trustees to give such a study to this problem as to make no mistake for those coming after to regret, when it should be too late to remedy it.

Fortunately, at that time, Fred. Law Olmsted, of the firm of Olmsted, Vaugh & Co., Landscape Architects of New York, was in California on professional business. We were sure of his superior qualifications, from the fact that his firm had been the architects of Central Park, New York. He was asked to go upon our grounds, and give his ideas as to the best way of using them for a college and a college town.

He went, and made a series of careful observations. He then outlined the method of improvement he would suggest, in conversation to the Trustees. They were so convinced of its wisdom, that they voted to employ him, at large expense, to make a topographical survey, and lay out the entire grounds for the purposes contemplated. The thoroughness with which he studied the conditions of his problem is indicated, when he says in his final report: "I visited the grounds under a variety of circumstances, in summer and winter, by night and by day. I visited the other suburbs of San Francisco, and studied them with some care; and, without being able to express a definite estimate of the degree of difference between their climate and that of Berkeley, I think I am warranted in endorsing the opinion that the climate of Berkeley is distinguished for a peculiar serenity, cheerfulness, and healthfulness."

After making a complete topographical survey of the entire grounds, Mr. Olmsted returned to New York in the fall of 1865, taking his notes and outline maps with him, in order there to complete the work for us. In July, 1866, he sent us his plan, in detail. It was shown upon a very large topographical map of the property, together with smaller drawings laying down road-lines, giving methods of construction, etc., to be used in the field. This plan was accompanied by a printed pamphlet of twenty-six pages, going into a thorough discussion of the theory and method of town and college improvement in circumstances like ours.

It contemplated expenditure no faster than there was means to meet it, but it proposed a plan of improvement comprehending the entire property, and consistent in all its parts, according to which whatever was done should be guided. It located the principal college buildings. It grouped them with reference to convenience of access, and to the best architectural effect as seen from each other. It appropriated the grounds, and laid down the avenues and paths. It described the method of constructing the road-bed, gutters, drains, bridges, and cross-walks. It suggested plantings and shrubbery on either side that would remain green, to shut off the brown and sterile aspect beyond, in the dry season. This whole improvement plan was made to conform as closely as possible to the natural features of the ground. The principal road followed the stream in its windings, even up the ravine to the garden cottage, and turned where there is a beautiful view westward through the gorge and out upon the bay. "The extent of the sylvan lanes which I have described," says the report, "would be about five miles. At several points upon them there would be very fine distant views, each having some distinctive advantage. The local scenery would also at many points be not only quite interesting, even without any effort to produce special effect by planting, but the roads are laid in such a way as to make the most of the natural features, while preserving their completely sylvan and rustic character, being carried in frequent curves in such a way as to make the best use of the picturesque banks of the arroyos and the existing trees upon them. These are sometimes allowed to divide into two parts. Notwithstanding the varied curves which the arrangement involves, the general course of the lanes will be found simple, and the connection between the more important points sufficiently direct. A tract of low flat ground, twenty-seven acres in extent, surrounded on three sides by moderate elevations, two of which retire so as to form a long bay or dell, is proposed to be formed into a small park or pleasure ground. The site is naturally more moist, fertile, and meadow-like than any other in the vicinity, and a considerable number of old and somewhat quaint and picturesque oaks are growing in a portion of it. This occurrence, with a thick growth of underwood, and of rank herbaceous plants, leads me to think that if it were thoroughly drained, cleaned, and tilled, trees would naturally grow upon it in more umbrageous and elegant forms than elsewhere, and that turf would be more easily formed and maintained upon its surface. The lanes are arranged with reference to continuations to the northward and southward, if hereafter found desirable. The area of ground contained in these divisions is one hundred and ninety-five acres, and what may belong to private ownership might with advantage be occupied by from fifty to one hundred families. If what is proposed to be accomplished is modestly conceived, and with requisite effort is carried out, it may be confidently anticipated that the result will be a neighborhood peculiarly home-like and grateful, in contrast to the ordinary aspect of the open country of California."

In order to be in readiness to superintend the beginning of these improvements, I removed from Oakland to Berkeley in December, 1865. I built my cottage on a choice spot, in an open field. There were only two or three farm-houses within a mile or more. The cottage is standing now, and is on the northeast corner of Dwight Way and Audubon Street. I was getting settled, while Mr. Olmsted was making out his maps, drawings, and report in New York. By July, 1866, when those maps, etc., reached us, my grounds were well laid out, and a good home-beginning made.

The entire tract of land owned by the College was then surrounded by a good fence, the level part being cultivated and the hill land pastured. In order to begin the college improvement, and also to enable those who had bought building lots to use them, or to induce others to buy, a beginning must be made in introducing the water. A study of the best method of procedure led to the plan of first bringing down the water of Strawberry Creek and its tributary springs, and pouring it into a small permanent reservoir situated high up on the hillside, thence to take it in iron pipe and distribute it below, as might be wanted. This would supply all for a while, and would always be sufficient for the wants of those who might build on the higher levels. Then, when the demand should be greater below, the main supply might be made ready in what seemed to be almost a perfect natural reservoir lower down. This reservoir could be made complete by building a dam, only some sixty feet long, between the two solid banks of Strawberry Creek at a certain point, thus holding the water and overflowing some acres, making a small lake. At the same time, the elevation of this water would be such as would give it a good head for use on the college site, and on all the plain below.

First came the working out of the first part of this plan, the construction of the small reservoir, and the bringing down of the water for immediate use. This was accomplished gradually, in the midst of the pressure of other college work, and was completed in the summer of 1867.

The friends of the College were invited to a picnic party on the college grounds on the 24th day of August, 1867, to celebrate the introduction of the water and examine the works. It was a beautiful day. Many people came. The newspapers had their reporters there; speeches were made, and songs were sung. The fountains did their part well, playing their jets and throwing their spray high in the air, in places where there was nothing around at that time to lead one to expect to see a fountain. It was, however, a satisfactory demonstration of what could be done with water on our grounds and in all that vicinity. It was plain that the first condition of our improvement-plan, which was water, could be satisfactorily supplied.

At once the surveys were begun to prepare the way for bringing in Wild Cat Creek at some future time, to the proposed great reservoir. Negotiations were opened, and the necessary legal steps were taken to acquire the full right to this water, and the right of way for the aqueduct in which to bring it. All this proceeded successfully, no hindrance of any kind being met with, till the way was fully open for the construction of the works whenever the necessities of the College should require that large water supply. Although this might not be for a considerable time, an engineer was employed to make the measurements for the building of the dam across Strawberry Creek, at the point before alluded to, in order that they might be in readiness when wanted. In view of the improvement-plan, tree seeds had been obtained from the East and elsewhere one and two years before, and the growth of young trees now filled quite a large nursery. Some houses were built on homestead lots sold by the College, and fine improvements were begun on the grounds around them. Other lots were planted and cultivated, in anticipation of use for residences.

FINANCIAL.

The business men of San Francisco gave the funds with which to start the College School in 1853, and the active business men of San Francisco and the other cities of the State gave nearly all the money to the College that it ever received by donations. The wealthiest men did not incline to give. They were applied to, many times over, not only by officers of the College, but by business friends who had special influence with them, but they were not men who appreciated the College as much as some other things.

The College School, soon after its beginning, became self-supporting, and continued to be so, erecting its own buildings, and paying its own expenses. But the College, of course, when it was organized, did not. Colleges never do. Their tuition-income is very little, compared with their expenses.

To provide the means for starting the College, and carrying it on for the first few years, a time-subscription was made by business men, as before stated, to come in in annual payments. While these subscriptions should continue, it was expected that we could get a President, the endowment for that office having been already subscribed. In respect to Professor Hitchcock, however, we were disappointed, for his letter declining to come reached us in May, 1866.

We knew well how the older States had always helped the newer States in founding their colleges, and, although the era of large gifts to colleges had not then begun, we still felt sure that we should receive something that would amount to a substantial assistance.

In order to do this, we first secured the adoption of the College by the "Western College Society," as one of the institutions recommended by them to the public as deserving support and endowment.

Then remembering that we were young, and quite unknown to the Eastern public, and that our College was also as yet unknown, and far away, a brief statement of its origin, history, constitution, and progress was submitted to a large number of the most prominent friends of education in the East—presidents and professors of colleges and universities, and ministers of various denominations—and they were requested to give us in writing such an endorsement of it to the public as they thought it deserved. The letters written in response to this request were unexpectedly full and cordial, unreservedly approving our plan, and earnestly commending our institution to the generosity of all friends of education. Then the statements that had been thus submitted to these gentlemen, together with their replies, were printed in a neat pamphlet, and sent widely through the Eastern States, to those who were known to be supporters of educational institutions. The cause seemed to us to be of such magnitude, and the necessity for help so great, that, armed with such endorsements, we felt sure of obtaining at least the usual help given to new colleges in the West.

But in this, also, we were sadly disappointed. It seems strange, even now, that it should have been so. The principal reason seems to have been indicated in the report of one of our professors, who made a thorough canvass at the East for subscriptions: "Nine out of ten to whom I applied, said: 'You are rich enough to endow your own college. Why come here for money, when there is so much in California?'"

But whatever was the reason, or the combination of reasons, the fact is, that after all our efforts, continued through several years, not nearly ten thousand dollars ever came to our College from the East.

It was the plan that the Berkeley improvement should be carried on as means might be obtained from the sale of homestead-lots, and that the balance still due of the purchase-money for a portion of the land should be paid from the same fund. The sale of these lots was reasonably successful, and the income would have met all demands on this department of our enterprise, had it not been necessary to divert so much of it to meet deficiencies in the college current-expense income. For in 1857 our time-subscriptions for that purpose had expired. Having received little help, and no endowments from the East or elsewhere, we were obliged to try to raise another time-subscription for current expenses.

This effort proceeded slowly, and met with many difficulties. Business was depressed. The war had but recently closed, and war-taxes were yet high. The currency of the country was unsettled and fluctuating. Our business men had subscribed generously to the College several times, but now, in the uncertainties as to the future, they hesitated. Moreover, within a few years we had lost six of our earliest, most zealous, efficient, and generous Trustees—three of them by death, and three by removal from the State. The places of such men could not be at once fully supplied by new elections. The situation became perplexing. If current college expenses, which were all the time increasing, must be met by the sale of the homestead-lots, that sale would have to be forced, and, of course, at low prices, and soon all would be gone.

Additional to all this was the fact that new pastors had come to the churches of several of the denominations. They saw clearly the need of denominational work, and, perhaps, as strangers, did not see so clearly that concentration of effort was vital to the existence of the College. It may possibly have been thought that a college which had grown up through so many years would, of course, go on, and that other needed things could now be undertaken.

It was in this juncture of affairs that we held our Commencement, in June, 1867. Governor Low was present. In view of what he saw, he was led to say:

"You have here organization, scholarship, patronage, success, reputation, but you lack money; the State has money, but has none of these things: what a pity they could not be brought together!"

He probably was led more particularly to say this because, as chairman of a Legislative Committee, he was then in search of a location for a State "Agricultural, Mining, and Mechanical Arts College."

About that time, Dr. John Todd visited us. He had been at Ann Arbor, and had seen the distinguished success of Michigan University, and described it in a very attractive way. Besides, just then the State University "idea" was very popular before the public throughout the country, especially as represented by Michigan and Cornell Universities.

All these things led naturally to the question whether a State University here could not be made to solve the problem, both of the proposed Agricultural Institution and our college, and by one endowed and well supported institution fill the place of both.

This idea struck some of us with regret and apprehension. But as it was discussed confidentially among the Trustees and contributors to our college, it seemed to gain general assent, as possibly, under the circumstances, a wise measure. If only we could have been sure of realizing as good a university as that of Michigan, it would have been easier than it was to surrender the College for the sake of it. But we were not sure. Nevertheless the decided opinion among the Trustees and donors came to be, at last, that it was best to take the risk, and transfer the College to a University, if the State would undertake to establish and maintain one.

TRANSFER TO THE STATE FOR A UNIVERSITY.

Governor Low was consulted. The Governor had been a warm friend of the College from the beginning, and a liberal contributor to its funds. He decidedly approved of the university plan, and expressed his high appreciation of the contemplated offer on the part of the College. He thought it would unite all interests, whereas they had heretofore been hopelessly divided, and every effort to found an institution by the State had been thwarted. He said that he regarded this proposition as likely to open the way to success. He still further said, that if the College would agree to propose this transfer, nothing further should be done in the matter of the Agricultural College; and he would recommend in his message to the next Legislature, which was to convene in December, about two months from that time, the establishment of a State University on our college grounds. But, he added that the matter must be decided now, inasmuch as the time of the meeting of the Legislature was so near.

The decision of this question was a severe trial, especially to the early friends of the college plan. But it was urged that if such an offer as this of the transfer of the results of sixteen years' work should be accepted by the State to found a University, the views and feelings of those who made the offer would certainly not be disregarded, and the real work of the College would be perpetuated and enlarged in the University, and at the same time its plans for improvement could proceed more rapidly, and with a more generous outlay. As a matter of course, no terms or conditions could be made with the State. The offer must be made out-and-out, if at all, and the result trusted to the people.

After the maturest consideration that it was possible to give to the question in all its bearings, it was, with high hopes, but with many fears, determined to propose to donate to the State our college site at Berkeley, comprising one hundred and sixty acres of land; and that whenever a University of California should be established on it, the College would disincorporate, and pay over its remaining assets to the University.

When the Legislature met, both Governor Low and the incoming Governor Haight, in their messages, recommended the establishment of a University, in accordance with this proposition.

As was anticipated, the offer of the College reconciled the interests that had heretofore been at odds, such as the agricultural, the mining, and some others; and the Legislature, with great unanimity, enacted the necessary law establishing the University, and the Governor approved it on March 23d, 1868. No question of means stood in the way in this case. Ample funds at the disposal of the State were at once appropriated to the endowment and support of the new institution.

For something over a year from that time, the College continued its work, while the organization of the University was going on, and then it was turned over to the University.

The funds obtained by subscription for carrying on this entire college work had been received in comparatively small sums. From the books it appears that the whole number of subscriptions collected was four hundred and thirty-one. The largest sum received from any one source was that of $5,000, given by the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, through Allan McLane, Esq., the President.

The current expenses of the College amounted to very much more than its subscription-income during the nine years of its existence, but the balance was paid from the land department fund. After making the donation of the one hundred and sixty acres to the State for the site of the University, and the organization of that institution, the remainder of the property went to it, according to the resolution to that effect.

The College of California graduated six classes. None of them were large, as it was the beginning of thorough college work in the State. The members of these classes have done, and are doing, as much credit to their training as the average of college graduates from the oldest institutions. One has already done good service as a member of Congress. At the same time with him, a graduate of the College School served his term in the same office, with credit to himself and his constituents.

Those who entered the ministry are faithful and successful men, and of those who chose other callings and pursuits, several have distinguished themselves. The same may also be said of the graduates of the College School. The number of these I do not know, but it must have been several hundred.

Among the gentlemen who delivered commencement orations or alumni addresses were Professor J. D. Whitney, Bishop Kip, Rev. T. Starr King, Judge O. L. Shafter, Rev. Dr. A. L. Stone, Professor Benjamin Silliman, Professor Henry Durant, Rev. Dr. J. A. Benton, Rev. Dr. Horatio Stebbins, Rev. Dr. I. E. Dwinell, and Rev. Dr. Eli Corwin. Nearly all these addresses and orations, together with the poems that accompanied them, were published from time to time by the College in large editions; as also the short-hand reports of the proceedings, speeches, etc., at the meetings of the alumni. These, together with other published reports and papers, constitute a not inconsiderable contribution to the home literature of California.

The work of the Board of Trustees was no small tax on the time and attention of the members. This work grew with the growth of the institution. Meetings had to be held always as often as once a month, and much of the time oftener. The members were gentlemen of the very busiest class, but yet they were generally prompt in their attendance, and were cheerful and patient in the midst of the details of a business needing large means, but having only a small income. There was a general concurrence of judgment, and seldom a divided vote.

It is sixteen years since the College of California transferred its work to the University of California, but until now there has been no sketch of its history written. But its books, records, and original papers, together with most of its correspondence, are preserved. So, also, are its annual catalogues and its numerous publications, consisting of reports, appeals, circulars, programmes, addresses, orations, and poems. A full and detailed history of the College has been written, narrating its progress from year to year. In this volume is incorporated a selection of its choicest addresses, orations, and poems. It will be preserved for reference or for publication, as may seem required in future time.

So concludes a chapter in the history of early educational work in this State, covering in all nearly twenty years; and it is especially inscribed to the former patrons and students of the departments of the College of California.

S. H. Willey.

THE SAN FRANCISCO IRON STRIKE.

First Paper.

I am asked to explain in behalf of the iron-workers who a few months since resisted the proposed reduction of wages by the iron manufacturers of this city, the reasons why the workmen did not accept the representations of the employers that the reduction was absolutely necessary, and consequently resisted it. I desire to state as well as I am able the side of the iron-workers of this city in their differences with the manufacturers. Perhaps it would not be out of place to give here a short history of the strike.

The first intimation the workmen had that there was to be a reduction of their wages, was contained in the following notice, which was posted in the Union, Pacific, Risdon, Fulton, Empire, and National workshops, on Saturday, February 7th, 1885:

Notice.

In consequence of the depressed condition of business and the recent universal reduction of wages in the East, which has decreased the prices of machinery more than twenty-five per cent. below those of any previous time, and the importations having resulted in a general decrease of work produced here, and in order to avoid a general discharge of employees, and perhaps an entire suspension of work, we feel reluctantly compelled to make a reduction of fifteen per cent. on all wages on and after February 9, 1885.

As this reduction was to take effect the next day but one after its date, evidently there was no intention to consult with the workmen, nor to leave any great opportunity for them to consult each other.

Special meetings of the iron-workers were called for Sunday afternoon, and those attending resolved not to accept the reduction; but owing to the fact that there had been no organization in any branch except the moulders, in that branch alone was there unanimity of action. They resolved not to accept the reduction, and appointed a committee to inform the proprietors of that fact. The meeting then adjourned till Monday evening, when the committee were to report the result of their work, and any impressions they might have formed during the day.

In every other branch there were a few men at work on Monday, but not a single iron-moulder went near the shops. Their committee visited each of the firms above named, and having delivered their message, heard what the proprietors had to say, which in substance amounted to what is contained in the notice of reduction above referred to. The committee replied as best they could, giving their reasons for opposing the reduction, which were in effect as given below. The committee reported in the evening that they had been kindly received by all the firms, and some of them thought it was possible to have a compromise if the society would advance the proposition; but the Union instructed the committee not to go near the employers unless sent for.

Nothing new occurred until Wednesday, the 12th, when by request the iron-moulders' committee met the proprietors at three o'clock, in Mr. Rankin's office. The interview was very friendly, and both sides admitted the senselessness of keeping up the strife. When the meeting adjourned, the moulders' committee felt that if the Union would appoint a committee with full power to act, a compromise could be effected by a seven and a half per cent. reduction; but the Union that evening reaffirmed its former decision, and the following communication was sent to the proprietors on Thursday morning:

> SAN FRANCISCO, Feb. 12, 1885.
>
> *Mr.* —— ——, DEAR SIR: We informed the Union last evening of the result of our conference, and that we believed it possible to have a settlement if the Union would appoint a committee with power to act. The discussion which followed lasted till nearly midnight. The Union then decided not to compromise or permit the committee to make any compromise, and that the men will not return to work except at the old rates.
>
> Very respectfully,
>
> COMMITTEE.

With this all hope of a compromise ended.

The decision of the majority was strictly adhered to. Strong committees watched each shop from the dawn till midnight, to prevent the transfer of work or patterns owned by firms on strike to those that were paying the old rates, it having been agreed by the men that they would not cast from patterns owned by the firms in question. This, however, did not prevent machine shops that were paying the old wages from removing their own patterns from firms that had given notice of reduction to those that were not on strike. During all this time the other branches were perfecting their organizations, and the men were gradually coming out and joining those on strike; so that at the end of the first week, with few exceptions, all had joined their respective Unions. Committees were appointed from each branch to confer with the others as to the best methods of conducting the strike to a successful end.

Sunday, the 15th, was a very busy day among the workmen. There was a joint meeting of each branch in the morning at ten A. M., and in the afternoon all the Unions met and arranged matters for the following morning. The apprentices agreed to turn out and cast their lot with the men, who in return pledged themselves not to return to work without the apprentices. This completely paralyzed work in the foundries, for the boys could not be bribed to go to work under any circumstances.

On Monday, the 16th, the committees were very strict in the performance of their duties. Every movement of the bosses was watched. In the afternoon the Globe Foundry was closed on account of having agreed to work on a pattern owned by the Fulton. The shops on strike could not get a pound of melted iron from those that were running. In fact, the men were masters of the situation. The Legislature adopted resolutions of sympathy for the workmen on strike. Communications were sent to all parts of the United States, cautioning workmen to keep away from this point until the strike was ended; and everything was done that had a tendency to strengthen the Unions.

On Tuesday evening, the 17th, the iron-moulders' committee was requested to meet a representative of the manufacturers for the purpose of arranging a settlement. The meeting was held, and it was suggested that the proposition to compromise at seven and a half per cent. reduction be laid before the Union, with the understanding that all hands would be reëmployed at that figure. A meeting was called for the following evening, but the men would not listen to the proposition. When the result was announced to a representative of the Empire workshops, he, on behalf of the firm, requested their men and boys to return to work in the morning at the old rates. The Union declared the strike ended in that shop, and the men and apprentices were authorized to resume work on Thursday morning, the 19th.

About ten o'clock on Thursday, the committee was requested to meet the proprietors of the other shops, and after a short discussion, it was agreed that the workmen in all branches should return to work on Friday morning, the 20th, after a suspension of ten days. The news spread very rapidly, and in the evening, when each branch met, the strike was officially declared at an end, and advertisements announcing the fact and directing the men to resume work, appeared in each of the morning papers.

The laborers and moulders and helpers have had some trouble in one of the shops, but the firms generally have kept their promises to the old hands. Those who have been employed since are working at lower rates. The strike was well conducted. Not a single breach of the peace or arrest was made during the whole affair. The proprietors declared they could not afford to pay old rates, and the men withheld their labor, declaring they could not afford to work for less.

So much for the actual history of the strike of the iron-workers last February. I will now try to give reasons to justify the workmen's action. During the past twenty-five years the workmen of America have been given abundant proof that manufacturers, as a class, never wait for the necessity of a reduction of wages, but are ever looking for an opportunity for it, which, when offered, they never fail to embrace; and further, they have used unjust methods to create opportunities. This is a sweeping assertion, but it is clearly proven by the way in which immigration has been encouraged by them; by their opposition in the East to the Chinese Restriction Act; and by their extensive importation of contract laborers, through which they have forced American laborers in the East down to a condition little better than slavery. And this, notwithstanding the fact that they (the manufacturers) have been protected by a high tariff, the benefits of which, by the use of the means above mentioned, have gone into their pockets exclusively, enabling them to build lordly mansions and live in luxury; while the hearts of the toiling masses are made desperate through want of the means to obtain the bare necessaries of life, and while warehouses and stores are crowded to overflowing with the comforts and luxuries of life, which their labor has created. Is it any wonder, then, that there should be an irrepressible conflict between labor and capital, and that the assertions of manufacturers concerning the necessity for reductions in wages, or anything else for that matter, are taken with a great deal of doubt and suspicion by their employés?

The standard of wages contended for by the iron-workers of this city is that portion which will bring within their reach the comforts and necessaries of life; which enables a man to live in a comfortable dwelling, and to obtain enough of good, wholesome food and warm clothing for himself and family; and to educate his children that they may be qualified to take their proper place as good, intelligent citizens in the world's affairs. This comfort and education are impossible at the Chinese or European rates of wages towards which the importation of Chinese and Europeans is forcing American workingmen. Surely, considering the immense resources of life supplied by the Creator, and the facilities which man's ingenuity has provided for turning this natural abundance into the forms necessary for man's use and comfort, this is not an unreasonable claim, and it is one that all citizens should be in favor of. Submitting this as a standard, we will see how our present wages supply the need.

At least two-thirds of the men are married, and this being the proper state of mankind, we will estimate the cost of living as follows: We will take a family consisting of five persons. That a family of this size may live comfortably without crowding, it is necessary that they should have at least four rooms in their dwelling, and a comfortable house of this size cannot be had for less than $3.75 per week. Meat and vegetables cost $2.50 per week. Bread and milk will average $1.50 per week. Groceries $2.75, including coffee, tea, sugar, butter, lamp-oil, etc. Fuel will cost $1.25 per week. This is not too high, when three meals a day have to be cooked, and the wife does the washing for the family. Clothing, including foot-wear, will average $2.50 per week. Wear and tear of furniture, including cooking utensils and dishes, we will set down at 60 cents per week. Books and other articles necessary for school children must be had, and will cost 40 cents per week. Every workingman should belong to the Union of his trade, or some other mutual aid society, which will in times of sickness or disability help his family during such disability. This, including funeral tax, will amount to about 35 cents per week. In many instances the men live a considerable distance from the workshops. If they walk to work in the morning, they find it necessary to ride home in the evening, owing to the cold winds and the fact that many of them leave the workshops with their clothing wet by perspiration. We will set the car-fare of the family down at 60 cents per week, and if they desire to ride on the street cars to the park or beach (on Sundays) it is not enough. A man should have some enjoyment, and the laboring classes take most enjoyment in an occasional glass of beer and a smoke. Allow 20 cents per day for beer and tobacco, which amounts to $1.40 per week. If any one thinks these are wrong, let any other recreation be substituted to the same amount. Newspapers and writing materials, 25 cents per week. There is more or less sickness in a family, and he is a lucky man who gets off with less than $30 per year, or about 60 cents per week for doctor's bills and medicine. There are other expenses, such as hair-cutting, shaving, holiday expenses, church expenses, personal property tax and poll tax, with many others too numerous to mention. We will class these as sundries at 50 cents per week. I recapitulate:

Rent	$3.75	per week.
Meat and vegetables	2.50	" "
Bread and milk	1.50	" "
Groceries	2.75	" "
Fuel	1.25	" "
Clothing	2.50	" "
Medicine and doctor's bills	.60	" "
Wear and tear of furniture	.60	" "
School books	.40	" "
Society dues	.35	" "
Car fare	.60	" "
Beer and tobacco, or other recreation	1.40	" "
Newspaper and stationery	.25	" "
Sundries	.50	" "
Total	$18.95	

The average mechanic in this city is not employed more than ten months in a year. Including holidays, we will say that he is out of employment nine weeks out of the fifty-two; this leaves forty-three weeks in which he must earn enough money to support his family fifty-two weeks. Wages of mechanics in the iron trade average $3.25 per day here. When the strike occurred in this city there were only a few of the best workmen employed, and the wages paid them was slightly above this average. At $3.25 per day a mechanic earns $19.50 per week, and in forty-three weeks he will earn $838.50, an average of $16.12½ per week for the fifty-two weeks in the year. A family will have to be very economical to live within the amount above named, and live comfortably, yet the cost of living exceeds the income $2.82½ per week, or $146.90 per year. If this is the condition of the mechanic who earns $3.25 per day, what must be the condition of the poor laborers who earn but $2.00 per day? Is it any wonder, then, that the average mechanic and day laborer finds himself at the end of the year heavily in debt to his grocer, butcher, and baker? And instead of New Year's Day bringing joy and gladness, it is a day of sadness bordering on despair.

Fully two-thirds of all the employés are married. About fifteen per cent. of them own their own homes, or are paying for them on the installment plan; and about five per cent. have small sums of money in bank. The foremen of the shops receive from $5.00 to $7.00 per day. The highest wages paid to mechanics in any of the five branches of the iron trade is $4.00 per day, which is very rare. The lowest that is paid is $2.50 per day, which is the wages paid to those who have finished their apprenticeship. This number is always in excess of the number that receive $4.00 per day. Laboring men, who number about twenty per cent. of the working force, receive $2.00 per day. Apprentices receive $4.00 per week for the first year, $6.00 the second, $8.00 the third, and $10.00 for the fourth year. They work very hard, particularly in the foundries, where in the fourth year they perform as much of the work they are given as journeymen can do. In many shops fully one-third of those who work at the trades are apprentices. This is particularly the case with machinists and machine blacksmiths, where in the latter case at present there are thirty-one men employed and nineteen apprentices; eleven of the nineteen being in charge of fires. In the iron moulding branch the apprentices are not so numerous, on account of the Society having established the pro rata of 1 to 8; and they are gradually approaching this limit.

It should be added that the foregoing computation of wages makes no allowance for laying up even half a dollar a week, and therefore leaves no prospect for the superannuated workman except charity or the almshouse. It should also be observed that the employers regularly hold back one week's or two weeks' wages, and that some of them only pay monthly. Both these arrangements are hardships upon the workmen, and the former is a fraud, and is particularly cursed as such in the Bible. Why, on earth, should a powerful firm practically embezzle ten thousand dollars of its workmen's money? They would not let the workmen do the like.

Among the reasons given by the manufacturers for the proposed reduction of 15 per cent. is, first, competition with Eastern manufacturers. Manufacturers here have always had to compete with Eastern firms, and at times when they were not as able as at present. Eastern firms have always had their agencies here, and the competition from that point is no more keen now than it was ten or fifteen years ago. If you interview these agents, they will tell you that they are not doing the amount of business they did in former years, any more than our own manufacturers are; and it is rumored that several large firms in the East are compelled to force goods on the market at whatever price they will bring, owing to financial embarrassments.

The second reason given is, that railroad rates are much lower now than formerly. It is true that there have been some slight reductions, but even now the ruling rates afford considerable protection to manufacturers on this coast, as the following figures will show. They claim that the most keen competition they have to contend with is from Chicago and Milwaukee. The rates on agricultural machinery from New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Baltimore, to this point run from $35 up to $80 per ton; and from Chicago and Milwaukee from $30 up to $65 per ton. On castings for repair purposes, the rates are very nearly the same;

on castings, nails, hinges, kettles, rivets and such like, the rates are $43 per ton from Chicago and Milwaukee, and $50 per ton from New York. On grates, fenders, and fire-sets, the rate is $60 per ton from New York, and $52 per ton from Chicago and Milwaukee. On boilers not over 28 feet long the rate is $80 per ton from New York, and $69 per ton from Chicago. On the best finished machinery for all other purposes the rate runs from $40 per ton up to $100 per ton from New York, and from $34 to $69 per ton from Chicago and Milwaukee. These figures are taken from the new schedule of freight rates, which went into effect on January 1st, 1885, and on which there is no rebate.

The third reason given is, that wages are 25 per cent. higher here than in the East. It is true that there has been a great amount of distress among the laboring classes in the East, of late, brought about principally by miners, manufacturers and other employers, who have brought hordes of contract laborers from countries where labor is most poorly paid, and compelled American workmen to accept the same rates as this servile class, or starve. But the effect of this system is felt even on this coast, and the difference between the wages here and there is not so great as the manufacturers would make it appear. Wages are not more than 15 per cent. higher here for mechanics than in the East, and the wages of laboring men employed in foundries, machine shops, boiler yards, and all other branches of the iron trade, are much higher there than manufacturers here are willing to admit. The reason is, that they must possess more intelligence than the men who labor at less skilled work, such as grading in the open air and shoveling earth into carts. So that I am sure 15 per cent. will cover all the difference in wages of both mechanics and laboring men. But all men who work by the day here perform fully 15 per cent. more labor than the same class do in the East. There are reasons for this. In the first place, in the hot summer months men can not perform the same amount of work in the East as we can in the coast climate here, and there are often periods in the dead of winter in many places at the East, when men can not work at all; while here, the same quantity of work can be performed all the year round: moreover the custom of mechanics here is to work faster than at the East. Many of them are Eastern men, who surpassed their fellow workers in Eastern workshops; and having confidence in themselves, and a knowledge of their superior mechanical abilities, were not afraid to venture into strange cities and distant States. This is true in every trade, as well as in the workshops where machinery is produced.

Now, as to the cost of material. It is said that the coal used for smelting costs in this city $14 per ton, while in the East it costs but $4 per ton. This is about correct as far as this city is concerned, but it is not strictly true for the East, because the same class of coal which costs $14 here is $7.50 per ton in New York, and about the same in Chicago and Milwaukee. It cannot be had at any place for $4 per ton, except, perhaps, at the mouth of the pits where it is dug. They have likewise set the average cost of pig iron in the East too low, and here entirely too high. It has not cost on an average any where near $27.50 per ton in this city within the past year, nor has it been obtained in the East for as low an average as $18 per ton, which facts the following figures will prove. (The "foundry" and "car-wheel" iron is the best grade of iron used in this city.)

IRON MARKET REPORT.

Furnished by E. L. HARPER & Co., Dealers in Pig Iron, &c.,
Cincinnati, O.

CINCINNATI, January 20, 1885.

FOUNDRY.			
Hanging Rock Charcoal	No. 1,	$20 50@21 50	—cash.
" " "	No. 2,	19 50@20 50	"
Strong Neutral Coke	No. 1,	16 75@17 50	"
" " "	No. 2,	15 50@16 25	"
American Scotch		16 50@17 00	"
GRAY FORGE.			
Neutral Coke		14 00@14 50	"
Cold short		14 00@14 50	"
CAR-WHEEL AND MALLEABLE.			
Hanging Rock, cold blast		25 00@25 50	"
" " warm "		22 00@22 50	"
Southern, cold blast		22 00@23 00	"
Virginia, warm blast		21 00@21 50	"
Lake Superior, Charcoal, all grades		21 50@22 00	"

J. W. Harrison, Metal Roofer, No. 204 California Street.

Annual Report for 1884.

Pig Iron.

To the Iron Importers and Foundrymen of San Francisco:

Year.	*Lowest and Highest Prices.*	*Stock, December 31st.*	*Consumption.*	*Importations.*	*Afloat Dec. 31st.*
1884.	$22.00@$26 00 per ton.	TONS. White, 359 Soft ...16,505 16,864	TONS. White, 1,596 Soft....10,263 11,859	TONS. White, 465 Soft ...12,220 12,685	4,230 tons.

The present stock on hand consists of 16,864 tons, of which 9,096 tons are *Scotch* and *English*, and 7,768 tons are *Eastern* and *Home* manufacture. There are 5,164 tons in first hands, and 11,700 tons among consumers.

Most of the firms here are importers and dealers, as well as consumers, thereby saving the expense of broker's fees. This is particularly the case with Prescott, Scott & Co., who, it is said, control and fix the price of Clipper Gap metal, which is produced in this State, and is of excellent quality. It will also be seen by this card that all, both Eastern and foreign metals, come by water, and most of it comes from English ports. Any way, there has always been the same difference in the cost of material between the East and this point. As high as $25 and $28 per ton has been paid for the same coal within the past fifteen years that is obtained now for $14 per ton. This will not be denied, and the rates of freight on raw material have been reduced in the same ratio as on manufactured articles. It should also be remembered that a considerable expense is necessary in the East for warming the shops, all of which is saved here.

Provisions here cost about the same as in Chicago, while it is well known that house-rent, clothing, and fuel are much higher here than there; so that, everything considered, the condition of California workmen is very little, if at all, better than that of the same class in Eastern cities, and there is almost as great a difference in the prices paid to workmen in Chicago and Massachusetts as there is between San Francisco and Chicago. As Henry George has said, "Progress and Poverty go hand in hand; they follow each other just as surely as the night follows the day."

After all, however, the best proof in the world against the necessity for the reduction which I am discussing, is found in the fact that a large proportion of the iron manufacturers did not ask their men to accept it, but declared that they could and would pay the old rates, and that the competition which was most injurious was not with the East, but right here among home manufacturers; and it would be just as keen after a reduction of 15 per cent. as it is at present, the only difference being that the workmen would have 15 per cent. less money to live on, which fact would add to the present stagnation in business rather than relieve it. And another proof, perhaps equally strong, of the justice of the workmen's refusal to accept the reduction, is the plain fact that not a single iron-working concern has found itself driven either to the "general discharge of workmen" or the "entire suspension of work" anticipated in the employers' notice of reduction.

The Eastern firms that trouble us most are those that have made a specialty of some particular branch of the iron business, such as mining machinery, agricultural work of every description, ranges and stove work, grates, fenders, fire-sets, and hollow ware, pipe and pipe-fittings. By selecting one of these lines of work, and procuring the most perfect plant at an enormous expense, they have, after years of experience, become very proficient in the manufacture of those articles. Their workmen, also, by working on one pattern for years, become experts. Manufacturers here take quite a different course. Each shop takes every job that comes along, and does not make a specialty of anything. Very frequently you will find three or four grades of iron melted in the same furnace, and on the same day, the lightest cast iron ornament being produced alongside of the heaviest mining machinery castings in the world. In this respect, our manufacturersare at a disadvantage; and if it were not for the fact that the best mechanics in the world are and have been in the workshops of this city for years, the history of manufacturing on this coast would not have been what it is today, nor would its progress have been nearly so rapid. Again, manufacturers here are no doubt at a great disadvantage on account of the high rents, rates of insurance, and interest on money which they have to pay. Neither of these disadvantages, however, are imposed by the workmen, nor should they suffer on account of them. The condition of these firms at present, as compared with the past, is the best proof of their prosperity, and is also a guarantee for the future. Their workmen are not unreasonable. In good times no organized effort was made by them to raise wages, as they knew that a dull time would be sure to follow, in which, however, they expected to be treated in the same reasonable way; but they were mistaken. Surely the workmen suffer enough in dull times, on account of being out of work part of the time, and employers should not try to make their condition at such times more desperate than it is. Manufacturers and workmen should each bear their own share of the burden. If this were done, hard times would be of shorter duration.

Now, concerning the apprentice question, for I am afraid my paper will be too long. The Iron-Moulders' Union has not until very recently interfered with employers concerning the number of apprentices employed; and if it had not been that about two years ago many of the foundries had more boys than journeyman moulders employed, in all probability the Union would not have enforced the rule. At that time, however, the number was so greatly in excess of a reasonable proportion, that it was impossible for the moulders to maintain their position as a Society, or for their members to find remunerative employment, if some check had not been put upon the increase of apprentices. About that time the following circular was adopted by the Society, and thus a strike averted:

To the Proprietors and Foreman of the

....

Gentlemen:

The increase of Apprentices has been so great during the past three years, that at the present time considerable uneasiness is felt by the Journeymen Iron-Moulders of this city, who see no brighter prospects ahead than hard labor through life for such wages as conditions compel employers to give. The manner in which these Apprentices are being used in many shops has a tendency to keep down the price of labor, and in dull times they are always retained, while journeymen moulders, with families to support, are compelled to walk the streets in idleness, or if employed, forced to work for such wages as bring degradation and poverty to themselves and families.

In view of these facts, the Iron-Moulders' Union of North America, as a means of self-preservation, has wisely made a pro rata limit of one apprentice to every eight journeymen moulders to be employed in any shop. For years we have seen this mischief afoot, and permitted it to take what course it might, until now we are compelled to act in the matter, or suffer the disastrous results that are sure to follow a continuation of this evil.

From carefully gathered facts, we find that in your foundry there are at the core-bench and on the floors ......apprentices and ......journeymen employed, making one apprentice to every ...... journeymen. Knowing how inconvenient and unpleasant it would be for your firm to make the change immediately, and adopt the pro rata limit established by our Society; and owing to the fact that we desire, if possible, to live at peace and on good terms with our employers, we have decided not to demand the immediate dismissal of any apprentices from your foundry, but hope and expect that no more will be employed until *time* has made the desired change. We will feel in duty bound by our obligation to resist any further increase of apprentices by your firm. This injunction being complied with, the Iron-Moulders' Union will do its utmost to make good mechanics of those now employed, and also assist you to obtain the full benefit of their apprenticeship.

With a sincere desire that in the future, as for years past, mutual good will and harmony may exist between us, and earnestly desiring to know your disposition in this matter, we request that a reply be given our Committee, through your foreman, at an early date. By order of

Iron-Moulders' Union, No. 164, of San Francisco.

A copy of this circular was sent to each firm, and most of them admitted that they did not consider it a hardship to comply with its provisions: nor can they prove it to be so now, for in many instances their numbers are far in excess of the proposed rate, and will remain so until times improve. As it is now, there will be a better class of workmen, and the trade will be worth learning.

"Labor has no protection—the weak are devoured by the strong. All wealth and all power center in the hands of the few, and the many are their victims and their bondsmen." So says an able writer in a treatise on Association. Without organization, the laboring classes are at the mercy of their employers, and are compelled to accept what is given them for their labor, just as the clerks did, who, the writer of an article published in the "Journal of Commerce" March 12th says, "accepted the reduction of wages without murmur or sign of dissatisfaction." What else could they do? Self-preservation is the first law of nature, and trades unions have proved to be the best means through which the workmen can obtain a fair reward for their toil. By insisting upon a fair rate of wages, they are enabled out of their surplus earnings to take care of their sick and disabled members, and give their deceased comrades a respectable burial. The writer of the article above referred to says, that trades unions are useful so long as they confine their operations to benevolent purposes among their members. He is very kind, indeed. So long as they relieve the tax-payers of heavy burdens which they would otherwise have to bear, they are of use; but when they dare to ask sufficient reward for their toil to enable them to do that good work, they ought, in the opinion of this gracious person, to be prohibited by law! "What position are we, the mechanics of America, to hold in society?" is a question which concerns workmen all over this great land at the present time. Mr. Ricardo, a leading English political economist, lays it down that the natural price of labor is that price which is necessary to enable the laborers, one with another, to subsist and to perpetuate their race without either increase or diminution. (Works, 1871, p. 50.) It is difficult to see that this rule allows to a man more than to a beast, even in the point of perpetuating his race, which, as in the beast's case, is subjected to an arbitrary limit. The opinion of the working classes is, that whether the employers are conscious of it or not, their doctrine is pretty much that of Ricardo. When one considers the condition of the toiling masses in the Eastern States, and understands that it is the greed of manufacturers that has brought this state of things about; when one hears the wail of distress that has been raised in Hocking Valley, the mills of Lawrence and Fall River, Massachusetts, and the manufacturing districts of Pennsylvania, one can not help thinking of Southey's noble appeal to the influential classes of England, counseling them to take some heed for the poor, who, though troublesome at times, were not altogether useless; and feeling that they are as applicable in America today, as they were in Great Britain at the time they were uttered.

"Train up thy children, England,
In the ways of righteousness; and feed them
With the bread of wholesome doctrine.
Where hast thou mines but in their industry?
Thy bulwarks where, but in their breasts? Thy might
But in their arms?
Shall not their *numbers* therefore be thy wealth,
Thy strength, thy power, thy safety, and thy pride?
O grief, then—grief and shame—
If in this flourishing land there should be dwellings
Where the new-born babe doth bring unto its parents' soul
No joy! where squalid poverty receives it at the birth,
And on her wither'd knees
Gives it the scanty bread of discontent."

Iron-Worker.

DEBRIS FROM LATIN MINES.

Two interesting remnants of the ancient Roman tongue are the Ladin and Rumanian dialects, spoken respectively in Switzerland (principally) and in Rumania, both, in all probability, about the least known idioms of Europe.

The Ladin is also known as the language of the Grisons, the Rheto-Romance, Rumonsh, and Rumansh, but it is best to call it simply Ladin. On the east it is spoken by about 450,000 people in Italy, on the banks of the Tagliamento, and in Austria as far as Goritz; in the center, in two tracts in Austrian Tyrol, by about 90,000 persons; on the west, where it is called Rumansh, it is spoken in the greater portion of the Swiss canton of the Grisons by a population of about 40,000—making altogether about 530,000.

This is a relic, not of the classic speech of Cicero and Quintilian, but of that of the marts of trade, the provinces, the legionaries, termed the "Lingua Romana rustica," which was diffused by Roman soldiers and colonists throughout Iberia, Gaul, and Dacia, giving rise to the seven neo-Latin tongues—the Portuguese, Spanish, French, Provençal, Italian, Ladin, and Rumanian.

There are two distinguishing characteristics of these idioms known to philologists; one is the persistence of the tonic accent, the other the transition from declension to the analytic state. The accented syllable of the parent speech is still that of the modern dialects. For example, in Latin the accent is on the *a* in *bonitátem* (the accusative case forming the basis of derivation); so in French it is *bonté*—the *é* representing the *á* of the Latin—better retained in Ladin *bonitad*, the accent infallibly being on the *a*, Rumanian *bunetáte*; so in Latin, *liberáre*, to liberate; French, *livrer* (accent on the final syllable); Ladin, *liberár*; Rumanian, *liberá*.

The second peculiarity signifies the loss of declension, of which not a trace has been left; *i. e.*, in nouns and adjectives. The Langue d'Oïl (Provençal), which gives us the oldest Romance relics, we find had a period of true declension; but there is not a trace of it in her sisters. The analytic stage indicates the modern form—declension accomplished by means of prepositions, no inflection appearing in the body of the word. Thus in Ladin:

Nominative.	ilg frar,	the brother.
Genitive.	dilg frar,	of the brother.
Dative.	a lgi frar,	to the brother.
Accusative.	ilg frar,	the brother.
Vocative.	o frar,	O brother.
Ablative.	davart ilg frar,	from the brother.

The oldest document of the Ladin is a version of the New Testament, dating from the sixteenth century, although there are some short inscriptions in the Friuli dialect which are referred to the twelfth century; but the Testament is all that is available for our purposes. There is but little literature, and that is almost exclusively theological.

Observe the following selections from the language, as illustrations of its peculiarities:

Ilg vaun carstioun præpona;
Ilg sabi Deus dispona.

The idle man proposes;
The wise God disposes.

Senza spinas ei rosas naginas,
Without thorns there are no roses.

The first five verses of the first chapter of St. John's Gospel read as follows:

Lower Engadine.

1. Nel principi eira il pled, e'l pled eira pro Deis, e'l pled eira Dieu.

2. Quel eira nel principi pro Deis.

3. Ogni chosa ais fatta tras quel, e sainza quel ne üna chosa fatta, non ais statta fatta.

4. In el eira vita, e la vita eira la glüm della glieud.

5. E la glüm glüscha nellas schürezzas, e las schürezzas non l'han compraisa.

Upper Engadine.

1. Enten l'antschetta fova il plaid, ad il plaid fova tier Deus, ad il plaid era Deus.

2. Quel fova enten l'antschetta tier Deus.
3. Tuttas caussas ein fatgas tras el, e senza el ei fatg nagutta da quei ca ei fatg.
4. Enten el fova la vita, a la vita eira la glisch dils carstiauns.
5. A quella glisch dat clarezia enten la schiradegna, mo las schiradegnas il han buca cumprin.

It may not be taken as an impertinence to append the English version, to save the trouble of reference to any who may have forgotten some of the words.

1. In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.
2. The same was in the beginning with God.
3. All things were made by him, and without him was not anything made that was made.
4. In Him was life; and the life was the light of men.
5. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

It should be observed that the two versions above given are translated by different hands, or there would be less dissimilarity. We give one more illustrative text.

*Niebla Gagliardiensch*e.

Un schuldaŭ Romaùn, cavet ün process, roga Augùst d'ilg defènder. Ilg Imperadùr lgi dev' ün hum da sia C'uôrt par ilg mañar tiers ils derschàders. Ilg schuldaù fova gagliârds avùnda da gir tiers August: "Signùr, en risguard dad els hai jou bucca faig aschia, cur els eran en prîeguel en la battaglia sper Actium; Jou mez hai cambattieù par els." En quei, c'el schèt quels plaids, scha scuvri el si sias plagas, c'el veva survangieu. Questa represéntatiun commoventà ilg August da tal guisa, ca el mà sez enten la casa da la darchira, par defender ilg schuldau.

Noble Boldness.

A Roman soldier who had a lawsuit, asked Augustus to defend him. The Emperor gave him one of his courtiers to take him to the judge. The soldier was bold enough to say to Augustus: "Sire, I did not so fail you when you were in peril in the battle of Actium; I fought for you myself." While he said these words he uncovered the wounds which he had received. This sight so moved Augustus that he himself went to the Court to plead the cause of the soldier.

The orthography of the Ladin is in a somewhat fantastic state; it is very much confused, especially because of dialectical variations.

We now turn to the land which was formerly called Dacia, settled by the legionaries of Trajan in the early part of the second century of our era. There we find a form of speech termed Rumanian or Wallachian, which was long supposed to be a Slavonic dialect, until the electric light of comparative philology was turned full upon it. The misapprehension was owing to the fact that it was written in Cyrillic letters, the same as are employed by the Russian, Servian, and Bulgarian. This alphabet has been discarded for the Roman. There are some respects in which the Cyrillic is preferable to the other for the transcription of this idiom, but on the whole the preference is with the Roman, though it has been considered necessary to supplement it by certain diacritical signs.

The name Wallachian is one which they repudiate, for it is merely a descriptive Teutonic term signifying "foreign"—Walsch—Welsh—an appellation applied by our own forefathers to the Celts whom they drove into the fastnesses of the West. They very naturally prefer to be called Rumanians, a term which is reminiscent of their origin. The Roman soldiers who had been stationed for twenty-five years in the same outposts, settled down upon the banks of the Danube, married, and formed the basis of a Roman population, and laid the foundations of a Romance dialect.

It is the most remarkable of all the neo-Latin stock; it is not so rich as the other dialects, from which it is so completely separated in geographical position, being on the eastern frontiers of Europe; but it nevertheless retains more classic words of the age of Augustus than the others, and many of them have retained their original value, so often entirely lost elsewhere.

Rumanian is spoken by between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000 people. Its *locus in quo* is described as "singularly uniform and compact" (with the exception of one small detached subdivision), "forming a sort of irregular circle of over one hundred leagues in length, from the Dniester to the Danube, and about the same in width from Arad to the mouth of the Danube. Besides Wallachia and Moldavia — that is, Rumania proper—it comprises the northeast of the principality of Servia, the Banat of Temesvar, a great part of eastern Hungary, the greater portion of Transylvania, South Bukoonia, Bessarabia, and the Danubian delta."

What remains there may be of the old Dacian tongue in Rumanian is uncertain, but they are apparently but small. The Dacian has been engulfed in the vortex of time, but the Slavonic infusion is very strong, constituting two-fifths of the vocabulary. The Magyar, Turkish, Modern Greek, and Albanian languages supply almost all the remaining words not Latin in origin. All these have been gathered up, and put into the shape of an etymological vocabulary by M. de Cihac, in his "Dictionnaire d'Etymologie Daco-Romane," Frankfort on the Main, 1870–'79. Although these regions were inundated by barbaric hordes — Goths and Huns, Slavs and Bulgarians—from the fourth to the thirteenth century, yet this has remained essentially a Romance dialect. The Latin element, however, only constitutes one-fifth of its vocabulary.

The vowels of the Latin language have undergone in the Rumanian two principal modifications: *e* and *o* in certain cases have become *ea* and *oa*—in other words, have developed into diphthongs, strongly recalling what is denominated "brechung," that is, the breaking or shivering of one vowel into two under a consonantal influence, in the Germanic family—notably in Anglo-Saxon; further, many vowels have acquired a deep and almost nasal sound. But the most remarkable peculiarity is the suffix article, as in Bulgarian and Albanian—all perfectly distinct idioms. This is a peculiarity also exhibited by the far-away Scandinavian family of speech. In Rumanian, *om* signifies *man; om-ul*, (man the,) the man. This may be a relic of the old Dacian custom, but we have no means of verifying it. The feminine article is *a*; thus, *curte*, court; *curte-a*, the court. The article, however, assumes other forms in connection with the inflections, vowel-endings, etc.

It now only remains to give some illustrations of Rumanian, which shall be brief. The first is the fable of the mouse and the frog.

Soacerele si broasca.[1]

Un soarece voia să treacă preste o apă si nu putea. El se rugă de o broască ca să—ĭ ajute. Broasca era o inselătoare, si dise cătră soarece: Leagă piciorul teu de piciorul meŭ, si asa înotând te voiú trece dincolo. Când ânsă amêndoi fură pe apă, broasca se dete afund, si voia să înece pre soarece. Pre când soarecele se bătea si se căsnea, iata că sboară pre acolo un cocor, care îĭ mâncă pre amêndoĭ.

Translation.

A mouse wished to cross some water, and could not. He asked a frog to help him. The frog was a deceiver and said to the mouse: "Tie your leg to my leg, and, swimming thus, I will take you over." So, when both were on the water, the frog dove down and wished to drown the mouse. But when the mouse struggled and fought, behold! there flew over them a kite, which ate them both up.

Limba românească. The Rumanian Language.

Mult e dulce si framoasă
Limba ce vorbim!
Altă limbă armonioasă
Ca ea nu găsim!
Saltă inimă'n plăcere
Când o ascultăm,
Si pe bude aduce miere
Când o cuvêntăm,
Romanasul o inbeste
Ca sufletal sĕŭ,
O! vorbiti, scriti româneste,
Pentru Dumnedeŭ!

Very soft and beautiful,
Is the language which we speak.
No other tongue so harmonious
Do we find.
Leaps the heart with pleasure
When we hear it.
On the lips it is like honey
When we speak it.
The Rumanian loves it
As his soul.
Oh! speak, write Rumanian
For the sake of all that's good!
[Literally, for God's sake.]

The Latin is dead, we say; and that the new idioms are the debris from its rich mines. It is true. But perhaps we should do better to liken it to the aloe plant, which in blooming dies; when it blooms, a wondrous bud at its crown breaks into a thousand flowers. Each one of these flowers as it drops to the ground takes root and becomes an infant plant; and thus the parent stem, though to the flower a sacrifice, lives again in the young that spring up at its feet. So this wondrous Latin plant has bourgeoned and blossomed, the little flowers have fallen, and upon Danubian banks, among the sterile crags of Switzerland, in La Belle France, in the sunny meads of the Tagus, among the castled hills of Spain, as well as in its original home, Italy, land of the olive and the vine, the peerless daughters of the Latin—radiant flowers of speech—have taken firm root and grow luxuriantly.

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[1] This word, meaning frog, is Albanian.

Adley H. Cummins.

TWO SONNETS.

Summer Night.

From the warm garden in the summer night
All faintest odors came: the tuberose white
Glimmered in its dark bed, and many a bloom
Invisibly breathed spices on the gloom.
It stirred a trouble in the man's dull heart,
A vexing, mute unrest: "Now what thou art,
Tell me!" he said in anger. Something sighed,
"I am the poor ghost of a ghost that died
In years gone by." And he recalled of old
A passion dead—long dead, even then—that came
And haunted many a night like this, the same
In their dim hush above the fragrant mold
And glimmering flowers, and troubled all his breast.
"Rest!" then he cried; "perturbéd spirit, rest!"

Warning.

Be true to me! For there will dawn a day
When thou wilt find the faith that now I see,
Bow at the shrines where I must bend the knee,
Knowing the great from small. Then lest thou say,
"Ah me, that I had never flung away
His love who would have stood so close to me
Where now I walk alone"—lest there should be
Such vains regret, Love, oh be true! But nay,
Not true to me: true to thine own high quest
Of truth; the aspiration in thy breast,
Noble and blind, that pushes by my hand,
And will not lean, yet cannot surely stand;
True to thine own pure heart, as mine to thee
Beats true. So shalt thou best be true to me.

FINE ART IN ROMANTIC LITERATURE.

I.

THE literature usually known as Classical is the creation of a remote past; the Romantic is the comparatively recent and familiar. Popular opinion does, indeed, often couple the Romantic with the ancient and unfamiliar, but it must be observed that this ancient is rather mediæval than antique, and where antique materials are employed they are remoulded in conformity with the sentiments of a later age, so that the Theseus of the "Knight's Tale" and of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" is no longer the Theseus of Sophocles and of Plutarch. To borrow the technical language of geology, the early classical art of Europe belongs to the palæozoic period, while Romantic art represents the mesozoic and cænozoic epochs. Fully to comprehend either, it is necessary to take into account its opposite, or rather its complement. The art of antiquity illustrates that of the present; in Romantic art we witness the consummation of a development which is for a moment arrested in the marble of Praxiteles and the hexameters of Homer. Antiquity forms the background upon which the modern world is projected; into the foreground are crowded our engrossing interests, the permanent charm of existence — nay, our very life itself. A flood of limpid waters rolls past our doors, charged, it may be, with a pungency and vivific quality which it has gathered from the air, the herbage, and the chalybeate or calcareous soil of its banks, but we seldom allow our imagination to wander to the sweet springs far above. The plow turns over the rich, black mould, full of the genial elements which shall nourish the coming harvest, but we are unmindful that it rests on the *detritus* of the crumbling crag, and on fragments torn from the shoulders of the distant hill. But comparison is always interesting, and, in the discussion of our subject, almost indispensable. As the majestic presence of such an Alpine peak as the Jungfrau, the unsullied whiteness of its snows, and its regal indifference to the concerns of ordinary humanity, are more keenly realized by him who, after arduous journeyings, gazes upward from the valley of Lauterbrunnen, or the lovely surroundings of Interlaken; and as the fitness of the smiling vale for the abode of man, the deep greenness of its vegetation, the windings of its streams, and the glancing silver of its lakes, are best appreciated by the traveler who looks down from the scanty pastures which encroach upon the eternal snows; so, if it were possible to comprehend the two in a single panorama, the splendors of classical antiquity might be flashed upon the beholder from its own serene heights, while the chequered, romantic scenery of the lowlands should at the same time refresh his aching vision, and inspire in him a blissful contentment with the lowlier lot. To furnish such a panoramic view would be beyond the limits of the task assigned, but a preliminary glimpse at a few examples of the art of each period may assist us in conceiving the true nature of Romantic literature.

II.

NOT far from a sluggish river, which pours its reluctant waters through a tract of marshy ground in Southern Italy, rise the ruined columns of the temple of Neptune at Pæstum. Venerable with the touch of time, which has worn the travertine into hollows, while apparently gilding the surface of the stone, it is still more imposing because of the massive and solid character of these low, fluted pillars. Each is a short, thick-shouldered giant, placed to support a heavy entablature. This architecture is simple, rugged, and bold; a severe taste has dictated its proportions; it was consecrated to the worship of the earth-shaking god, the deity of the ocean-depths, who occasionally emerges into the sunlight, and glides smoothly in his chariot over the watery plain, but oftener contents himself with lunging terrifically at the solid land, smiting it amain with his huge billows, and sinking back, amid the deep reverberations of the blows, to the cavernous recesses of the sea. The temple is worthy of the divinity; sturdy and thickset, defiant and frowning; such is the aspect of the edifice, and such we imagine the god. This building alone might, without great injustice, be taken as a type of the architecture of both Greece and Rome; but, lest the selection should seem partial, let us turn to distant Athens, "the eye of Greece," and seat ourselves before the Parthenon. Here the columns are more slender, as befits the gracefulness of the virgin goddess; the entablature is lighter; sculptures fill the pediment, and, in the form of high reliefs, extend along the frieze, belting the entire temple with a procession of lifelike and highly-animated figures; everything is wrought of white marble, virgin as Athena herself, and polished to suit the taste of a fastidious people; the whole harmonious in design, faultless in execution, and triumphal in situation. But certain features still remain common to the two structures. As Neptune, upon the western pediment of the Parthenon, contests with Athena the soil of Attica, the ruder natural forces which minister to man's welfare being thus brought into rivalry with the arts which refine and humanize, so the whole temple bears testimony on the one hand to mighty, but beneficent agencies, tending to material comfort and luxury, and, on the other, to a calmness akin to self-complacency, a satisfaction with the life that now is.

The architecture of the North and of the Middle Ages is of a quite different order. The Rhine at Cologne flows past the foundations of another temple; dedicated to the service of another deity. That of Neptune was solid and self-subsistent; this needs buttressing from without to enable it to sustain itself at the altitude it has reached, for, whereas the columns at Pæstum are scarcely thirty feet in height, these are five times as long; from the roof to the ground is over two hundred feet; while the spires are lifted into air to a distance of more than three hundred additional feet. And not only have the columns grown to these astounding dimensions, but the architrave which they support seems also to have felt the impulse upward. No longer resting in a horizontal position, it has parted in two between each pair of columns, and springs in buoyant curves to the crown of a pointed arch. Simplicity has given place to complexity. The forms of leaves and flowers are everywhere imitated in a manner which indicates a love for natural beauty, and a perception of its relation to worship. The sculpture of the exterior is not confined to a single level, but climbs from base to summit, ensconcing itself in niches up the buttresses, following the lines of the arches, occupying the tympanum of the façade, and crowning the pinnacles above the roof. Nor are these sculptures confined to the representation of tutelary divinities, or the demigods and heroes of the land. Uncouth animal forms mingle with those of bishop and king; monsters with demoniac visages grin at the eaves. Life, life everywhere, but not always joyous or beautiful life. No law of self-restraint appears to be observed. Profusion reigns and has made its masterpiece. The solid rock has blossomed into flamboyant tracery; stone has become etherealized and wayward; the ribs of the ancient earth have grown mobile, and mount as a wavering flame toward the heavens.

But Sculpture has also its lesson to teach. Among the Parthenon statues of the eastern pediment, there is one of a reclining male figure. It is immaterial whether we call it Theseus or Olympus. What it imports us to know is that the frame is strongly knit, the arms and chest those of an athlete, the head finely poised, the countenance expressive of vigor and determination. Though the attitude is one of repose, the muscles are not relaxed, but every limb seems aglow with the ruddy tide of health, and ready, at a moment's warning, to start into activity.

Contrast this with the *Pietà* of St. Peter's at Rome, executed in the same material by Michael Angelo. What woman is this who looks down so mournfully at the body lying across her knees? And whose is the body, thus prone and rigid? Surely this can be no Spartan mother, mourning for the son who has returned upon his shield. The muscles of the dead man are not those of a warrior; the features of the mother are not those of a Spartan. His face is emaciated and careworn; her features are dissolved in grief and tenderness. The Niobe group may furnish a parallel; in both cases the heart of a mother is pierced through the bosom of the child. But Niobe seeks to ward off the blow; terror has vanquished pride, and solicitude for her loved ones is the reigning emotion. The mother of the Crucified, on the contrary, has put forth no effort to save her son; resignation has forestalled defiance, and even protest; there is no murmuring, only an inexpressible agony of love and sorrow. Humanity is no longer self-poised. Yielding to the will of a superior Being before whom it bows, it consumes resolve in emotion, and for the luxury of conquest substitutes the luxury of sentiment.

The Painting of antiquity exists for us but in two forms: the decoration of Greek vases, and the mural pictures of Pompeii. Of these the Pompeian frescoes, though belonging to a comparatively late period, represent nearly everything that has survived of the art of Zeuxis and Apelles. Serving admirably the purpose of mere decoration, they are strikingly deficient in most of the great qualities of modern painting. Of boldness or subtlety in conception there is almost nothing. Only two principal styles are attempted, the one including a rather limited range of mythological compositions, and the other treating *genre* subjects in a pleasing but almost infantile manner. Portraiture was not unknown among the Greeks, and the best of their artists are said to have attained great proficiency in this branch, but we have no means of gauging their pretensions. The Pompeian wall paintings furnish no examples of portraiture, nor is it easy to understand how a deceptive resemblance to any particular human countenance could be secured by artists whose drawing is often conspicuously bad. Landscape, as in early Christian painting, serves but as a background or framework for scenes of more immediate human interest. There is no attempt to depict familiar localities; such landscape as there is appears conventionalized and unreal, and may be compared, though remotely, to the scenery which adorns a Chinese fan. Of perspective in the modern sense there is scarcely an indication. There is no gradation of tone, no aerial perspective, and none of the magic of chiaroscuro. On the other hand, the figures are frequently light and graceful, the transparency of thin and fluttering drapery is successfully imitated, and the coloring, though simple, is pure and agreeable. Judged by present standards, these frescoes fall into a very subordinate category. The gulf which separates them from the gorgeous creations of Veronese and Tintoretto, in the halls of the Ducal Palace at Venice, is far too wide to be spanned by a sentence or a paragraph. Between the extremes indicated lie the naïve spirituality of Fra Angelico, the "rushing sea of angels" which Correggio has suspended in the cathedral cupola at Parma, the patrician features of Titian's prelates and statesmen, and the girlish, motherly, or saintly Madonnas of Raphael. If the period which has elapsed since the 16th century be included in the survey, the disparity becomes still more remarkable. Who that has stood before the Building of Carthage, or the Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba, in the National Gallery, would hesitate if asked to choose between one of these and the best landscape of the Pompeian collection? Who would exchange a fine Reynolds or Landseer, a Gerome or Meissonier, for any painting that could be offered him from the House of Lucretius or of the Tragic Poet? The rugged lineaments of Rembrandt's burgomasters and the tatters of Murillo's street urchins could have found no place or acceptance in the abodes of Campanian luxury, and as little in the palaces of Roman pride. A Greek of the age of Pericles would have turned with scorn or ridicule from Titian's Assumption, would have condemned as barbarous the Ecce Homo, and would have censured the Santa Notte of Correggio for its unaccountable light and shade. But Painting, being essentially a Romantic Art, though originating in antiquity, must obtain its justification and its praise from those among whom it has flourished, and whose life it has faithfully reflected.

The chief distinction between Greek and modern Music is, that the former was purely melodic, while the latter, without excluding melody, is also harmonic. At all events it is safe to affirm that the harmonies admitted by the Greeks were of the most simple character, such as occur, for example, when the same part is sung by men and women at the interval of an octave from each other. The hymn, the chorus, and the ode were chanted in a solemn and stately recitative, with or without the accompaniment of instrumental music. The lyre and the flute, or the typical forms of string and wind instruments, were employed, but their use was chiefly restricted to the accompaniment of the voice. A general conception of the nature of ancient music is no doubt afforded by the Gregorian chant, and the ecclesiastical music into which the latter enters as a constituent. Confined to religious ceremonial and occasions of festal pomp, it never laid aside its dignity, simplicity, and seriousness, except when religion became revelry, and festivity degenerated into Bacchanalian license. Glees and catches would have been scouted as trivial and profane, and as an undue concession to private conviviality. The piercing, agitated cry of the violin, its wail, mournful and sweet as of an imprisoned dryad, its maniac ravings and shuddering laughter, even the rapturous joy which murmurs through its strings like the resonant wind of evening through the branches of a pine-wood—these would have disturbed the Grecian placidity and equipoise, and hence would have been deemed intolerable. The Greek pantheon enshrined no St. Cecilia, for the Greek spirit had never been penetrated with the need for organ music, for those buoyant impulses of canorous sound, which, like elastic pinions, are capable of wafting the listener toward celestial spheres. Except for such instances as the trumpet-call to battle, instrumental music was not dissociated in antiquity from the human voice. The sonata and the symphony had not been dreamed of. Since polyphonic music had not been invented, choruses in the modern sense were impossible, and for the same reason there was nothing correspondent to our orchestral playing among the Greeks and Romans. These considerations at once exclude the opera and the oratorio from the circle of ancient musical compositions. Thus it will be perceived that the unity in variety which is exemplified in Gothic architecture, and which is the unquestioned norm of all the esemplastic arts, must not be looked for in classical music. And it must further be evident that harmony, the reconciliation of disparates, can never be possible until there is an evolution of individuality. The violin, the trombone, the clarinet, and the bassoon must each have its distinct and well-defined *timbre*, or there can be no orchestral unison. In like manner, choral harmony results from the fourfold division of bass, tenor, alto, and treble, each with its own proper function and several office. Concord, in other words, exists only in virtue of differentiation. This was clearly seen by Milton, who was no less musician than poet, and who has embodied his harmonical theory in the poem, "At a Solemn Music":

> "And to our high-raised phantasy present
> That undisturbèd song of pure concent,
> Aye sung before the sapphire-colored throne
> To Him that sits thereon,
> With saintly shout and solemn jubilee;
> Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
> Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow,
> And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
> Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
> With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
> Hymns devout and holy psalms
> Singing everlastingly:
> That we on Earth with undiscording voice
> May rightly answer that melodious noise."

The basis of all concord must indeed be assumed; the harmonics or overtones which are the very condition of unison can not be dispensed with; but the touchstone of Romanticism, in music as in literature, is the development of personality, the consummation of the individual.

III.

During the early Christian centuries, when the world was filled with crime and violence, men sought the desert in order to live a life of solitude. The measure of human wickedness seemed full, and in escape lay the only safety. At first in such wildernesses as the Thebaid, and afterwards in the monasteries, devout souls vowed themselves to eternal communion with the Father of spirits. In this communion human nature found a real satisfaction. The struggle for emancipation from the bondage of the flesh became an end in itself. In proportion. to the fierceness of the conflict with besetting sin, was the worth of the victory enhanced. Hours and days were passed in silent meditation and prayer. At times the devotee fell into a trance, in which the very heavens seemed opened, and legions of celestial visitants descended into his cell. The revelation of glory would have been insupportable, were it not that the soul, intoxiicated with rapture, nerved itself to receive more and more of the divine energy. To some were vouchsafed glimpses of angels and demons, battling for the future possession of a tried and fainting soul. But the sight of these combats only intensified the desire of the convert to make his own peace with God. Here the Scriptures came to his aid. He pondered upon the New Testament, and especially upon the Gospel narrative of the life of Christ, until the ascended Lord became a living reality. Mystics like Tauler and Thomas à Kempis burned for union with this transfigured ideal, who was at once friend and Master, the embodiment of all life, all purity, and all love. Not only was He the Supreme Judge of all the earth, rewarding every man according to his deeds, but was Himself, here and hereafter, the reward, the consolation, and the joy. Images borrowed from the Song of Solomon were profusely employed to symbolize the transport of this ineffable union. The flesh was castigated, the body emaciated, in order to remove the last obstacle which hindered the free effluence and upward progress of man's immortal part. Tennyson's description of Percivale's sister, the holy nun, will apply to thousands of both sexes:

> "And so she prayed and fasted, till the sun
> Shone, and the wind blew, thro' her, and I thought
> She might have risen and floated when I saw her."

Such aspiration is begotten of faith, and in turn begets faith. The effects were marvellous. The maiden of "The Holy Grail," speaking with her knight,

> "Sent the deathless passion in her eyes
> Thro' him, and made him hers, and laid her mind
> On him, and he believed in her belief."

The rapt contemplation of supernal mysteries is the favorite occupation of the mediæval saints, such as Francis of Assisi and Catharine of Siena. Men as unlike in other respects as Pascal and Jeremy Taylor here meet upon common ground. The spirit asserts its lofty destiny and privileges, spurns its limitations, refines away the grossness of its material integument, and escapes into the pure empyrean. The invisible chords of the soul tremble into music. It is an Æolian harp for the winds of heaven to play upon, and the response from other spheres is blent with its melody.

Nor are we to imagine that this note is peculiar to the romantic literature of the mediæval period. Henry VIII. despoiled the abbeys and evicted their tenants; but neither he nor the philosophizing eighteenth century has quenched the fine ecstacy of this music. It thrills again in the consecration song of Wagner's "Parsifal"; it is the "slender sound as from a distance beyond distance" of Tennyson's Idyls. Who, if he were not familiar with "The Excursion," would believe, on reading the following lines, that they were written by the poetical anchorite of Rydal Mount, and not by a contemporary of Abelard?

"Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired."

It is not Tennyson's holy nun, but a secular counterpart of the nineteenth century, who, in the words of her poet, the woman beloved alike of England and Italy, thus ends her story and her life:

"So,—no more vain words be said!
The hosannas nearer roll—
Mother, smile now on thy Dead;
I am death-strong in my soul.
Mystic dove alit on cross,
Guide the poor bird of the snows
Through the snow-wind above loss!

Jesus, Victim, comprehending
Love's divine self-abnegation,
Cleanse my love in its self-spending,
And absorb the poor libation!
Wind my thread of life up higher,
Up, through angels' hands of fire,
I aspire while I expire!"

To persons thus constituted, there is but a single step from admiration of superhuman excellence to admiration of physical perfections. Love is transferred, by an easy ascent, from the knight to the pattern of all knighthood, from the earthly to the heavenly bridegroom. The Beatrice of the Vita Nuova is still a girl when Dante first sees her; she is "at the beginning of her ninth year almost," and "clothed in a becoming and modest crimson," yet even then he can not refrain from calling her the "youngest of the angels"; in the Divina Commedia she has become pure Intelligence, and stands for nothing less than the Divine Wisdom, which meets the soul at the confines of earth and heaven, and, mounting with it from sphere to sphere, at length stands in the unspeakable effulgence of the Paradisal Rose and the Splendor of God.

Of Tennyson's nun we are told—

"Never maiden glowed,
But that was in her earlier maidenhood,
With such a fervent flame of human love,
Which, being rudely blunted, glanced and shot
Only to holy things."

What is true of love is true of beauty. The squire, holding solitary watch on the eve of his knighthood, mingles visions of the Madonna with reminiscences of the lady whose favor he is to wear in tourney and tented field. The poet, nourished by Plato, and catching the temper of his own surroundings, writes with the same pen "An Hymne in Honour of Beautie" and "An Hymne of Heavenly Beautie." In the latter he sings:

"Yet is that Highest farre beyond all telling,
Fairer then all the rest which there appeare,
Though all their beauties joynd together were;
How then can mortall tongue hope to expresse
The image of such endlesse perfectnesse?"

In the former he reduces this ideal beauty to terms of the visible and measurable:

"So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in, and it more fairely dight
With chearefull grace and amiable sight;
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make."

The pursuit of beauty in its more evanescent forms becomes with later poets the pursuit of the unattainable ideal. Byron, Goethe and De Musset, with many of their fellow-poets, exhibit in their lives the perversion of this noble tendency. The alabaster vase, glowing with its prisoned flame and exhaling precious incense, is seized in the rude grasp of their frenzied hands, and crushed to atoms. They chase the frail and richly-tinted Psyche through wood and plain, and at length capture the volatile prey, but the bloom and lightness have departed, and only two folded wings and a mangled body remain. With such experience comes a reaction, partly of remorse, but largely of disappointment. All that's bright does indeed fade, and perhaps the brightest still the fleetest. The vague longing in the heart of the youth, when the untried world lies stretched out beneath his feet, becomes the regret of the man of riper years, who has tried all and found all wanting. The pensive sweetness of the maiden, as her petals softly unclose to the light, passes gradually into the gentle melancholy of the days when the winds scatter the same petals on the bosom of the earth. "Here have we no continuing city" is the burden of these minor chants. Every hymnology contains a version of that antiphon of longing and anticipative fruition, "Jerusalem the Golden," which may be regarded as the classic expression of this mood in religious verse.

One of its most graceful forms in secular poetry is Villon's "Ballad of Dead Ladies," of which I must be content to quote a fragment in translation:

"Nay, never ask this week, fair lord,
Where they are gone, nor yet this year,
Except with this for an overword,—
But where are the snows of yester-year?"

"The snows of yester-year!" They are Burns's

"Snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever."

But why multiply examples of a species of writing from whose omnipresence one can hardly escape? It is the poetry of Chateaubriand and Lamartine, and of the German elegists Salis and Matthisson. Its sullen monotony is borne through Young's Night Thoughts; its theme is repeated with tragic accompaniments in The Sorrows of Werther. In Childe Harold the music is sprightlier and the air more lively and stirring, but there is a haunting sense that the *motif* is older than the century. The plaint of the violins maddens us, and we long for the mellow cry of the clarion, the cheerful echoes of the flute, or even the doubling discord of the drums. Hence it came that the France of Rousseau and of Chateaubriand hailed Napoleon, and that the Germany of dreamers started into a Germany of warriors. Thought needs action as a counterpoise, and from the ashes of buried hopes may spring the blossoms which shall feed the bee, and scatter the germs of a fairer time.

If the melancholy disposition grow observing and critical, we have the satirist. Shakespeare, the repertory of whose types would of itself supply all the illustrations needed, furnishes us for the present purpose with the melancholy Jaques. Let us hear him lay down his conditions. First, he must be free to say what he likes:

"I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh."

But his discourse has an object:

"Give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine."

Here is your true satirist. Juvenal was not more rank than he will be, but he will not be more rank than the offence against which he declaims. If any one like not the medicine, let him beware of the infection. Like the tristful and meditative Hamlet, he will but

"Set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you."

It is your fault if there you

"See such black and grained spots
As will not leave their tinct."

The cynicism of Jaques, if such be the name for it, is the cynicism of Swift; but in Swift it is more bitter and malignant. Swift revels in moral ugliness for its own sake, though the hypocrisy of the age in which he lived excuses the atrocity of some of his pictures. Swift is perhaps not more coarse than Juvenal, but he does not confine himself to externals. As his own life is more inward, it is the rottenness of the bones that he portrays. It is the monstrous vanity and meanness that instigate the actor, not the vicious deed that he perpetrates, which attract the modern censor. It is pruriency that he scourges, rather than profligacy. He demands a reformation from the heart outwards; the ceremonial washing of garments will not suffice. Swift is morose, but he is capable of tenderness. His "little language" is the language of the affections. His falcon-eyed, jealous, yet playful love for Stella is kindred with Hamlet's fierce, unutterable, but mocking love for Ophelia. Both adored pure womanhood in the beloved object, and, nevertheless, or rather for this reason, both were insane enough to wreck the happiness and life of those they should have protected. Neither could reconcile his knowledge of human nature with his faith in feminine innocence and candor, and both, as being the greatest sufferers by their own mistakes, are rather to be pitied than condemned. More humane and charitable than Swift, Thackeray has not been able to divest himself of a belief in man's capabilities of goodness. The concentrated gall and venom of Swift's later years is diluted and sweetened before it flows from Thackeray's pen. He perceives the foibles and baseness of human nature, but does not gloat over the weakness he discloses. He anatomizes with an unsparing hand, but is devoid of Swift's morbid pleasure in the evidences of disease. When he laughs, it is like a man of the world, and not like a lunatic or a fiend. Becky Sharp serves as a foil to Amelia; Colonel Newcome would still ennoble the name of gentleman, were he surrounded by twice as many knaves and worldlings. But in his perception of evil, keen in proportion to his admiration for virtue and moral beauty, Thackeray must be ranked with Swift, and, if our deductions are correct, with Hamlet. Herein, too, he must be classed with Aristophanes, a genius born out of due time, but yet sufficiently accounted for by the quickened spiritual sense which Socrates awoke in his contemporaries, as Juvenal is explained by the leaven of Christianity in the later Roman civilization; and with Cervantes, whose Don Quixote is not more earnest and chivalrous than his Sancho Panza is lumpish and uncouth. Since we are endeavoring to discover the characteristics of Romantic literature, it may repay us to seek in Greek and Roman antiquity for a parallel to Sancho Panza. Turn over the pages of the Iliad, and search among the multitude of its personages for the buffoon, the low, underbred individual who shall bring out in relief the heroism and magnanimity of the leaders. You find but one, Thersites, and he is quickly dismissed with an admonition and a beating. In the Odyssey no such incarnation of ignoble or currish propensities is to be found. But in Dante's great poem, the epic of mediævalism, one circle after another of the Inferno is filled with unheroic creatures, or with the loathsome opposites of all that the great Italian most admired. Of the least obnoxious members of the former class Dante is evidently loath to speak, but passes judgment on them in this wise:

> "This miserable mode
> Maintain the melancholy souls of those
> Who lived withouten infamy or praise.
> Commingled are they with that caitiff choir
> Of Angels, who have not rebellious been,
> Nor faithful were to God; but were for self.
> The heavens expelled them, not to be less fair;
> Nor them the nethermore abyss receives;
> For glory none the damned would have from
> them."

If such be his estimate of this merely inglorious troop, the malefactors are likely to be sorely troubled, and so, indeed, they are. The significant fact is, that Dante admits them to his Inferno, thus bestowing impartial justice on all classes; and that the everlasting blessedness of Paradise is enhanced by contrast with the torments of the damned. Longfellow has compared the Divina Commedia to a Gothic cathedral, and as the former has its depraved and fiendish creatures, so the latter has its gargoyles subdued to menial use, and its grotesque carvings of ape and contorted human countenance on the folding seats of the cathedral choir. The eye of the beholder, endeavoring to compass the manifold and bewildering beauty of some exquisite façade, wandering from carven angel to carven saint, is suddenly arrested by the hideous mouth and spiny or scraggy neck of some monster of deformity. Or, while his ear is drinking in the rich and plaintive harmonies which, slowly detached from the organ, go floating through the interior, and the sunlight, poured in rose and amethyst through the painted window, envelopes him in garments of transfiguring radiance, he becomes aware of a demon grinning at him from the opposite stall, and turning all his imaginations of heaven into gloomy suggestions of unending wickedness and woe.

But these contrasts are of the very essence of Romantic literature. The Greek dramas knew nothing of them, for the abyss of evil had not yet opened before the feet of dramatist and audience. But when Shakespeare depicts a trustful Othello, he places over against him a crafty and villainous Iago; Imogen is set off by Cloten and Iachimo, Cordelia by Goneril and Regan, Ariel by Caliban, and, on the other hand, Macbeth by Duncan and Banquo. The representative drama of the nineteenth century does the same. Who poisons the cup of life for Marguerite but Faust, and who stalks at the side of both, irremovable as a shadow, but the spirit of eternal negation, forever deriding all generous ardor and neutralizing all unselfish activity? Here belong, also, the fools of Shakespeare's plays, though it would not be just to identify them with the villains. They are rather, like Sancho Panza, the embodiment of shrewd common sense, which is not ready to let the main chance slip for the mere gratification of a chivalrous impulse. Measured by the altitude of true royalty, they are plebeian and despicable. Pitiable as Lear may be, his fool is more pitiable still, as the First and Second Commoners of Julius Cæsar are paltry when compared with the dead and discrowned Imperator. Whatever may be urged against them as sentient and responsible beings, the drama of Shakespeare would be singularly complete if the villain and jester were omitted. Both set at naught the sacredness of life; the one by plotting to destroy it, the other by making it a subject of ridicule. Curiously enough, however, the sense of sacredness is enhanced by the very agencies which are at work to nullify it. Duncan appears most reverend and amiable at the moment when Macbeth is clutching at the airy dagger, and the sorrows of aged Lear, the elemental passion of a grand but shattered nature, appeal most forcibly to the imagination when the fool is taunting him with odds and ends of ballads and old songs. The tragic constituent of the drama is thus heightened by the comic, while the latter is left partially free to divert the mind, and prevent it from being overwhelmed by pity and terror. Thus the comic element comes to have an independent value, though a value which depends upon antithesis. The gambolings of a knot of harlequins would strike the mind as puerile after listening to Touchstone and Launcelot, and even Touchstone and Launcelot, if associated in broad farce with their brethren of the bauble, would lose half their piquancy.

The sense of incongruity, which it is the province of the fool to excite, is at the foundation of humor. The English race, proverbial for its seriousness, almost possesses a monopoly of humor. Foreigners note the intense and joyless expression of the American countenance, but American humor is the most extravagant of all. This can only be accounted for on the principle of antithesis. Given the natural and straightforward manner of looking at a thing, humor consists in shifting the point of view, so that the object is seen at an unexpected angle, and assumes a ludicrous aspect. The greater the surprise, the more humorous is the effect, and the surprise is proportioned to the tenacity with which the ordinary mind clings to the matter-of-fact view. The sight of a familiar face in a convex or concave mirror is apt to cause laughter, and the power of humor may be similarly accounted for. Humor is thus associated with gravity, and often with pathos. It is a gleam of light over the surface of gloomy and troubled waters. While one side of a billow is illuminated, the other is cast into the deeper shade, and, no longer of a neutral tint, the whole surging mass is divided between two extremes. It depends upon circumstances which is to gain the ascendency. If the humor is genuine, the smile may at any moment give place to tears, and the gurgle of quiet laughter be choked in a sob. Dickens alternates between the pathetic and the humorous, but has less skill in blending the two. To only a few writers of rare delicacy is it vouchsafed to intermingle the facetious and the touching with so dexterous a hand that the reader is impelled to continue from one page to the next for the sake of the amusement afforded him, and only at the end of certain paragraphs becomes aware that his gayety is ending in a sigh. The emotion excited by such productions will not be poignant. It will depart as lightly as it came, but not without communicating the sympathetic kindliness of the author to the reader whose leisure he has been beguiling. Where shall one seek among the ancients for the humor of Holmes and Lamb? Who will bring to light a Greek "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," or the Latin "Essays of Elia"?

Through the whole mediæval period there is, as we have seen, a continuous growth of personality. Man becomes aware of himself, and retreats to the forest and sandy plain to feed his soul with contemplation. He closes his eyes upon worldly distractions, and purges himself from the grossness of the flesh. Cleaving to unseen realities, the patterns of visible objects, he discerns the archetype of pure beauty, and it becomes fateful to him. With headlong haste he pursues the fleeting shape, and when he is just upon it, perceives that it has eluded his grasp. Falling into reverie upon the vanity of all his endeavors, he moralizes over human destiny and his own shortcomings, until he is plunged into a gulf of despair. Thence emerging, he falls to criticizing the associates among whom his lot is cast, and becomes a satirist through his perception of moral ugliness. Evil incorporates itself in grotesque and frightful forms, crouches by his pathway, obtrudes itself in the very temple hallowed to pure and lofty meditations, and appears engaged in deadly and ever-renewed combat with good. This combat becomes the only serious thing in the whole circle of his observation. Upon a vast theatre these antagonists, in Protean disguises, with names as various as their masks, play in succession all the parts in an interminable repertory. But evil is active or passive; it is either malevolent or neutral; it is Richard the Third or Pandarus; in Mephistopheles it is both. The immense stage, upon which all men and women are merely players, contracts to the Globe Theatre on Thames-side, but still the drama is unchanged. The woof of comedy is shot athwart the web of tragedy. There is a strange intertexture of golden and sable threads. Every one runs to view it, because he recognizes in it precisely what exists in himself. Change the dramatic form to that of genial commentary, but retain the comic and tragic elements, and you have the most precious form of humor, namely, that which is so subtly blended with the substance of pathos as to be inseparable from it.

Thus far it is man himself who, irresistibly attracted toward what he conceives to be the highest good, but incessantly assailed by temptation and discouragements, looks vainly about him for a perfect deliverance. But presently, to his heated imagination, the whole universe is filled with spiritual intelligences, who impress into their service, on one side or the other, all the inferior creatures and all the phenomena and forces of nature. Thus the whole series of created existences becomes a group of symbols. Everything stands for something else. Every hard fact is transformed into a potent algebraic formula. Gain its secret, and you have conferred upon yourself a magical power. As in the German fairy tale, if you have eyes to pierce through the solid crust beneath your feet, the interior of the globe will grow transparent as crystal, and the gnomes will ascend as through an unresisting medium, bearing with them the gold and jewels from the central mines. Hearing may be sharpened until it takes cognizance of the growing of the grass, and the understanding until it can interpret the song of birds. Thus allegory is born, and with it, though the two must not be confounded, a belief in magic or necromancy. In the Roman catacombs the lamb and the fish are employed as a kind of shorthand, to denote the person and attributes of Christ. In the Old English literature we come upon two poems, "The Panther" and "The Whale," which, after describing the supposed peculiarities of the two animals, end by regarding them as types, the one of Christ and the other of the Arch-Fiend. Dante's Epic is one long allegory. The forest in which the poet walks is a symbol: the panther signifies worldly pleasure; the lion, ambition; and the she-wolf avarice; or, again, they stand respectively for Florence, the French Monarchy, and Rome. Virgil is a symbol; Rachel and Leah are symbols; Beatrice stands for Divine Wisdom. It is needless to dwell upon such familiar examples as the Faerie Queene and Pilgrim's Progress, but contemporary poems like Rossetti's "Card Dealer," are more likely to be overlooked:

> "What be her cards, you ask? Even these:—
> The heart, that doth but crave
> More, being fed; the diamond,
> Skilled to make base seem brave;
> The club, for smiting in the dark.
> The spade, to dig a grave.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Thou see'st the card that falls,—she knows
> The card that followeth;
> Her game in thy tongue is called Life,
> As ebbs thy daily breath;
> When she shall speak thou'lt learn her tongue
> And know she calls it Death."

The artist, being thus accustomed to play with the great and the petty, and to assemble the most incongruous images in illustration of some simple, majestic thought, renders himself liable to the reproach of extravagance and absurdity. The Faerie Queene is a phantasmagoria; a series of pictures moves onward as in a revolving wheel, or like the banks of a river when one is descending a rapid stream. One scene fades out and is borne on into the distant perspective as another assumes vividness and life; yet it is possible, by an effort of the will, to include both shores, and a long stretch of castled, vine-clad, and mountain-guarded country in a single glance. Not only is there variety of form, but variety of color as well. The artist is not a painter in monochrome, gray on gray. Spenser delights in brilliant hues as heartily as Titian, or any of the Venetian school. Besides, he commits anachronisms. To him all the past is present. Space and time are annihilated. The ancient world is one with that of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. If you sympathize with the poet, and adopt his verities as your own, all will seem concordant, requiring no justification nor apology. If you regard the details of his scheme, and do not share in his fine frenzy, you will be likely to stigmatize the composition as Gothic and barbarous. Upon the former hypothesis the distinction between Fancy and Imagination, so much insisted on, will be obliterated. Nothing will be censured as wild or extravagant which approves itself to be true.

IV.

During the last quarter of the eighteenth century and the first quarter of the nineteenth century there was a revival of Romanticism. Shallow philosophy and formal poetry were no longer adequate to those who felt the pulse of a new and fuller life beating within them. The more advanced of the new generation broke with tradition, and eagerly sought release from the stifling dungeon in which they and their fathers had been confined. In this attempt they were successful. The rusty bars gave way, the ancient moat was dry, the outer fortifications were falling into decay. But those who had thus emerged from the house of bondage knew not at first what they should do with their dear-bought and highly-prized freedom. Many, overcome with joy, laughed and wept alternately, or fell into paroxysms of hysterical weeping and refused to be comforted. These have been already described; they include Sterne and Rousseau, and all the sentimental race that followed. Others, climbing the nearest hill, and surveying the landscape in all directions, looked pityingly down on their late companions and the plain whence they themselves had but just departed, declaring that they had seen it all, and that henceforth there was nothing worth living for. They had been cheated by the dreams of their prison cell. Now they were disillusioned they would neither return to their pallet of straw, nor would they strike out for any goal whatever. They would remain upon the hill, or circle slowly round about it. From their post of observation they had descried all that lay in the distance, and proclaimed that it was in no respect better than what they had just quitted. Of this company Byron may be taken as the type.

Still others, ascending the same hill but half-way, looked beyond and over the fortress where they had been immured, and perceived a smiling landscape, dotted with craggy steeps, which were crowned with battlemented towers. Knights and ladies were descending through portcullis gates and down winding bridle paths to the plain below. There the gay greensward was gayer still with pavilions and standards. The lists were set, horses pranced and caracoled, and the faint sound of the herald's trumpet, as he blew the signal for the onset, was borne through the expectant air. In another place, a train of black-robed monks was advancing slowly toward a distant monastery, an abbot leading the way, with the cross glittering above his head and pointing out the direction which his followers should take; the tones of the monastery bell, pealing out the summons to evening prayer, blent harmoniously with the subdued clangor of the trumpet. In other words, this band of liberated prisoners, not yet having gained a height whence they could overlook the future, beheld only the past—the Middle Ages, peopled with clerics and cavaliers, and with such picturesque members of the Third Estate as Robin Hood and Maid Marian. If they saw a darker side to this joyous pageantry, it was only as Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe saw their spectres and ogres, without half believing in their existence. These poets of the romantic past can be named: they are such as the Germans Uhland, Bürger, Goethe, Tieck, Schiller; they are the Frenchmen Chateaubriand and Victor Hugo; and their leader in England is Sir Walter Scott. This curiosity regarding the Middle Ages resulted in a deeper study of history. Documents were brought to light and critically examined. Old poems, like the Nibelungen Lied, the Canterbury Tales, the Chanson de Roland, and the Cid, were published, commented upon, and perused with avidity. Antiquarian zeal became fashionable. The historic method, the study of origins, requiring a minute inspection of every fact and event, in itself, and with reference to all the circumstances of its occurrence, now took precedence of any other. Criticism became more exact, but without damping the ardor of the more impassioned votaries of learning. Of this era the Idyls of the King are the poetic product, and such histories as Freeman's "Norman Conquest," Carlyle's "French Revolution," and Michelet's "History of France," are the scholarly product.

The first effort of a certain few among the emancipated was to make sure of their own identity and their own freedom. Weary of their shackles, yet seeing multitudes who accepted them without a protest; discontented with their companions, whom they saw scattering in different directions; more than half dissatisfied with themselves, since they found themselves intoxicated with the breath of heaven, and invested with a new accession of strength, yet possessed neither of the ability to liberate others, nor to direct their own course toward any definite end, they turned to the plashing streamlet and the shady covert for solace and refreshment of the body, and to the Alpine throne of liberty and the unfettered clouds for the courage and unceasing inspiration needed by the spirit. With a renewed and deepened consciousness of personality, of the existence and worth of the soul, concealed, yet manifested, in the organism of their own frames, they went farther than the allegorists, and assigned a soul to every organism. Nature thus became endowed with life; not the blind and creeping life of sap or molluscan lymph, but a vitalizing principle. Self-determination and moral qualities are attributed to plant and animal. Fouqué's delicious prose idyl of Undine is the story of a Naiad, who, by means of her love for a young knight, is enabled to acquire a human soul. But it was not one Undine alone who was thus distinguished. Every rill and waterfall, every flower and blade of grass, every mountain and beetling cliff, was conceived of as instinct with Divinity. Wordsworth's Skylark and Linnet are not mere singing-birds. The former has

> "A soul as strong as a mountain river
> Pouring out praise to the Almighty Giver."

The latter is addressed as

> "A Life, A Presence like the Air,
> Scattering thy gladness without care,
> Too blest with any one to pair;
> Thyself thy own enjoyment."

And what reader, without looking at the superscription, would conclude that the following stanza was addressed to a daisy?

> "Thou wander'st the wide world about,
> Uncheck'd by pride or scrupulous doubt,
> With friends to greet thee, or without,
> Yet pleased and willing;
> Meek, yielding to the occasion's call,
> And all things suffering from all,
> Thy function apostolical
> In peace fulfilling."

The pantheism, propounded as a philosophical system by Spinoza, begins to appear in fine art with Rousseau, and reaches its literary consummation in Wordsworth and Shelley.

Those who attribute intelligence and sensibility to natural objects may be divided into two classes, according as they transfer to these objects the passing emotion with which they themselves are affected, or endeavor to ascertain what is the real or typical nature of each created thing. Whenever the feelings of the poetizing individual are attributed to insentient objects or to the lower animals, we have an instance of what Ruskin calls the "pathetic fallacy." Whenever an attempt is made to express the specific quality of any object or existence inferior to man in terms of human emotion or activity, we are simply idealizing in a manner which is inseparable from our notions of high art. The two modes of poetizing are perfectly distinguishable in theory, though they may be confounded in practice; as where one, in determining the specific quality of a flower, for example, permits himself to be influenced by the mode of feeling which is uppermost at the time. The "pathetic fallacy" is more common in passionate, the idealization of specific quality in reflective poetry. Wordsworth is a master of both, but particularly excels in the second. The latter method is closely akin to that of science. Goethe's discovery that each of the various organs of the flower is modeled upon the structure of the leaf is an example to the purpose, and the union of the poetic and scientific natures in an observer like Alexander von Humboldt will illustrate the same truth. In fact, poetry precedes and accompanies science, as we have already remarked that it precedes and accompanies history.

To return again to our point of departure, the *ego* or personality of the individual. Comfortably housed and safely defended in the eighteenth century, it often found itself homeless and shivering after the French Revolution. Protected even against the assaults of others' self-love by the politeness of which Chesterfield is so famous an exponent, it was suddenly stripped of every adventitious covering and ornament, and obliged to change conditions with the meanest wretches. The footing upon which it had stood disappeared. The aristocrat began to question concerning himself, his inalienable rights, and his duties, at the moment when the man of the people had completed a theory, not only of the aristocrat's rights, but of his own. Henceforth the only patent of prerogative was manhood. In the simple citizen of the new era all ranks were confounded. Man had grown self conscious and reflective; he was now to be analytic. The age of science and exact scholarship was at hand, but science and exact scholarship are evoked only at the bidding of the imperious human spirit which requires their ministrations. Science which investigates the powers and functions of the human soul is psychology. Science which aims to discover the essence and necessary basis of all being is ontology. Spinoza's pantheism, for example, is ontological. Both were to be cultivated in this epoch, and both were to manifest themselves in fiction and poetry.

The French exponent of psychology in fiction is Balzac; the English, George Eliot; the American, Hawthorne. In poetic psychology, Dante and Petrarch are the illustrious progenitors of the modern school. All true poetry is fundamentally psychologic, but the word, as here used, refers to an abnormal development of self-consciousness, which therefore becomes in the highest degree observant and critical of its own states and processes. No modern poet is more psychologic in this sense than Robert Browning, and the knowledge gained by self-introspection makes him the shrewdest diviner of other men's thoughts and motives. But in him the spirit has sublimed away the artistic form, so that his poetry is not ordinarily sensuous enough to be dramatic, nor sometimes to be truly lyrical.

The poet of ontology is Emerson. From this point of view, his "Brahma" is peculiarly significant, as marking the point of junction between Occidental and Oriental philosophy. As California is the border, and its shore the barrier, where the Aryan race makes pause before precipitating itself into the bosom of the Orient whence it sprang, so Concord is the halting-place where Western thought, in its final outcome and supreme result, reflects for an instant longer, and finally is merged into the transcendentalism of the East. Goethe and Rückert having established the precedent of composing poems in the Oriental manner, Emerson and Browning have thought fit to follow. Here again scholarship goes hand in hand with poetry. The study of the Sanskrit language and antiquities has kept pace with the growing predilection for Orientalism in poetry and in decorative art. Edwin Arnold is not a pioneer, nor even one of the advanced guard; he is only well up with the main army. The translators of Saadi and Omar Khayyam are sometimes anticipated even by the bard of Lalla Rookh.

One practical lesson has been taught by Emerson, or rather clearly formulated by him—the lesson of self-reliance. The French Revolution, like the Protestant Reformation, was a revolt of the individual against society, that is, against law and custom, which, framed in the interest of the few, had grown unendurable to the many. The audacity displayed at these periods, by Mirabeau in the French Tribune, as by Luther at the Diet of Worms, can only be paralleled by that of Paul on Mars' Hill. The energy and self-reliance of the orator and reformer react upon pure literature. Victor Hugo rebels against pseudo-classicism in France, as Wordsworth and Keats do in England. As the troubadours were both poets and warriors, as Milton was statesman and polemic no less than a devotee of the Muses, so these new singers grasp the sword with one hand, and wield the pen with the other. What Bertrand de Born was to the Provence of Richard the First's day, Körner was to the Germany that had known Napoleon. The sentimentalism which had been despised as mere weakness, bore fruit in the downfall of monarchies which had outlived their usefulness. Poetry was becoming identical with the truest and noblest life. One indication of this movement is the change which takes place in the poetic conception of the Golden Age. The poets of Greece and Rome have already left it far behind them. Quite otherwise with us who

"Doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns";

and who perceive

"One God, one law, one element,
And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves."

With the Golden Year in the future, the poets—and every writer is now a poet, a creator or maker—set resolutely about bringing it near. Tennyson cries out—

"But well I know,
That unto him who works, and feels he works,
This same grand year is ever at the doors."

The poets are revolutionary as long as revolutions tend to elevate humanity. Shelley defies authority in the name of Man, for whose sake all authority is constituted. He would set no bounds to the personality which has wrought these stupendous changes. Byron abandons poetry as craftsmanship, and lays his reputation, his fortune, and his life on the altar of Grecian independence. But revolutions accomplish their task, and are succeeded by reforms. Southey and Coleridge form extensive plans for a pantisocracy, or community where all men shall be absolutely equal, and which is to be situated in Pennsylvania. Thus they anticipate the idea of Brook Farm, whose citizens were also to be literary people, and to exist in a state of perfect equality. Shelley will know nothing but

"A life of resolute good,
Unalterable will, quenchless desire
Of universal happiness, the heart
That beats with it in unison, the brain
Whose ever-wakeful wisdom toils to change
Reason's rich stores for its eternal weal."

Wordsworth advocates

"A more judicious knowledge of the worth
And dignity of individual man;
No composition of the brain, but man
Of whom we read, the man whom we behold
With our own eyes. I could not but inquire
Not with less interest than heretofore,
But greater, though in spirit more subdued—
Why is this glorious creature to be found
One only in ten thousand? What one is
Why may not millions be?"

The watchword is repeated by others. Lowell, Whittier, and Longfellow chant the fetters off the slave. Madame De Stael rises up as the protagonist of womanhood. Her Corinne is the genius who, beneath Italian skies, dares to assert that woman is not a mere appendage of man, and to claim for herself co-equal sovereignty in her own sphere. George Sand, Charlotte Bronte, and George Eliot, with the female novelists of the eighteenth century, make a place for woman in fiction. Mrs. Browning writes "The Cry of the Children," "Aurora Leigh," and "Mother and Poet," and after her death receives from her poet-husband a tribute of invocation, such as is due to none but an immortal muse:

"Never may I commence my song, my due
To God who best taught song by gift of thee,
Except with bent head and beseeching hand—
That still, despite the distance and the dark,
What was, again may be; some interchange
Of grace, some splendor once thy very thought,
Some benediction anciently thy smile."

In the name of humanity, Charles Dickens espouses the cause of the poor, the outcast and forlorn, and preaches against inveterate abuses in sermons that are never dull. Reade and Kingsley are fellow-laborers in the same cause—the elevation of the suffering and oppressed. Literature—all the best of it—becomes humanitarian and practical, but without ceasing to be idealistic and, in the profoundest sense, Romantic. What was hitherto thought trivial and mean is irradiated and lifted out of the region of the commonplace, until we realize the meaning of the voice that spake to the Prince of Apostles:

"What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common."

Albert S. Cook.

AN IMPOSSIBLE COINCIDENCE.

Everett Boscawen, of Boston, writes from Thompson's Ranch, California, to his cousin and intimate friend, Boscawen Everett, also of Boston.

August 12, 1882.

MY DEAR FELLOW:

I have not written before, because I did not feel sure that you would be on this side, and did not wish my letter to pass you on the Atlantic, and follow you back from London, to be read when as stale as a campaign prophecy after election. I have a great objection to having my letters read when stale; a man appears with a certain absurdity in an old letter, as in an old photograph.

"Back in the land of one-century-old antiquities and three-generations-old aristocracy," you say. My dear fellow, think where *I* am. Our newness and rawness is mellow antiquity to the place I now inhabit. As America to Europe, so California to—America, I was about to say, as though our Atlantic strip constituted America; and, indeed, it does as *we* know America. It is curious to realize how unconscious we have always remained of what is really the chief bulk of America, *our* America being a mere little edge in front of this enormous expanse. There is positively something vulgar in its unwieldy breadth—stretching away and away interminably, an endless waste of factory and railroad and pork-packing and cattle-raising, without a flash of real life to have so much as made us realize its existence: as if our ideal of Columbia were like the traditional one of a Kaffir belle—the fatter the more beautiful. We ought to embody the national ideal on the dollars.

Don't imagine that I have escaped the land of the Philistine by crossing to salt water again, nor picture me in any California conceived from Bret Harte. That either was only a book California, or has passed away. No picturesque miners and unconventional stage-drivers, no frankly barbarian Pikes, are here; only the familiar old type of American *bourgeois*, somewhat the worse from reigning here supreme, unchecked by the presence of any non-Philistine class.

I wish my doctor could have seen fit to let me take my lungs to Italy or Southern France. If he had ordered me among real savages, I should have liked it better than this: the savage is no more objectionable than any other lower animal; but the man—and worse, the woman—of the dead middle level—! I was foolish enough to present one or two of my letters in San Francisco. I was hospitably received (not so effusively as I have seen Englishmen received among us, though I should think a Bostonian in California was much the same thing as an Englishman in Boston), and introduced to certain aristocratic circles, where I saw a good deal of rude luxury, and met on equal terms whom but old Nancy Rutt's son Dick (do you remember old Nancy, who used to be so intimate with our cook?)—the Honorable Richard Rutt, if you please. His grammar was unchanged, however.

Warned by experience, I presented no more letters, but fell back upon a village some twenty-five miles away, where the prescribed conditions of thermometer and barometer seemed to prevail. Here I manage to keep in pretty fair seclusion. I was trapped into a "literary gathering" yesterday. I did not wish to attend it. If these people would follow out their natural impulses with simple merry-making that they could enjoy, as their Spanish neighbors do, with their fandangoes (you know we always liked to look at the people's *fêtes* in England and on the continent), they would be interesting; but when they stand on intellectual tip-toes and caricature letters and art, they make themselves as absurd as a sturdy hay-maker when he puts off his shirt and trousers to make himself fine for his photograph in ill-fitting "store-clothes." I had to yield to urgency, however. "You will enjoy being among your own sort of people, Mr. Boscawen," Mrs. Thompson said; "We have a very cultured circle here."

You must know the village contains several rich men who have an ambition to transmute their wealth somehow into culture; hence they carefully nourish a "literary" and "artistic" tone in the community; they encourage the city literati to visit them; they even lure into their homes an occasional Eastern visitor of distinction. One of our Harvard professors spent a month last summer in the house I was at yesterday.

It is a very good house in appearance—large and comfortable, and midway between a farmer's and a country gentleman's in its air. Its master is an elderly man, and its mistress his niece, a young widow, a commonplace person with very literary tastes. She had an appalling company, all bent upon making an impression on each other; local stars and imported attractions from the city. I suppose I ought to have been amused at their painful efforts to talk up to a high enough plane; but I was not—I was ennuied and exasperated to desperation. I met just one interesting person—a young woman. Probably she pleased me the more because she was produced just at the point when my nervous exasperation had become equal to Von Rothstein's, when those manufacturer's girls in Yorkshire undertook to entertain him by playing Chopin. She made me feel much as he did when they dropped the Chopin and the youngest one sang "Allan Water" in a pretty, natural little voice, though she didn't in the least know how to sing.

She was introduced to me pretentiously enough as "Miss Tessenam, one of our most gifted young writers." I expected either an acquiescent simper or a disclaiming blush;

but she paid no attention to it, and seemed to be much more interested in observing a specimen from what she must consider an ancient and learned community, than in the impression she might be making on the specimen. I remember what an awed and excited feeling we used to have when we were little chaps over a stranger from the wonderland out of which Punch and Scott and the rest of them came to us; and if he had actually seen Thackeray and shaken hands with Dickens,—! Some point-blank questions from others had already drawn from me an admission of a trifle of acquaintance with two or three of our most widely known men at home; so it was easy to see that an ardent girl (for girlhood is no less given to thrilling enthusiasms and generous illusions, admirations and haloes, than childhood, I fancy) would make any commonplace person stand as symbol for all I had associations with: Touchstone, embodying all the dimly-dreamed glories of court to Audrey—and all the time only court-fool!

She took me out to show me the view from the rear of the house—out of the populated "parlor," to my immense relief, through a broad hall, which crossed the whole width of the house, and out on the veranda to which it opened. This veranda ran around the three sides of a court formed by the main house and two wings, and open on the fourth side.

"Ah, this is more like my preconception of California than anything I have seen before," I said, as I stepped out upon the veranda.

The court itself was nothing, but a few enormous scarlet geraniums made it passable. Beyond, the ground fell away from the house in a long slope, covered with grapevines, to a small stream, a half-mile away; and beyond, the grain fields stretched three or four miles to where a bright strip of the Bay was visible, bounding the western edge of the plain as far as we could see, north and south; and beyond this, a blue range of mountains. Miss Tessenam had chosen a flattering hour to show me her view, for it was late afternoon, the light was low, and a dry, dusty air like this has almost unlimited capacity for coloring and atmospheric effects. It was like a flood of transparent gold poured over everything, and the gold and tawny shades of the plain under it beyond the green foreground of grape-vines, and the burnished rim of silver water, and the blue mountains beyond, were what no one with any artist in him could fail to admire.

Miss Tessenam was much gratified that I liked it. She had evidently brought me out there alone with a mind single to the view. I had half expected an attempt at an American flirtation when she took me off alone—a thing that, innocent though it is, is not in the least according to my taste, nor according to my ideas of dignity and propriety in young women. But she evidently had no intention of the sort—whether from native modesty, or because she stood in awe of Touchstone. (It was not because she was too unsophisticated, for you may notice that girls are only the more crammed with crude coquetry in proportion to their distance from civilization.) Her manner was altogether frank, simple, and pleasing: like that of a self-respecting mechanic, who has not become spoiled by knowledge that there is such a thing as manners to be anxious over.

She was rather a pretty girl: trim little figure—a sort of plump slenderness, like a little brown linnet—compact without heaviness, slender without angularity; excellent brown eyes, pretty wave of hair (and I should think natural) round her forehead, child-like outline of face; bright, energetic expression, and a pretty resolute look around the mouth. She looked as if she might be the eldest daughter of ten, with an invalid mother; or else might be a girl who earned her living in some way. Her dress looked like that, too—a sort of cleared-for-action air about it, and all very plain; but it looked very lady-like, too.

I wish I might have been at home to shake hands on your return, old fellow. I wish you were with me here. I am, however, none the less, most heartily yours,

Everett Boscawen.

November 28th.

* * * You ask if I saw anything farther of the little Californian I mentioned in my first letter; and if I did not find my impression of an agreeable behavior mainly illusion, born of my relief at getting out of that parlor; and if she did not try to flirt or to read her poems to me on farther acquaintance. To your first question: Yes, I have seen a great deal more of her, and should have recited the fact if I had supposed it would at all interest you. To the second: No; on the contrary, she improved on acquaintance—though she proved more naïve and more of a child than I supposed her at first; she probably had, on first acquaintance, the dignity of shyness.

They expounded her to me as soon as we left the house where I met her. "I saw you were interested in Dora Tessenam," Mrs. Thompson said. "She is a very smart girl, and so capable. She is educating a younger brother at college: there was a little left them, enough, with some help from her, to keep him at college, and she supports herself besides; she lives and does her own cooking in a single room, and writes for the papers and takes scholars."

This was possibly all very laudable, but certainly all very squalid. To my mind, any notion of duty that sets a girl to living and cooking alone in a city room and writing for the papers is not even laudable, for it shows her wanting in a fine sense of womanliness. It would have been more suitable for the boy to go into some respectable business, make himself and his sister comfortable, and educate the second generation. I resolved to be pretty shy of Miss Tessenam; for no one can ever be certain when or where an acquaintance will turn up; and it is not my notion of a gentleman's behavior to make acquaintances for temporary amusement, because he is out of sight, and drop them when he is in sight. I propose to stand by any claim I give; and to add a woman who voluntarily lives and cooks alone in lodgings, and writes for the papers, to my list of lady acquaintances, was not desirable.

They asked her around to dinner, however—on purpose to meet me, I fancy, for Mrs. Thompson took pains to leave us together. Since *tête-a-tête* was inevitable, I thought the most interesting use I could make of it would be to try to take her ground—her point of view—see how such a life looked to herself.

"Mrs. Thompson tells me you are quite a literary character," I said.

She looked at me seriously, as if she were making up her mind whether I was trustworthy, and seemed to decide that I was, for she said, quite simply:

"Yes, sir, I have written a great deal. I think literature is a noble profession. Since you came from Boston," she added, hesitating a little, as if she feared the remark were audacious, "you write, of course?"

It was rather pathetic to see that her Bohemian work took the dignity of "literature" in her eyes. I should have liked to be able to say I never wrote, for there are altogether too many people writing; but my conscience is at least clear of poetry and fiction, so I told her I only did a little in heavy articles and criticism. This rather awed her, however.

"Are you really a critic?" she said. "I never knew one. We do not have them out here—only reviewers, and *they* are not regular reviewers; they just give the books to somebody who is on the staff anyway. I wish we did have critics: I could get acquainted with them, and get them to criticise my work, and advise me about it. My literary friends cannot advise me very much: they haven't had much chance. They have usually been poor, and had to begin with the country newspapers—about barns that have fallen victim to the fire-fiend, and such things, you know—and work up gradually. I value very much the chance of spending the fall here (did you know? I am going to stay all fall with my friends); there is such a cultured little circle here. Is it anything like New England, Mr. Boscawen?"

"N-o," I said, "not very much."

"I suppose there is a great deal more culture there," she said, "especially in Boston. That is what I have thought—that there must be a culture somewhere as much above ours as ours is above our ignorance. And then Europe is as much above that, I suppose? Dear me, how it does make the world widen out!"

"It is not considered proper patriotism," I said, "to admit that Europe can be even equal to us in anything. The newspapers speak very ill of any one who does."

"Ah, but patriotism!" she cried, "mustn't the true patriotism be for those who are in accord with us wherever we find them? for one's true country—the *rempublicam literarum?*" She checked herself and blushed. "I don't mean to pretend to know Latin," she apologized. "That phrase is in the dictionary. *You* know Latin, of course," she added wistfully.

"Oh, only as the ordinary Harvard man does," I said. "One doesn't *know* Latin unless he goes in for it, and I did not do that."

"It must be a great help to a literary person to know Latin," she said. "I never had a chance to know anything. Anybody brought up in a mining-camp, and having always to earn one's own living, doesn't have much opportunity for anything. And now I have worked gradually into a pretty good literary position, I don't want to stop there: I want to go on and get a grade higher. But I don't know how to do it; I haven't anybody to *help* me, Mr. Boscawen."

Now, that really constituted an appeal, though unintentional. You would have told her so by immediately becoming politely frigid, and the poor child would have gone home and cried to think she had been so forward and so snubbed. I was casting about in my mind for some gentler evasion of the most obvious answer—namely, to offer my services (not that I was unwilling, as far as my own entertainment went, but I had no wish to help on any girl in so ill-chosen and unfit a path); when it came across me that I had heard editors say the surest way to suppress ill-founded literary aspirations in a young person was to give him training which should tend to develop his critical sense; only real ability or very robust vanity would survive this process. I don't deny that my being so frightfully bored with the place and people, and her innocent brown eyes and confiding appeal had something to do with it; but I did not forget to forecast consequences and decide that I would stand by them (even if it involved showing some social attentions at home, beneath your disapproving eyes, good sir), before I answered that perhaps I might be able to do something, if she thought my judgment of any value.

"Oh, Mr. Boscawen! But of course I do—if you only would—but I did not mean to ask—" she cried, coloring up.

No need to bore you with any more conversation—in fact, I don't remember any more. I told her she must perfect her knowledge of literature, and her judgment of it, and we rather went into a course of reading (that was over three months ago, you know). It involves no end of unchaperoned *tête-a-tête:* but no one sees anything odd about it. It is considered a case of "birds of a feather." "I am taking a course of reading with Mr. Boscawen," she announces proudly; and that is accepted as exceedingly natural.

I find it very interesting myself; it renews the charm of the old books wonderfully to go over them again with a teachable, bright little pupil, who welcomes them eagerly as doors into a wonderful world, out of which she thinks I have stooped for the moment.

But she is so intelligent, Boscawen! I am perfectly amazed to find how correct is her criticism, how promptly she masters an author, how penetrating is her appreciation. She suggests new thoughts to me constantly, and keeps well up with my mind in the most difficult authors (for, beginning with simple ones, I found her so quick that I followed my own tastes out of light literature into the philosophical authors — Emerson, Arnold, Spencer, Mill — and found her able to follow); and I feel, after going over a book with her, that I never understood it so well before, myself. I look at her in amazement, and say in my heart, "You are cleverer than I, if you did but know it, you pupil of mine!"

There is no doubt that I have chanced, in this most unexpected place, upon a woman of the witty and intellectual type. You know I do not fancy the type; but that is no reason I should not take the goods the gods provide in the way of the entertaining company of such an one, in the absence of anything better. Then this little girl has not the aggressiveness of most intellectual women, for she does not know her own strength.

Yes, thank you, my lungs are much better, though I should not have supposed dust would agree with them, and the air here consists chiefly of dust. If they continue to behave as well, I shall hope to see you in the spring; and for the present remain most genuinely yours, E. B.

December, 14th.

* * * THERE *is* something in what you say of the danger of intermeddling in the little Californian's affairs—though it isn't exactly intermeddling to try to train some of her natural abilities. You say she would be much happier to stick to her Bohemian writing, and marry some newspaper man, and never doubt that they are at the top of the ladder. That may be; and yet—it is a question whether one does not take more responsibility in refusing to help a young thing's pathetic eagerness to climb into a higher life than in helping it. Wise or unwise, the dream is her own. You must direct a man to the street he wants to find, even if you think his errand thither foolish.

But your other warning! It makes one feel a good deal of a cad to say so—yet, of course, it would be affectation to deny that girls who have not seen many *gentlemen* may put an altogether undue value on a stray specimen—that a girl of generous, believing disposition might wrap up a very commonplace fellow in some of her sweet illusions, and suppose she fancied him, when, in fact, it was only the sort of people and the way of life he represented that she fancied. And it is a thing I wouldn't be reckless of—amusement at cost of a girl's heart-ache is for a very different style of fellows from you or me. But, then, good heavens, man—have women shown themselves disposed to fall in love with me? Is a man to go about muffling his charms from gaze, lest the eyes of women who fall upon them may be dazzled?

Your great news is no news to me: I knew Amy Dudley would become Lady Averil. Perhaps it is because I have known it so long that I do not mind it more: perhaps, because what I cared for in her was more the type than the woman. It may have been the title, as you say, that made the breach with a plain American; we all know how her family would feel about that, and a high-bred English girl doesn't choose against the will of her family; and in fact, though I be the man hurt by it, I will say it is much more becoming in a woman to be gentle and dutiful about such things, and to be guided in her actions by her proper protectors. Compare Amy Dudley with the little Californian here, rowing her own boat and choosing her own destinies! There is no doubt, by the way, that the little Californian is fifty times as clever. Amy made no pretence at cleverness; in fact, she made it seem bad form to be clever. But it is odd that the same man should be in one place put aside because of his caste and birth-place, and in another should be considered so dangerous on account of them that he must be warned against entangling a girl's feelings by looking at her!

I will confess to you, on the whole, that one thing *has* given me a sort of alarm. I chanced to show her, today, a little novel—very pretty in its way—and I was giving a *résumé* of the story to her while she turned over the leaves, when she suddenly crimsoned, startling me so that I almost lost the thread of my talk; and the thing that I was speaking of at the instant had been a situation in the book similar to that which you forebode. I took pains to go on unconcernedly, but I saw that her fingers, holding the book, trembled, and she gave me a covert look of positive fright.

It came into my head that a girl might look so if she had suddenly—but that is nonsense, you know. There is not the least sentiment about our intercourse. I will retreat, I assure you, if I see the least danger. And now to other subjects. * * *

December 18th.

Boscawen, I cannot express my indignation and humiliation. You have seen it, of course—the last number of "The Continental Monthly." Let me tell you that the writer of that story is the California girl I have wasted so much liking on! You were quite right in telling me I was overrating her. Not her mind—she is even cleverer than I dreamed—but I might have known the innate vulgarity would out somewhere. If it is still possible that you haven't seen the thing, I will tell you. A story, published in a prominent journal, whose hero bears the name of *Everett Boscawen*, and answers in personal description to an idealized copy of the real E. B. You will be almost as angry as I, for an insult to the Boscawen name hits you nearly as close as me; and you will feel yourself made ridiculous in the person of your cousin.

The worst of it is the situation of the story—the girl's adoration; the whole thing is a most unblushing avowal of—but what is the use of talking about it? The thing can't be undone. I would gladly buy up and burn the whole edition, if it were possible.

What could be the girl's idea in blazoning her emotions and advertising *me* in that fashion? Could she have fancied that she could make an appeal to me through print that would be impossible to make more directly? I wonder she did not name her heroine Theodora Tessenam, by way of making her intent a little clearer.

Or did she think to flatter me by publicity? such people so hanker after publicity themselves, and fancy everybody does. I was an idiot to suppose that because a girl of her class has a fine mind she could escape the indelicacy of her kind. I shall beware of *Bohemiennes* henceforth.

I am going to pack my trunks, now. I shall leave the field to Miss Tessenam's undisturbed possession.

I cannot help feeling sorry, too. She seemed such a pretty, sensible, good sort of girl. I hate to see my pleasant conception of her, and the memory of all this pleasant intercourse go down into a mud-hole of disgust. Ah well!—I do not care ever to sign my be-handled name again, so you may have this unsigned.

January 3d, 1883.

My Dear Boscawen:

Yours just received. Do you know, I fancy we are not being quite fair to the girl. Your letter seemed rather harsh. It is only just to think of her side of it. Probably, with her provincial inexperience, she did not realize the publicity of the thing—indulged her fancy in using the name, supposing me and every one ignorant of her signature (her hostess—who is probably her confidante throughout—had told me). That the enormous impropriety was not intended as an advance, and that she herself realized its frightfulness as soon as she saw it in print, is evident; for she anticipated me in leaving the village—fled precipitately, without a word of good-by, which, after our intimacy of so many weeks, could only mean that, overwhelmed with mortification, she had retreated to hide herself.

After all, she has the worst of it—no mortification the thing can cause me could be equal to hers. Poor little soul! It would certainly be very rough to have done such a thing, and then realized the consequences. And considering the misplaced emotion there is in the case, to go off and hide herself, break our intercourse short off, and forever (for she did not leave an address), shows that she *did* realize it. In fact, it is not impossible that she over-realized it. Girls are conscientious, tender-hearted creatures—she may be torturing herself with even more shame and remorse over it than the thing deserves.

It *is* a good story—you are right there; and my namesake is really a fine fellow, without any missishness about him. There is precious little of me really in him; it gives one a queer feeling to fancy himself looking like that in a girl's eyes. It *is* hard on her—with the cravings for a wider life the child had, to spend weeks constantly with somebody whose circumstances made it possible for her to idealize him into an embodiment of all the things she most admired and desired; to express her innocent devotion in a good story, and stumble into the unaccountable folly of transferring his name to the page; then to realize too late, what cause for offence she had given (how she has compromised herself, she cannot know, for she does not know that I know her signature), and to take it thus seriously—it causes me compunction, for I might have taken warning.

I miss her companionship, and find all my books spoiled by the now uncomfortable association. It is raining dismally outside, heavily, as if the clouds had dropped the rain they were too tired to hold any longer, not as if they dashed it down with a good will. It is horribly depressing. I am counting the weeks till I may come home.

Think over her side of it, and write and tell me if you do not think we were too harsh in the first shock. E. B.

February 1st.

I DON'T like your tone, Boscawen. However, if you choose to distress yourself about my dangerous weakness toward Dora Tessenam, you may set your mind at rest: there is no danger, because it is past danger. Think what you like of me, but I am in love with her. Oh, I know I am a fool; I know all about the difference in station, and that I am brought up to a fastidiousness which all her circumstances are unpleasant to, and which even she herself has shown herself capable of offending (yet only *once*, in all my knowledge of her). I can't help it. I am going to marry her, and you may disown me if you like. I have missed her too horribly not to know that she is more to me than you and all the rest of the world put together. I met her last week in the street; she blushed, barely bowed, and slipped around a corner before I could speak. But I knew then what I had been longing after ever since she left me. The whole world broke into blossom when I caught sight of the little trim gray figure. Good-by to you, Boscawen, forever or not, just as you choose; I am going to keep my world in blossom.

EVERETT BOSCAWEN.

SAN FRANCISCO, February 2d.

MY DEAR COUSIN:

You may add to my epithet of fool, applied to myself in my letter of yesterday, as much emphasis as you choose; I had at the time of writing no conception of its appropriateness. Is it possible no one has detected me hitherto for a despicable idiot? or have you all known it all along? I wish I were a mediæval ascetic, given to the use of the scourge. The best substitute possible under modern circumstances is probably to relate to you every word of what has passed. Don't imagine I dislike to do it. I am so absolutely sick of the cad in question, that I take satisfaction in abasing him; if he writhes a little over every detail of his discomfiture, so much the better.

I hunted her up and sent my card to her room. She came down to the boarding-house parlor, and she was self-possessed enough at bottom, under a thin film of embarrassment. *I* was not embarrassed—not I; I smiled at her reassuringly and affectionately. Her conventional "Good morning" smile faded at once, and she looked interrogative. She had put out her hand as a matter of course, and I took it and held it, while I looked down tenderly into her eyes, and said:

"My poor little girl, I am afraid you have been fretting yourself greatly over that story. Put it out of your mind now; we will both forget it. Perhaps it was a good thing after all, for it revealed to me that the world was empty after my little Dora had gone."

Long before I had ended that speech, she had pulled her hand away, and retreated some steps to a table at the side of the room (a painfully shabby room, and the table was covered with stamped green flannel); she put one hand on the table, and I saw the fingers of the other curl up tightly into the pink palm. She did not say a word, but looked straight at me. I followed her, and said:

"I know now that I want Dora Tessenam and no one else for my wife. Come to me, my Dora, and we will not let any foolish memories come between us."

She trembled visibly, and her breath came and went hard, but she did not speak till I put out my arms to draw her to me. Then she drew back just out of reach, and said "Stop, sir," in a way that did stop me. Her color came up with a rush as soon as she spoke, and her eyes began to blaze. She was the prettiest thing I ever saw in my life, but there was no mistaking that she was angrier than I ever saw any one. After all my magnanimity, it was hard to understand!

"Why, Dora—" I began.

She cut me short.

"Why do you take the liberty to call me that?" she said. Her voice trembled when she began, and then steadied, and she turned icily instead of excitedly angry. Her eyes looked positively steely, for all their brownness. "Perhaps, however, in spite of your appearance of a gentleman, you think you may treat women whom you consider your social inferiors in a way impossible with those whose position defends them."

I understood, of course, that it was not the use of the name she was so angry at, but the assuming her affection; and it seemed to me a not unnatural expression of her own humiliation over having betrayed herself. I had touched the sore spot, where she could not bear to have even a featherweight laid.

"Dear child," I said, "there is no want of respect. Believe me, I never put any such construction on your story as you think—"

"Oh, that story!" she broke in. "You mean, I suppose, in plain language, that you acquit me of having *intentionally* proclaimed the state of my young affections to you therein, with a view to producing the present result. That is really quite high-minded in you. But why do you lay the whole responsibility on the story? Do you pretend that it did more than ripen suspicion into certainty?"

Her tone and manner were of a sort hard to stand—contemptuous; I never knew before what it was like to be addressed contemptuously—and I was terribly in love with the girl. It brought the blood to my face; yet I suspected her of partly shamming.

"My dear girl," I said, "I had not a thought disrespectful to you. When a man offers his love to a girl, he has usually had some reason to believe it acceptable, beforehand."

"You had no *reason*," she said, still contemptuously. "You had some *excuse*—at least what might serve as excuse to a man predisposed to suppose a girl in love with him. You were mistaken. I think there is no need of continuing the subject nor our acquaintance. I wish you good-day, Mr. Boscawen."

She was actually leaving the room, and it penetrated my conceit by that time that she was in earnest, and not merely trying to reinstate her dignity.

"Stop, Miss Tessenam," I said, and I felt my voice thicken in my throat. "I am not the coxcomb you would make me. I am very much in earnest, and you have no right to deny me an explanation."

She turned in the door, full of wrath and scorn, and more than pretty.

"You mean proof, I suppose," she said. "I might have known it would require proof to convince you I was not in love with you. Fortunately, I am able to supply it."

She walked straight on out of the room, and as something more seemed coming, I tramped around over the tawdry carpet till she came back, in about five minutes. She had in her hand a package of letters.

"I wrote to my boy to send me back one of my letters which contained some dates and other memoranda I needed; and he, boy-like, unable to find the right one at once, tied up all my letters of the last year, and sent them to me by a friend who was coming out here." She was rapidly sorting out several envelopes from the rest, and held them out to me.

"If you suspect forgery," she said, smiling in an unflattering way, "let me refer you to the post-marks—I am told they are very difficult to forge."

She turned away, leaned nonchalantly against the window-frame, and looked down into the street. I sat down, began at the beginning, and read straight through the letters she had given me. I have them before me now; and since they are calculated to make any man wince, I propose to copy every word of them for you. Here they are:

"San Francisco, January 13th, 1882.

"Dear Harry:

"By all means decline that or any other offer of employment. I *will not* have my theories invaded, and one of them is that a man in college should have his time undivided for study. Besides, these things make a social difference where you are, and there is no use flying in the face of a prejudiced old society; while anonymous newspaper work, story-writing, or private pupils, cannot possibly hurt me here. When you are once through your studies you may turn over the patrimonial income to me for an equal term of years, and supplement it, if you like; meanwhile, it doesn't hurt me in the least to take *my* turn at doing that same. I am meditating a considerable addition to the income at one blow. I have just written a story which is my '*cheff doover*,' and I have a private conviction that the editor of the 'Continental' will accept it. I would if I were he. I didn't sign my truly name—which was a weakness on my part, for the old name need not be afraid of an honorable publicity; but I *do not* like to see my name in print.

"Oh, Hal, I did have such a struggle to name my hero just right in this story! I have hitherto named them as it came handy; but I wanted just exactly a certain flavor in this name—neither commonplace, nor grotesque, nor fine; neither Henry Taylor, nor Zimri Hoey, nor Eugene Arundel. There I sat on the floor, studying the 'births, deaths, and marriages' that I have clipped out and accumulated in my bottom drawer for just such purposes. At last a 'Boscawen' struck the chord in me that is devoted to our Welsh ancestry. Another search, this time through one of your Harvard catalogues, suggested that Everett might *do* for a prefix. It is not just the thing, but I like to put together names that will not by any chance find themselves together in real life. Boscawens there be, and Everetts there be, but no such Boston-Wales team as Everett Boscawen.

"Don't get moonstruck, nor lightning-struck, nor anything. And, Harry, sign your name in full, for the convenience of the Dead Letter clerks. *Never* shall I forget my feelings when a letter with the triangular blue mark, addressed 'Teddy, 599 Payne St., San Francisco, Cal.,' was handed me by the grinning postman. Since when, I remain consistently,

"Theodora Tessenam."

"San Francisco, March 8th.

"My Dear Boy:

"The editor of the 'Continental' is a man of literary taste, and I am not merely richer than yesterday, but invited to try it again. 'Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer by this sun of' New York. (No, my dear, restrain the pun; I happen to know that the editor is *not* a son of New York, but was born in Vermont.) My regular letter to you went by this morning's mail; this is just a postscript to report the note from the 'Continental,' received just now; so I am, in haste, yours,

"Theodora Tessenam."

"At Mr. Eldon's, August 14th.

"My Dear Harry:

"You will see by the date that I am visiting Carrie Hill—she keeps house for her uncle now, you remember. Carrie is one of the loveliest women in the world when you know her well, but the dear girl is *not* especially bright, and it is unfortunate that she has a special desire for literary society. She does get together the drollest collections of village aspirants, and city Bohemians, and really charming people. The day after I came, she had such an assemblage. There was a Boston gentleman boarding at the Thompsons'—weak lungs—and they brought the poor soul over. He evidently regarded it as a typical California affair.

"There was one very curious thing about him. Do you remember about my 'Continental' story, and my hero, Everett Boscawen? Well, this fellow's name is Boscawen. Moreover, he answers not badly to my description of *my* Boscawen. He doesn't look in the least like my *idea*, you understand, but my *expression* of the idea will apply about equally to both the Mr. B's. That is, they are both dark—not in the glittering, black way of dime novel heroes, but in a mild, mellow fashion; hair a soft black, or brown 'on the black,' and very dark gray eyes. Good, slim, strong figure, well carried—the Apollo type, you know, rather than either the Antinoüs or the Hercules. Now *this* Mr. B. (don't know his first name—call him Ferguson), Mr. Ferguson B. is a little stiff, a little too perfect in bearing, manners, looks, everything. He doesn't speak to you a shade too familiarly nor too distantly; he is not self-conscious nor self-unconscious. Yet his manners could be described in almost the same words as Everett B's. Of this I am certain: Ferguson B. would never, *never* be willing to make himself ridiculous, while Everett B. would, if it were necessary in a good cause.

"He evidently scorned California, climate and people and all. I made him admire the view from the back porch, and he talked very 'cleverly' about that and other things (said that it was like everything in California, in substituting for fineness and finish a certain bold lavishness of effect. "For instance, the sole elements of this view are breadth of distance and atmospheric effect. In New England, we should have that thirty miles filled with hill and valley and varied woodland"—which I should say was fair criticism). He was just a bit condescending; his manner to me would have been perfect, if I had been an ignorant backwoods girl, whom he was compelled, for the time, to meet as an equal.

"Just find out about his family, if it comes convenient, Harry. He evidently comes of nice people, but he's awfully narrow. Has some English airs, too.

"I will write again tomorrow and talk of other things, for Mr. Ferguson Boscawen has taken too much of this letter. Good night, my boy.

"Theodora Tessenam."

"August 24th.

"Oh, Harry, my boy, I wish you were here, for I am in mischief, and you might share the fun. It is that Ferguson Boscawen who led me into it. I met him again, and was left alone with him. The most bored look came over his face, politely suppressed at once, and he said, graciously,

"'Mrs. Thompson tells me you are quite a literary character.'

"I looked at him. There was not a trace of sneer in voice or face. He thought I was such a little idiot that I would take the remark as a compliment, while he himself would know it to be a sneer. 'You poor, unsophisticated little Californian,' it meant, 'I will not undeceive you as to the true value of your attempts at literature.'

"'All right, sir,' thought I, 'if you like that, I can stand it as long as you can'; and I assumed the most innocent face, and answered as nearly as I could in the character he assigned me. He took it in good faith, so I ventured farther and farther, and he swallowed it all. I told him the awfullest lot of lies—that I was bred in a miners' camp. and began literature with barns and fire-fiends; and I said 'culture' reverentially. Once I let a Latin phrase slip, and thought I had given myself away; but I told him I found it in the dictionary, and, do you know, the man believed me, though there was an oblique case in it that couldn't possibly have been in any dictionary form of the phrase! Before I left the house he had promised (I confess I fished for it) to give me a course of instruction to improve my mind. I expect to enjoy it immensely, for it will be exciting to see how far the immaculate Ferguson B. will make himself ridiculous. If flirting was in my line, it would be an excellent chance; but it isn't. I detest this getting into *personal* relations with men, and I think there's a defect of good taste in every girl that does it; and if sometimes I feel tempted to step in and show bunglers at that game how to do it (for I've the making of an expert in me), I know enough of the after disgust to refrain. But *this* is just the thing: our relations shall be purely intellectual, and I can have the excitement of experimenting in human nature, without the objectionable elements of flirtation. He is interesting and well-bred, or the joke would be too stupid to fash mysel' wi'. I won't ever let him know, for I don't care to mortify him—he hasn't been horrid enough to deserve that, you know; only just horrid enough to deserve a little strictly private guying him on my part. Nobody but you shall know; and so, good night.

"Theodora Tessenam."

"December 14th.

"O my Harry, I'm afraid your unlucky Ted has got herself into a dreadful, dreadful scrape, and it's all along o' that horrid Mr. Ferguson Boscawen. Harry, dear, he isn't Ferguson at all! and what do you think he *is?* Guess the very worst thing you can, and you'll be right.

"He was showing me a book, and I was pretending I had never heard of it, and turning the leaves over while I half listened to his exposition of it, when I chanced to catch sight of his name on the title-page, and it made me jump as if it had been yelled at my ear.

"Harry (brace yourself) — Harry— *his name is*—Everett Boscawen!!

"'Can such things be and overcome us, &c.?' I suppose the chance of *my* Everett Boscawen being duplicated was about one in thirty-nine billion; and there I've struck that one chance! I might have known that where there was as much as one chance in thirty-nine billion of getting into a scrape, I should certainly, with unerring aim, hit it!

"I wrote at once to the magazine, asking to be allowed to see my proof again (they've got the thing into type, and sent me proof a month ago; but that's no sign they are going to print it within a year), and I shall change the name. But *if* my note should be too late! I thought of telegraphing, but considering that they probably have no intention of printing it soon, that would be foolish.

"I could do this: I could just say to him: 'I happened to see your full name the other day, Mr. Boscawen, and was much surprised to find—' and then tell him the whole thing.

"But I couldn't make him believe that I had never seen his name before, for he has lent me books innumerable. But, you see, I have always tossed his Matthew Arnold, or Spencer, or George Eliot, or Turgénief, into a corner, let them stay there long enough to give plausibility to the theory that I was reading them for the first time, then brushed up my acquaintance with the authors in my own books, and taken his back to him.

"Besides, I don't want him to know what I write: this story would give me away as to having known nothing before his advent. Anyway, he wouldn't believe me. He thinks I have a most reverent admiration for him, and he would certainly believe that I had written the story to celebrate him, and then disavowed it. And if worst comes to worst, it isn't signed with my name. But if it *should* come out uncorrected, and he should see it, and I should find that Carrie had let slip my signature, I should just fold my tent like the Arab, with a bigger body of Arabs on the war-path visible on the horizon. There would be no mortal use in explanations, and I should just run.

"Meantime, I really enjoy him, for all his shadow of snobbishness, he is so intelligent and gentlemanly. He would be a very good fellow if he were not so crammed with notions, and false, narrow views of life and society. I don't know but the worst of him is, he hasn't a proper sense of humor. He takes himself so awfully seriously; is so afraid of not being just right and entirely dignified and admirable. But one can see there is something peculiarly, punctiliously honorable and high-minded and cleanly about him, and he is thoroughly kind, too. I should be ashamed of making a guy of him if I had begun it. But I have only followed his lead—acted out his ideas.

"Thank you for the information about his family and reputation. I knew they must be irreproachable. But don't get acquainted with the cousin: he would find out your connections there, and might chance to let this man know, and I don't want him to know the fluid in my veins runs as blue as his own.

"Good night, Harry, from your scared, but not yet penitent sister,

"THEODORA TESSENAM."

I don't suppose, Boscawen, I could make you realize the view of myself with which I folded up those letters. It made a difference, of course, that I was so profoundly and irretrievably in love with the girl. She turned from the window when she heard me rise from my chair. I did not shirk meeting her eyes. I hated myself too much for that; I almost felt that I could shake hands with her over her opinion of the fellow.

"I will wish you good-day, Miss Tessenam," I said.

"My letters, please," she said.

"They are in my pocket. I am going to keep them, Miss Tessenam."

She looked at me keenly. What she could *not* guess was that even stinging words in that particular trim, frank handwriting had a value to me; but of the other half of my two-fold object in keeping the letters, she seemed to divine something.

"As you please," she said, more gently.

I moved to the door, and she followed with cool civility. At the door I stopped, and made some motion to offer my hand. She stepped back a little and bowed.

I could not go so, for my very soul cried out for her. "Miss Tessenam," I said, "if some time in the future I should be able to come back to you with some title to your respect—"

She broke in impatiently.

"*Don't*, Mr. Boscawen! I can't endure to have any sentimental conversation with you. I beg you to leave anything of that sort unsaid."

I—lifted my hat and walked off; and left there the only thing I seriously care for in this world.

But don't imagine that is the end of it. The end will be when the end of me comes. I have no more intention of giving her up than of giving up my life. I imagined once it was a fine thing to be in love with a sweet-voiced English girl. The whole affair was half-affectation, and I resigned her easily enough to a title. *This* affair breaks sharp off all my old life and begins a new one. I am going to go to work; and it will be something hard and useful, and—mark you, Boscawen—something that is uncompromisingly bad form, according to our old codes and formulas. Yours, as you choose,

EVERETT BOSCAWEN.

Miss Theodora Tessenam writes from San Francisco to her brother, Harold Tessenam, at Harvard College.

June 2d, 1884.

DEAR HARRY:

I have a curious story to tell you—one that has caused me some embarrassment. I went out to Berkeley this Commencement, and saw some of your old High School boys among the students, and several of my cotemporaries among the younger alumni. Will Camden, who has been out a year or two now, came and sat in front of me in alumni meeting, and turned round in his chair and chatted during the interstices. Camden always was an enthusiastic sort of a fellow, and managed to get through college without learning to be ashamed to confess enthusiasm; so pretty soon he began:

"By the way, Miss Tessenam, I'm expecting a friend whom I'm very anxious to introduce to you. He's a magnificent fellow; grandest man I ever knew. If I were a few years younger I should get up a perfect hero-worship for him. He's a finely educated man, of good family, still young, not many years older than I, and has a comfortable property; yet he has been, this last year, teaching a country school in my county, purely because he says he wanted to have a hand in the real, genuine work of civilization. And, Miss Tessenam, you can't think what a power that man has been in our neighborhood! He has made our rough farmers and wild boys *believe* in education, and, what is more, in fineness, and high-mindedness, and gentleness. I tell you, sir," he exclaimed, sacrificing accuracy of address to emphasis, "I tell you, sir, it was something fine to see that man going about among us, so superior to us all, and yet so free from airs of superiority, so high-bred, and yet so simple and grand. It made me ashamed to think how little good *my* education, that my old father worked so hard for, has done to my community."

"That *is* fine!" I said enthusiastically. "I shall be delighted to know him. What is his name?"

"Boscawen," said he; "Everett Boscawen."

You are prepared for it, by the connection; but I wasn't, and I positively *jumped.* Camden had turned his head, for a speaker was beginning, so he didn't see. But wasn't it a *fix,* Harry! I couldn't meet the man, and I couldn't confess to having anything against him by refusing to meet him.

A friend in the gallery gave me an excuse to leave my place at the end of the address. I had barely taken my seat in the gallery, when I saw my deserted seat occupied by *him.* Camden jumped up and greeted him with rapture. I could not resist staring at him; and I am so unconscionably far-sighted that I could see him quite well. And, Harry, in spite of my old grudge against him —I had to admit that his expression *was* noble. Something had gone out of him—an indefinable something, too subtle to be called stiffness or self-consciousness. I should have to describe his air in almost the same words that I should have used before; but he looked this time as if he *would* be willing to make himself ridiculous, if it seemed right and necessary.

His face drew my eyes back and back to it. There was something in it that grew on me: it seemed almost like endurance and courage, the look of a man who has a trouble and a purpose that has taken the nonsense out of him.

Going out, just as I hoped I had escaped, the crowd swept us together, shoulder to shoulder. He must have seen me first, for when I discovered who was at my elbow, he was already gazing at me, with quite a serene air. So it was I who blushed and looked confused. He bowed at once, very nicely—pleasantly, but not eagerly; gravely, but not severely. He didn't offer his hand, nor I mine.

"Good-day, Miss Tessenam," he said pleasantly. "I'm glad to meet you."

I suppose that was really the best way—to acknowledge the broad general fact of acquaintance, and ignore all the details thereof. I said "How do you do, Mr. Boscawen,"and then walked out dumbly at his side. I was going directly to the train, and he walked on down the road beside me. I asked about his lungs, and he said they were all sound again; and then he talked about the Commencement, as if we had been pleasant acquaintances—a little gravely, but in a very kindly way. You know that I told you that of old I should have thought him almost the pleasantest company I ever knew, but for the touch of snobbishness and condescension. There was not a bit of that now. Fancy Mr. Everett Boscawen commenting on a California Commencement without sneer or snub! He was as friendly and appreciative in his criticisms as the best friends of the college could ask.

He stayed with me all the way to the boat; there some friends joined me, and he lifted his hat and walked off.

I feel quite upset at his reappearance. I had piously hoped he was underground. He recalls a freak I am considerably ashamed of now, and a decidedly mortifying encounter I had with him before I was through with it. His turning out so well makes my behavior look worse: an *ex post facto* condemnation of my judgment.

You know, Harry, to be really square, he had about as much to complain of as I did in that affair. If he had chosen to take it so, he might have turned on me and been very justly indignant over having been deliberately fooled, instead of pocketing my letters and going off as meek as Moses, taking all the blame to himself. For it *was* a rowdy thing to do in the first place, to deliberately play the game I did on him; and it was an awfully mean thing to show him all those letters. The first one would have fully sufficed. But I was angry enough at the moment, and I meant to trample on him. Afterward, the face he had after reading them, and when he went away—with them in his pocket—kind o' worked on me.

He is to be in San Francisco some months, and asked if he might call; so I shall have to worry through the embarassment as best I can.

Your beginning-to-be-penitent sister,
THEODORA TESSENAM.

November 15th, 1884.

MY DEAR BOY:

You ask why you hear no more of Mr. Boscawen. Well, you shall hear enough now:

I have been feeling rather sore about him, Harry. He has been, all summer and fall, just grave and pleasant, and not cordial, till my guilty conscience began to torment me with a suspicion that he must have a very bad opinion of me. (He had a right to, in all conscience.) I saw him quite often, and I had to admire him. All the time he never offered me his hand. I liked him better all the time, and I got fairly unhappy over his grave, distant manner. This evening he called, but rose to go quite early. I determined to solve the hand question; so when I opened the door, I put mine out quite pointedly. He took it promptly, and a queer sort of look went over his face.

"So you will give me your hand now, Miss Tessenam?" he said seriously.

"Why not?" I said carelessly.

"Once you would not—at this very door."

"Once I was very much out of temper," I said—laughing at the grotesque situation of that day, and yet coloring because I was ashamed of it.

"May I come back and prolong my call?"

I cheerfully took him back to the parlor, but panic was in my heart, for that old scene was not a comfortable thing to talk over. We were both chilled with the few minutes at the door, so I drew a chair for him before the stove and sat down in another—in that horrid, shabby room, you know. He did not sit down, but stood with his hand on the back of his chair, and he looked awfully handsome, and *good*, too.

"When I went away," he said, "you would not shake hands with me because you had not enough respect for me. You offered me your hand just now. That means you have a better opinion of me, now."

"I wouldn't shake hands because I was angry," I protested, but he thought he knew best, and went on as if I hadn't said anything:

"When I went away, I did not ask your pardon for—insulting you." He brought out the word in a sort of sincere way that made me feel queer—to see him standing there looking so exceedingly gentlemanly, you know, and talking about insulting people. "I did not ask it, because I did not see any possible reason why you *should* pardon me. May I ask it now?"

"Good gracious!" I said, "I brought it on myself, Mr. Boscawen. And you use too strong words about it."

"I ask your pardon," he repeated obstinately, but quite humbly, too. "May I not have it?"

"By all means," I said. "But we shall have to exchange pardons, for you have a longer score against me."

He paid no attention. "When I went away," he said, "you would not even let me ask if I might come back some time. I have come without permission. You have given me your hand, and your pardon. Does that mean that you regard past scores all wiped out, and that I may begin new with a clean slate? Does it mean," he said, his voice getting deeper, "that I am free to ask a woman to marry me, as if all that had never happened?"

I assure you, Harry, my heart went in two directions at once, for I distinctly felt it sinking down like lead, at the same instant that I felt it in my throat. I never had attached the least importance to the sentiment he had talked that other day; but it seemed he meant to be fully released and acquitted of it all, and take a clean scutcheon to the chosen lady. And it made me feel awfully snubbed and deserted. The fact was—and I had had a misgiving of it for some time—I found I was tremendously in love with him.

I got up, too, and put *my* hand on the back of *my* chair. Now that I think of it, we must have looked a little as if we meant to fling the chairs at each other; but I, at least, felt like holding on to something. "Surely, Mr. Boscawen," I said. "What possible reason that you should not?"

He turned and walked once or twice across the room, evidently very much excited; then he came and stood in front of me.

"Is it too presumptous in me," he said, "— is it any use for me *now* to ask you"— well, in short—we became engaged.

Now, mind you, Harry, he is the best man in the world, and I would give a good deal if I had never told you a thing you could remember to the contrary. But who could have foreseen? Anyway, all that past stuff is straight between him and me now. I was by all odds the main sinner; but he—well, it's all right, anyway. And you are to give me all sorts of joy, dear boy, for I am really very happy over it.

Just before he went away, I said:

"Will you give me back my letters *now*, Mr. Boscawen?"

He smiled at me, and said, "Do you think their mission is done?"

"I don't want you to have them," I said, blushing furiously. "Besides, it's sentimental—you meant it for penance."

"But if I am to be emancipated from the fear of being ridiculous, that need not frighten me," he said, laughing. But he took them, after awhile, out of his inside pocket, where he said he always kept them. They looked well-worn, and it made me tingle to think of his reading them over. In fact, to be frank, it made me cry. I burned up every shred of them, and said:

"I'll write you some better ones."

"Perhaps not truer ones," he said.

"A great deal truer," said I. And then he went away, and after a little I came and wrote all this to you, and now I must stop.

There's one thing, Harry: if I could see all that he wrote about me to his cousin (he admits that he wrote to a cousin) perhaps I should find that we were pretty near square, after all. Always your loving sister,

THEODORA TESSENAM.

VICTOR HUGO.

"*Et peut-être en ta terre où brille l'espérance,*
Pur flambeau,
Pour prix de mon exil, tu m'accorderas, France,
Un tombeau."

"AND perhaps in thy land where hope shines, a pure torch, for price of my exile thou wilt grant me, France, a grave." This is the last stanza of a poem that Victor Hugo wrote in Brussels, on the 31st of August, 1870, at which date he returned to France, after an exile of eighteen years. On Monday, June 8th, 1885, France accomplished the wish of her Poet, by opening to him the Pantheon, as his last resting-place, whither he was attended by a mourning procession of more than one million people, from all parts of France and the civilized world.

Literature, like science, has its commonplace formulas of inquiry. Any one who begins to speak of a celebrated man is immediately addressed with such introductory questions as these: Did you see him? Did you know him? What are your impressions of him? Though I have seen Victor Hugo, I must acknowledge that my impressions of him, at least, from having met him, are quite inconsiderable. Victor Hugo was not a great talker, except with intimate friends, and he gave to reporters no favorable audience. "To the public," he used to say, "I give my ideas, not myself." I remember only one circumstance worth mention. It was in 1873 or 1874, in a large company of gentlemen, few ladies being present, that conversation glanced upon the great subject of a future life. Victor Schœlcher, who has since taken a prominent part in French politics, observed:

"Some persons pretend to feel in their souls an irresistible longing for another life, from which, as from a reliable promise, they infer such a life to be a reality. I do not feel anything of the kind, and am perfectly satisfied with this lower world."

"My friend," Victor Hugo answered, "I believe you; but do you not know that there are different kinds of worms? Some of them are silk-worms, and spend their terrestrial life in weaving a cocoon, from which silken grave they emerge transformed into brilliant butterflies; while common worms —Well, you are satisfied with creeping on the earth; I am not, and I weave my cocoon. Let, then, everybody be served according to his own wishes, and with reference to the fact of his having spun a cocoon or not."

These few words, which I gather from a remembrance eleven or twelve years old, are not certainly very remarkable. But these and many other ideas on the same subject were expressed with a gentle, delicate irony hardly to be expected from the Poet of *Châtiments*. On that occasion I think I had my first real glimpse of the man who was to teach *L'art d'être Grand-père.*

But no casual allusions of this kind can teach to us Victor Hugo in the fullness of his genius. This literary Titan has just left ten volumes of manuscripts, after giving to the world during his life so many celebrated novels, political speeches, and volumes of literary and philosophical miscellany. Of far greater worth than his prose are his poetic lines, more than one hundred thousand in number, very few of which are destined to be erased by Time. He never wrote a line for money or other unworthy purpose. He was thus more fortunate than Alexandre Dumas *père*, from whom his creditors extorted so much that is unworthy of him. Lamartine also, like Dumas *père*, after wasting several fortunes, was reduced to deal in watered prose, and "to change his lyre into a *tire-lire*" (money-box).

This will not be a regular criticism. My only wish is to make Victor Hugo understood, and to increase the desire of my readers to read our poet in his own language rather than in translations — "*Traduttore, Traditore.*"

Victor Hugo was an *enfant prodige*, one of those wonderful children, most of whom become mere failures, as if Nature had not the power to fulfil an extravagant promise. Yet Nature sometimes surpasses herself to honor human-kind with a Pascal. When twelve years old, without teachers or books, Pascal discovered by himself the first elements of geometry. At the age of fifteen he ranked among the first mathematicians of his age, and died at thirty-seven, killed mentally and bodily by thought, and leaving a literary, philosophical, and scientific work which Chateaubriand pronounced to be that of an awful genius. Victor Hugo, also, before his sixteenth year, wrote a very remarkable poem, the most remarkable written on a subject proposed by the French Academy in the year 1816. It was his wish from that time to be a Chateaubriand or nobody. He composed, while still a school-boy, and between two games of prisoner's base, a novel entitled "Bug-Jargal," worthy of a place in the collection of his books. At his graduation, at the age of sixteen years, he received three medals from the *Académie des Jeux Floraux* of Toulouse. The President of the Academy, M. Alex. Soumet, himself a distinguished poet, addressed to Victor Hugo the following letter:

> "Since we have received your poems, every one speaks only of your beautiful talent and of the great hopes which you give to our literature. If the Academy coincide with my opinion, there will not be crowns enough to reward the merits of the two brothers [Victor Hugo and his brother Eugene]. Your seventeen years find with us only admirers, I should say skeptics. You are to us an enigma, which the Muses alone are able to solve."

This *enfant sublime*—as Chateaubriand, who then dominated French literature, called him—began, as early as 1820, when eighteen years old, to issue those immortal Odes which are still considered his best work by some critics. The resemblance between Hugo and Pascal happily stopped at the limits of youth. Our poet was made strong enough to bear, uninjured and to old age, the weight of his genius. He became greater every year, and advanced farther toward the summit of fame, keeping to the last all the resources of his mind. His brother Eugene, on the contrary, his rival in the Academy of Toulouse, had hardly arrived at his twentieth year, when he was confined in a *maison de santé*, where he soon died, having never recovered his reason.

From the influence of his mother, a decided partisan of the educational system supported by Rousseau, and also from circumstances that carried him, still a child, successively throughout Italy, France, and Spain, Victor Hugo's education was of a rather peculiar sort. At eight years of age he was reading Tacitus with General Lahorie, an old soldier, probably more familiar with battlefields than classics. In his tenth year he studied Spanish, and went to Madrid, where his father, General Hugo, had gained a high position. Here he entered a Spanish school and the following year, 1812, returned to Paris, with no increase of classical knowledge, I should say, but with his imagination full of the brilliant sunlight, the picturesque mountains, the strange palaces and churches, the original pictures, the barbarous superstitions, and the heroism of Spain. All of these impressions were forever engraved upon his extraordinary mental and visual memory. Classics were then begun again, but the school-room was a garden. According to Madame Hugo's ideas, Nature was the book to read first of all, and plants and children can develop harmoniously only in perfect freedom.

As to religious matters, Victor and his brothers never had any connection with any church, and received no Christian instruction. They never went to a Catholic or Protestant place of worship. They were allowed to read any kind of books, good or bad, moral or immoral, being let loose in the library, as in the garden, with perfect freedom and no more suggestions than prohibitions. Rousseau, Voltaire, Diderot, prose and poetry, historical and philosophical writings —all the works of the eighteenth century went through their young brains. There was never anything more the reverse of common rules than Victor Hugo's education.

I really doubt if he was much of a Latin scholar, or able to write good Latin prose. Yet he seems at the early age of twelve years to have been reading at sight most of the authors of a collegiate course.

As General Hugo did not at all share the ideas of his wife in educational matters, he desired Victor, when thirteen years old, to enter a school preparatory to the celebrated Ecole Polytechnique, but it was too late for a change. Instead of solving equations or studying geometrical theorems, the free pupil, after Jean Jacques Rousseau, began to write verses—his first verses with no rhyme nor rhythm, no cæsura, it is true, for he was never taught anything by anybody. He would read to himself his queer lines, changing again and again as long as his ear might feel offended, until he happened to strike the right words and measure. And so, through a succession of attempts, burning sheet after sheet, and yet recommencing new ones, this literary Robinson Crusoe learned by himself the technical part of versification. He was thus prepared to become the great reformer of the French rhythm and metre, as he was to accomplish, perhaps from his very lack of regular classical studies, that still greater reform of our literature, historically known as *Romantisme*. No wonder that such a man, accustomed as he had been since his early childhood to trust but himself and admit no other guide than his own judgment, and gifted with so powerful a genius, should reject so much of the past, and create in his country nothing less than a new literature.

Immediately after the publication of his first volume of lyric poems, Victor Hugo took place in the literary world by the side of Lamartine, but did not as yet appear the man he was to be. Scarcely can we trace in these early productions some faint marks of the thinker, fewer still of the patriot who afterwards, either from research or the perspicacity of devotion, understood so clearly and so extensively the historical destinies of France. No traces whatever are revealed to us of the seer who will write years after the *Légendes des Siècles*. A remarkable poet, without doubt, he sings with harmonious voice; but in that singing there is too little of his own personality and too much of his mother's.

She was one of those strange, though frequent, combinations of a royalist "Vendéenne," and an infidel disciple of Voltaire. Her early influence must have been present to her son's mind, when, forty years after, he describes, in "Les Misérables," the character of the grandfather of Marius. General Hugo, who differed widely from his wife in political opinions, used to say about Victor's excessive royalism: "Let it go; children think with their mother and men with their father."

In fact, a change had already begun in his religious, if not in his political, views. After reading Chauteaubriand's *Atala* and *Génie du Christianisme*, young Hugo had renounced Voltaire's sterile negations, with the materialistic doctrines of the eighteenth century. By degrees, Roman Catholic beliefs, blended with admiration of old cathedrals and of grand Biblical metaphors, took possession of this poetical mind, and effected a primary and important change, which has apparently been too much overlooked by critics, although it merits their full attention. Do not imagine him a semi-convert merely, for he went so far as to adopt a regular confessor. The man of his choice was the celebrated Abbé de Lamennais, a deep thinker, and a writer of the first order. It would be interesting to know to what extent the penitent was morally influenced by the confessor, who was a Breton, as Hugo was himself on his mother's side; how long Hugo went to confession and complied with Catholic rules. It is certain that the association lasted long, and that both the confessor and the penitent sustained publicly for many years the most intimate relations. More recently, in 1832, after the Roman court had pronounced his expulsion from the Church for liberalism, Lamennais lapsed into pantheism, while Hugo, who had abandoned confession and church several years before, retained to his last days the essential principle of Christianity, viz., a firm belief in God and in immortality. This belief, with the desire of political freedom, inspired all his poetry, and he never ceases speaking of the grave as Hernani speaks of it:

> "C'est un prolongement sublime que la tombe,
> On y monte, étonné d'avoir cru qu'on y tombe."

"How sublime a continuation is the grave! we rise thither, amazed to have believed we should descend."

In 1874, at the tomb of Madame Paul Meurice, he solemnly professed adherence to his faith, before an audience composed almost exclusively of atheists:

"Death is a second entrance into more light. May the eternal mind welcome the immortal one in the abode on high! Life is the great problem, and death its solution. The grave is not empty darkness, but a passage to boundless splendor. When a man, so to speak, does not exist any more here below" (he was seventy-two years old), "and all his ambitions culminate in death, he has a right to hail, far away in the infinite, across the sublime and awful glare of the sepulchre, this immense sun—God!"

Many persons mistake Victor Hugo for an atheist, on the ground of his hatred against the Roman priesthood. But the distinction between two things so widely different, he himself made on another occasion, again speaking over a grave, that of a companion of his exile: "Men of democracy know the human soul to have a double destiny, and their self abnegation in this life shows their deep-rooted hopes in another, . . . Our faith in this grand and mysterious future can support even such a heart-rending spectacle as is exhibited by the Catholic priesthood, who enslaved themselves to the man of December [Napoleon III]. Popery, in this very moment, does terrify human conscience. . . . Those priests, who, for money, palaces, mitres, and crooks, do bless and exalt perjury, murder, and treason; those temples resounding with hymns, in honor of Crime elevated to a throne—those temples, I say, those priests, might ruin the most firm convictions, the most profound ones, if we did not see, far above the Church, heaven, and far above the priest, God."

So it must be understood that the hatred of Victor Hugo against the Roman church is political, not religious. If he assailed priests, as he did magistrates and the army, it was only because they played an active part in the Coup d'Etat.

His contempt of bourgeois or of peasants was solely due to their approval of a sovereignty which represented to his eyes all shame, ignorance, and immorality. Nobody, indeed, was spared by his poetical indignation, not even the City of Paris, the greatest pride of his life. On a certain night of September, 1855, from his rock of Jersey, while gazing on the light-house of St. Malo, face to face with France, he composed an eloquent appeal to the people of Paris: "*A ceux qui dorment*"—"To those that sleep"; concluding:

> "Si dans ce cloaque on demeure,
> Si cela dure encore un jour,
> Si cela dure encore une heure,
> Je brise clairon et tambour,
> Je flétris ces pusillanimes;
> O vieux peuple des jours sublimes,
> Géants, à qui nous les mêlions,
> Je les laisse trembler leurs fièvres,
> Et je declare que ces lièvres,
> Ne sont pas vos fils, ô lions!"

The "Coup d'Etat" was a turning point in the life of Victor Hugo: "Be ye cursed," he exclaims: "*D'emplir de haine un cœur qui déborde d'amour!*"—"for filling with hate a heart that overflows with love." Until the 2d of December, 1851 — fatal date — not a line, not a single word, was ever uttered or written by him hostile to religion or to priests. Even since that epoch, did he hear of a priest who had sealed his devotion to the gospel by his blood, Hugo would celebrate the martyr with a vehemence of admiration, unsurpassed by the energy of his bursts of indignation. Thus, number eight, first book, *Les Châtiments*:

> "O, saint prêtre! grande âme! Oh! je tombe à genoux," etc.

In 1870, after the fall of Napoleon, if the French church had joined with republican France, instead of losing their popularity in foolish attempts for an impossible restoration, without doubt Victor Hugo could have been thoroughly reconciled to the church, and, perhaps, as his death approached, if not seen kneeling as formerly with Lamennais, he would have been heard conversing "with Monseigneur Bienvenu," of the great future.

In the days of the Coup d'Etat and of his subsequent exile, began the period of the full development and grandest works of our greatest poet.

"What shall we do?" he asked his sons Charles and F. V. Hugo, on their leaving France for Jersey.

"I will translate Shakspere," was F. V.'s answer. (This he did, and gave us our best translation of the greatest poet of England.)

"As for me," said Hugo, "I will gaze on the ocean"; and the ocean, in its turn, seemed to reflect itself in his poetry in deep and boundless metaphors.

From that moment, also, he is no more an artist, in exclusive pursuit of "art for art's sake." The social and political future of France and of all nations will absorb him so entirely that it would be senseless to draw in his works a dividing line between politics and poetry. It does not matter whether you call his verses poetical politics, or political poetry. The two elements can no more be separated than mind and body in human nature, and form a whole in which the style derives all its beauty from political and philosophical inspiration. Victor Hugo is the man who, face to face with the empire, almost alone, during eighteen years, with his avenging verse and inexorable prose, fought and finally overthrew that other man, Napoleon, who had stolen France, conquered Russia, formed alliance with England, weakened Austria, liberated Italy, and for a score of years dazzled Europe and America. Victor Hugo is that poet, or he is of no worth at all in literature and politics.

There are several kinds of persons devoted to politics. The most common, though not the highest in rank, are the politicians of their time and of their country, absorbed entirely with present issues and national interests, and even when endowed with genius, thoroughly unconscious of the ultimate solution of the problem whose factors they are combining. Has the great German statesman ever looked beyond the interests of his country or his caste? He has succeeded marvelously well, and nowadays Germany is ruled according to the most aristocratic and despotic principles. She is a formidable military power, and the greatest obstacle to universal peace that has ever existed So was France in the hands of Richelieu (I do not speak of Napoleon I.—a passing hurricane.) Richelieu was followed by Madame de Maintenon and Madame de Pompadour, and his work went to pieces. So will it be with Bismarck's—*dura lex*, *sed lex*. Above the politicians we place the thinkers, either philosophers or poets, mere dreamers in the judgment of many, who devote their efforts to the advancement of mankind, and for whom civilization rests upon moral foundations. There is also a scientific school, whose most illustrious representative is Herbert Spencer, but this school seems to incline toward materialistic conceptions.

Victor Hugo is assuredly not a politician of the order of Bismarck or Richelieu; never did he seek the reputation of a practical man, nor take place in a cabinet. He desired to be a *deputé* or *sénateur*, only to ascend the tribune, and thus gain a higher ground of vantage for his ideal. No more is he a scientist.

> "Le penseur est croyant, le savant est athée."

"The thinker is a believer, the scientist is an atheist."

"I know," he said, "that philosophers advance rapidly, while statesmen advance slowly; the latter, nevertheless, must in the end join the former. If a timely union is effected, progress is established and revolutions are avoided. But if this coöperation is too long delayed, then danger arises. It is urgent that legislators consult with thinkers, that politicians, so often superficial, take into account the profound meditations of writers, and that those who make laws, obey those who make morals."

His voice, the voice of the people, a singing voice, like the chorus of ancient tragedy, while denouncing abuses, requests and summons statesmen to find and apply practical remedies.

Justice and truth, that is to say, anything just and true, must, sooner or later, arrive at actual embodiment. Such is the fundamental dogma of his political creed, and the supreme rule for the solution of international as well as social problems. "We shall have the United States of Europe supervening upon the old world, as the new one has culminated in those great United States of America. . . . To unite all European nations into a large family, to liberate commerce impeded by frontiers, and industry paralyzed by prohibitions, to emancipate labor enslaved by luxury, land crushed by taxes, thought silenced by despotism, conscience fettered by dogma."

We see from these citations what are some of those objects that he had in view in calling into existence true and just principles of action. A firm idealist, he constantly opposed the doctrines of those writers to whom men are mere bodies, and whose politics concentrates in the development of wealth, without moral, artistic, or intellectual aims.

When Darwin's conception is applied to public and international relations, how cruel and unnatural it appears, as compared with so great an Ideal! Struggle for life, survival of the fittest, every one for himself, indulging all selfish instincts, and constructing his own happiness from the unhappiness of others—these are the Darwinistic substitutes for justice and truth. Such principles are based upon real facts, perhaps, but are more suitable to lower animals or to savages than to civilized and Christian nations. Cholera, also, is a reality; so is famine, as well as the barbarity of the Middle Ages. If those scourges have already measurably disappeared, why in like manner should not other obstructive realities disappear, which are equally unacceptable to enlightened minds? All inferior races, it is asserted, shall die to make room for a superior race: or, as Bismarck cynically says, "Force is prior to law." In opposition to such maxims, Victor Hugo believed in an endless perfectibility of all grades of human-kind, not of the highest only. All races must perpetuate and develop themselves by education, because each race represents a special department of human nature, and, to obtain its full evolution and perfect development, not one of its elements, or its special capacity, or its individual energy, can be disregarded with impunity. It is not sufficient, in his eyes, to multiply rich merchants or clever manufacturers, to build numberless miles of railroads, to construct telegraphs, telephones, electric candles, and to secure the endless paraphernalia of luxury: art, literature, poetry, mental and scientific speculations, appear to him more necessary to civilization. Fraternity, far from being an empty word, is the embodiment of a real law, and moral progress precedes and does not follow material progress.

"Chimeras," the wise will say, "mere chimeras. '*Bah! Le Poete, il est dans les nuages*'—the poet, he is in the clouds. Look upon America; there, as the Caucasian, not to say the Saxon, advances, the Indian race is gradually retreating toward complete extinction."

This cannot be denied, and we can reckon upon the eventual disappearance of the few hundred thousand Indians who formerly peopled the vast solitudes of North America. But, on the other hand, can any one, unless he has lost the last vestige of common sense, admit for one moment, from the phenomenon of Indian decay, a world-wide generalization that inferior races succumb before the higher, according to the doctrines of Darwin? Consider other races vastly more numerous and tenacious, and so extensively prolific, in spite of their supposed inferiority. Turn to China or to India. Count their inhabitants. Regard, also, the Irish Celts, so despised by Saxons and Germans, the Celt-Latins of France and of Southern Europe, the Slavonians, who spread all over the east and the north, as well as the Spanish half-breeds extending from Mexico to Cape Horn. Can any one really believe in their coming disappearance before an advancing superior race? If the survival of the fittest, as understood by many, is a law of human life, we should expect a *Chinafication* of the world. Such must be the conclusion after a serious consideration of the facts.

But, after all, is not Victor Hugo of the same school as Darwinistic philosophers? Does he not attribute to Latins, and, first of all, to the French, this same superiority, which he refuses to recognize among Germans or Saxons? No one who reads his works carefully will come to such a conclusion. Victor Hugo had too broad a mind to adopt so narrow views of human destiny. Certainly, he loved France more than any other country in the world, and frequently dwells with some complacency upon her leading *rôle* in the advancement of modern civilization. But Germans, as all men know, contemplate very generally the future Germanization of the world; and Englishmen, gazing on their vast Empire, draw similar inferences for their own tongue, as if their language were already spoken from one pole to the other—in Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to Alexandria, throughout the Soudan and Congo; in Asia, from India through Afghanistan to Constantinople; and in America, from the extreme north to Cape Horn. Victor Hugo never indulged such extravagant dreams, or thought of Frenchifying our planet. "Will there be several languages in the thirtieth century of our era? and if but one language, which one?"—he neither proposes nor answers such a question. There is an English, a German, and a French civilization, and their concurrence is to produce a result greater than its elementary components: United-Civilizations and United-States, nothing more.

Whenever Victor Hugo speaks of America, he sees her as a great example set to Europe. In an address to the Parisian delegates who were sent to the Philadelphia exhibition, he said: "The future of the world is clear from this moment, and you are to outline this superb reality, which another century will fulfil, the embrace of the United States of America by the United States of Europe."

The obstacles which oppose his hope, the Americanization of Europe, do not escape his eyes: "In the middle of the continent, Germany stands armed to the teeth, an unceasing threat to peace, the last effort of the mediæval spirit. Everything that was done (1870) must be undone. Between the great future and us there is a fatal obstacle. Peace is perceptible only after a collision and an inexorable struggle. Alas! Whatever the future may promise, the present has no realization of peace."

If we compare, for instance, Europe in the eleventh century with America in the nineteenth, and realize what an immense distance extends between them, and how easily that distance has been traversed and overcome, we may clearly understand that none of the expectations of Victor Hugo are impossible, or even to be relegated to a distant future. Undoubtedly, European nations are widely separated by differences of race and religion. But America, with so many different sects—Catholics, and Protestants of all denominations, with such various nationalities, Saxons, Germans, Celts, Latins, and even negroes multiplying in the Southern States to an almost alarming extent—America, I say, shows such difficulties not to be insurmountable. The barrier raised by diversity of language, which does not exist on this side of the Atlantic, is becoming every moment less formidable. The time is near when the culture of modern languages, taking possession of all the ground lost by the Greek and the Latin, will produce a mutual interpretation of ideas and sentiments, and demolish those walls of prejudice so carefully maintained by conceit and narrow mindedness. Why, then, shall we draw a line between the new and the old world, and say: "Freedom and justice on this side, despotism and social tyranny on the other side?" Is this really a mere question of longitude?

These are the opinions of Victor Hugo. They have nothing new—*nil novi sub sole*, except in the scientific fields. Only he sang these grand old themes with a voice so sonorous, so powerful, so sublime, that they have resounded all over the earth, and deeply impressed and modified men's hearts and minds in France and other civilized countries.

Victor Hugo, though considered by most men in all countries as the greatest of French poets, had and still has many adversaries. First among them, we may see the Bonapartist admirers of that Napoleon branded by Hugo as Napoleon *le Petit*, or *Cartouchele Grand.* These men were supporters of a throne shown by him to be founded on perjury, murder, and burglary. Against Bonapartism Victor Hugo has written two satires, the most forcible, perhaps, that exist in any language. When the first, a prose pamphlet, entitled *Napoleon le Petit*, was issued, the Bonapartists affected to laugh. After the Coup d'Etat, a few weeks before Napoleon III. assumed the title of Emperor, one could read in one of the journals that favored the Prince-President: "M. Victor Hugo has just issued in Brussels a pamphlet with the title *Napoleon le Petit*, which contains the most severe animadversion against the head of the government." An officer of rank brought to Saint Cloud the satirical issue. Louis Napoleon took it in his hands, looked at it a moment with a smile of contempt on his lips, and then, pointing to the pamphlet, he said to the persons around him:

"Look here, gentlemen, this is Napoleon *le Petit*, described by Victor Hugo *le Grand.*"

Was Louis Napoleon a prophet inferior in any respect to the biblical ass of Balaam?

The would-be laugh stopped short, for, soon after, the *Châtiments* made their appearance, and never did such a whip fall on the shoulders of a criminal. In fact, this book, printed on candle-paper—not one publisher in all Europe could be found to print the terrible book—secretly introduced into France, secretly read, for fear of prison or deportation—this book, I say, prepared the fall of the Empire, by indoctrinating the rising generation with the noble cause of liberty. After the Franco-German war and the horrors of the Commune, there would have been perhaps an attempt at Napoleonic restoration, but for that powerful book. Through Hugo's influence, such an attempt had become utterly hopeless, and remained untried.

Many books, before and after the definite fall of Bonapartism, have been written with the purpose of impairing the force of the *Châtiments*, all in vain. The Memoirs of M. de Maupas, recently published, have been the last and strongest effort made by Bonapartists to vindicate an event that disgraced France, between the years 1851 and 1870. Poor M. de Maupas! why, in fifty years—twenty, ten, five perhaps—nobody will read his Memoirs, and thus not a line of that plea of his shall linger in history, in which truth alone is allowed by time to remain. The book will be forgotten—not, alas! the name of its author, for that name has been engraven in the *Châtiments* by a hand that engraves for all time:

"Trois amis l'entouraient, ils étaient à l'Elysée

. . . . . .

Morny, Maupas le grec, Saint-Arnaud le chacal."

and forever will men say, Maupas *le grec*, as they will say Napoleon *le Petit* or *Cartouche le Grand*.

To the adversaries of Victor Hugo, known as Bonapartists, we shall add a class known as *Les Ventrus*. They worshiped the empire, inasmuch as this government was to them a golden calf, and allowed them to fill their purse with other people's money. These latter did not go so far, perhaps, as to hate Victor Hugo, but could not help refusing their admiration to a man who addressed them in those lines:

"Le bon, le sûr, le vrai, c'est l'or dans notre caisse.
L'homme est extravagant qui, lorsque tout s'affaisse,
Proteste seul debout dans une nation
Et porte à bras tendu son indignation.
Que diable! il faut pourtant vivre de l'air des rues,
Et ne pas s'entêter aux choses disparues.
Quoi! tout meurt ici-bas, l'aigle comme le ver
Le Charancon périt sous la neige l'hiver,
Quoi! mon coude est troué, quoi! je perce mes
chausses,
Quoi! mon feutre était neuf et s'est usé depuis,
Et la Vérité, mâtre, aurait, dans son vieux puits
Cette prétention rare d'être éternelle.
De ne pas se mouiller quand il pleut, d'être belle
A jamais, d'être reine, en n'ayant pas le sou;
Et de ne pas mourir quand on lui tord le cou!
Allons donc! Citoyens, c'est au fait qu'il faut
croire!"

The "*Ventrus*" are followed by the "Philistines," and by all those who remain infatuated with an inordinate, although in some respects legitimate, admiration of that literature, called by them rather pompously "The Literature of the *Grand Siècle*." Most of these men are fifty years old or more. No hatred in them for Victor Hugo; not even the refusal of some esteem. They are ignorant of his poetry or prose. While they were school-boys they heard that Hugo might be permitted to occupy a place of a certain distinction between Lamartine and Alfred de Musset. All their poetical ideas are derived from Boileau and M. de la Harpe, that strange critic who thought it necessary to justify Racine for the use of the word *chien* (dog) in his tragedy of *Athalie*. Could such people possibly understand a Hugo bold enough to write without blank *(en toutes lettres)* the real word of Cambronne on the Waterloo battle-field, and many other things no less shocking to their refined taste?

But we must go on; thanks to God, Bonapartists or *bourgeois* are but a small minority in France, and Victor Hugo is to nearly all the uncontested king of our literature.

"Victor Hugo was born with the century," writes M. Henri Rochefort, "and when he disappears we shall feel as if he had taken the whole century with him."

Are there any writers, in fact, bold enough to divide among themselves the empire of that other Alexander, who subdued, himself alone, the whole literary world in writing dramas, romances, and unlimited verse, which extends from the *Orientales* to the *Légende des Siècles*? Will any others renew that prodigious labor by which he transformed the French language to such an extent as to make almost unreadable today writers who were his seniors by a few years only, such as Chateaubriand, Casimir Delavigne, or Alfred de Vigny? He marked with his own stamp and impressed with his genius three successive generations of writers, several of whom submitted to him as by force, unable, in spite of their will, to escape this irresistible domination. All, or nearly all, French writers of the nineteenth century, whether they know it or not, whether they acknowledge it or not, have been moulded by the hands of Victor Hugo.

The variety of his political formulas is almost incredible, and no chord has been missing in his lyre. Grand and sublime, he strikes all imaginations; sweet and tender, he sings of children and roses; then, suddenly, he is full of burning indignation—he terrifies, he forces admiration and awe. There was never a more complete poet; to France he is a real Shakspere.

Among his characteristics we must dwell upon his marvelous memory, either of facts or of conceptions. Nothing written on the bronze tablets of his memory has ever been erased. Hence the marvelous variety of his metaphors, never diminishing, always increasing in number. His eyes do not perceive objects in the ordinary manner; there is in them an extraordinary power of magnifying. "Hence," says so appropriately M. Emile Montégut, "his predilections for immense, overpoweringly gigantic objects and for frightful and sublime spectacles. He prefers to all other themes war, storms, death, early civilizations, with their Babels and monstrous orgies, nature in prehistoric times, with her colossal prodigies and forests of gigantic ferns. What powerful imitations of oceans howling under tempests! How graphically glaring to our eyes does he depict the conflagration of cities, how crushing the trampling of steeds in bloody battles!" These are his favorite subjects of description; here is the dominion over which he rules, with no fear of rivalry. In other fields, he may have competitors; here Victor Hugo is peerless.

Never do ideas occur to his mind in abstract forms; to him they are always embodied in metaphors. After he has long gazed upon things, his imagination becomes inflamed, as Sybilla's on the tripod; apocalyptic visions, rising from objects all around, and from his own fancy, swarm before his mental sight with a stormlike fury, amidst a dazzling light, in all the colors of the rainbow; while he, ever calm, serene, master of himself, relates, describes, engraves everything he sees in the fathomless abyss. Most other poets or writers, after the over-excitement of composition, have to suppress and concentrate; he does neither. He makes only a few corrections of detail, about which he is known to be very peculiar. Thus is explained the abundance, the multiplicity of his points of view, and also his repetition. First he perceives his object under a certain light, describes it, but is not satisfied; after that first image, a second, a third, and so on, succeed in turn, until he finally comes to the supreme expression, to the full light, to what he terms somewhere "the embrace of Mind and Truth." So, with him things become gradually comprehended, on all their sides successively, more and yet more clearly, until we come to the perfect vision. His preliminary views, with which many a distinguished poet would be satisfied, are seldom to be suppressed, as they lead on to a more complete understanding. On ascending the mountain, the reader passes from enchantment to enchantment, until he is at last transported on the summit, face to face with the sun in his radiant splendor.

Are there no spots on that sun of French poetry? There are certainly, and many of them. But why should I care to point them out? Every one will be inclined to discover them, and even to exaggerate their number and size. Read his works, his novels, plays, and verse—the latter especially. His poetical diamonds, in my opinion, are the *Châtiments*, and, superior to all, the *Légendes des Siècles*, a series of wonderful epic poems, a mirror of twenty centuries of past civilizations, and an idealized World's History. Read, allow me to repeat, read and meditate upon the great French poet. With the object of reading Victor Hugo's poetry, it is worth the trouble to study the French language, as it is worth the study of English to read Shakspere.

F. V. Paget.

FOUR BOHEMIANS IN SADDLE.

We sat on a brown, sunlit slope in the high hills that looked down on Pope Valley, and talked of California and its horticultural future. One of our number had grown up with the prosperous colonies of the Southern counties—each one of them worthy a separate magazine article; another knew the old camps of the Sierras "like a book," and held that the future would prove the most valuable land of the State to lie in that region; a third had helped to reclaim some of the tule islands, and had fought spring floods of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. The journalist of our party had ridden on horseback over the State, questioning all men, and saying all that his conscience allowed in praise of each and every district he visited, being gifted by nature with that faculty of enjoying everything, which, while men envy, they also criticise without mercy.

Keen and glad, the wind blew from rocky ridges and across bits of vine-planted clearings, while we talked of the brave work that men were doing in these Pacific States.

"If we could look forth, this moment," said one, "and have a birdseye view of California, how much pioneer work, and how much, also, that seldom comes to communities till the third generation, we should see. The interior towns are growing with great rapidity, the State is receiving accessions of the better sort of settlers, the large tracts of land are being subdivided, there is no suffering and but little poverty. The season that we call a 'hard' one will nevertheless distribute nearly twice as much money per capita as is received by the inhabitants of one of the dull and slow Atlantic States."

"Always the hit at the East!" said another; "You are California born and bred. It is worse than absurd for any one who has not known the charm of life in the New England and Middle States under proper auspices to pronounce that life dull and slow. The Eastern man who comes to California may do a good thing for himself financially, though even that is not certain, but he will assuredly miss much in society and climate."

"Climate — oh-h! New York's soggy heat that untwists the very tendons, and melts the marrow in one's bones—why, certainly, how one must miss it!"

"Peace," said the journalist. "Let us saddle our horses, and try a gallop over this high table land. Leave climatics, for that way madness lies. I once spent a year of time and all my spare change vainly trying to convince my New York friends that fruits of reasonable quality grew in California, that drinkable wine was really made here. To us, it is strange that so many Eastern people prefer Hudson Valley Concords and Clintons to Solano County Muscats and Flame Tokays; to them it is passing strange that dust, and wind, and rainless summer, and gold-brown fields, can be found endurable by any mortal. Yet we know with how strong a charm California calls back her wandering children, and so we can afford to smile, and go on planting our orchards, vineyards, and gardens. When we have made it as beautiful as the plains of Lombardy or the valleys of Southern France, these pioneer days will seem but the rude beginnings that they are in reality. 'Tis only a small corner of the world as yet, this California, and only when one speaks of the realm of the Pacific Coast does the thought of its imperial possibilities over-master the imagination. The world will say hard things about us, or worse still, will ignore us in calm preoccupation, until we know beyond dispute that we have the permanence of varied industries, and the capacity to work out our own civilization.

"There's room and to spare for a discussion," said another, "but let us saddle the mustangs, and be off."

We ran down the rocky slope to the pasture-field, drove the *manada* of horses and colts to the corral, selected our mounts, and in fifteen minutes more were fairly afloat in the sea-like chapparal, and galloping stormily against the wind. Soon we were riding south and southwest, along narrow paths through the woods, across a broad and superbly picturesque table-land of red volcanic soil, corrugated into low ridges on which pines and redwoods grew. Of perfect and satisfying blueness was the glorious sky overhead; deepest purple were the remote ranges north of Pope, west of Napa, south of Conn, east of Berryessa—an unbroken circle of purple and violet walls rising out of dark emerald woods, and brown cliffs, and ripe harvest fields of checkered silver and gold, lying deep in the valleys, or outstretched upon sun-lit slopes.

Fifteen minutes of this impetuous gallop, and we rein up our horses; we let them walk slowly through the forest, and again the careless sybarite of our party, the Santa Barbara Bohemian, who has no love to spare for any land where oranges are not, begins the conversation:

"I call that good fun," he said. "Any horse worth the name enjoys a stampede in such a breeze, and on this height. But it's one thing to gallop for the pleasure of the thing, and it's another to ride on a life and death errand—as men have done so often."

"Yes!" quoth the tule-islander. "The thought carries one back to the elder world of song and story, of kings' courier and true knights' haste. In the world of which we are now a part, the telegraph and railroad take messages, and only on the Gran Chaco, or across the African Vledt, or in the Central Asian waste, do men ride as Captain Burnaby rode."

The Sierra-dweller smiled at this. "That is what people are apt to say, and yet I venture to assert that not a night passes over the Pacific Slope, but that somewhere this side of the Rockies men are riding for life. They may be fugitives with justice pursuing, or fathers seeking a doctor for their dying children. The thing happens hourly. I remember in my own case—" We drew closer, in eager attention, for this friend of ours seldom spoke of himself.

"It was ten years ago. I was eighteen years old, and had been away from home for months. I came back to the dull farm in the upper San Joaquin, near the foothills, and my mother came crying to the door to meet me. My little brother was very ill. He was only five years old, my pet and delight, and my mother was a widow. An elder sister was in Tuolumne, teaching school; my elder brother, who managed the small farm, had gone to Stanislaus to buy sheep, and mother and Walter were all alone. It was four miles to the nearest village and stage station, from which place I had walked, reaching the house at dark. I went in and found little Walter unconscious; my mother could not tell what was the matter with him. I ran down to the pasture and called my colt, Major, the best horse I ever owned. He came at once, and I saddled him and rode off at a gallop.

"It was early winter, and rain had made the road heavy; cloudy all day, a drizzle began before I had been five minutes in the saddle. I had neither whip nor spur. Now and then I spoke to Major, and he knew the work before him. Two miles we went without a pause, the road dead level, and so slippery that I could feel Majors lide like a boy on a frosted side-walk, but he would keep his feet and resume his wild pace. He took the bit in his teeth and ran, snorting with excitement; for a year he had not been ridden by living creature, and his muscles were steel, his lungs like a steam engine. I let him walk for a few moments, then he did the remaining two miles at a tearing gallop. We reached the village, and I rode to the doctor's door.

"'Not here. Gone ten miles into the foothills to the old Bemont place.'

"That was east, in a direct line, and three miles south was another village, where perhaps a doctor could be found. If not, it was but a few minutes lost, for another road could be taken to Bemont's.

"Again the wild pace, under the clouded night and cold rain, thoughts of my lonely mother and my little brother urging me to yet greater haste. The road was hard, with a thin coating of mud that spattered me from head to foot, and the wind blew sharply in my face. I lived over in memory every scene of our lives, every word said to my brother, every act done in the past—his arms about my neck in thanks for some little gift; long days behind the plow, with his toddling feet in the furrow; a child asleep in the summer grass, a bunch of wild poppies in his chubby hand, the calico sunbonnet tossed back from the curly hair. Then I remembered that when I went away mother wrote that every day little Walter asked: "Won't brother Tom come home to-night? I want to see brother Tom." Suddenly the speaker's voice failed. He caught a quick breath, and paused a moment.

"Well, I reached the other village, and found that the doctor who lived there was sick himself, and worthless at best. Nothing to do but to start for Bemont's, and find a man I could trust. Again the gallop, no longer on level roads, but through rolling hills, and under a darkness that was Egyptian. Major began to falter, but he kept on with noble courage. A horse of that sort one might trust with the bearing of a kingdom's ransom, a man's honor, a woman's love, or a mother's protection.

"We were descending into a hollow between high hills. The road was narrow, dark, slippery, and the soft sound of falling rain drowned the noise of wheels. Through a break in the eastern clouds, the stars shone out above the hill-crest. Suddenly, instantly, without a stroke of warning, there loomed up before me, black, dreadful, appalling as De Quincey's "Vision of Sudden Death," a vast moving pile, six mules, a Carson wagon, ore-laden to the brim, a sleepy driver, nodding on his seat—and tearing into that mass of wood, iron, stone, and wild animal life, was a tired horse, a heart-sick, wearied rider. Simultaneously came the discovery upon us all. The driver awoke with a loud cry, the mules sprang back and snorted; I saw and heard a neck-yoke snap, and a flash of lightning lit up the dark hollow to the very feet of the frightened animals. Of myself I could do nothing, so narrow was the space between, so brief the time left for thought. But instinct helps in such cases. On one side of the road was a shallow ditch, on the other a wall of rock. Major gathered himself up, and made a leap sidewise, crying out in mortal terror as he sprang, and we landed safely below, clearing by a few inches the tangled leaders and the great wheel of the wagon. Wild with terror still, and screaming with fright, Major ran as he had not run before. He climbed the bank again and resumed his tearing pace along the roadway. That night in the nearest village the teamster told his cronies at the tavern that a ferocious-looking highwayman had ridden down upon him, frightened his mules, and fired several shots as he galloped past; but excited imagination, and stones rolling down the hills may be held responsible for the pistol-firing item.

"I reached Bemont's in safety, but only to find that the doctor had returned to the valley by another road, and was already far past my overtaking—for the condition of my horse warned me that I must slack my pace. I hired a boy on a fresh horse, and sent him after the doctor, while I took the shortest way home."

Again a long pause.

"And when I reached home Walter had been dead an hour. No human power could have prolonged his life. He revived a little once, and asked whether brother Tom had come home."

"Poor child," said the sybarite, after a moment, making a pretence of wiping the dust from his face; then a pause, and he spoke again, very quietly, and in a tone we had never heard him use:

"I knew a man once, who owned a farm in San Luis Obispo County, fifteen miles north of Cambria, on the coast. He was young, happy, and ambitious; not a lazy fellow, such as I am. And he was romantic, I may add, and foolish in many things. Then came a pretty girl into the district, and taught the school there. She boarded at the nearest farm-house to his, and sometimes called upon his mother; and so they grew to like each other, and they read German together, and took long walks on Saturdays;

and he felt almost certain that she loved him. Now, several months before, his oldest friend and college chum—in New York—had lost all his property, and so this San Luis farmer—let us call him Marion Lee—wrote to Will Burns to come and help him run the ranch, and share the profits. Burns had been only two weeks on the place, when a little boy, son of the woman with whom Miss Carman, the school teacher, boarded, came over, and said that she was dangerously ill, with symptoms of poisoning. The nearest doctor was at Cambria; and it was a wet winter, and the streams were very high. Lee saddled his best horse, told Burns to go and see what could be done, and rode off. He found bridges washed away, and had to swim several streams. The tide was high, and when, to save time, he rode along the beach, it was dangerous enough. He struck a bit of marsh, and narrowly escaped being engulfed in black mud. But he tore ahead, and made the fifteen miles in less time than it has ever been made before or since; he found the physician, and started back with him. They rode for several miles along the beach—there are better roads there now; they found the streams still higher. The physician's horse failed, and Lee gave him his, and told him to push ahead. Well, it saved the girl's life, for there was vegetable poisoning from weeds carelessly gathered with garden vegetables, and an hour later no skill could have pulled her through.

"After the physician had gone, pronouncing the patient out of danger, Lee reached the house, on foot, and through the open door, looking into the large family room, saw Burns and Miss Carman talking earnestly together. His look was deeply earnest, hers radiant. Lee slipped away, for neither of them had seen him. Two weeks later they were engaged. Burns had some money left him, and bought the farm, where they live now. Lee adopted three little girls, named them all after Mrs. Burns, and is educating them in three different cities. He drifts about, and bids fair to become a confirmed bachelor."

"Well, if you ever see him," said the journalist, "tell him that hard work will bring him out of the worst of his troubles, and nothing else will. Now I'll tell you a true story. It happened in Shasta county, a number of years ago. A man had been murdered by a gang of desperate scoundrels. The principal witness for the State was a mountain school teacher. Soon after the leaders of the gang had been arrested and taken to Shasta City, this witness was summoned from his home in the Sierras to testify. The rest of the gang heard of it, and determined to shoot him down while he was crossing a certain ford across a creek. But a young woman of rather questionable character, a relative of one of the desperados, had once been nursed through a dangerous fever by the wife of this school teacher, and had received many kindnesses at her hands. She happened to overhear the plans of the villains, and after they had left, she took a horse and rode off through the woods and hills, at such an angle as might best intercept the teacher before he reached the ford. She had about twelve miles to go, and was compelled to make a considerable detour so as to avoid being seen, as little mercy would have been shown her in case of discovery. She rode at the top of her speed, but it was dusk before she reached the cross road, a mile from the place where, with buck-shotted guns, the men lay close concealed in the willows. She drew her veil closely over her face, hid her horse in the manzanita, and stood silently by the trunk of a large pine. The school teacher rode up, and saw her there. He nodded, in mountain fashion, and started on. She stepped into the road, lifted her hand, and said:

"'Go back and take another trail, or you will be shot at the next ford. Tell your wife this warning is because of her.'

"He followed her advice, and reached Shasta City in safety. The young woman managed to get home long before the baffled villains, and they never suspected her agency."

We had ridden slowly for so long, that again we let our horses take the bits; again we rushed stormily over the fragrant creepers and through the thickets of azalea by the borders of flowing springs. On the hillsides men were hewing down the tall oaks and conifers, and gathering the brush into piles for the burning. Quail flew up far in front of our horses' ringing hoofs, and scurrying before the loud-mouthed hounds ran a mountain hare, swift and victorious. We round the base of a sunlit peak, and come upon a small vineyard, a cottage therein, children playing about the door, and roses clambering over the rustic porch. The owner is at work tying up the vines' green shoots to redwood stalks, and he waves his hat and smiles at our dust-heralded cavalcade. The healthy pulse of life is in our veins, and we shout aloud in the joy of existence.

We leave the main road, and hasten across sloping and barren volcanic rock to a deep and wild gorge, from whose heart a sound of falling waters comes, mingled with the murmur of wind in the tree-tops. In the midst of blooming styrax we leave our tired horses, and, vying with each other, in boyish haste, we scramble down the rocky path, and swing ourselves from bush to bush until we stand in an amphitheatre of rock with a waterfall on either hand, and bright ripples and lovely cascades at our feet. Here we rest, and loaf, and tell stories, and the afternoon wears away before we start homeward.

Stoner Brooke.

THEIR DAYS OF WAITING ARE SO LONG.

Their days of waiting were so long, so long!—
 Greeting with smiles that over-brimmed in tears;
Parting for sluggard months—but hope was strong
 To draw a solace from the coming years.
And o'er the barren hours, their life to be
 Hover'd in blissful dreams by night and day,
As, in mid-azure o'er the sleeping sea,
 The wizard dreams of glad lands far away.
But days of waiting were so long!

Their time of living was so short, so short!—
 A twelvemonth of unrippled heart-content.
The long past faded and they took no thought
 Of morrow hid where blue horizon bent.
If they had asked for aught, they would have prayed
 Only to drift for aye, unchanging, blest,
Nor dreamed they on that Heaven could invade
 A cloud to mar the bliss of perfect rest.
Their time of living was so short!

Their days of waiting are so long, so long!—
 For she was summoned, smiling through her tears,
And he is desolate—but hope is strong
 To draw a solace from eternal years.
No cloud their blissful greeting may invade
 Upon the quay of gold by pearl-strewn sands;
The long past shall anew dissolve and fade
 In silent kiss and clasp of wistful hands.
But days of waiting are so long!

Wilbur Larremore.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S WAKING.

If any lover of unique theories should propound one to the effect that night, not day, is the mother of us all, no dash between two clauses of life, a swoon, a temporary death of earth, but the very source of existence, instinct through all its darkness with unfolding wings of life, pierced through and through with roots of life—he could make a very fair showing for his theory. Unanswerable science could crush him with the relation of the sun to animal and vegetable life; but he could go back of unanswerable science to that region of eternal night where science is unanswering, but into which the imagination gropes with blindly reaching fingers, and feels—half feels, strains to its utmost and hardly touches, and misses again—not death, not uncreative blackness, but the very life of life, stirring in the void before ever it was said "Let there be light."

Whither but into night and darkness—says our theorist, warming into conviction of what he at first propounded as a mere whimsical paradox—whither but into night and darkness can you trace back any thread of life? Put your hand on the tiny fraction of it that stretches in the sunshine, and feel back, back—the life of the plant, the life of the animal, the life of the race, the life of all being—and into night and darkness they all take you. Down into the dark go the roots of the plant: and if the seed that started there came from the sunshine, bringing with it the germinating power stored up in the light, to use at its leisure in the quiet dark, it is only that individual vessel for the holding of life, that little seed-package of carbon and oxygen and hydrogen and nitrogen, whose genesis we found in the light; the *life* poured into it, and through it for the new plant, came through how many myriads of such little vessels, shaped in the light and stirring into power in the dark for how many myriads of ages, from—where? Where but from the primal, potent, all-creative night? Down into the dark go the roots of the tree Ygdrasil, and though the leaves come and go in the sunlight above, no one finds the seed that was shaped in the light for the making of *that* tree.

> "The Books teach Darkness was at first of all,
> And Brahm, sole meditating in that Night."

The all-creative, all-inspiring Life dwelleth in darkness; out of the eternal dark it flows into the visible forms that we call lives. What if day be the cheerful, noisy, warmed and lighted workshop in which lives are made, and night the recurrent glimpse of that all-embracing darkness wherein life broods?

Something of a consciousness of this life and potency in the wide darkness stirs in the human soul of a summer night. Winter night has less of this power: it means fireside, and lamp, and book—a miniature reproduction of the narrow day-workshop. The tides of life in human veins run low. But out under the summer night the soul expands, and seems aware of the breathing of an infinite life through the surrounding space, the stirring of the great earth's pulse, the mighty marchings of the cosmic bodies, and the streams of force, drawing and repelling, and filling every inch of all space. Life runs deeper and stronger; the tide pours into all the shallow places and dry creeks and marshes of feeling: the old dead love of years ago stirs in its grave; the living love of today cries and yearns across land and sea to the distant beloved one.

> "In the dark and in the dew,
> All my soul goes out to you."

At night, too, religious awe and religious ecstasy mount to their height: then comes the vision to the mystic, the passion of adoration to the devotee, the sense of the divine actually present and in conscious communion with the human soul. The envelope of life seems too narrow to hold the feeling that dwells within it, strains and aches against its sides, searches for place to overflow.

As winter night is less full of life than summer night, so northern night is less than southern. This is not solely because the night of winter or of the north drives the weak human body in to the fireside, but because the animal and vegetable world stir with activity in the nights of warm climates, and send to the human ear and eye their constant breathings and motions. Travelers describe the waking up of the tropic forests as night comes: the voices of animals begin, the drooping leaves straighten up and unfold, all the denizens of the great forest are abroad.

On the plains where by day the world lay drooping and passive, and by night the lion came abroad, and the palms freshened, and men knew the night well, and brooded much under the stars, were born all the world-religions—not among the sturdy, daylight, northern races, who have become the chief supporters of at least one of these. From spirits nurtured in this same familiarity with the voices of night came the sacred poems of the ancient world, with their unapproachable weight of feeling; and the modern poet who, more than any one else, has caught a note or two from David's harp, seems to find his deepest wells of feeling stirred by summer night:

> "From the intense, clear, star-sown vault of heaven,
> Over the lit sea's unquiet way."

Or in the

> "Plainness and clearness without shadow of stain!
> Clearness divine!"

of moonlight.

For even with us who are not of the tropics, night is no time of suspended activity. It is full of breathings and soft little murmurs of life. The trade wind goes down with the sun; the vague bustle that even in the country is in the air, ceases (while it lasts you cannot hear it, but when it stops you can perceive the purer silence); there is no jubilation of insect voices, as in the summer nights on the Atlantic coast—for while the Eastern summer lasts, it is much more like the tropics than ours. Yet there is a light, steady trill of crickets—a sound not sharp and insistent, but almost bird-like. It runs on, soberly, monotonously, until you become unaware you are hearing it. Bits of white moths flutter aimlessly about, as if they had no more knowledge of where they wished to go or what they wished to do than so much white down floating on the air. It is high noon for the toads; now is their time to come out, and sit cooling their fat sides in the dew, and listening contemplatively to the crickets. It should properly be their hunting time: but they have the whole night to forage in, and will not hurry themselves; it is only at leisurely intervals, if you sit still and listen, that you hear the scuffling stir of their clumsy movements. But walk about the paths, and they go rustling heavily away from under your feet every few minutes—a discomforting sound, for at first it seems impossible so small an animal can make so much noise in soft grass or green tufts of violets, with no dry leaves about, and you have a fleeting apprehension of some unspecified creature of more formidable size; while on second thought, after recognizing the sound, or seeing the lumpish bit of darkness tumbling away, it seems impossible that you can avoid stepping on one, sooner or later, so awkward is their retreat. No wonder they like best to sit and meditate, like Dutch burgomasters—only the toad, sitting amid the cool, dewy grass, bathing in moonlight, seems really more a creature of taste in his pleasures, than the burgomaster with his pipe and mug.

The domestic animals do not seem to think the night is to be regarded as a hiatus in life; and one must be fairly in the wilderness not to hear from time to time the dogs answering each other from distant farmhouses—now one a half mile away, and then, as he pauses, the answering bark, faint and far-off, sounding as if it came from the very edge of the horizon—or a horse moving and stamping in his stall. The kitten comes and rubs about your feet, and makes progress almost impossible, with the same inconvenient fondness as by day. She is even more alive than by day, like her tawny kindred who come out by night to stalk over the ruins of Palmyra; and shows a little excitement, as kittens do on a windy day, dodging away from a stroking hand to dash after a toad who has reluctantly found a change of position necessary, or to skitter aimlessly about among the geraniums, making wild little light-footed retreats, with about as much noise among the leaves as a toad no bigger than her head would create.

About half an hour before midnight, the cocks have their first few minutes of crowing. It is a great mistake to suppose that they only herald the dawn: at this season "the bird of dawning singeth all night long" — at due intervals — every pleasant night, without any reference to saint's days or holidays.

Nothing gives one a better realization of the waking, busy life of a summer night than to find the flowers nearly all wide awake. They seem, somehow, far more awake than in the daytime, as if this were their time to talk to each other and attend to their own affairs, when intrusive mankind is out of the way. They hold up their heads more firmly; they turn their faces to the sky, instead of bending them this way and that toward the light. They have an air of independent, conscious existence; and the human imagination has recognized this by peopling them with a world of fairies, up and stirring by night, folded away somewhere unconscious by day. The fragrance of the garden, deadened by day, now comes out freely on the fresh air—heliotrope, and jasmine, and magnolia, and lily, and sweet pea, and a vague blending of odors from the flowers that give scarcely any by day,—roses and pansies and geraniums, and all the endless variety from all corners of the earth that a Californian garden gathers together. The white flowers shine across the beds and lawns, startlingly plain in even clouded moonlight, and pale pink geraniums and roses scarcely less so. By day it was scarlet geraniums and gladiolas and nasturtiums that challenged the eye; now they are gone out of sight altogether, unless you come very close to the bush, or unless the moon be at its very brightest. On these very brightest nights, all the colors in the garden—red and pink and blue hardly less than white—stand scarcely changed, only all softened and toned together in the silvery illumination. But when the moonlight is dimmed, the scarlet flowers become visible as you come close to them, in a deep, black-red hue. Pick one, and look at it as closely as you will; hold it up to the full light of the moon; —still it keeps that rich and beautiful black-red. Look at it well, for you will see no such color in any flower by day.

By night the trees, too, seem to have a life and consciousness of their own. The leaves stir and breathe in elm and maple; the palm-trees stand rigid like sentinels, and one may well summon a little courage, and half-listen for a challenge, before he can march past them to pace a walk whose entrance they guard; the red-gums brandish their little swords and clash them against each other, and bicker and make peace again. It is easy to personify everything, when the dim light turns trees into mere dark figures, and flowers into mere white up-looking faces; by day there is bark and stem and chlorophyll, petal and stamen, and cell-structure, that you may place under a microscope; by night, the being—flower or tree. The Greeks filled full their night with personification; along the moon-lit beaches the white wave-crests rose up into nymphs, flying in tireless dances all night over the sand; naiads stole out from the springs, and nymphs from the trees; Apollo led the Muses across the hills. The fullness of happy, half-supernatural life with which the Greek brimmed his world at all times, rose to its highest in the summer night; though man might sleep, the world was taken possession of, in their turn, by another race who held it with even more vivid activity, till day. Indeed, it has been the instinct of man everywhere to deliver over the night-world to other powers—glad or gloomy, friendly or harmful, according to the suggestion yielded by night nature. Man crept into his cave or his hut or his castle and closed the entrance—then all night long around his refuge roamed a medley of living beings to whom the night belonged—wild things of the woods, fairies and elves of every sort, spirits and monsters—and much uneasiness he endured lest they should not confine themselves to the outside of that little, shut-up refuge. But wherever nature's mildness encouraged men to sleep without so shutting themselves in, though they none the less peopled the night full with living beings, it was without terror.

Bright moonlight nights—nights of a "plainness and clearness without shadow of stain," beyond any Mr. Arnold is likely to have seen in England—are frequent here; but the midsummer moons are not apt to be entirely undimmed. At this season, a night-fog is prone to roll in, cloaking the sky, but never descending to earth. It comes sometimes just after sunset, sometimes during the first half of the night—drifting in with wave after wave—white and dark fog marbled in together, with changing spaces of pure sky. So transparent is the veil that as the thinner white parts drift past the moon, she seems to float almost absolutely unobscured by them—though when, for a moment, the whole rolls past and leaves her alone in a lake of bare sky, the difference is evident; the shadows on the ground under the trees grow sharp-edged: the leaves, damp with the slight touch of dew that these overcast nights produce, glitter, and a white polish goes over the surface of pond or pool.

Twelve o'clock is fairly enough midnight, by measurement of time from light to light again. But it is not the midnight of superstition, the time for graveyards to yawn and powers of evil to walk abroad; the time when sleepers become sunk in deepest slumbers, and when the nervous waker most reasonably may begin to listen for burglars; when the watcher by the sick, or the student who, through some need, has prolonged his work beyond the midnight hour, up to which, but not far beyond which, many a student likes to work, feels a deep hush settle over the world, a pause between late evening and early dawn; when the blood moves slowest, and the vital powers run low, and the flicker of life goes out in the sick and aged. That time comes between one and three in the morning. At that core of night, the Gothic population of the darkness sometimes seems more credible than the Hellenic: witches might ride abroad; the spirits of the dead might wake; vampires, were-wolves, all the blood-chilling horrors that the northern races managed to conceive might be about.

The dark of a moonless night is crammed with possibilities of supernatural horror, and even the white moonlight holds uncanny suggestions of ghost or witch, of moon-stroke, and such like superstitions. Moonlight on a windy night is really very weird, almost more so than deep darkness. Even horses and dogs, which do not mind the darkness at all, are cowed by the writhing dark forms and flying shadows and lights.

But it is hard, after all, to find anything uncanny in the uncanniest hours of these bright, still, midsummer nights, with the windows open to all out-doors, and the flowers shining white all over the garden, and the fish plashing from time to time in the carp-pond. Probably this witching hour of night is midnight to the human frame, because it comes more nearly in the middle of the hours of sleep than the true midnight does; and the habit of generations, using this hour for mid-sleep, has made it the time at which the bodily forces tend to be most dormant, when the heart beats lower and the blood moves slower, and courage in the brain lapses with the supply of blood. The deepest chill of the earth and air, which have been cooling off ever since sunset, comes scarcely later than this in summer; but if it were only this chill that brought the vital forces low, the creatures that walk by night would feel it too. Possibly the tropic forests do lull a little in these mid-sleep hours: the domestic animals seem to take a sort of after-dinner-nap then; the dogs suspend their answering back and forth from distant farms; the stamping and movement from the stalls becomes more infrequent. But the fish plash oftener, and the crickets keep faithfully on with their monotonous note—apparently a single note, brought from a fiddle of one string, and repeated tirelessly, over and over, like the ticking of a clock—"*twee, twee, twee, twee, twee*"—with only just the least quiver in it, giving it a bit of trill, while the number joining in, not all in perfect unison of time, makes it less clock-like in monotony. From dark till dawn each little fiddler—unless they relieve each other—draws his bow back and forth across his single string without an instant's pause. It is hard to conceive how even an insect's muscle can stand it. No doubt they do take turns, but it must be with great regularity, for there is no rising and falling of the note, as if a greater or less number of fiddlers chanced to be joining in it, no pause or break, no trace of answer and alternation.

Between three and four o'clock, the dawn-change comes over the light. It comes just about as the moon sinks, so that the quantity of light scarcely changes, but it passes rapidly from silver to gray. The night-fog, dappled and marbled, or smoothly uniform, still rests over the sky; perhaps in the last two hours a wing of it has once or twice veered a little lower, and brushed across the earth, half dissolving into drizzle, and half keeping its form of mist; so that the pleasant smell of moistened dust has been added to the garden's fragrance. No such detachment has settled to earth, however; the whole sheet rests level upon some elastic stratum of air, just clearing the tops of the hills. The result of this is a narrow strip of clear sky along the hill-line, with the fog hanging close above, to the eye a concave dome. Against this background the line of crests, clean though dim, has the intangible effect of coming dawn. The faint light suggests neither moonlight, nor starlight, nor evening twilight. By day the hills are tawny, but in this light they look a cool gray; it is nearly an hour yet before the sun can reach the horizon.

It creeps on toward four o'clock, the twilight slowly brightening. Now the cocks begin in good earnest. They have devoted a few minutes, about once every hour and a half, the whole night through, to a little calling back and forth, across acres of country; but now they all begin and go on tirelessly—now near, then a faint echo from miles away. The five "shrill clarion" notes, sent out loud and clear, coming back fainter and fainter, and then taken up loudly again, have not at all an unmusical effect, all together: they ring back, answering and re-answering in quite an antiphonal fashion. For a full half hour this never pauses.

Meanwhile, in the slowly growing light, an occasional bat or owl goes homeward—hurrying, as it seems, flying straight, and evidently direct to a goal. Now, too, the birds begin to waken: a single questioning note comes from some nest deep in the vines; silence for a few minutes, and presently, from the midst of some tree, comes another—a long, sweet note, still of inquiry. If it were a perfectly clear dawn, there would soon be a multitudinous chorus; as it is, now a note comes from one, and then from another; then a little exchange of greeting and answer; then a subdued twittering here and there. Meanwhile, a faint little rattle of sound announces a waking quail, and in a few minutes the bubbling chuckle which tells that the quail is up and out for his morning stroll, comes from several directions. The most familiar note of the quail is his call — three loud and clear syllables; but it is by no means the whole of his vocabulary. This chuckling noise is apparently for everyday conversation with his family, and no doubt expresses a great variety of meanings, as, in the course of their strolls, he now and again addresses it to them.

At last the birds have fairly decided that it is dawn. They do not leave their nests and perches and begin to fly about yet; but from within their coverts they are all in an ecstasy of twitter and chirp and whistle and warble. A little longer, and a light from the sun down on the horizon behind will come across the clear strip at the rim of the hills; the fog will begin to rise and dissolve; then one little bird will step out through the leaves with a soft rustle, look about and twitter a little; then another and another, thinking of bath and breakfast. All the little lives of day begin to be astir; all the mysteries of night, the quickening of emotion, the sense of vaster life, have drawn away, like stars beyond the reach of sight—they seem dreams and vanished; the midsummer night is over.

H. Shewin.

REPORTS OF THE BUREAU OF EDUCATION—I.[1]

THE educational reports of the national government are not, as a usual thing, very technical, and in some instances are more adapted to general reading than to that of teachers, inasmuch as they contain reviews of matters already well known to all actual teachers. It certainly would seem that there should be some convenient means of communication between the schools and the public, by which something of the needs and condition of the schools may be known, public co-operation may be bespoken for needed reforms, and ill-advised public intermeddling prevented, by giving that better knowledge of danger and difficulties which teaches caution. The national reports do not, in fact, serve this purpose, because they are scarcely read except by specialists, nor are they easily and conveniently accessible. The educational journals, likewise, are scarcely more likely to be read by those who are not teachers or school officials, than medical journals by others than doctors. Such information and comment about the schools as trickles into the daily press is generally absolutely worthless, founded on no real consideration of the subject whatever; while the more careful weekly and monthly press of the highest grade does not concern itself about the schools at all.

Indeed, in every respect, one who notices cannot but observe a peculiar esoterism about public schools, most amazing when one considers how close they come to the general life. Not merely has it been repeated, even *ad nauseam*, that the common schools are almost the vital point of our social framework: they are also an institution which enters into the daily interests of millions of our people, through the children of millions of households. And yet the conditions and needs of university work are better understood and more a matter of interest to reading people in this country, today, than those of the common schools. We find that class of men in whom the safety of the state rests—what Plato would call "the philosophers"—and the journals through which they express themselves, open to an eager interest in college and university education, and in every political and scientific question that concerns human improvement: the reform of the civil service, the relations of labor and capital, prison reform, tenement house reform, the Latin and Greek question, the Indian question; one who reads the best journals is kept pretty well aware of the progress of the classical school at Athens, and the excavations in Egypt, and the scientific discoveries in Central Asia. But common schools are, with certain honorable exceptions, left to a more Philistine management. Worthy and intelligent though the people are who organize and manage public schools, it cannot be denied that men of the highest and widest training, of excellent rank as scholars and recognized weight upon all subjects, are exceptions among them, and that such men do not take that active interest in common school education which they take in other important matters outside of their immediate participation. This should not be so; it is not altogether so in other countries. Matthew Arnold is perhaps the most conspicuous instance of the best power and culture that England can afford brought to the work of a school inspector, but by no means a solitary one. Neither are such instances as Horace Mann, in Massachusetts, and President Gilman, in Connecticut, unparalleled among us; but they are apparently only happy accidents here.

These reflections occur very forcibly to one who reads over these educational reports now before us. They are not all valuable reports: they contain some things that are trivial, and some that do not recommend themselves to the judgment; many things that are purely technical, and should interest only those whose concern it is to know about registers and programs and the practical manipulation of the schoolroom; and also much that ought to be a matter of active interest to every sensible person who concerns himself for the good of society. Why, for instance, should it be a matter for the grave consideration of such persons how factory hours shall be regulated with reference to the health and prosperity of employees and the best interests of owners, but of no interest whether recess be abolished in schools or not? or how the best method of appointing clerks in the post-office shall be attained, but not how the best possible teachers for millions of our children shall be secured? We shall not review all the reports before us with any detail, but shall merely touch on several points suggested by them: and the first of these is especially apropos to the point of which we are speaking.

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[1] Circulars of Information of the Bureau of Education, No. 4, 1884—No. 1, 1885. Pamphlets of the Department of the Interior, Bureau of Education: Washington: Government Printing Office. 1885.

Circular 6–1884 of the Bureau is devoted to the subject of Rural Schools. It contains many points of detail, but the general drift of it all is to urge the need of supervision and system in this class of schools. Now these are serious questions. The slovenly, dead-and-alive teaching in many rural schools, where a lazy or ignorant teacher consumes the whole day in going through the merest forms of teaching, is ruinous. Yet there is nothing but the teacher's own conscience to prevent it (nor is there any but the slightest provision for securing teachers with conscience): there is no test to which the work must be brought, none but the faintest shadow of supervision from any higher official. In our own State there is a system of county examination and inspection which, when administered by an energetic officer, affords means of detecting absolutely worthless teachers, but not of applying any remedy save that of quiet diplomatic influence to oust one and substitute another. And where the very best possible with the means at hand is *not* thus done, it is no uncommon incident to find a teacher remaining year after year in a country school, occupying the children from nine till four with anything that will keep them still and sound all right if they tell of it out of school, and nothing more. Work is assigned, and never inspected; some sort of nominal progress is made from the first page to the last page of the text-books; and the child's mind is almost hopelessly stupefied by dawdling over pretended work, with neither effort, nor comprehension, nor enjoyment. Compare this with the clock-work system of the German or French schools: how thoroughly, under a complete system of supervision, everything must be done; how well every teacher must know his business, and work hard at it.

On the other hand, consider wisely the result of our now highly systematized and supervised city schools. Note the complaint of the wisest teachers that they paralyze individuality, destroy independence and power of real mental effort in the child, and substitute aptness at going through a sort of intellectual routine. There is a popular superstition that the work of the schools is too hard for the children, and is going to hurt their brains by overwork. In fact, the danger is the contrary: the real, vigorous mental effort that was required of the child of the last generation has gone out of fashion, and there seems danger that instead of the powerful minds then produced, we shall have a generation of well-drilled mediocrites, whose brains may have become confused with many things, but whose teachers have carefully made everything easy for them—have been compelled to by public sentiment and the clock-work system, even when against their own judgment. In the country school of the last generation, hard tasks were set the pupil; problems in "ciphering," and "parsing," such as would be considered quite out of the question for the school children of today; they were propounded in books written in hard language, without the effort to simplify down to the childish vocabulary that modern text-books make, and with no great amount of explanation in the text; and the teacher did not dream of himself supplementing the text-book with explanation upon explanation, and visible demonstrations, kindergarten fashion. The child was simply set at these things, and expected to be punished if he did not master them; and somehow, not merely the exceptional child, but the majority of the class did master them, and came out of the school with healthy, active brain and a power of original thought. Now, the text-book is simplified to the utmost possible, and fortified with pictures and like aids; the teacher is trained in Normal School, and Teachers' Conventions, and by educational tracts, to know all manner of ingenious ways of explaining and illustrating every process; and subjects really requiring thought are no longer given to the child of eight or ten, but reserved for the last years of the eight years' course into which the graded schools are divided. Moreover, the hours of school are shortened, broken with exercises and movements of a recreatory nature. And yet the complaint is always of overtaxed children.

There is something in all this that will bear much looking into. The best teachers say that not over-work, but too little real work, with too much variety of subject, artificial stimulation of ambition, and the unceasing sense of a machine-like grind in the school system, wears out the children, while the bulk of the work is done for them by the teachers, whom the modern school breaks down, as the longer hours and worse grading of the old fashioned school did not break them down. This is partly, they say, due to the incessant pressure of the public, of children's literature, of every influence, toward keeping everything severe from children; but partly to the necessities of a working graded system of schools.

Moreover, it is suggested that though the old-fashioned country school, with its uncompromising demands, did produce vigorous, healthy minds and original power, the conditions cannot be repeated: the country was new, peopled by a strong-brained race, chosen originally by a sort of natural selection out of that portion of the upper yeomanry and plainer gentry of England in whom the tendency to mental independence was strongest, and not yet seriously modified either by immigration or by the easier life of a country grown prosperous. The teachers were the daughters of this race, sensible and authoritative by nature, and its sons, fresh from college, embryo ministers and lawyers and statesmen. The severe demands to which these healthy young brains responded so well, would be simply crushing to the mixed race that now fills our school-rooms. The children of educated parents are to a great extent withdrawn from the lower public schools, the boys to academies, in the best of which the vigorous methods of the older time still prevail, and the girls to more or less fashionable seminaries, where quite the converse is true. The high schools for the most part live well up to the sterner methods, and mental vigor and independence are found in them; but by the time the high school is reached, the eliminations from the classes have restored their make-up more nearly to the old type. In the city primary and grammar schools, and the mixed common schools of the country, there is a very large per cent. of the children of foreigners; few of the children come from homes of as strenuous mental habits as their parents may very likely have done. The relaxation of theology, the relaxation of home-teaching, the relaxation of literature, all send the children into school unprepared for mental stress. The *laissez faire* system of the country schools still turns out, occasionally—as every observer knows—pupils of more competent mental equipment than the city machine produces; high school and college teachers will testify to this. But it may be by a survival-of-the-fittest process: hundreds of mediocre brains may have lost such training as they were capable of, that this one excellent brain might work out its own development the better for having to do it almost unhelped.

What then? Between the dangers of *laissez faire* and the dangers of system and organization (and supervision means system and organization), what can be done? The question is not unanswerable. For either method works admirably with ideal teachers, boards, and inspectors. Either method will approximate to admirable working as these are approximated to. The one thing to be devised is away to get teachers of the right sort into the schools. It is very true that it is impossible to man all the common schools of a country with teachers like Doctor Arnold: but to do the best possible in this direction with the available material is the desideratum. Then—as the writer of the report under review wisely suggests—the fairly good teachers, destitute of originality or enthusiasm in their calling, can be held to an imitative higher standard of work by efficient supervision. But no *system* can be devised that will secure the employment of the best teachers: nothing will do this but the employment of a high quality of officers in the work of supervision. Here is where the secret of the thorough working of the foreign systems comes in: with a more complete organization, they seem to suppress originality less than we, because the supervision is in the hands of more scholarly men. A paternal government, with high intellectual standards, can easily place it and keep it in such hands. But with our government methods, and under a system of electing most educational officers by popular vote, it is a more difficult matter.

It may be that the substitution of appointment for election in many cases would be a step toward accomplishing it: it may be that bringing to bear upon the action of the supervising officers a heavy weight of influence from competent persons, would be sufficient to steadily constrain electors into choosing properly, as a similar stress of influence constrains electors more or less successfully toward wise nominations and ballots in other directions. This brings us back to the reflection with which we began, as to the peculiar indifference of the class who can most potently wield this sort of influence, to the common schools. In the awakening of their interest and enlisting their efforts, must lie the solution of all difficult questions concerning the schools.

ETC.

THERE are in our community a few voices, and some of them not entirely without influence, which from whim or conviction are rather loud against our high schools and university. A favorite theme with these is the uselessness of the education and the ineffectiveness of the graduates. As regards the high schools, the complaint is not confined to California: there is a prejudice afloat among a good many (though it is far from affecting the great multitude of our people, on whose support the high school system firmly rests) to the effect that high school training unfits for humble work, without fitting for better. A very effective antidote to this prejudice and the corresponding one against the alumni of universities, can generally be supplied by submitting a list of the graduates and their occupations. Indeed, it seems to us an important omission that record is not kept, as complete as possible, of the course of high school graduates, from which reports, with due estimates of percentages, may be made, showing how far, in comparison with the rest of the community, they tend to the various occupations, and what their proportional success is therein. We believe it would be found, "The Breadwinners" to the contrary, that those high school pupils who come from the class of mechanics remain in it cheerfully, unless, through their high school course, something better opens to them naturally and properly; that practically all graduates enter appropriate callings and have a high average success in them; that they are a class of considerably higher respectability in behavior and serviceableness in the community than the graduates of the lower schools alone, and almost inestimably higher than those of no schooling. These are truisms to most people, yet disputed by many: and there could be few better services performed by alumni organizations than the collection and classification of data of the sort we have indicated.

THERE is only one high school class of whose post-graduate fates THE OVERLAND knows anything. This was rather too small in numbers to found generalizations upon: yet it was in no respect an unusual one, except that it contained a somewhat more complete assortment of representatives from the various ranks of the community than any other class that was in the school at the same time. It was favored with exceptionably good teaching, and that on the "culture" principle—everything being made to tell rather for the widest development of mental power, than for the training of specific abilities or "practical" bents. The class numbered fifteen—eleven girls and four boys. A few years since it compiled a record of its graduates. The four boys had all gone to college, and had all made there a creditable record in scholarship (ranging from first honors to fair average), and the best possible one in personal character. Three are now, after proper professional study, in the professions of law and medicine, and evidently respected and successful therein. One, whom circumstances took from college before he had completed his course, is in business employment. Nine of the eleven girls of the class became public school teachers for longer or shorter periods, and every one with success—some with reasonable, some with excellent success. Of the remaining two, one married at once, and one was competent to teach in the less arduous special form of music. In "The Breadwinners," Miss Matchin is thrown back upon her parents' hands, restless and discontented, unable to find occupation easy and exciting, and socially creditable, and remunerative; unable to support her splendor adequately at her father's expense; and unwilling to marry a plain carpenter. These eleven girls had no such trouble: the school-room door stood wide, and all were competent to enter it. Two of them took a year or so at the State Normal School, but the rest did not feel even this farther equipment needed: they presented themselves for examination, took their certificates, did not wait and besiege for any city positions, but scattered to the corners of the State—down the coast, up in the mountains—wherever small schools, suitable for young high school girls to undertake, could be had. Only two of them ever entered the school department of their own city. In due time seven of them were married—each in the rank of life to which her own family belonged; each, so far as can be ascertained, happily; and each is now making the center of a good home, in which, we venture to say, much influence is visible from the high school course of the mothers—especially in the case of those whose home surroundings were not intelligent, and who therefore owed all their mental resources to school. We cannot recall at present writing all the occupations of the husbands whom these young women married, but we believe they were all mechanics, clerks, or farmers. Of the four unmarried women (the class is still not long enough out of school to have reached the milestone of thirty years), one is still a successful teacher in the public schools; and every member of the class—up to the full one hundred per cent.—is appropriately and usefully engaged, with due ambition and without undue or unhappy striving after unattainable things in the way of rank and position. Three of the girls of the class also went to college and two took first honors with the A. B. degree: but the percentage of thirty-three and one-third per cent. college graduates to the whole number of the class, and the large proportion of honors taken by it, is to be regarded as exceptional, and due chiefly to the exceptionally inspiring nature of the teaching. The thing that is not, according to our best observation, exceptional, is the cheerful and sensible way in which any high school class can be expected to take hold of life and make a reasonable success of it. Much must depend on whether it is a good high school or a poor one; but for the average high school, we believe the facts would be found to back up pretty well the case of this typical class.

THE service of such a collection of graduate records as we have desired has been in part done for the University, by the enterprise of some young men of the junior class. This class issues yearly a students' catalogue — known as the "Blue and Gold"—in which records of the undergraduate societies, clubs, and similar matters independent of the official organization of the University, find place, with the class histories and the like, and many local jokes. The young men who this year managed the publication have, with admirable energy, sought out the present whereabouts and occupation of the whole alumni list, dating from '64 (the first class of the College of California), nearly 400 in all. A most interesting investigation as to the occupations these graduates seek is thus possible. The percentages assigned to the different occupations are based on somewhat less than the whole number of graduates, as seventeen are dead, and the dozen married women among the alumnæ, and nearly a dozen more engaged only in the indefinable employments of "home," were ruled out, as too difficult of classification. With these reservations, 24.12 per cent. of the University graduates prove to be engaged in law; 14.12 in mercantile business; 12.06 per cent. in teaching (in all ranks, public and private: one of the graduates of the last decade, for instance, is a professor in Harvard College, another a Kindergartner); in a number of unclassified pursuits—agents, post-graduate or art-students, here or abroad, civil service officials, wood-engravers, &c., one or two in each pursuit—12.06; in engineering, civil, mining, and mechanical, 11.77; 9.11 per cent. are farmers; 6.47 per cent. physicians, 3.82 chemists; 3.23 editors and publishers; 2.35 clergymen; and 0.89 capitalists. These alumni are all, of course, comparatively young men, as only twenty-one years have elapsed since the first graduation, described by Dr. Willey in the present number of THE OVERLAND; and some of the youngest graduates are now engaged in law studies who will not make law their permanent occupation. It is common for young graduates, while seeking their permanent niche, to take a course in the law school, as a thing that will come in handy anywhere. Nevertheless, there can be no doubt that law is the calling which attracts our young college men, out of all proportion beyond others. "Business," teaching, and engineering are the staple callings of our graduates, after law;

and farmers and doctors are also in good numbers; outside of these six occupations, the number in each one is very small. Among the graduates of Eastern colleges, in like manner, law is found to take precedence over all other occupations. Many lads go to college with no other intention, from the first, than of fitting there to take up the study of law. We doubt whether the proportion of lawyers, however, is quite as large elsewhere as here. It will be seen how few journalists are to be found among the graduates, though journalism is a favorite calling with Eastern college men. The reason of this is, doubtless, not so much disinclination on the graduates' part, as lack of sufficient opening for their work on this coast. We shall hereafter recur to the "Blue and Gold" alumni list, to comment upon several other interesting facts which it reveals.

THE educational interests of the Pacific Coast have suffered a severe loss by the death of Henry B. Norton, of the State Normal School. He was a prominent figure in the small group of men who have been natural leaders of the common school system of California, and he had to an unusual degree the faculty of interesting and influencing the teachers of the State. He was a pleasant lecturer, and for years he has spent a portion of each year in taking charge of teachers' institutes, so that few men have been brought into contact with so many workers in the public schools. Professor Norton's early education was in some respects hard and narrow; but his mind in manhood was earnest and sympathetic. The library he collected, his delight in his orchard and rural home at "Skyland," on the Santa Cruz hills, the varied enterprises he helped with power and voice, are evidence of his character. In the class-room, as has been said by one who knew him well, "He was never tired nor tiresome"; in the lecture room, he drew large audiences and interested them for hours. He endeavored to popularize the latest results of scientific discovery, and his lectures on physics and astronomy, while not laying claim to any original research, were unusual in their combination of correctness, clearness, and vividness of statement. Of recent years he has become conspicuous for his knowledge of the insect pests that afflict the horticultural interests of the State. It may be years before any one can fill the place he occupied, as the friend and counselor of hundreds of young men and women throughout California, whose acquaintance he had made while in lecturing tours, or when botanizing in vacations, or as their teacher at the State Normal School. The guest chamber of his house was seldom empty, and his friendships were peculiarly deep and lasting. Though the public has taken less notice of his departure than the death of many a noisier and less worthy man might attract, there are not wanting those who feel that this high-minded and thoroughly devoted teacher has left a wide void in the community.

WHEN we talk of the pioneers of '49, we are in the habit of thinking of them—those that still live—as Californians only. But of the thousands who came here in those days, expecting to return East soon, many actually did so; and scattered here and there, all through the East, are genuine '49ers, whose few years in California, almost lost under later experiences, yet stir very warmly in their memories on occasion. One of these writing to send the following verses, adds thus to the incident they narrate:

"While on a business trip to Milwaukee, I recognized one of my old mining partners, in a white-haired gentleman of portly figure who passed the window of the hotel. I followed him, put my hand on his shoulder, and saluted him as 'Bill.' You can imagine his surprise. I do not believe he had been called familiarly by his Christian name in twenty years. His face flushed, and he seemed about to explode with anger, when I smiled, and straightway the clock of the world went back thirty years, and he recognized me. He was in town on business, and waiting for the midnight train on the St. Paul road, while I was expecting to leave at the same hour on the Chicago and Northwestern."

After Many Years.

WHO is that passing on the street I wonder?
His face looks like a face I seem to know.
Can it be he? It is, it is, by thunder:
Will H——, my chum of thirty years ago!

To make assurance doubly sure I'll hail him.
I'll wager he's the same old convive still.
Will he know me, or will his memory fail him?
I'll try it on, by Jove: "How are you, Bill?"

He turned at this familiar salutation,
With puzzled mien, and glance equivocal,
But with that glance took in the situation,
"God bless my soul!" he said, "How are you Cal?

"Whence come you now, and whither are you bound?
How many years is it since last we met?
Where do you hail from? Where's your stamping ground?
We'll have a social chat tonight, you bet.

"Come, let us leave the street; here close at hand
I claim since yesterday a domicile,
Only a transient one, you understand,
Within the cirque of Plankinton's hotel."

And now, behold us seated by the table,
Two staid old pioneers of "forty-nine"
With locks so white, and beards so venerable,
Recounting escapades of "auld lang syne."

Thus seated knee by knee, and cheek by jowl,
Each seems forgetful of his fifty years.
With merry jest we drain and fill the bowl,
And to our minds the past alone appears.

Question on question follows thick and fast;
"*Do you remember?*" forms the text for all,
While incidents, forgotten, of the past,
Each to the other's memory we recall.

"Do you remember how I washed that shirt,
At Hawkins Bar in eighteen forty-nine?
And having cleansed it of the mud and dirt,
The owner came and said it wasn't mine?

"Do you remember crossing to discover
New claims upon the river's further side,
How at your wink 'Steve' turned the pirogue over,
And laughed to see me stem the icy tide?

"Do you remember how we lost the trowels,
In that same accident to the canoe,
How 'Robert' wondered 'that we had the bowels
To come to camp, and come without them too'?

"Do you remember, you mendacious cuss,
That mule we jayhawked down on Woods's creek?
And how, when that mule's owner made a fuss,
You lied, and 'Griff' and I endorsed your cheek?

"Alas, poor 'Griff,' we'll meet no more on earth;
He's staked a claim in Campo Santo's ground;
His voice no more, in sadness or in mirth,
Will greet us with the old familiar sound—

"'Bruce,' too, has journeyed to the land of souls,
And 'Tribbie's' earthly pilgrimage is o'er;
He who all human destinies controls
Has called them from us to the unknown shore.

"And you and I who have been boys together,
Though now grown old, will try and cherish still
Those friendly ties, which through all winds and weather,
Have yet survived; let's trust they ever will.

"Heigho, old boy, it's time for us to part,
The minute hands mark 'leven forty-five.
Let's have another glass before we start,
And then together leave this human hive.

"You for your home by Mississippi's stream,
And I for mine beneath the northern pine.
Where this amid past memories will gleam,
And cast a halo around Friendship's shrine."

The driver calls, "You've got five minutes still
To reach the station, and you'll need 'em all."
I hail him as he goes with "So long Will,"
And he responsive answers, "So long Cal."

H. C. G.

Literary Training.

EDITOR OVERLAND: The present is emphatically an age of technical schools. They have been established for almost every art, science, and trade in the whole range of human effort. It is the purpose of this letter to call attention to the fact that in one department of industry the school has not kept pace with the times. For authorship, profession or trade, there is offered no special training. The classical and literary courses in schools and colleges furnish excellent general preparation for the literary life, but it is a training more practical and technical to which reference is now made. Ever since the days when authors starved in Grub Street garrets (what a fine sarcasm in the name!), the young writer has floundered along as best he could, till he has become discouraged, or has chanced to make a hit.

Let us suppose a young man that has made up his mind to become an author. His most obvious course is to begin by writing for some magazine. He submits his article, prose or verse, to the editor. The chances are a hundred to one that his manuscript comes back to him with a courteous form expressing regret that it is "not available." Here is a perplexity. Why? Had the editor no time to read the manuscript carefully, or was there an overplus of accepted matter, so that the article was declined on general principles? Or, supposing, as more likely, that the fault is in the production itself, what is it? Is the subject matter unsuitable, so that what he has said was not worth saying, or has he not said it well? Then there are the more practical questions: Is it waste of time for him to try again? or, if not, how shall the second attempt differ from the first?

It may be said that the young writer is his own best judge; for if he has the divine afflatus, it will so impel him to write that no adverse circumstances will deter him. This is very beautiful in theory, but unfortunately it is belied time and again in experience. Indeed, there are so many things to warp an author's judgment—and especially in the case of a young author—of his own work, that the opinion of almost any other person of intelligence is of more value. Instances in support of this proposition will occur to every reader: Virgil, desiring with his latest breath that the "Æneid" be destroyed, because it had not received his final polish; Walter Scott, as he tells us in the charmingly confidential introduction to "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," burning the first part of that poem, discouraged by the silence of two friends to whom he had read it; Milton, believing that his fame would rest on "Paradise Regained," rather than on its great predecessor; John Hay, piqued because the public chooses to recognize him as the author of "Little Breeches," the trifle of an idle hour, and forgets his more serious work: on the other hand, Salmi Morse, proclaiming that the "Passion Play" is second only to "Paradise Lost;" and the inspired being of every neighborhood, who insists on writing and publishing his worthless poems, despite the neglect of an unappreciative world.

Since, then, his own judgment stands him in little stead as to the course to be pursued in order to satisfy his craving for literary fame and for things more substantial, to whom shall he go for advice? Of course, his immediate friends and relatives are ready to give him a surfeit of the article, but, unfortunately, their opinions are of hardly more value than his own; they either think him and all he does perfect in the blindness of their love, or, on the other hand, they think him an idiot for attempting literary work, to the neglect of occupations more prosaic in their nature, but more certain in their returns. But there is his distinguished friend, Mr. Blank Blank: why not ask the advice of that gentleman? There are many reasons to make the young author hesitate. Mr. B. is such a busy man, that it is asking as much to make a demand upon his time as upon his purse. Then, again, Mr. B. would hardly consider it a pleasant task to pore over a crude manuscript and give a just opinion, at the risk of receiving small thanks for his trouble. At any rate, the young writer feels a delicacy about asking favors of this sort.

To whom shall he go then? The fact is, there is only one man in the world who knows exactly why the editor rejected the first article, and just what sort of an article would be acceptable. That man is, of course, the editor himself. "But you surely don't say that the editor should take the time to examine every article that is sent in, and return all unaccepted ones with reasons and advice as to further writing?" Precisely that. "But it wouldn't pay him to do it" (and here the objector adds some remark in disparagement of the common sense of a man that suggests such an idea). But why not make it pay? Let the announcement be made in the magazine that every manuscript accompanied by a certain sum of money —one dollar, two dollars, or five dollars, the amount to be determined by experience—will be more carefully examined than is possible for ordinary contributions, and advice sent, as above stated.

The advantages of this plan are many. The young writer will be sure of obtaining the judgment and advice of a thoroughly impartial and practical critic. He will be told whether or not his writing shows any signs that he will ever achieve success. He will be instructed as to the department of literature that offers the fairest prospect for him. As a result, he will waste no time in hopeless effort, and will know just where to put his attention in further writing. Thus, every rejected article will represent, not lost time, but a stage of progress. Should he succeed, his profits as a writer will soon repay the outlay he has made in his apprenticeship; or his money will be well spent if it puts to rest aspirations that could lead only to loss of time and disappointment.

To the magazine the benefits of this scheme would be no less signal. It is not supposed that it will add directly to the revenue of the publishers; for, to make the matter a success at all, the enclosure must be kept at the smallest amount that will pay for the extra work involved, and the increase of editorial staff that would be required. But it would enable the editors to mould the most promising of the young writers that offer themselves as the needs of the publication may require, and in time to have at their command a body of contributors trained under their care, and loyal to the hand that has guided them to success.

It is true that this system demands peculiar sagacity and tact on the part of the editor. He must not be in any sense a narrow man, but must be able to appreciate any sort of excellence in all departments of literature, and to discern the seeds of ability in the crude effort of the novice. Failing in these qualities, he would mould his apprentices into an insufferable sameness of thought and style, or would discourage those who might otherwise succeed. But these qualities are nearly those of the able magazine editor now.

In any case the attempt would require no great effort; it would interfere in no respect with those who prefer the present method. Manuscripts could still be sent in the ordinary way, to heap the waste basket with productions that have cost weary hours—hours utterly lost in comparison with the good that would have come from directed work.

But, if it should succeed, the plan has possibilities of growth. Authorship might become no longer the haphazard thing it now is, and it might be that a really sane man could adopt letters as a profession, expecting to get his bread and butter by it. The time might come, too, when the School of Authors would take its place with the Schools of Design and of Music, as it would have good right to do; for it would teach the finest of the fine arts, an art more universal in its influence and greater in its power than all others combined. *G.*

Grave Subjects.

It was my fortune to spend a portion of the summer of 1884 in a quiet little New England village, away from the whirl and bustle of busy life. There was little to break the monotony. So one day I strolled into the grave-yard, where lie the remains of those who lived so long ago their very names are forgotten by the present generation. These old New England grave-yards in too many instances are sadly neglected. The battle for mere existence is so hardly won on its stubborn soil that many give it up, and, with the course of empire, take their way westward, leaving no kith or kin of those who sleep under the shadow of their ancestral homes. The new-comers who take their places have no reverence for the memory of those they never knew, and the want of a modern "Old Mortality" is plainly seen.

From the monumental stones, many of which were moss-covered, and others so eaten by the tooth of time as to leave their inscriptions almost illegible, I copied some epitaphs, among which were the following. Some of them, doubtless, are to be found elsewhere, while others bear the evidence of entire originality. For instance, this, which is a good specimen of condensed biography:

"Sixteen years I lived a maid,
Two years I was a wife,
Five hours I was a mother,
And so I lost my life.
My babe lies by me, as you see,
To show no age from Death is free."

Several stones near each other bear inscriptions that evidently emanated from the same source; some of them are as follows:

"One day in health I did appear,
The next a corpse fit for the bier."

"Friends and brothers, see where I lie;
Remember you are born to die."

"What hidden terror death doth bring,
It takes the Peasant and the King;
Then prepare, both one and all,
For to be ready when God doth call."

A stone for a young lady of twenty-four years bears this couplet:

"Sleep on, *sweet babe*, till Jesus comes
And raises all from sleeping tombs."

The following, although inscribed with no regard to orthography or measure, was evidently selected by one of high poetic feeling:

"Life's a journey! Man the rugged path with hope and fear alternate travels on: but e'er his journey half is o'er, grim death, like a villian in the dark, lets fly his quivering dart: the traveller falls."

Here are two that may have been written by the same hand:

"No. I'll repine at death no more,
But with a *cheerful gasp* resign
To the cold dungeon of the ground
These dying, withering limbs of mine."

"My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last Trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst *the Chains of Sweet Surprise*
And in my Savior's image rise."

The epitaph of a clergyman who died at the age of twenty-seven, which was, as is certified on the same stone, composed by himself on his death-bed, reads as follows:

"How short, how precarious, how uncertain is life! How quick the transition from time to eternity. A breath, a gasp, a groan, and, lo, we're seen no more. And yet on this point, oh, alarming thought, on this slender point swings a vast eternity."

Following the ordinary inscription of name, date of death, age, etc., on the headstone of one who was found dead one morning, having evidently fallen to the ground from outside stairs leading to a house door, are these lines:

"No cordial to revive his heart,
No one to hold his head,
No friend to close his dying eyes,
The ground was his death-bed."

One stone is erected "In memory of Mr. Timothy Moses and his wives." After stating that he died August 25, A. D. 1787, aged 81, it gives the names, dates of death, and ages of four of his wives, and states that "Mrs. Mary ye 5th Survives." Stones for the first two wives stand beside his, but evidently the expenses for such momentoes became after this too much for Timothy to bear.

Not far away stand the memorial stones of a man and three wives—one of which wives died within a year of a former one, and I was told that he left two more survivors—one divorced and one his widow.

Idleness.

ALL the poets of the Present,
Practical, and worldly-wise,
Write in rhyme of city customs,
City cares, and city lies;
Or describe a brief vacation,
And conventional flirtation.

What are these? Come, let us ramble
In the dear and olden way
Down the quiet, country meadows,
Bright with blossomed flowers of May;
In the pleasant summer weather
Let us spend an hour together.

How the light of noon-day lingers
On the creamy four o'clocks!
How the breeze from piny forest
Every grass-blade lightly rocks!
All the world is young together
In this early summer weather.

Here we'll dally by the brookside
Where the sun upon it lies,
While the wary trout goes flashing
Past us as the lightning flies;
We'll be friends with him together
In this friendly summer weather.

And perchance, we may discover,
Idly basking 'neath the brake,
Streaked and striped with brown and yellow,
Some reposing water-snake;
We will pause awhile together
In this careless summer weather.

Blue above, serene and cloudless
Spread the heavens overhead;
Here we'll lie among the clover,
Here we'll make our fragrant bed;
With the bees and birds together
We will spend the summer weather.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Italy, 1815-1878.

THE greatest constitutional events of the last three-quarters of a century might well be summed up in the phrase, "United Italy—United Germany"; and as, for centuries, history linked German and Latin, so men now living remember when the struggle of Italians for liberty and union aided to stir the thoughts of broken fragments of States beyond the Alps. The courage of Victor Emmanuel, the ardor of Joseph Mazzini, the cool, philosophical statesmanship of Count Cavour, were priceless gifts to the welfare of Europe at large. Young Americans should read the story of the regeneration of Italy, in order to understand how much a few brave and educated men may do, how great a reform they can begin. The field of action was large in extent, and of classic interest; literature, art, and song, had made the land their own. It had given Europe lessons in manners and chivalry, and had protected the learning of Greece. In its soil was the dust of Cæsars, and the ruins of Roman and Etruscan temples. But at last the interest taken in the struggle by poet, philosopher, and antiquarian paled, as it ever will in great struggles, before the purely human interest. Here were peasants and counts, humble carbonari, and noble diplomats, and red-shirted mountaineers, and dwellers in ancient towns, whose mighty oath was to set Italy free. The people usually knew what they wanted, but foolish and treacherous leaders often led them astray, and delivered them up to axe and dungeon. At first, indeed, men wanted Naples free, Piedmont free, Venice free, and cared little for their brethren. Then, when it was discovered that their fates and fortunes were one and indivisible, men tried to shape the New Italy according to certain preconceived notions of what a State should be. The growth of the national idea broke all fetters, until constitutional freedom and union under the House of Savoy were gained.

Mr. Probyn, in the modest volume under review, has endeavored to give a concise account of the chief causes and events which transformed Italy from a divided into a united country. He tells us that during 1859 and 1871, he spent a part of each year in Italy, where he studied the people and their political affairs. His book bears every internal evidence of thoroughness and accuracy in detail. The important change in the policy of Pope Pius IX. towards the Liberals of 1848, the growth of Piedmont under Cavour's administration, the part he played in the Crimean War, the alliance with France, the war of 1859, the fall of Gaeta, and the first Italian Parliament in February, 1860, are told with dispassionate carefulness. The story properly ends when Italy takes Rome, and in November, 1871, opens her parliament there. The very important Law of the Papal Guarantees is given in full, and the relations of Church and State in practice are described.

As for the present condition of free Italy, statistics are highly encouraging. The percentage of illiteracy has been reduced one-half, and more than six million dollars is annually spent on the schools. There are 12,700 university students in Italy. In 1861 there were 820 miles of railroad; now there are 5,500 miles, and 2,000 miles more are in process of construction. The savings banks in 1879 held 656,000,000 francs, and there were 925,000 investors. Public securities have risen from 68 to 92. Dante's bitter reproach:

> "Alas! enslaved Italy, abode of grief,
> Ship without pilot in a mighty tempest,"

is no longer true.

Coues's Key to North American Birds.[1]

THE original edition of this well-known work (which contains a concise account of every species of living and fossil bird at present known on the continent north of the boundary line between Mexico and the United States, including Greenland) having become exhausted, and the demand for it being very great, a revision of it has been issued, in connection with another of the author's old works, the "Field Ornithology." Part First of the new volume consists of the old "Field Ornithology"—a work invaluable to the student, giving him minute and complete directions for collecting, studying, and preserving specimens. Even boys cannot resist the description of the fowler's outfit with which the book opens, and they follow with avidity into the haunts of the birds, eager to avail themselves of the hints about bringing down their game, securing it, and about the hiding-places for nests, the best way of preserving the eggs, and the art of taxidermy. The boy-fowler is an enthusiast on these points. Had it been a stroke of policy to entice boys, nothing could have been more masterly than the opening chapters. But the work is simply the cheery noting of the author's own experience, given to his younger brothers in the field, with the earnest hope that ways that have proved useful to him may be helpful to them. And, although so cheery, it teaches the student how to study like the scientist, how to examine his specimens,

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Italy: from the fall of Napoleon I. in 1815, to the death of Victor Emmanuel, in 1878. By John Webb Probyn. London & New York: Cassell & Co. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[1] A Key to North American Birds. By Elliot Coues. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

and how to record his most minute observations. Part Second is the introduction to the old "Key," relating to the technical terms of the science—revised and enlarged into a full treatise on the external and internal structure of birds, their classification and nomenclature. Part Third, the Key proper, corresponds in ornithology to the well known Keys of Gray and Wood in botany. It describes over nine hundred species of birds concisely, but fully enough for great certainty of identification, guarding most carefully against mistakes arising from changes in plumage owing to sex, season, or age. It notes carefully, also, the geographical distribution and differences of species, and gives brief accounts of the "habits, haunts, migrations, song, nests, eggs, etc," of the birds described. The work contains between five and six hundred cuts, and all so expressive that the descriptions of the text are hardly necessary. It is a perfectly complete guide to the naming and classifying of specimens, and absolutely indispensable to the teacher of ornithology. Part Fourth is a synopsis of the Fossil Birds of North America. In consequence of the wonderful progress of the science in the last few years, a revision of the old "Key" had become desirable. The present volume contains the summing up in the briefest manner compatible with exactness and clearness, the latest knowledge in ornithology, resulting either from the author's own unwearying investigations, or those of his brother scientists. Moreover, through it all, the author's naturally gay and poetic vein bubbles over charmingly, and there is a most seductive commingling of instruction, sentiment, and fun.

The Lenape Stone.[1]

This is a very thorough monograph upon an interesting Indian relic found in Pennsylvania. The stone—an ordinary "gorget stone"—bears a scratched picture of a fight between Indians and a mammoth. If genuine and contemporary, it would be by all odds the most remarkable record of the mammoth in existence. The author evidently wishes very much to believe it genuine, yet he sums up the evidence with commendable fairness. Unfortunately, the most competent archæologists who have examined it agree in pronouncing the picture probably a recent forgery, though the stone itself is a genuine ancient gorget. On the other hand, the evidence of the perfect good faith of the farmers who found the stone seems conclusive, and no sufficient motives seem to have existed for any forger to thus throw away his work. The picture was undoubtedly drawn either by some ancient artist who had seen the mammoth, or some modern one who had seen pictures of him. That the mammoth did exist in America until long after the period of human occupation, is established; it even seems probable that he remained here until within the period of Indian tradition, and possible that the last specimens of the great creature lingered in the interior of the country after Europeans had touched the coasts. Some points in the Indians' narrations seem to indicate that they did. Even if this were so, the animal was then practically extinct, a source of amazement to the Indians themselves on the rare occasions when they caught a glimpse of it; and it is to these last glimpses of an animal forgotten by the native dwellers on the soil that the accounts in the legends refer—if, indeed, they refer to the mammoth at all. Again, some attempts to figure the mammoth have been discerned in pipes from the mounds, and in the shapes of certain mounds themselves; but these are not admitted by careful archæologists to be at all certainly mammoths, but possibly tapirs, and possibly nothing of that kindred. Among these obscure hints and possibilities of human records of the mammoth, the Lenape stone drawing would be of incalculable value, if genuine, with its unmistakable mammoth; while, on the other hand, its amazing difference from all these others makes it look untrustworthy. The archæologists' chief objections to it are founded upon the character of the picture, which is totally un-Indian and suspiciously like the famous La Madeleine mammoth picture; and upon the nature of the incisions, which they think must have been made by steel. These are certainly very weighty objections; even though the force of the latter is a little broken by the testimony of the farmer who owns the stone, that he cleaned out the lines with a nail.

Briefer Notice.

In *Patroclus and Penelope*[2] Colonel Dodge has given a great deal of useful and interesting information about horses and horsemanship, gaits and saddles, breeding and training, and all in a free, easy style that makes it very readable. He believes in careful schooling for horse and man, and in the main points he considers the method of Baucher the best ever devised. We scarcely think he is right in saying that a cowboy or vaquero in his big saddle would be easily thrown by a racing colt on account of the difference in motion between the colt and the western broncho: for those who have seen much of vaquero riding are inclined to believe that the best of that profession can "stick" to anything that they can get the sinch to stay on. The big Mexican saddle would not be the proper thing, or even the most comfortable thing, on the street or in the hunt; but for the mere "sticking" to all kinds of beasts with all kinds of gaits, it is hard to excel. The book is illustrated with fourteen fine photographs taken by the instantaneous process, which show clearly, as the author intends them to, that in carefully selected views of a fine moving horse, it is not necessary that the animal look as if he were all out of joint. The chapter on this subject is as full of suggestions that are of value to artists as are the remaining ones of points for the horseman.——The beautiful little books of the Riverside Aldine Series are thus far seven in number; the first four we have heretofore noticed; the three following are Howells's *Venetian Life*,[1] in two volumes, and Burroughs's *Wake Robin*.[2] The selections for this series have been no less satisfactory than the form.——No more valuable books of reference can come into the student's hands than the different Q. P. Indexes. Indeed, it is hard to think how we ever got along without them. The *Annual Index to Periodicals*[3] for 1884 has reached us, making that year's stores of magazine articles available. The device on the covers of these indexes—a hand holding an eel by the tail—is very apt. We note among the titles indexed for the year some seventy-odd from THE OVERLAND. From the same quarter comes *A Directory of Writers for the Literary Press*,[4] a first issue, and not entirely complete. Another excellent index is *The Coöperative Index to Periodicals*,[5] a quarterly issue. This does not select among articles, like the Q. P. Index, but indexes all prose articles. It is less compact than the Q. P. Index, and less specifically of use to students, being easier to find one's way in. It indexes by subjects, not titles, which is the only way to be really serviceable to seekers.——*Un Mariage d'Amour*[6] is the third of William R. Jenkins's well-selected *Contes Choisés*.——One of the many enthusiastic admirers of General Gordon has compiled—literally piled together—an unassorted medley of extracts from his letters, put them between card-covers, tied these together with a ribbon, and entitled the result *Chinese Gordon, the Uncrowned King*.[7] There seems no particular work in the world for the pamphlet, as it contains nothing new.——The *National Academy Notes and Complete Catalogue*[8] for 1885 is a more interesting issue than ever to those at a distance, as the sketch-reproductions (nearly a hundred in number) are better than before. These give some very fair hint of the appearance of most of the figure paintings, but are in all but a few the merest suggestion of the landscapes. Among them we notice two from pictures of the Santa Barbara Mission, by Benoni Irwin. Biographical notes upon the artists are added, and a list of prices attached to the pictures. ——Magruder's *John Marshall*,[9] of the "American Statesmen" series, shows an appreciable departure from the high standard which has been maintained hitherto in the series. It is little more than a repetition of the familiar phases of Marshall's life and character. Its treatment of the larger questions which the career of the great Chief Justice suggests is entirely inadequate.

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[1] The Lenape Stone: or, The Indian and the Mammoth. By H. C. Mercer. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

[2] Patroclus and Penelope; A Chat in the Saddle. By Theodore Ayrault Dodge. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

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[1] Venetian Life. I., II. By W. D. Howells. Riverside Aldine Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[2] Wake Robin. By John Burroughs. Riverside Aldine Series. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[3] An Annual Index to Periodicals: The Q. P. Index Annual for 1884. Bangor: Q. P. Index, Publisher. 1885.

[4] A Directory of Writers for the Literary Press in the United States. Compiled by W. M. Griswold. Bangor, Maine: Q. P. Index, Publisher. 1884.

[5] The Coöperative Index to Periodicals. Edited by W. I. Fletcher. Vol. I., No 1., January-March, 1885. New York. 1885.

[6] Un Mariage d'Amour. Par Ludovic Halévy. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1885.

[7] Chinese Gordon, the Uncrowned King. Compiled by Laura C. Holloway. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1885.

[8] National Academy Notes and Complete Catalogue. 1885. New York, London, and Paris: Cassell & Company.

[9] John Marshall. By Allan Magruder. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

THE

OVERLAND MONTHLY.

DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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FORCE.

THE stars know a secret
  They do not tell;
And morn brings a message,
  Hidden well.

There's a blush on the apple,
  A tint on the wing,
And the bright wind whistles,
  And the pulses sting.

Perish dark memories!
  There's light ahead;
This world's for the living,
  Not for the dead.

In the shining city,
  On the loud pave,
The life-tide is running
  Like a leaping wave.

How the stream quickens,
  As noon draws near!
No room for loiterers,
  No time for fear.

Out on the farm-lands
  Earth smiles as well:
Gold-crusted grain-fields,
  With sweet, warm smell;

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Whirr of the reaper,
  Like a giant bee;
Like a Titan cricket,
  Thrilling with glee.

On mart, and meadow,
  Pavement, or plain;
On azure mountain,
  Or azure main,—

Heaven bends in blessing;
  Lost is but won;
Goes the good rain-cloud?
  Comes the good sun!

Only babes whimper,
  And sick men wail,
And faint-hearts, and feeble-hearts,
  And weaklings fail.

Down the great currents
  Let the boat swing;
There was never winter
  But brought the spring.

E. R. Sill.

LA SANTA INDITA.

More than three hundred years ago a little village of mud-built cottages, thatched with long, sharp *zacate de cuchillo*, or knife grass, nestled at the foot of a mountain, covered half its height with tropical shrubs and trees, which formed a sombre and beautiful base for the summit of dazzling snow that reflected the brilliant sunlight, or was half lost in fleecy clouds.

There is a large town now where the humble village once stood, and handsome dwellings overshadow mud-built huts, while for both rich and poor a massive church opens its large and heavy portals. How grand is its *façade* of dark brown stone, wrought in myriad forms of saints and angels, prostrate demons, leaves, and flowers; how its dome, covered with polished and many colored porcelain, flashes in the sun, upholding a towering cross of glittering bronze—the symbol of Christianity—where once arose the smoke of heathen sacrifice.

In those days, when the village was one of the most unimportant in all the great realm of Montezuma, the Aztec king, there lived there a little brown maiden called "Otzli," or "The Wind Flower." Perhaps we should smile at such a comparison, but to her father and mother and all the villagers she was the most lovely and delicate creature upon the earth. She was the chief's daughter, a princess, and was served with the tenderness and deference due to her high rank, and she was loved as only the gentle and pure minded can be.

Her days passed by in perfect happiness. She lay beneath the shade of flower laden trees, and looked up at the silvery mountain or the blue, cloudless sky. Her playfellow was a pet fawn, which gamboled at her side wherever she went, or lay beside her when she slumbered, and shared the fruits and *tortillas*—thin cakes of corn freshly toasted—which she thought so delicious.

Otzli's father was stern and proud, rarely deigning to speak to his little daughter, but sometimes he laid his hand on her head as he passed her, or looked at her with a tender smile; and Otzli knew that he loved her, and was instructed not to expect caresses from so great a warrior. But her mother petted and kissed her with endless affection, and to her Otzli poured out all her tender little heart.

At last the peaceful life in the little village was abruptly ended. Breathless messengers came to warn the chief and his followers that a terrible enemy was threatening their capital. "They were pale as the spirits of the dead!" they said; "they bestrode fierce beasts which breathed forth smoke, and were as the immortal gods in strength and courage!" And worst of all, they carried enchanted rods, which, at the command of their masters, roared with a loud voice, sent forth flames of fire, and even from afar struck agony and death. In truth, the Spaniards under Cortez, riding on horses and using firearms, were the formidable enemies the poor Indians were called upon to encounter.

They marched forth bravely, chanting war-songs of proud defiance. Even the women who remained at home did not suffer a tear or a sigh to escape them, lest they should dishearten or annoy their brave defenders. But when these were all gone, Otzli's mother bade them be cheerful and industrious, and set them an example by unwonted diligence in her own household tasks, and in the direction of public affairs, in which she was assisted by some grave elders, who were too old and infirm to go to the war.

Otzli did not cry when her father went away, for she would have thought it cowardly, and unworthy a chief's daughter. But at last there came a day when all women might bewail themselves unchidden. The city of Mexico had fallen; its king was dethroned; thousands of his subjects lay dead in the streets, and their corpses filled the streams. Not one of the men who had left the little village returned to tell the tale.

Poor little Otzli! What a terrible grief filled her young heart. Never, to her dying day, could she forget the scene that ensued, when the dreadful tidings became known. The women ran shrieking through the streets, tearing their long hair, and calling upon their gods to help them. They surrounded the hut in which Otzli and her mother lived, and begged her to speak to them, to give them some comfort. But she could not comfort them; she could not speak, nor did she weep. She stood motionless, as if turned to stone, only her large eyes burned like coals.

No one dared to go near her; even Otzli crouched at her feet tremblingly, awe-stricken by her strange and terrible appearance. One by one the weeping people turned away to their homes, and as night came on the village grew silent. Otzli lay and looked up at the silver-crested mountain, glorious in a flood of moonlight. Her mother's gaze was fixed there also; she seemed to see something far, far away. By and by, Otzli sobbed herself to sleep, and late in the night, when the moon was setting, and even the snowy peak grew dark, her mother stepped out into the gloom, leaving her child in the silent chamber, where she awoke at sunrise to find herself alone.

She was not alarmed at first, but waited patiently for her mother to return; but long hours passed and she did not make her appearance. At last some women came to know why she had not come out to speak to them. They were amazed and alarmed when they found she was not in the hut. They sought her all that day, and for days thereafter, but found her not. At last, all but Otzli became reconciled to her loss; but poor little orphaned Otzli, how could she cease to hope? She would have died had she despaired! Oh, how cruel her gods seemed to her. They had taken her all upon earth; they offered her nothing in the future! The one little flame that warmed her soul, was the faint hope that her mother would return.

The months went by and she came not; but one morning a strange sound was heard without the village walls. It burst upon the ears of the newly arisen people like the triumphant music of the gods; and before they could recover from their surprise, a startling vision appeared. The terrible white strangers, riding their enchanted monsters, swept through the town, and gathering in the open square in the center, unfurled a glorious banner, and knelt before some mystic symbol, held in the hands of a venerable man with gray hair streaming over his loose black robes.

They soon learned that this symbol was the cross, the sign of the new religion to which, through force or conviction, they were soon obliged to attach themselves. The gray-haired man was the priest, to whom they learned to look for protection from the lawless soldiers, and who became the guide and father of the forsaken Otzli. She grew to love him dearly, and believed implicitly all he told her. She found a new hope added to that she still held of her mother's return. Beyond this world, which had been so sad a one to her, she learned to look for another, where there shall be no sorrow nor weeping.

Father Luis was old and infirm, and had come to the new country because he seemed to hear a divine voice calling him to the work; but he often asked himself hopelessly what he could do, and his fellow clergymen, when they thought of him, said the same. And so he was left in this tiny village, with its few inhabitants of young boys, old men, and women, and made some sincere converts for whom he thanked God.

There had been one high hope in Father Luis's heart when he entered upon his mission: he had longed, and still longed, to raise up a temple to the true God in this land of idols. But his hopes grew fainter and fainter; the village was so obscure, so far removed from ways of travel, so small and poor, a church there seemed as little needed as it was probable it could be built.

Poor old Father Luis—as his hopes faded, so dearer and dearer they became to him, and he talked of them constantly to his only confidant, the child Otzli. As she became more and more devoted to her new faith, she caught the enthusiasm of her pastor.

"The dear Jesus will bless us," she would say; "before you die, he will grant your desires. I pray to him without ceasing! He will send my mother back to me, and the spot on which I first see her shall be blessed."

The father listened almost in awe. The child spoke with such simplicity, and yet with such assurance, that she seemed like one inspired.

For some time thereafter the good father felt a new hope. But it faded when months passed by, and his congregation decreased, the village began to fall in ruins, the fields were forsaken, and worse than all, his comforter and darling, little Otzli, sickened and seemed about to die.

She had not spoken much of late, either of her mother or of the church; but one evening, as the sun was setting, she went to the little chapel to pray. She knelt down at the humble altar, and lifted her heart in adoration. Father Luis came softly into the tiny yet sacred room, and with bent head watched her, as the last long rays of the sun streamed from the crest of the snowy mountain, and enveloped her form in glory.

As he stood there, a wan and haggard creature, so ragged, so emaciated that it seemed scarcely human, glided in at the open door. It was a woman, a wretched, elf-like creature, with wild eyes glowing under her tangled hair. Yet wretched and wild as she was, she bore in her hand an exquisite wreath of wild flowers—such flowers as, the father knew, grew only upon the snow-clad mountain—lovely, delicate flowers, blooming in the midst of eternal snow. They were the ethereal blossoms in remembrance of which the chieftain and his wife had named their little one Otzli, or "The Wind Flower."

The woman stood motionless as her eyes fell upon the kneeling child; then rushing forward before the alarmed priest could interpose, she had clasped her in her arms.

It was Otzli's mother. "My prayer is answered," cried the child, as she clung to the miserable and famine wasted form. "O Jesus," she added in a voice of almost agonized entreaty, "Thou who hast answered the prayer of a little child, consider the desires of thy faithful servant, and glorify thy name."

As she prayed she dropped upon her knees before the altar, and with an instinct of sacrifice, caught from her mother's hand the wreath of ethereal snow flowers, and extended it towards the rude image of the blessed child; and lo! within her hands the fragile leaves and blossoms were transformed and became a glittering crown of gold and silver, sparkling with precious stones.

This was the miracle by which God granted the prayer of the good Friar Luis and the little Indian convert.

Far and wide spread the wonderful tidings, and hundreds and thousands, both heathen and converted, thronged to the altar whereon the glittering wreath lay. Every leaf and flower were as perfect in form as when they clung to the rugged mountain sides; but oh, how glorified, how wondrously transformed!

So the obscure village became a place of pilgrimage, and from the gifts of the faithful immense sums soon filled the coffers of the wondering Friar Luis, and within a few months he began the fulfillment of the dearest object of his life, the erection of his church.

But alas! a great grief came upon him. God removed from his sight his beloved Indian child. Otzli died in the arms of her mother, who, once more restored to her right mind, and a true convert to the Christian faith, soothed the last days of the loving and saintly child, and afterward became the abbess of the first nunnery of Indian converts established in Mexico.

Father Luis lived to see the completion of the church, and to dedicate it to the Savior under the name "La Santa Indita"; and for many years it was renowned for its wealth and grandeur, and thousands annually flocked to visit the tomb of the sainted Indian maiden, and to worship before the altar, where her effigy of pale brown stone, most exquisitely carved, upbore the miraculous wreath before the image of the loving Savior, who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

Such is the legend of the beautiful church which still stands, half lost in tropic verdure, at the foot of the snow-clad mountain; but it has been despoiled of its wealth, the miraculous crown has been removed to a secret resting place, and is represented by one of tinsel and colored glass. But the memory of the trustful child remains, and awakens still the reverence and love of all to whom her history is made known.

Louise Palmer Heaven.

EARLY HORTICULTURE IN CALIFORNIA.

No writer has yet attempted to give a careful account of early horticultural experiments in this State, and if the work be not undertaken before the last of the pioneers has passed from the field of his triumphs, many personal reminiscences of value will be lost. The generation that has seen the transformation of cattle-ranges into wheat fields, and, within less than two decades, the change of wheat fields into orchards and vineyards, can tell stories of unequaled horticultural triumphs. Thirty years ago each planting of a vine or tree was considered a hazardous experiment on this coast, except, indeed, in those favored spots where the Spanish padres had tested the fertility of the soil. It is almost impossible for the younger men and women of California to realize how slowly the horticultural possibilities of this domain of Coast Range, great central valley, and Sierra foothills, were at last revealed.

The discussions that took place in the columns of the early agricultural journals of California, show how little men knew of the soil they were beginning to cultivate, and of the climate which was adapted to such a variety of fruits and flowers. For years the worthlessness of the southern counties of the State was considered axiomatic, despite the beautiful oases of vine and orange about the old missions. For years no man dared to plant an orchard anywhere except on a river-bottom, and the necessity of irrigating vineyards was widely proclaimed in the "fifties."

The first series of the OVERLAND MONTHLY contributed greatly to enlightened views upon horticulture in California, and no exhaustive history of the subject can ever be written without reference to its articles upon vineyards, olive-culture, orchards, gardens, orange groves, and similar topics. The earliest reports of the State Agricultural and Horticultural Societies, the earliest files of San Francisco newspapers and periodicals, and some notes from the personal recollections of pioneer nurserymen, supply still farther material, and are the basis of the present article.

Though its subject is pioneer American horticulture, it should be recalled that horticulture in California properly begins with the Franciscan priesthood, whose gardens flourished in San Diego, Los Angeles, San Buenaventura, Santa Barbara, and many another beautiful spot, half a century before Hugo Reid, the eccentric Scotchman of San Gabriel, had begun his essays on the history and customs of the Indians; before Yount, the trapper, had built his log cabin in upper Napa; before Dr. John Marsh had settled in his famous "stone house" on his "Farm of Pulpunes." The palm trees that the priests planted in San Buenaventura still add a charm to the landscape. A few of the olive trees they planted near San Luis Obispo yet shade the crumbling walls. The tall pear and fig avenues they set out at the Mission San José were cut down in their prime. At San Gabriel, the celebrated "Mother Vineyard" contained three thousand vines at first, but this number was soon increased to one hundred and fifty thousand, in small vineyards separated by pomegranate hedges, and surrounded by a high fence of Mexican cactus. Padre Salvadea, a botanist and classic scholar, had flowering shrubs brought from the mountains, roses from Mexico, and rare seeds from Spain and Portugal. In the midst of the flower-garden an hour-dial stood, streams of water flowed along the rows of orange trees, which had been planted about 1820. In gardens like these, we can discern the promise of colonies such as Pomona, Pasadena, Riverside, and Ontario.

An account of the horticultural progress of the State might be written from either the florist's or the nurseryman's standpoint. A few persons began the growth of plants for sale very soon after the gold rush, and early in the "fifties," Sacramento, San José, Brooklyn, and San Francisco had small establishments, partly market gardens, partly nurseries. Plants were brought safely overland in not a few instances, and propagated for sale in the mines. An old lady in Trinity County, ten years ago, showed the writer geraniums, carnations, and roses, the lineal descendants of plants she had watered and cared for during the weary weeks of the journey from Western New York to Weaverville, California, by way of "Jim Beckwourth's Pass" and the town of Shasta. Many others must have done likewise, and brought to their new homes by the Pacific seeds, cuttings, bulbs, or plants from the gardens of their childhood in the Atlantic or Western States. And how natural it was to write back: "Mother, send me a head of ripe dill, a pinch of portulacca seed, a poppy seed-case from the fence corner." So in California, as in all new countries, the small and homely and commonplace plants came with the pioneers, and found their way here easily and swiftly. The ill-smelling datura that some Westerner brought with him had escaped to the hillsides, in some parts of the State, almost before Americans had begun to plant orchards. Fennel and burdock grew rankly beside California streams, while as yet the miners of the Feather were wedded to their "rocker and long-tom" systems of obtaining gold. The really valuable horticultural acquisitions of the State came—as such things always do—from energy and forethought.

The early orchards of the Pacific Coast were chiefly descended from importations, overland, by William Meek and John Lewelling. Mr. Meek left Van Buren County, Iowa, on the first day of April, 1847, with a wagon load of choice grafted apple and other fruit trees, two of a variety, planted upright in a wagon box of soil, which he kept moist all the way. Of course, by close packing, as every nurseryman knows, several hundred trees could easily be placed in a wagon, and for so long a journey, over 2,000 miles, trees packed in bundles would have perished. Mr. Lewelling's load of trees, taken across the continent in 1848, included cherries, peaches, and many other kinds, and this also arrived in good condition. These gentlemen went into the nursery and orchard business, and the families have ever since held a very prominent place in the history of fruit culture on the Pacific Coast, both in Oregon and in California. The Meek and the Lewelling fruit farms at San Lorenzo, Alameda County, have always been esteemed as two of the model establishments of the State; and the Lewelling vineyards near St. Helena take equally high rank among viticulturists.

According to the files of the "California Farmer" for 1857, William Meek at that time possessed the best apple orchard on the coast. It was in Clackamas County, Oregon, and occupied about fifty acres of land. The "California Culturist" for June, 1858, reports that the sales from this orchard for the previous season had been 4,000 bushels, or 180,000 pounds, which sold at an average price of twenty-five cents per pound, making the gross returns $45,000. He had discarded as worthless the methods of picking, preparing for market, and shipping, to which he had been accustomed in his boyhood; and had adopted the large fruit houses, well-ventilated, and much the present method of packing in boxes, at the proper time of maturity, but not before. This orchard supplied the San Francisco market with its choicest apples. In 1859 Mr. Meek sold his Oregon property, and moved to San Lorenzo, where he purchased some 2,000 acres of the Soto grant, and continued his operations. By 1864 he had 260 acres in fruit.

The writer has heard him speak of the large prices paid for fruit and fruit trees in early days in Oregon. A dollar a pound was a common price, and often more. Five dollars apiece for grafted trees was not considered extortionate. Men came for many miles to get them at that price, and they were taken overland to the California mines. Apple orchards now growing in the Siskiyou, Trinity, and Klamath region, were from the noted Willamette Nurseries, and the small trees were carried on pack mules across the mountains. Nearly all who had bearing orchards before the mining era closed made large sums of money. In numbers of cases, grafts from the early Oregon orchards were set in wild stocks, cherry, apricot, and plum, in the mining camps of northern California; but few of these flourished.

The prices for fruit mentioned above may seem extraordinary for 1857, but in May, 1858, a San Francisco journal said: "The first ripe cherries the present season appeared May 3d. They were from the Lee Gardens, Oakland, and of the variety known as the Van Slyke, medium size, pale red, inclining to yellow, slightly mottled, and of excellent flavor. To us they possessed so strong a 'taste of silver' it was difficult to distinguish between them and the real shining metal, selling as they were at one dollar a dozen." On the 22d of May, Black Tartarians were in market, and sold for five dollars a pound; in June they brought two dollars, which was considered quite reasonable. May 15th, the first blackberries of the season appeared. They were wild, gathered in the Coast Range valleys and ravines, "plentifully mingled with red ones," and better adapted to cooking than for dessert; but they commanded fifty cents a pound. May 22d, watermelons from the Hawaiian Islands arrived, and were sold at two dollars apiece. Seven years before, in 1851, the late George G. Briggs, of the well-known Briggs Orchards, near Marysville, on the Yuba River bottom, had planted twenty-five acres of melons, which he cultivated, gathered, and sold at his own door for sixteen thousand dollars above all expenses. This story seems well authenticated, as it appears in State reports and in the "California Culturist" for June, 1858, then edited by W. Wadsworth, the corresponding secretary of the State Agricultural Society, of which J. C. Fall was President.

A study of the San Francisco berry markets shows that Santa Clara County is the region that supplies the bulk of the strawberries. But thirty years ago the sandy levels of Oakland and Alameda were almost the only spots in the State devoted to this fruit. Since then there have also been numberless changes in the favorite varieties. In 1852, Mr. Lee, of Oakland, succeeded in saving two plants of the British Queen strawberry, received by mail from the East, and the variety soon became the leading one. Wilson's, and many of note elsewhere, had previously failed to give satisfactory results. In 1858, of one hundred and sixty acres in Oakland and Alameda planted in berries, all but fifteen acres were British Queen. Hovey's Seedling was planted to some extent, also Ajax, Prince of Wales, Jenny Lind, Peabody's Seedling, and a few others. The Hovey and Peabody were extensively planted in later years, but of the dozens of other varieties described in flamboyant terms by the horticultural writers of the time, hardly one is to be found in any private collection, much less in market gardens.

The first exhibit of fruits and flowers held in California, so far as I can learn, was that of Colonel Warren, at Sacramento, in 1852. Another was held in San Francisco, in October of the following year. The leading counties of the State were represented, and the displays of fruits, flowers, and vegetables excited the surprise of all visitors. It was evident that California was to be good for something besides gold digging.

The first fruit report ever written in California was made at the fair of October, 1853, and published the following January in the "California Farmer." The committee consisted of F. W. Macondray, Julius K. Rose, W. N. Thompson, David Chambers, and G. P. Throckmorton. Gen. Vallejo of Sonoma exhibited six plates of grapes, and five of apples; Pierre Beccowarn, of San Francisco, two baskets of strawberries; J. Truebody, of Napa, five Yellow Newtown Pippin apples; H. B. Crist, of Sacramento, specimens of California black walnut; David Spence, of Monterey, first almonds grown in California; L. B. Benchley, of San Francisco, three Louis Bon de Jersey, grown in Rhode Island, and brought to California by the Panama steamer. The fruit growers of Oregon sent apples from J. B. Stevens's nurseries, Newtown Pippins, Golden Pippins, Spitzenbergs, Greenings, and other varieties. Captain Dodge, General Holbrook, Captain Howland, General M. M. McCarver, J. Pritchard, and others were also exhibitors of Oregon fruit. John Lewelling and E. L. Beard, Mission San José, showed six varieties of apples, boxes of fine grapes, olives, figs, eight Porter apples from a one year old graft, and four pears on one branch, weighing four pounds. Capt. Isaac Morgan, of Bolinas Bay, showed three baskets of apples from trees planted in 1852, sixteen apples gathered from one two years old tree; Julius K. Rose, of Sonoma, exhibited White Chasselas grapes, Mission grapes, figs, and apples. Nine silver medals and a silver cup were awarded as premiums in this department.

October 13th, 1853, Dr. Henry Gibbons delivered the first lecture on horticulture of which I have been able to find any record in San Francisco journals. He said: "Three years ago, when I landed here, it was a question whether California would ever produce a good crop of potatoes; now, the soil is full of them, and thousands of bushels will rot in the earth, not worth the digging; even in Contra Costa, almost at the door of this great market, the farmer will give half his crop to the laborer who gathers it." "Oats," he added, "are exhibited nine feet, four inches high, and one specimen ten feet, seven inches." Mention is also made of a stalk of oats shown in San Francisco in 1851, which measured thirteen feet in height.

It was in 1853 that Mr. John M. Horner raised 400,000 bushels of potatoes on his farm in Alameda County. By 1854 E. L. Beard and John M. Horner, whose possessions were contiguous, had built more than eighty miles of fencing about their ranches. Some of it cost eight hundred dollars per mile, and a large part, of imported English iron, cost more than three thousand dollars per mile. Mr. Beard planted out one hundred acres of fruit trees and vines that winter. On the two ranches more than two thousand five hundred acres were under cultivation in 1854. "Sunnyside," as many persons called the Beard homestead at the Mission San José, a comfortable old adobe, became famous throughout the State.

These two men in Alameda County, with T. P. Robb, of Sacramento, J. B. Hill, of Pajaro, and W. Pomeroy, of Alviso, were the leading vegetable growers of the time. Among other exhibitors of prize vegetables were James Denman, then of Petaluma, E. T. Crane, of San Lorenzo, A. T. McClure, then of San Francisco, Col. J. T. Hall, Dr. Samuel Murdock, A. Lloyd, and W. N. Thompson, of Suscol.

The first steps to organize a State Agricultural Society were taken December 6,.1853, in Musical Hall, San Francisco, and the following officers were elected: President, F. W. Macondray; Vice-Presidents, J. M. Horner, of Alameda County, Major John Bidwell, of Butte, Mr. Chipman, of Contra Costa, Abel Stearns, of Los Angeles, Jerome D. Ford, of Mendocino, General C. J. Hutchinson, of Sacramento, C. M. Weber, of San Joaquin, Dr. J. B. Clements, of San Luis Obispo, William F. White, of Santa Cruz, Major P. R. Reading, of Shasta, General M. G. Vallejo, of Sonoma, Mr. Ryan, of Trinity, John A. Sutter, of Yuba, James K. DeLong, of El Dorado, Captain J. A. Morgan, of Marin, J. Bryant Hill, of Monterey, J. W. Osborn, of Napa, Judge J. J. Ames, of San Diego, S. R. Throckmorton, of San Francisco, J. F. Kennedy, of Santa Clara, Pablo de la Guerra, of Santa Barbara, Jefferson Hunt, of San Bernardino, S. Thompson, of Solano, E. Linoberg, of Tuolumne. The first county meeting of agriculturists and fruit growers was held in Napa City (then a part of Sonoma County), in March, 1854. About thirty persons were present; J. M. Hamilton presided; Judge Stark, A. L. Boggs, Wells Kilburn, and other well-known men were members. The second county to organize an agricultural Association seems to have been Santa Clara County. In June, 1854, a letter to the "California Farmer," from "Sim's Ranch," Alameda County, urged the formation of a similar association.

Under date of October 31st, 1854, a document, called a "Memorial" to Congress, was sent from San Francisco by the firm of Warren & Son, "asking for the endowment of an agricultural college" in California for the Pacific Coast. It set forth the particular horticultural needs of the State, and the probabilities of much being done with fruits and semi-tropic products. At this time, cotton had been successfully grown in Shasta County for two seasons, by Major Reading, and in Sacramento by Thomas Selby. Tobacco plants were on exhibition, and preparations were being made to test sugar-cane as soon as plants could be procured. Yontz & Myers, of San José, who sunk the first artesian well in that region, are credited with having sowed, in 1854, the first field of flax in California.

California pomologists are beginning to place great faith in the value of our native seedling fruits, as often better adapted to soil and climate, longer-lived, more prolific, and better flavored. New varieties of peaches, apricots, almonds, plums, cherries, apples, and pears are becoming widely known as choice market fruits. It should therefore be of interest to horticulturists that nearly thirty years ago valuable new California fruits were brought to public notice in horticultural journals; some of these are still cultivated, others have been superseded. For instance, the once widely disseminated "Myer's Rareripe," originated at the Pioneer Nurseries of Alameda, took the lead as an early market peach until Hale's Early supplanted it, to be in time superseded by Briggs's Early May, and the remarkable group of Eastern seedlings, such as the Alexander. We also find that a seedling cling-stone grown about 1855 by N. McPherson Hill, of Sonoma, attracted much attention, and took premiums at State fairs a few years later. Seedling peaches from the Wiemer Gardens, Coloma, Eldorado County, from Colonel Weber, of Stockton, and from many other exhibitors, even from some dwellers in San Francisco, were shown at the Horticultural Fair of 1858. This fair also gave a conspicuous place among apples to "Skinner's Seedling" from San José, a variety which has held a good rank ever since, and to McCarver's Seedling, an Oregon winter apple, of which little has been heard.

In early days the nursery business was found very profitable in California, as few men had the necessary knowledge. The Pomological Nursery of A. P. Smith, two and a half miles from Sacramento, on the American River, was on land purchased from General Sutter in 1849. In 1850 and 1851, the tract was devoted to growing vegetables, but by 1852 peach pits and trees in dormant bud had been obtained from the Eastern States, and the nursery was fairly begun. By 1854, a small orchard, set out in 1850, was in bearing, but suffered greatly from the grasshopper visitation of that year. By 1856, the nursery was well stocked with fruit trees, shade trees, shrubs, vines, and green-house plants. Two thousand choice camellias were grown for outdoor culture—one of the first extensive experiments with the camellia in this State. We have been informed that the gross sales of stock from this nursery for the two seasons of 1856–'57 and 1857–'58, were upwards of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The land it occupied was long ago washed away by the Sacramento river. In 1854 Cort & Beals, of San Francisco, advertised roses "only 27 days from eastern nurseries, via Nicaragua."

The first nurserymen's convention ever held in the State took place November 9th, 1858, in San Francisco, and its object was to regulate prices, and to drive out the tree-peddlers, there being inferior imported trees in market. By advertisements a few days later, we observe that the following nurseries formed the combination "to protect home-grown trees": A. P. Smith, Pomological Garden, Sacramento; J. Aram, Railroad Nursery, San José; J. Lewelling, San Lorenzo Garden, San Lorenzo; L. A. Gould, Santa Clara Nursery; China Smith, Pacific Nursery, San José; B. S. Fox, Valley Nursery, San José; R. W. Washburn, Shell Mound Nursery, San Francisco; G. H. Beech, New England Nursery, Marysville; and A. Lewelling, Fruit Vale Nursery, San Antonio. A glance at this list will show how great have been the changes since; most of the leading nurserymen of California have entered the business since the days of this convention.

The prices fixed upon by the nurseryman of 1858, though a great reduction upon former schedules, would strike the fruit growers of the present time as remarkably stiff. We quote: "Apple, 1 yr., .50, 2 yr., $1; cherry, 2 yr., $1 to $2; fig, foreign, $3; apricot, 1 yr., .75 to $1; grapes, California, $10 per hundred; foreign, .50 to $1 apiece.

The first California State Horticultural Society was organized by fifteen persons at San José, October 10th, 1856. Its first annual meeting was held in San Francisco, in April, 1857, and in September of the same year its first annual fair took place in connection with the Mechanics' Institute.

Among the prominent florists of the time were Messrs. Sontag, Prevost, O'Donnell, Smith and Walker. The Honorable Wilson Flint delivered the annual address in 1858, at which time the State Horticultural Society numbered more than a hundred members. F. W. Macondray was President, and J. W. Osborn, Vice-President. Mr. Wilson's address was largely devoted to the desirability of planting extensive orchards, and drying the fruit for export; and to the future value of the wine-making and raisin-producing industries. The list of awards shows among the exhibition many names long prominent in the horticultural history of California, such as John Lewelling, of San Lorenzo; Dr. H. Haile, of Alameda; L. A. Gould, of San José; E. W. Case, of Santa Clara; S. Thompson, of Suscol; B. S. Fox, of San Jose; D. L. Perkins, of Alameda; G. W. Fountain, of Oakland; Colonel A. Haraszthy, of Sonoma.

The "Edinburgh Review," which had given unquestioned currency to many "travelers' tales" concerning the large gold yield of California placers, happened to find an agricultural report of 1855, and said: "At the State Fair held at Sacramento, California, were exhibited among other prodigies, a beet weighing seventy-three pounds, a carrot weighing ten pounds, and three feet, three inches in length (there were fifty in the same bed of equal size); a corn-stalk measuring twenty-one feet, nine inches in length; an apple measuring fifteen and a half inches each way. But we cannot tell how much may be owing to that Cyclopean grandeur of description in which American fancy is apt to indulge."

The State Fairs of 1857 and 1858 brought to the front a beet that weighed one hundred and twenty-five pounds; a turnip that surpassed thirty pounds in weight; a cornstalk that was twenty-five feet in height, and pears that weighed four pounds apiece. The noted pear that was grown in 1858 on a three-year-old tree in the garden of Mr. E. L. Beard, at the Mission San José, weighed two and a quarter pounds; and although specimens of this variety (the Pound or Winter Bell) have since been grown of equal or even greater size, yet this one became known abroad as none since, a life-size engraving being made, and published in several journals.

Everywhere in the early horticultural literature of the Pacific Coast, we find efforts to map out the climatic zones, and a full recognition of the broader problems that have perplexed the planters of orchards and gardens to the present day. Mr. Wadsworth, in establishing the "California Culturist," in 1858, wrote: "So peculiar and so strongly marked are our climates that a new system of cultivating the soil seems almost indispensable." Dr. Horace Bushnell, in an article upon the "Characteristics and Prospects of California," which appeared in the "New Englander," gave the ablest account of the subject that had up to that time appeared in any journal. The following extracts are worth permanent place in the history of horticulture, for they define with skill and science the conditions which prevail here:

> "Conceive that middle California, the region of which we now speak, lying between the headwaters of the two great rivers, and about four hundred and fifty or five hundred miles long from north to south, is divided lengthwise, parallel to the coast, into three strips, or ribands of about equal width. First, the coast-wise region, comprising two, three, and sometimes four parallel tiers of mountains, from five hundred to four thousand, five thousand, or even ten thousand feet high. Next, advancing inward, we have a middle strip, from fifty to seventy miles wide, of almost dead plain, which is called the great valley; down the scarely perceptible slopes of which, from north and south, run the two great rivers, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, to join their waters at the middle of the basin, and pass off into the sea. The third long strip, or riband, is the slope of the Sierra Nevada chain, which bounds the great valley on the east, and contains in its foot-hills, or rather in its lower half, all the gold mines. The upper half is, to a great extent, bare granite rock, and is crowned at the summit with snow about eight months of the year.
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> "Now the climate of these parallel strips will be different, almost of course; and subordinate, local differences, quite as remarkable, will result from subordinate features in the local configurations, particularly of the seaward strip or portion. For all the varieties of climate, distinct as they become, are made by variations wrought in the rates of motion, the courses, the temperature, and the dryness of a single wind, viz: the trade wind of the summer months, which blows directly inward all the time, only with much greater power during that part of the day when the rarefaction of the great central valley comes to its aid; that is from ten o'clock in the morning until the setting of the sun. Conceive such a wind, chilled by the cold waters which have come down from the Northern Pacific, perhaps from Behring Straits, combing the tops and wheeling through the valleys of the coast-wise mountains, crossing the great valley at a much retarded rate, and growing hot and dry, fanning gently the foot-hills and sides of the Sierra, still more retarded by the piling necessary to break over into Utah; and the conditions of the California climate, or climates, will be understood with general accuracy. Greater simplicity in the matter of climate is impossible, and greater variety is hardly to be imagined. . . .
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> "We return now to the coast-wise mountain region, where the multiplicity and confusion of climates is most remarkable. Their variety, we shall find, depends on the courses of the wind currents, turned hither and thither by the mountains; partly also on the side any given place occupies of its valley or mountain, and partly on the proximity of the sea. Sprinkled in among these mountains, and more or

less enclosed by them, are valleys, large and small, of the highest beauty. But a valley in California means something more than a scoop or depression. It means a rich land-lake, leveled between the mountains, with a sharply-defined, picturesque shore, where it meets the sides and runs into the indentations of the mountains. What is called the Bay of San Francisco is a large, salt-water lake in the middle of a much larger land-lake, sometimes called the San José valley. It extends south of the city forty miles, and northward among islands and mountains twenty-five more; if we include what is called the San Pablo Bay. Three beautiful valleys of agricultural country, the Petaluma, Sonoma, and Napa valleys, open into this larger valley of the Bay on the north end of it, between four mountain barriers, having each a short navigable creek or inlet. Still farther north is the Russian River valley, opening towards the sea, and the Clear Lake valley and region, which is the Switzerland of California. East of the San José valley, too, at the foot of Diablo, and up among the mountains, are the large Amador and San Ramon valleys; also the little gem of the Suñol. Now these valleys, if we except the great valleys of the two rivers, comprise the plow-land of middle California, have each a climate of their own, and productions that correspond. We have only to observe further, that the east side of any valley will commonly be much warmer than the west; for the very paradoxical reason that the cold coast-wind always blows much harder on the side or steep slope, even, of a mountain, opposite or away from the wind, than it does on the side towards it, reversing all our notions of the sheltering effects of the mountain ridges.

"Nothing will so fatally puzzle a stranger as the observing of this fact; for he will doubt for a long time, first, whether it be a fact, and then, what possible account to make of it. Crossing the Golden Gate in a small steamer, for example, to Saucelito, whence the water is brought for the city, he will look for a quiet shelter to the little craft, apparently in danger of foundering, when it comes under the lee of that grand mountain wall that overhangs the water on the west. But he is surprised, when he arrives, to find the wind blowing straight down the face of it, harder even than elsewhere, gouging into the water by a visible depression, and actually raising caps of white within a rod of the shore. In San Francisco itself, he will find the cold coast wind pouring down over the western barrier with uncomfortable rawness, when returning from a ride at Point Lobos, on the very beach of the sea, where the air was comparatively soft and quiet. So, crossing the Sonoma valley, he will come out into it from the west, through a cold, windy gorge, to find orange trees growing in General Vallejo's garden, close under the eastern valley wall, as finely as in Cuba. In multitudes of places, too, on the eastern slopes of the mountains, he will notice that the trees, which have all their growth in the coast-wind season, have their tops thrown over, like cocks' tails turned away from the wind. After he has been sufficiently perplexed and stumbled by these facts, he will finally strike upon the reason, viz: that this cold trade wind, being once lifted or driven over the sea-wall mountains, and being specifically heavier than the atmosphere into which it is going, no sooner reaches the summit than it pitches down as a cold cataract, with the uniformly accelerated motion of falling bodies.

"Having gotten over the understanding of this fact, many things are made plain. For example, in traveling down the western side of the bay from San Francisco to San José, and passing directly under the mountain range just referred to, he has found himself passing through as many as four or five distinct climates; for, when abreast of some gap or depression in the western wall, the heavy wind has poured down with a chilling coldness, making even an overcoat desirable, though it be a clear summer day; and then, when he is abreast of some high summit, which the fog-wind sweeps by, and therefore need not pass over, a sweltering and burning heat is felt, in which the lightest summer clothing is more than enough. He has also observed that directly opposite the Golden Gate, at Oakland, and the Alameda point, where the central column of this wind might be supposed to press most uncomfortably, the land is covered with growths of evergreen oak, standing fresh and erect; while north and south, on either side, scarcely a tree is to be seen for many miles: a mystery that is now explained by the fact that the wind, driving here square against the Contra Costa or second range, is piled, and gets no current, till it slides off north and south from the point of quiet here made; which is also confirmed by the fact that, in riding down from San Pablo on the north, he has the wind in his face, finds it slacken as he approaches Oakland, and passing on, still southward to San Leandro, has it blowing at his back.

"The varieties, and even what appeared to be the incredible anomalies of California climates, begin at last to be intelligible. The remarkable contrast, for example, between the climates of Benicia and Martinez, is clearly accounted for. These two places, only a mile and a half apart, on opposite sides of the Straits of Carquinez, and connected by a ferry, like two points on a river, are yet more strikingly contrasted in their summer climates than Charleston and Quebec. Thus the Golden Gate column, wheeling upon Oakland and just now described, sweeps along the face of the Contra Costa chain in its northward course, setting the few tree-tops of San Pablo aslant, as weather vanes stuck fast by rust, and drives its cold sea-dust full in the face of Benicia. Meanwhile, at Martinez, close under the end of the mountain which has turned the wind directly by, and is itself cloven down here to let the Straits of Carquinez pass through, the sun shines hot and with an almost dazzling clearness, and all the characters of the climate belong rather to the great valley cauldron, whose rim, it may be said, is here.

"Equally plain now is the solution of those apparent inversions of latitude, which at first perplex the stranger. In the region about Marysville, for example, he is overtaken by a fierce, sweltering heat in April, and scarcely hears, perhaps, in the travel of a day, a single bird sing as if meaning it for a song. He descends by steamer to San Francisco, and thence to San José, making a distance in all of more than two hundred miles, where he finds a cool, spring-like freshness in the air, and hears the birds screaming with song even more vehement than in New England. It is as if he has passed out of a tropical into a temperate climate, when, in fact, he is due south of Marysville by the whole distance passed over. But the mystery is all removed by the discovery that instead of keeping in the great valley, he broke out of it, through the Straits of Carquinez, into the Bay valley, and the cold bath atmosphere of the coastwise mountains."

In these early horticultural journals we discover little, if any, effort to study soils and to analyze their properties. This all-important work was left to the intelligent labors of the agricultural department of the State University, whose able reports easily rank with the best that any State in the Union has yet sent out. We find a wide-spread opinion about 1858, that the soil of California would seldom produce without irrigation, and many crude theories in regard to cultivation were promulgated. Men are gravely advised "not to plant grapes on the hillsides." The editor of one horticultural journal states that he has grown thousands of apple, pear, cherry, and plum trees from cuttings, a performance which certainly has never been repeated in this State. The "tap-root" discussion raged for the better part of two years; writers, as early as 1854, advocated the utility of summer-fallowing, and few or none realized the great importance of stirring the surface and keeping it mellow. The leaf-roller was in the grape vines, and the apple-borer in the apple trees, by 1858.

Alfalfa was a novelty, to be tested in gardens, and slowly recognized as one of the most valuable of forage plants, almost revolutionizing the system of stock-raising in whole counties of California. Alfalfa plants grown on the Brophy ranch, near Marysville, were shown at the State Fair of 1858, and a writer in the San Andreas "Independent," during the same year, speaks of several profitable alfalfa fields in the San Joaquin Valley. California-grown hops were on exhibition at the State Horticultural Fair of 1858, and received the Society's highest premium. Two hundred pounds which were grown in that year by Mr. Bushnell, of Green Valley, Bodega, sold for one dollar a pound.

We have spoken of the early Mission gardens. Prior to 1852, there were found about these gardens, and around Los Angeles, a native seedling peach, of small size, white or yellow flesh, shape globular, with a deep suture, the trees much liable to curl leaf. The Spanish pear was much earlier than the Madeleine, a good bearer, but fruit of poor quality. The "Spanish prune," grown by the padres, was like the German prune, and was propagated in many cases from seeds.

The first stock of gooseberries in the State came from Hovey, of Boston, and were imported by W. B. West, of Stockton. With currants the story of beginnings is quite remarkable. In December, 1853, Jesse and Lyman Beard, of Mission San José, and John Lewelling and E. T. Crane, of San Lorenzo, made up a fund, and sent Dr. Whaley to the Eastern States to buy plants and fruit trees. The business relations of the Beards and Mr. Lewelling were at this time very close. Mr. Henry Ellsworth, of Niles, informs the writer that Mr. John Lewelling had reached the Mission San José after a hard Oregon experience, and his horticultural knowledge attracting Mr. Beard's attention, the latter offered to let Mr. Lewelling plant an orchard of peaches, apples, and other fruits, on shares. Mr. Beard advanced all the funds, over sixty thousand dollars, and in its time there was no better orchard in California. Mr. Lewelling went to Oregon in 1852, and bought trees, which were planted the following winter. For seven years he was to have a half interest in the orchard, and it proved so profitable for all concerned, that his share enabled him to establish himself at San Lorenzo. But to return to the subject of currants. The Beards and their friends sent Dr. Whaley to visit

Eastern nurseries. At Elwanger & Barry's, in Rochester, he was shown some plants of the cherry currant, then highly spoken of in France, but a decided failure in the United States. Mr. Elwanger wished Dr. Whaley to try it in California, and a few plants were shipped. In the division Mr. Crane had four plants, Mr. Lewelling twelve, and Mr. Beard "the largest number." At this time the Red Dutch currant, the White Dutch, the Versaillaise, and other kinds, had been planted and proved worthless in this climate. Horticulturists despaired of ever having California currants. But in a few years the cherry currants at San Lorenzo began to bear fruit. Mr. Beard's plants had mostly died, and the discovery of the great value of the variety came from Mr. E. T. Crane, who by 1858 had one-fourth of an acre, and paid Mr. Lewelling $100 for enough cuttings to plant as much more. Rooted plants were soon sold by the thousand, propagated from single joints, but the San Lorenzo and Haywards region proved the best for their growth. In 1865 Mr. Crane sold 6,000 pounds of fruit, at prices ranging from thirty to fifty cents a pound. The sales for some years averaged from $2,000 to $4,000 per acre. Over-production then followed, and about 1878 currants were a drug in the markets, were given to whoever would gather them, until no more could possibly be utilized, and many tons rotted on the bushes. The nominal price was $1.50 per chest, or about one and a fourth cents a pound, which did not cover the expense of gathering and shipping. Since that time, currants, although often low, have never again reached so small a price.

One of the most interesting of early experiments in irrigation was by John M. Horner, a prominent pioneer in the southern part of Alameda County. A letter from his pen appeared in a San Francisco journal, under date of September 26th, 1856. He says that in December, 1855, he began to irrigate lands he wished to crop in 1856. Upon eighty acres thus irrigated, the wheat was forty inches high, plump and good; the unirrigated was twenty-five inches high, and much shrunken. Mr. Horner, a few years later, rented a large tract west of Niles on the north side of the Alameda creek, and irrigated it with water from the millrace. The State Agricultural Society in 1859 offered prizes for the best essays on irrigation, and the first one was taken by William Thompson, of Millerton. Practical experience in irrigation was so lacking at this time, that the articles which appeared in horticultural journals previous to 1860 were chiefly compiled from foreign sources. It was not until the ample State reports of recent years that California contributed much to the literature of the subject. Meanwhile, the people of the mining counties had been constructing an elaborate and costly system of ditches and flumes, many of which were equally available for irrigation purposes. Between 1850 and 1872, upwards of five thousand miles of such ditches had been made by the miners of the State, and some of them have become sources of horticultural wealth to mountain and foothill communities.

The grape interests of the State, as is well known, attracted much attention, and at an early date. Almost every pioneer soon became aware of the extent to which grapes were grown in the prosperous Mission gardens, and cuttings were widely distributed. Essays upon wine-making, varieties to plant, choice of soil for vineyards, and similar topics, form a noteworthy part of early agricultural reports. An article in the "California Culturist," for January, 1859, describes a visit to the vineyard of Mr. M. K. Barber, two miles from Martinez, where some four thousand three-year-old vines of the Mission variety were to be found on "bottom land." Near by was the vineyard of Mr. John Strentzel, of ten thousand vines. Hundreds of experiments with grapes were going on throughout the State, and by a process of selection, the best viticultural districts were brought to the front. Far too great stress was long laid upon the value of rich bottom lands for grapevines. The few writers who held that the barren hillsides of California would ultimately produce the finest grapes, were often laughed at as harmless enthusiasts.

It would seem, from the correspondence published in local journals during 1855–'59, that too much irrigation was often practiced on vineyards, and the quality of the fruit was much impaired. The 1858 report of the State Agricultural Society marked an era in the progress of the grape industry. This report incidentally states that the first grape vines planted in California were set about the year 1740, and at or near the Mission San Diego and the Mission Viecho, the latter sixty miles from San Diego. I notice an account of experiments made during 1856, in grafting the Mission grape on the wild vine *(Vitis Californica)*. In 1854 a writer in the "Pioneer Magazine," in discussing diseases of the vine, advises propagating new California seedlings. By 1861, there were 10,592,688 grape vines in the State, and Los Angeles and Sonoma took the lead. In 1862 the product of wine was 343,477 gallons.

The present State Horticultural Society, which so admirably fulfills its mission, and whose reports have contained many and able papers on horticulture, was organized in 1879. But the gardeners and horticulturists of Santa Clara County organized, as early as September 17th, 1855, a Horticultural Association. Colonel Grayson, Mayor Belden, and other prominent persons were members. Alameda County had a floral exhibition June 14th, 1859, the first attempted in the State. E. S. Chipman, of San Leandro, was Secretary. F. K. Shattuck, Frank R. Fargo, Robert Blacow and Dr. H. Gibbons were among the directors. The State Agricultural Society, incorporated under an act of 1853, amended in 1854, published its first report in 1858. The peculiar value of the now rare volumes of these reports for 1858, 1859, and 1860, consists in the letters they contain from a traveling committee, which visited all the agricultural districts of the State, and described the crops, gardens and orchards. If space permitted, I should be glad to print copious extracts from these chapters. The change from a mining to a farming community, the mining camps of the Sierra foothills, the beginnings of the large ranches of the valley, the unfenced plains, the healthy pioneer life of 1858, the "first transition era," are all illustrated with unconscious force in the unpretending reports of this traveling committee. Here, for instance, is a story of a washerwoman, in a mining camp, who sent to Oregon, in 1853, for one year old apple trees at five dollars apiece, and sold the fruit in 1857 for a hundred dollars a tree. There is also a story from Ophir, Placer County, of a man who in 1851 bought two cows at Sacramento for $400, and in two months had sold $720 worth of milk at .50 a quart. Hay was $80 per ton, and meal was $800 per hundred; so it cost him $100 per month to keep them. He paid $4 apiece for his hens, and sold the eggs at $5 per dozen. When thanksgiving day came, his turkey for dinner cost him $12.

Early files of the "Alta California" contain much that throws light on the horticultural events of the time. The spread of innumerable vegetable gardens "at the Mission" and beyond; the orchards of Santa Clara, Mission San José, and Sonoma, are revealed in rapid glimpses. Under date of August 3d, 1850, a writer in the "Alta California" describes the Mission Dolores fields, "with gentle streams irrigating the sarce gardens," and the dusty highway stretching off into the sand hills. Fourteen miles north of San José, in San Mateo, was the fine ranch of Capt. Wyman. About the Mission of Santa Clara were dozens of squatters' huts on the lands claimed by the Church. The spacious pueblo of San José contained thrifty pear, apple, quince, and other fruit trees, breaking down with the weight of the crop. About it, far over the valley, were the beginnings of farms. Artesian wells had been sunk, in one or two instances. The labor was chiefly Indian, paid six or seven dollars a week. Governor Barrett had just founded the town of Alviso, in the salt marshes along the shore of the Bay. In 1850, the suggestion that a State Fair should be held was first made in a San Francisco paper.

In 1860 General John Bidwell, of Chico, delivered the annual address before the State Agricultural Society, and in the course of that address, he said: "From 1848 to 1853 we were dependent upon importation from abroad for almost everything, even the staff of life. In 1853 we imported 498,740 barrels of flour. How stands the case now? We are able to export half a million barrels ourselves. In 1853 we imported 80,186 bags of wheat; now the scales have turned, and we are able to export. In 1853 we imported 16,281 barrels of beef; in 1859 only 4,807 barrels. In 1853 we imported 294,065 bags of barley; in 1859 were able to export 295,852 bags." Of oats, the importations in 1853 were 104,914 bags; but in 1859 the exportations were 218,648 bags. Pork was imported in 1853 to the amount of 51,169 barrels, but in 1850 to only 29,444 barrels. What new country ever took hold of the cultivation of the soil with greater zeal?"

In 1861 the wheat area of the State was 361,351 acres, and the total yield was 8,805,411 bushels, of which 6,008,336 bushels came from the seven counties of Alameda, Contra Costa, Santa Clara, Napa, San Joaquin, Solano, and Yolo. The California Club, or Old Russian, the Sonora, the White Australian, the Egyptian, the Oregon White, and the Red Turkey, were extensively planted, the Club and Australian taking the lead. Too many farmers depended upon the volunteer crops, and the burning of the straw in the fields immediately after the first rains was well-nigh universal. In the earlier years of grain-growing the average product of wheat was between 60 and 70 bushels to the acre in favorable seasons. In 1854 a field of 100 acres of barley in Pajaro Valley averaged 133 2/5 bushels per acre of clean grain for the whole tract. Fifty centals of wheat have been grown to the acre. Continuous cropping has greatly impaired the fertility of the soil, and the average wheat-yield has decreased; but summer fallowing, the use of fertilizers, and rotation of crops—in brief, the adoption of better methods of farming—is checking the evil.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to give a complete list of the horticultural and agricultural journals that have thriven and failed to thrive in this State of California. The pioneer was the well-known "California Farmer," established by Col. Warren in January, 1854. The "California Culturist," a monthly magazine of forty-eight pages, lasted from 1858 to 1860 inclusive. At a later date, 1875, the "California Horticulturist" began, and continued for five years. About 1864, the "California Rural Home Journal" was established by Thomas Hart Hyatt, a noted writer on grape-culture, and continued publication for about two years. The "Rural Press" began January 1st, 1876, developing from a special farm-edition of the "Mining Press." Several journals entitled "Agriculturist" at various times occupied the field. The "Hesperian," "Pioneer's Magazine," and "Hutchings's Magazine" contained a few horticultural items. The "United States Agricultural Reports" of 1851 and 1862 have notes from California writers. The "State Agricultural Reports" have already received attention. Works of travel in California during the fifties, in nearly every case, contain mention of the gardens, the orchards, the pioneer farms, the old Mission tracts of land. The works of John S. Hittell, Cronise, and others deal extensively with the horticultural advances of the State since the "days of '49." But there is hardly a better way to obtain a glimpse of the subject than in the files of the daily and weekly newspapers of San Francisco, Sacramento, and leading interior towns prior to 1860.

Charles Howard Shinn.

IN THE SUMMER-HOUSE.

[*Translated from the German of Karl Neumann Strela.*]

In the year of our Lord 1783, the delicious spring arrived so suddenly that Winter, the old grumbler, was obliged to take leave in headlong haste. Everywhere was verdure and bloom, and the innumerable birds gave in their best manner the songs they had been studying through the winter.

One afternoon, in the city of Leipzig, a company of students passed through one of the city gates on their way to the neighboring village of Reutnitz, where the landlord of the "Golden Lamb" sold a renowned and favorite beer. Rollicking, insolent fellows were these students; they threw their caps in the air, swung their pipes and canes, and set their gigantic dogs on every stone in the road. If a maid passed, she was greeted and kissed, and if a Polish Jew appeared in black kaftan, with his love-locks behind his ears, there arose from a dozen throats the cry, "Noting to trade."

A little later, a student about twenty years old left the city by the same gateway. He did not follow his companions. When he reached the open field, he paused for a moment, and then took another road; he intended to go around the city. This young collegian had a powerful body, a kindly, honest face, and—a new brown coat with steel buttons.

Whoever met this student, whose name was Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, could not have failed to notice the joy that beamed from his eyes, or to be surprised by the costume in which our young Richter took pleasure in arraying himself. He disdained the laws of the prevailing fashion, and wore neither frill nor neckerchief, powder nor cue. His shining hair fell unconfined in long locks on his shoulders, and his breast, covered only by a shirt, was exposed to wind and weather. When he was laughed at, he shrugged his shoulders; when he was scolded, he replied that he could surely clothe himself to his own liking.

There was joy in his eyes and happiness in his heart, as he strode on past gardens and fields. When a bird caroled he sang with him, and when a lark mounted straight into the blue heavens, he leaped for gladness. Past was the time of anxiety, forever past the days in which he had vainly struggled for daily bread! How often had a crust soaked in water been his only food! How often had he thrown himself hungry upon his bed! Very young and very poor, he came two years before to Leipzig, to study the sciences in the University. He had no recommendations. He did not understand how to defer submissively to all he met. His maxim was, "Ever forward, and everything through one's own endeavor." He wished to teach, but he found few scholars, and was glad to receive two groschen for a lesson. Even that was much for a hungry man.

After this torture had lasted about eighteen months, he had an idea: he would teach no longer. No sooner thought than done. He felt that something burned in his head and heart, and that something he must put on paper. He wrote day and night, and soon the first volume of his "*Die Grönländischen Processe*" was finished. He took it under his arm, and with a beating heart knocked at the door of the distinguished bookseller, Herr Voss. Eight days later a young man walked through Leipzig, who believed that with the fifteen *Louis d'or* in his pocket he could buy at least one half the city. This happy fellow was Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, and Herr Voss had paid him the shining gold pieces. Gone was need, gone anxiety. "Ever forward, and everything through one's own endeavor." The first step was taken, and was successful; now on in the path to immortality!

His debts and his room rent for the next three months were paid, the brown coat bought, and five gold pieces remained. These would suffice until the second part of the "*Grönländischen Processe*" was written, and this our Richter intended now to begin.

As this sunny afternoon he went on and on through the fields, and by the gardens, he thought of his work, and of the gold pieces lying, each wrapped separately in paper, securely in his pocket, for the coat was new, and therefore the pocket was whole. Suddenly he stood before a small, carefully tended garden, separated from the road by a lath fence. The principal gate led to a dwelling house with a steep roof, and a small, round house, shaped like a tower, stood among fruit trees directly behind the fence. This summer-house, with its green door, and windows extending to the ground, captivated our student. How one could live, and work, and dream here in the midst of this verdure, and the songs of the birds! "Rich and fortunate people!" sighed the student, as his eyes roamed over the garden; but as he grasped his pocket, "am I not also rich and fortunate? therefore boldly enter and enquire. A modest question about this little paradise can provoke no one."

As he was about to open the garden-gate, a young girl stepped from the house—a pretty vision, with blue eyes and magnificent blonde hair under a red kerchief. Her green gown was short, with a black border; her bodice white; and around her neck a chain, on which hung a silver coin. Her feet were encased in black leather boots with red heels. She came down the path, laid her hoe and shovel on a mossy bank, took out a handkerchief, and dried her forehead. The student drew her attention by a slight cough, and the girl, astonished, looked up, then rapidly approached the gate.

At the first glance she started; a young man of the better class without powder and cue, without frill and neckerchief! She nodded, however, and asked what he wished. A burning red flamed in his cheeks. When he took off his cap, he did it very awkwardly, and as he put the question whether the summer-house was for rent, he actually stammered.

She shrugged her shoulders. "My mother has never thought of that. If one might ask, what had the gentleman thought of doing in the little house?"

"I should like to write and study there."

"Well," she continued, resting her elbows on the gate, "there is certainly room enough for that. Table, chair, and bed—you would not need more. Pardon me, are you a scholar? My mother, to be sure, cannot be spoken to immediately; she is at Aunt Jettchen's, in the Petersstrasse, for her birthday, but I am quite certain she will have nothing against it, if you wish to come to us. Come in, and first of all, look at the summer-house for yourself.

"That is not necessary, my dear *Fraülein.* You are very good." With these words he entered the garden, and went slowly by her side up the path.

"It is beautiful here," said the girl, "and at evening, especially, it is so quiet, we can hear our own hearts beat. My father was a gardener; he has sat here evening after evening, enjoying every blossom like a child. It is three years since my father died," she added sorrowfully, "and Peter Wilm, who was his assistant, has since then taken the land on lease."

"Does the garden house belong to Peter Wilm?" he asked quickly.

"No," she said, "my mother has used it to store old lumber, which could be put on the ground."

"And what about the rent, if I may enquire?"

"That I really do not know. Wait until my mother comes, or come again tomorrow."

"The birthday festival may last long," he answered. "And to wait until tomorrow—oh, no! The evening is so beautiful! I beg you, my dear *Fraülein,* make your demands, and if I can afford it, I will hasten back, huddle my baggage together, and be here again, that I may feel this very evening like a king of a new kingdom."

She opened her eyes. "How beautifully you know how to say that! Are you a poet?"

He smiled; "I hope one day to become a poet, but—the rent; let me entreat you!"

"Would you like to remain until autumn?"

"So long as the heavens are blue and the birds sing."

"Well, then, twelve groschen a month; or is that too much?"

"That is too little!" he exclaimed, and thought of his five shining gold pieces.

"No more, on any account!" she cried quickly.

There was a short pause. The young girl walked to and fro, and Richter examined his fingers; then he looked in her face, extended his hand, and said: "If you positively will not have it otherwise—it is settled!"

"Settled!" she said, and laid her hand in his.

He struck his breast, and with a comical pathos exclaimed: "Thus in a good hour, the king will enter his kingdom to the sound of drums and trumpets."

She laughed, and added quickly: "We will have the honor, your majesty, to receive you at the gate."

"Subject, farewell!" He nodded and went forward a few steps; she bowed low and turned.

"One question more, daughter of my realm," he suddenly cried.

She turned like a whirlwind: "Your majesty commands?"

"The king would know the name of his faithful subject."

"My name is Hannchen Lerche."

"Hannchen Lerche may always be assured of my favor. Farewell!"

They bowed, they laughed, and as he stood before the fence, he threw his hat high into the air for pure happiness.

Hannchen flew to the gate, and looked after him until he disappeared in a curve of the road. "Those honest eyes! that bright waving hair! and—what was his name?" She had not once thought of asking—to forget a thing so important!

But now quickly to work; that must go like the wind. With the help of the gardener's man the lumber was removed from the house. Then with broom over walls, ceiling and floor, a table at the window, a chair before it, and a bed set up, "Ready!" cried Hannchen, and clapped her hands.

At this moment Madame Lerche returned from Aunt Jettchen's in the Petersstrasse. The "Lerchin," as she was called by the neighbors, was a tall, thin woman, with a winged cap, and a sea-green parasol. She was usually seen with her eyebrows drawn together, and a stern expression about her blue lips; but today she looked cheerful—she was in a birthday humor. Aunt Jettchen had regaled her with plenty of coffee, cake, and more than all, with some sweet wine.

At the first moment Dame Lerche stared when she saw the change in the summer house, and she stared still more when she heard of the arrangement. "Twelve groschen a month!"—but the birthday mood repressed the blame that was at her tongue's end. "She must say she had never thought of renting the little box, but twelve groschen might be better than nothing at all," and after this consideration had taken possession of her, she laughed, nodded, and called everything good.

At this instant our student appeared, with books under his right arm, and over his left his dressing gown and clean linen. So laden he stood before the garden gate.

"Is that he?" whispered Dame Lerche to her daughter. "Good heavens! how he looks! No cue, no powder, no neckerchief! Of what country can he be? Hm! all the same, his face pleases me, and that is the chief thing."

"Good evening, your Majesty!" cried Hannchen, and courtesied.

"What are you raving about there?" called her mother, in the greatest astonishment.

"We were joking before," answered her daughter.

"I salute you, daughter of my kingdom," cried the student. "Madame, your obedient servant; here I am, bag and baggage."

"Young man," said the Lerchin, while she drew herself bolt upright, and flopped the sea green parasol noisily, "young man, the room has been put in order, and I will conduct you to it, if you please. Hannchen, you can, in the meantime, go into the cellar and look after the milk."

The girl's face fell, and she withdrew slowly. The others disappeared in the summer house, and after Richter had glanced about him, he exclaimed: "My boldest expectations are far exceeded; this is the anteroom of Paradise!"

Dame Lerche smiled; asked him to relieve himself of his baggage, and helped him dispose of his few possessions.

"Well, young man," she then began, while she untied the white ribbons of her cap, and took her place on the edge of the bed; "now we will, for the first time, speak seriously. Seat yourself on that chair; now, your name?"

"Richter."

"And what is your occupation?"

"I am a student and write books."

"And, if I may enquire, where are you from?"

"From Wunsiedel, in the Fichtelgebirge."

"And that is in what portion of the earth, if I may ask?"

He laughed. "Do I look like a Hottentot, then? Wunsiedel is a German city."

"What do you say? I thought, indeed—because you had no frill, no cue, and no powder—it 's of no consequence," interrupting herself; "that is not necessary now. I only wanted to talk with you in an orderly way."

He looked out of the window at the trees and the evening sky, and nodded.

"First, then, take good care that the gate is always locked; no one ever has slipped in, it is true, but it might happen, and mankind gets worse every day. And in the second place, do not burn any light in the evening: you might be reading or writing, and get tired and nod over it, and ho! there are the flames up to the roof? And third, it will be best for you to close the window punctually at seven o'clock, for the evenings are still cool and damp, and such air is hurtful. And fourth—did I have something more to remark? No; I have finished."

He breathed again, and an inaudible "God be praised!" escaped his lips. She pushed her cap further over her forehead, drew her kerchief closer around her shoulders, and arose. He offered his hand, and they bade each other good-night.

Hannchen sat at the window when her mother entered. Dame Lerche yawned, and said it would be best to go to bed. Hardly thirty minutes later, Dame Lerche was lost in a charming dream: she smiled in her sleep, for she dreamed that from this time Aunt Jettchen was to celebrate her birthday daily. Oh! the cakes, and the coffee, and the sweet wine!

Hannchen threw herself restlessly to and fro on the bed. She could not help thinking over and over again of the earnest, honest eyes, and the shining hair.

Through the garden, with his arms crossed, walked the poet. The trees rustled mysteriously; the stars glittered; the moon threw her gentle light over leaves and blossoms. The poet lay down upon the mossy bank; glowworms came flying and dancing around him; beetles, glistening like gold, crept out of the moss; silvery threads waved in the air, and clung to his forehead. Then heart and tongue rejoiced—it was "a summer night's dream."

In a garden close by stood a gloomy house, and under this roof lived the school-master, Timotheus Baumgarten. Herr Timotheus was a tolerable teacher, and a prodigious pedant, who looked as morose as a gouty old man of eighty, though hardly fifty years had passed over his head. Nothing gave him pleasure; his ossified soul no longer glowed for anything. He had neither wife, child, nor friend. With his talkative landlady he did not exchange three words from morning until night. He stood every day at his window for about ten minutes before going to school; not, however, to refresh himself with the verdure and the fragrance—he firmly believed that the colors acted beneficially on his eyes; and while in this position he was accustomed, that he might not be quite idle, to count from one to three hundred. Then he dressed himself, and betook himself to his scholars, who feared him as they would the pestilence.

But today when in his counting he had reached eighty-four, the eighty-five stuck in his throat. His glance fell on his neighbor's garden, his look grew black. What was going on next door? Under the trees the student Richter was walking to and fro; he was thinking of his book, which he was to begin this morning.

The Master sighed deeply, "Oh! the depravity of youth!" Then he drew on his long, black coat, wound the white band three times around his neck, seized hat and cane, and was off to his pupils. On the way he shook his head many times. By the time the school was closed he had also concluded his deliberations. He set off promptly and knocked at Dame Lerche's door. "Neighbor," he cried, when the door had hardly closed behind him, "who is that fellow out there? Oh! youth! youth!"

"Well, Master, to what do I owe this honor? I pray you be seated. How can I serve you?"

She was alone in the room. Hannchen sat in the kitchen by the hearth, scraping beets. Timotheus Baumgarten remained standing between the door and the window, and continued to shake his head, while he pressed the knob of his walking stick against his chin. "Neighbor, I firmly believed that you were a woman who endeavored to behave yourself in the most decorous manner; but now I must confess that I have been mistaken, and that my—"

A glance shot from her eyes, her tall, thin figure seemed to become taller and thinner, she lifted her arm; she had intended to make a withering speech, but after the first words —"What have you to say to it?"—she stopped

The Master pointed with his stick to the window, frowned, and inquired in a raised voice: "Does that fellow out there live with you?"

"The young man's name is Richter; he is a student; he writes books, and he lives with us," she said shortly, and set her arms akimbo.

He drew his eyes together and said in an impressive voice: "This fellow, Richter, will do you much harm."

"No," she said decidedly, "he would not hurt a fly."

"And yet he offends daily, hourly, every moment, he offends decorum. Neighbor, where are your eyes?"

She laughed aloud. "Now I see you wish to joke with me."

"I never joke," he answered in icy tones. "Is that the clothing of a respectable man? Does not this fellow, Richter, go about, the horror of decent people, without neckerchief, without cue, without powder? That is the dress of a vagrant, and consequently you have the best proof that you have a vagrant living with you."

"He has a good, honest face, and consequently I have the best proof that he is *no* vagrant."

"A mask; only a mask! If the authorities should learn your attachment to this swaggerer! He must leave the summer-house and be off from the place."

Dame Lerche set her teeth together and turned her back on the school-teacher; then she suddenly screamed:

"And if I say he remains, then he shall remain! Do you understand? I, and I alone, will concern myself about this Richter; and as for you, Master, do you concern yourself about your boys, that they learn something. Bah!"

"That, then, is your last word on this highly-important matter? You will bitterly repent it. Farewell!" He threw his walking-stick over his shoulder, and left the room, sighing deeply.

Two minutes later there was a clatter in the kitchen. Hannchen let fall two earthen plates. Dame Lerche rushed to the door like a bird of prey, and called out: "The like has never happened before. What could crazy Mam'selle have got in her head?"

Hannchen said not a word, and her mother went back muttering to herself.

During the dinner Dame Lerche made some observations. First, Hannchen had no appetite; second, Hannchen's disturbed looks betrayed the fact that her thoughts were not on her food; and third, Hannchen began to ask inconsiderate questions. Half of the beets were left; should she not carry a part of them to Herr Richter? Then her mother was completely terrified. A part for the student, but none for Peter Wilm, the successor of her sainted husband! And to this Peter Wilm, Hannchen was to be betrothed in the autumn—that was a settled thing.

The mother trembled in every limb. Hannchen had no appetite; she was disturbed; she had let the plates fall. Why? She loved the student! and if he returned her love! if both should agree! if agitating, despairing scenes should occur, or a difficulty between Richter and Peter Wilm! or, perhaps, an elopement! The poor Dame became so agitated that she was attacked by pains in the chest, and by her old asthmatic complaint. She was obliged to lie on the sofa, to be rubbed, and she also took a great spoonful of rhubarb.

In the meantime, Timotheus Baumgarten was seated at his little table, but he did not feel the least appetite. This "vagrant" gave him too much to do. So long as this disturber walked in his neighbor's garden, Master Baumgarten was not in a condition to stand at the window for his accustomed purpose. For this creature, who scorned all propriety, became more and more vexatious to him. and to such a degree that his entire rest and composure was destroyed. Poor Timotheus rose from his table. In his anger he forgot his pinch of snuff. The vagrant must, he must leave! Baumgarten sank into deep thought; but he suddenly rose; he had found the means; he nodded his head, snapped his fingers, and went—no, ran—to his neighbor's.

Hannchen was mixing a cooling drink for her mother. Timotheus threw a significant look at Hannchen, and Dame Lerche understood the look; Hannchen was sent out of the room. The mother threw back cushion and cover, rose from the sofa, and looked enquiringly and anxiously at the Master; but as Timotheus still remained dumb, she could no longer keep silence; she seized his arm, and asked in a trembling tone: "Have you come back on account of my daughter?"

Timotheus cleared his throat three times before he began: "Quite right, neighbor; in spite of your rude behavior, I stand here again. I have come once more to warn and to—"

"For heaven's sake! has anything happened already? Master, have you noticed anything? Oh! unfortunate woman!"

"Aha! you know then what I wish to say. Well, I am glad that you think and speak differently; but compose yourself; so far as I know, nothing has yet happened. I, at least, have noticed nothing. But what has not yet happened may happen on any day—tomorrow, or the day after, and on that account, my worthy neighbor, we must do what duty requires of us. If a volcano is about to vomit fire, then water is poured in with the greatest haste, that the flame may be extinguished before an eruption. Do you understand my figure?"

"Perfectly: you mean that the student must leave as soon as possible."

"Right! I have always said that Dame Lerche was a wise woman. My landlady told me once that your Hannchen and Peter Wilm would make a match; that is a choice that I can approve, and is additional evidence of your wisdom. But there is this fellow Richter. A young man, and a student above all, is never at a loss for amorous looks and amorous speeches. Besides, this fellow delights in an unusual dress, and I could prove to you by a hundred examples that that very singularity attracts young women: consequently, who can answer for a day so long as this Richter is here? and consequently, he must leave—he *must* leave!"

"I see it," she said softly; then stepping to the windows, she added, in a compassionate tone, "Heaven help us! I am very sorry; he is so happy in the little place. It will be very hard for me to tell him."

Timotheus frowned. "What! you are already vacillating! Neighbor, think of your child, of Peter Wilm, of the future, and take a bold step. Moreover, if your heart is in the business, I am ready to undertake to give him notice to quit—are you agreed?"

She nodded. He gave her his hand, and

left. If it had been suitable for a school master, Timotheus could have laughed and sung on his way to the summer-house. Tomorrow he could stand at his window, without being obliged to endure the sight of this stroller.

But he would not merely give him notice to leave: no—by virtue of his position, he would warn him no longer to offend against decency, and once for all to give up the silly business of writing.

Dame Lerche found Hannchen in the kitchen. She coughed three times and said: "Richter is going away this very evening."

All the color left Hannchen's cheeks; she tried to speak, but only a confused sound escaped her lips. Her mother left the kitchen and thought, "Heaven help us! She really loves him. What a mercy that it is as it is! That would have been a horrible story; that would indeed have been a nail in my coffin!"

In the kitchen Hannchen sank on her knees; she clasped her hands over her eyes, and hot tears rolled through her cold fingers.

The master knocked at the door of the little room where the student sat at work. He arose and politely enquired, "How can I serve you, sir?"

"I am Master Timotheus Baumgarten, and I suppose you have already heard of me."

"No," was the candid answer.

The master twisted his mouth. "Well! Yes, to people of your sort, our sort, it is true, is not often known."

"What am I to understand by that, sir?"

"In short, you desire to be something extraordinary; but I, in virtue of my position as Master, I tell you that you are a good-for-nothing; for—"

"Sir!" roared the student.

"For a person who dresses like you, who runs around as you do, to the extreme annoyance of respectable people, is precisely a good-for-nothing. Young man, you should be ashamed of yourself! I—in virtue of my position—I advise you to reflect. Think of the consequences, and from this time forth clothe yourself as becomes a decent man."

Richter laughed. "If you had nothing more to say to me, you might have spared yourself the walk."

"Oh! I have not yet concluded; the most important is yet to come. You write books: what kind of books are they? *I* do not know them. *I* will never read them; but that your books are wretched stuff, that is bomb-proof. Monsieur Richter, desist! Listen diligently to your instructors, that you may receive some knowledge, and make your parents and fellow beings glad. For I tell you, if you continue, you will bring down sorrow upon the heads of your unfortunate parents, and reputable men will avoid you as they would a pestilence."

"And I tell you," said the student, who could contain himself no longer, "that you may pack yourself off this moment, or I will show you!" He lifted his clenched hand.

"As soon as I have imparted to you the matter of importance, I will go," answered the master, retreating to the door, for the clenched hand looked formidable. "I have come with a message from Madame Lerche. Madame Lerche insists that you leave this place instantly—instantly! And if you are seen here after fifteen minutes, Peter Wilm will come and throw you head over heels. Do you understand? *Dixi!*"

Richter trembled and staggered: it was an evil dream. When he lifted his eyes again, the school-master had disappeared. Then everything was clear to him. Disgusting truth! What can he do against the wishes of Madame Lerche? Nothing! He went to the window, and took leave of the trees, the flowers, and the mossy bank. Then gathering together his books, his clothes, his pipe, with one last look, he left his paradise, thrust out by ignorance and misapprehension.

He returned to his gloomy little room in the city, and wrote and wrote; and when the second part of his "*Grönländischen Processe*" was finished, Herr Voss paid him one hundred and twenty-five shining dollars. Fortunate Jean Paul Friedrich Richter! If all went well, he would surely be a rich man! The first use he made of his wealth was to send one hundred dollars to the home at Hof, where his mother, sisters, and brothers lived in bitter poverty.

Soon after this a new book was finished, but Herr Voss shook his head. The second volume had done nothing. Richter applied to ten other publishers, but all ten shook their heads. That was a frightful fall from the heavens!

The twenty-five dollars were consumed. More debts were contracted; his creditors pressed; they became uncivil; at last, rude; —and one lovely day the poet disappeared from Leipzig, or, as they say in Germany, he was regularly burned through. He returned to his mother at Hof. There he lived day after day on bread and salad. He could not visit a friend, because he had no shoes. Still hope did not desert him. He still wrote: thick manuscripts traveled in every direction; but they regularly returned to him. At last distress reached it's climax, and he sought a livelihood in a new life. He became tutor to a nobleman, and afterward teacher of children in Schwarzenbach. When, weary with this uncongenial labor, he returned to his pen, the voice in his breast would have its way, and at last the flower of fortune blossomed for him. He found in Gera a publisher for his romance. The shadows gave way, and he saw once more, clear and bright, the azure vault of Heaven.

How our fathers and mothers loved the books which the poet Jean Paul gave to the world! Jean Paul! under this title he wrote work after work. Young men and maidens adored him, and the old became young again when they lost themselves in his poems. They were like a splendid fountain, from which all drank wonder and rapture.

Naturally, the Leipzig public worshiped Jean Paul. And the pedagogue and pedant, the man with the callous soul, there he sits over the "Hesperus." Now he laughs, and now he weeps. His heart has become young again: even into the Master's heart sunshine and springtime have come since Jean Paul has thrown the fresh blossoms of his soul into the lap of the world. When everything rejoiced, when everything cried, "This is a genius!" then even Timotheus Baumgarten could no longer resist. He read, and was caught and carried away like an eighteen-year-old boy. He ran almost every day to the book stores, and asked whether anything new had appeared by "this unparalleled Jean Paul." His income was very small, but he gladly fasted that he might read the books of the "incomparable Jean Paul."

Every day he ran over to Dame Lerche's to read aloud to her from his favorite book, the "Hesperus." Dame Lerche had grown thinner. She looked now like a veritable toothpick; but she still wore the winged cap, and carried the sea-green parasol.

The Master often exclaimed: "If I could only press this glorious Jean Paul to my breast!" and Dame Lerche often cried, "How I would like to embrace him!"

Occasionally Hannchen Wilm also appeared. She had grown stout, had a colossal appetite, and five unmannerly children. For the rest, she was a contented woman, for her husband treated her well. She could laugh now over her girlish fancy for the student Richter, that youthful stupidity, and wonder what had become of the lad.

"Yes," said Madame Lerche, "what can have become of that Richter?"

"In any case, a complete ragamuffin, and a good-for-nothing of the worst sort," said Timotheus. "But we will think no more of that blot on human society. Madame Wilm, listen; the fourth chapter in 'Hesperus' is wonderfully beautiful!"

Year after year went by; fourteen years had flown since the student Richter left the summer-house. Dame Lerche was now as thin as a thread, and had the gout. Master Timotheus, too, complained of gout, and hobbled on a stick. Hannchen Wilm was as round as a ball, and had nine frightfully rude children.

One day the door of the Lerche dwelling was suddenly thrown open, and so violently that Madame Lerche lost her balance for terror.

"Heavens! Master! What is the matter? Where is the fire?"

"Neighbor," he cried, hobbling in, "all Leipzig is in a commotion; the divine Jean Paul is on the way; he arrives tomorrow, and will put up at the Richter Kaffeehaus. Oh! my old eyes will behold him! I ask but one favor—that I may press this unparalleled being to my breast."

Dame Lerche clasped her hands over her head. "Master, I will go with you. My parasol is, it is true, a little damaged, but I hope this great mind will not notice it. Still one thought weighs on me. He will be surrounded and regularly besieged; will they admit us?"

"If I should force a way with my stick, I must, I must see him! Only come with me; I will be your guide and protector."

Jean Paul arrived; he took lodging in the world-renowned Richter Kaffeehaus. He occupied two rooms on the first floor, and the host and hostess received him with the respect they were accustomed to keep in reserve for crowned heads. Fortunate, and yet unfortunate, Jean Paul! He could neither eat nor sleep in peace; he was besieged like a fortress. Publishers came to beg for his latest manuscript; young girls in white to bestow a wreath; students to cheer him; servants in livery with invitations from the merchant princes; old maids with their albums; tender souls who prayed for a lock of his hair; and one day the servant appeared and announced an old man and an old woman.

On the threshold stood Master Timotheus Baumgarten and Dame Lerche. He bowed himself to the ground; she courtesied at least three times in a second. Slowly the poet, who was standing at the window, turned, and the Master became rigid; still more rigid grew the Dame. The god-like, the "unparalleled Jean Paul," without neckerchief, without frill, without powder, without cue! With another look at the poet, their faces grew longer, as with one voice they stammered, "Rich—Richter!"

"My dear people, what ails you?" asked the astonished poet. "Yes, my name is Richter."

"I think," stammered Timotheus again, "we are—we are in the presence of the poet, Jean Paul?"

"This resemblance!" cried the Dame.

The poet laughed. "My name is Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, and my *nom de plume* is Jean Paul."

"Merciful heavens! it is really he," screamed Dame Lerche, and let fall the sea-green parasol.

"Horrible! Unfortunate beings!" cried Timotheus, and sank upon his knees. "Sir, forgive us!"

The poet became more and more astonished. "My friend, stand up! Forgive you? Can *you* ever have inflicted any injury upon *me?*"

Then both cried out together, so that it was like listening to a mill clapper. "This noble spirit!"—"Sir, recollect, I am Master Baumgarten, who once in the summer-house—oh, heavens! I thought otherwise then—but since your works—" and, "I am Dame Lerche, with whom you once lived; and on my daughter's account I was worn out with anxiety; but as truly as my name is Lerche if I had six daughters, and the gentleman wanted all six—" "Most respected Herr Richter, most renowned Jean Paul, command me, a poor teacher; I will serve you, where and as you will, I will,"—and, "My whole being, too, is at your service."

Richter explored the chambers of his memory, and gradually became conscious of the day in the summer-house; then he extended his hand to both, and said in the heartiest tone: "My friends, old grievances should rest; your presence here proves that you are now of another mind, and I thank you."

Then both breathed as if three thousand pounds had been lifted from their breasts. "Master," sobbed the old woman, "he is our friend; he says so himself"; and the quaking master cried, "Neighbor, so long as we live we will remember this day!"

Once more Dame Lerche turned to the poet. "Would he do them the favor to come into the summer-house again?"

He accepted the invitation, and the old people left the Kaffeehaus highly blest. He had promised at ten o'clock the next morning to enter once more that room from which the "fellow" and the incorrigible vagrant had been driven.

Wreaths were made, and yellow sand and flowers adorned the room. Garlands were hung around the fence, the windows, the door. The master and Dame Lerche had not closed their eyes during the whole night, and at the first sunbeam they had cleaned the little house, replaced the table at the window, and set up the bed; he should find everything again as it had been then. The clock in the Nicolas gate pointed only to nine, but Timotheus and Madame Lerche, decked and bedizened, were already standing like two sentinels on either side of the gate, while the eldest son of Madame Wilm was perched outside the fence, to signal the appearance of the "unparalleled."

At last, as the bell struck ten, Jean Paul entered the garden. The old man and woman vied with each other in bowing and courtesying, and the boy screamed "*Viva!*" with all the strength in his body. With a gracious wave of his hand, the Master invited the poet to enter the summer-house, while the old people followed him like a body-guard.

"This singular dress becomes him finely," she whispered.

"A genius ought not to dress otherwise," he whispered back; "if I had only known his genius then."

Jean Paul looked around him, and a shadow of melancholy for a moment crossed his face; his eyes fell on the table; there, surrounded by a wreath, lay his Hesperus. Madame Wilm appeared at the window and leaned in. Her expression did not change, her heart did not even beat fast; she had grown too stout; she ate too much. She soon disappeared from the window, for near the dwelling house were scuffling her nine unruly children.

"Yes, it was here," said the poet, "at this table I sat, and there, my worthy Master, you stood and read me a lecture, and there—"

"Oh! Herr Jean Paul Richter! If I could take back that hour," cried Timotheus. "Will you not punish me? Even chastisement from you would be enjoyment!"

The poet laughed, and putting one arm around the old man, the other around the old woman, he kissed them both. "Let this be your punishment," and before they, overcome with surprise, had recovered their senses, he was gone.

"Neighbor," rejoiced the Master, "I have reposed on his breast!"

"Master," rejoiced Dame Lerche, "I too! I too!"

"Now the summer-house is immortal!"

"We too! we too! immortal through him."

"This is the happiest day of my life!"

"Now I shall die gladly!"

So they triumphed, and laughed, and wept for a long, long time.

And now, what remains of them all?

Dust—dust!

Harriet D. Palmer.

BATTLES OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN AND MISSIONARY RIDGE.

Early one morning, towards the end of July, 1884, the "Lightning Express" was rapidly approaching Chattanooga, on its way from New Orleans to Cincinnati, at its schedule rate of thirty miles or more an hour, on one of the best road-beds in the South. Among its many passengers was the writer of this sketch, who had agreed with his traveling companion that whichever waked first should call the other, soon after daybreak, if possible. Their purpose was that they might together, and with other friends on the train, have a good view, before reaching Chattanooga at 5.30 A.M., of the now historical Lookout Mountain and its surroundings, where, twenty years ago and more, huge armies met in deadly strife, and made a bloody history.

At the time appointed, a gentle touch was felt, and a gentle voice said: "Wake up. It is daylight." How different that call from the shrill reveille we had heard, on many a morning near the same spot, in those days of blood twenty-one years ago! By the time one could rub his eyes and get them fairly open for sight-seeing, our train stopped a moment at Rising Fawn, a station twenty-five miles, or less than an hour's run, from Chattanooga. To our right lay the long, dark, high, tree-clad ridge—with fogs along its sides and clouds resting on its crest—which culminates, twenty miles farther northeast, in the craggy "Point" of Lookout Mountain, or, as it was called in former times, "Pulpit Rock." To the left we could see distinctly, in spite of a slight morning haze, the long, rough ranges and spurs of Walden's Ridge and the Cumberland Mountains, across the Tennessee River north of us, and stretching in a high bluish line to the northeast as far as the eye could reach.

Soon we were whirling through the beautifully undulating foot-hills of the upper part of Will's Valley, and then in the Wauhatchie region, past many a neat farm-house, perched on well-shaded hillsides and nestling in cosy dells. On each side of us were well-fenced fields of waving corn, in tassel and silk; meadows covered with windrows and ricks of new mown-hay; wheat fields and oat fields, thickly dotted with their ungarnered sheaves.

Here, amid these present scenes of rural abundance and thrift, in the little picturesque valleys and along the gentler slopes which the traveler now admires, Bragg's army camped for a time after crossing the Tennessee at Brown's Ferry, the first week in July, 1863, when retreating before Rosecrans. Here part of Rosecrans's army camped prior to the marches and countermarches through McLemore's Cove, preparatory to the three days of desperate carnage along Chickamauga and Peavine Creeks, September 18th, 19th, and 20th, 1863. Here, the following November, the reënforcements under Grant and Sherman lay encamped, when they came from Mississippi after the close of the Vicksburg campaign to loosen Bragg's iron grip on Chattanooga, the key to Georgia and to all the southern seaboard of the Atlantic and the Gulf. By that time, scarred and depleted by the necessary ravages of immense armies of friend and foe, it presented a scene of complete ruin and desolation, in strong contrast with its pleasing appearance today.

As our train wound its way swiftly among these old camping grounds of our war's history, and while such reminiscences were welling up from the reservoirs of memory as must come unbidden to every old soldier of either side who now revisits these scenes, the black point of old Lookout gradually came into view, partly veiled with its morning fogs, yet dark, and fixed, and sharply defined, far up among those misty clouds, looking for all the world as it did on that memorable November morning before Joe Hooker's men scaled its steep and rugged western slopes, and achieved what was unquestionably one of the most daring and brilliant successes of the war. Yes, there, as we gazed, was a superb view of Lookout Mountain, with its gradual slope southward in almost a straight line, and its bold, sharp northern front, perpendicular above and then descending in an abrupt, precipitous curve to the very banks of the turbid Tennessee—its whole outline like the giant style of a mammoth sun-dial, wrought there in the rocks by the skillful hand of Nature.

A few moments more, and we dashed on under the mountain's brow, along the narrow road-bed cut in its rocky base, just above the river's edge. As we passed we caught a glimpse, in the rocky bluff on our right, of the yawning mouth of Nickajack cave, now closed by a strong wooden wall and door, a huge cavern, noted in war-times for the saltpetre it furnished to manufacture Confederate powder, before it became necessary to establish the celebrated "Nitre Bureau" at Selma, Alabama. With scarcely time to admire the tortuous course of the broad Tennessee, and its picturesque surroundings at this well-known point, we crossed the fine iron bridge over Chattanooga Creek, and sped rapidly, in the quiet of the early morning, to the elegant railroad depot, through two miles of that temporary home of so many soldiers—the final home of thousands of them—Chattanooga, now a busy mart of trade and manufacture, which, though a town of scarcely 2,000 inhabitants in the days of its battles, attained, according to the census of 1880, a population of 13,000, and now claims some 5,000 more.

The passing view of these once familiar scenes, the first time for more than twenty years, and the memories they vividly recalled, inspired a yearning to examine once more in detail this truly grand arena of war's terrible work. As this desire was gratified a few weeks later, some results of this late visit to these old battle-fields will be here recorded, with the hope that the reminiscences presented, and their associations, may prove acceptable to those of my surviving comrades of the gray and of the blue, into whose hands this sketch may chance to fall—and to their friends, who were spared those thrilling and harrowing experiences through which, as soldiers on the one side or on the other, we were called to pass.

The interval before this return to Chattanooga was spent in parts of Tennessee and Kentucky, among other scenes of the war. At Tullahoma, at Wartrace, at Murfreesboro, at Nashville—how many recollections of hard and perilous service in 1863–'64 were brought to mind! Yet now, except to the actors in the intense life of that period, there are few visible marks and reminders of grim war's doings—only now and then a dim trench or well-worn earth-work, on some untilled slope or hill-top, beaten down and almost obliterated in places by the storms and changes of nearly a quarter of a century. But above all are those imperishable evidences of the carnival of death, the "National Cemeteries"—the one at Murfreesboro especially conspicuous to the left of the railroad as you pass out towards Nashville, a scene of calm serenity now, with its beautifully kept grounds and thousands of white stones, each marking the last resting place of some Union soldier—and so many "Unknown"! In the outskirts of Nashville are more remains of elaborate old entrenchments than anywhere else in Tennessee, the special relics of Hood's investment in December, '64. As you go out of the handsome buildings and beautifully-improved grounds of Vanderbilt University, occupying seventy-five acres a mile and a half southwest of the State Capitol, you see distinctly the familiar outlines of the strong earth-works of old Fort Negley with its embrasures, still occupying in sullen solitude the high, conical knoll on the left of the University, while on the right are still visible the remains of other formidable fortifications, the mute monuments of the genuine folly as well as the destructive consequences of that gigantic strife.

In Nashville I visited, for old acquaintance sake, the State's Prison, where so many of us captured "rebs" boarded with Uncle Sam for a few days or weeks, before we were sent farther north for safe-keeping.

The battles of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, the Atlanta Campaign, and Hood's Tennessee Campaign, filled this old prison and its spare grounds to overflowing. Many, many a Southern soldier can recall this old "boarding house" and its discomforts. There its grim, uninviting old stone walls and iron bars stand to-day, the main building just as it was twenty-one years ago. There is the same large arched wagon-way in front, the entrance to the inner buildings and cells, where the striped convicts were kept in those days, while we prisoners of war were held in the front building and yard. There is the same high stone wall on the right of the main entrance that enclosed the yard, where we were so often drawn up in line to receive our ration of pickled pork or boiled beef with "hard tack," and sometimes coffee. There you see the same little, round, open belfry or cupola, with its red dome supported by its small, white columns, and on its broad, white facings the cheering inscription which used to greet our eyes when its strong doors swung open to receive us: PENITENTIARY, ERECTED A. D. 1828. I told those in charge my reason for revisiting this old prison, and I was kindly welcomed and shown around by the present State Superintendent, Col. J. E. Carter. He was

Colonel of the First Tennessee Cavalry of the Confederate Army, and served during the war in Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee.

How different this from the condition when I made my home there for six weeks, a wounded prisoner, after the battle of Missionary Ridge! Had the Colonel and our crowd been there together in 1864, he would have occupied one of those well-filled cells with us. Now he is "boss" there. How times change!

We walked together through those prison halls and rooms, where so many Southern soldiers were crowded together in those days—as many as could sleep together on the floor at once—some of whom have since been members of our Legislature, and even of Congress; and so many of whom have now finished their life's work. Colonel Carter pointed out the spot in the prison yard where Champ Ferguson was hung, in 1865, on the charge of murdering one or more Federal soldiers.

Leaving Nashville and its war memories August 15th, I spent Saturday, the 16th, in and around Chattanooga, living over again the battle scenes of November 23d, 24th, 25th, 1863, and recalling the events that immediately preceded and followed those truly momentous days of our great civil war.

There could be no more charming and suitable day than was August 16th, '84, for observations in a mountain region. The sun rose brightly over Missionary Ridge in a calm, cloudless, blue atmosphere, remarkably transparent for a summer sky. The justly noted view from Cameron Hill, between the city and the river, was superb. Southward, and to right and left, at our feet, lay the now large and handsome city of Chattanooga, basking in the most glorious sunlight.

On its eastern boundary was the gently-sloping knoll, still crowned by the old red earth-works of Fort Wood, one of the strongest defensive points in the formidable Federal line. Three quarters of a mile beyond rose Orchard Knob, about one hundred feet above the general level, one of the chief positions along the right of Bragg's line of investment. Next came the long familiar outline of Missionary Ridge, between three and four miles distant at its nearest point, extending from southeast to northeast along the southeastern horizon of the narrow valley, across which Bragg's siege line stretched westward to its left, near the summit of Lookout Mountain.

Then, most conspicuous of all, old Lookout towered into the blue air, fully three miles in a straight line southwest of us, clear-cut and grand, with its height above the river surface of full 1,600 feet, and its altitude above sea-level of more than 2,200 feet, not a cloud or mist obscuring its bold outlines. How calm and peaceful now is this magnificent panorama, which, twenty-one years ago, in a campaign of nearly two months, was bristling with murderous batteries at every salient point along the two hostile lines.

Soon, for a nearer view of those old battle-fields, and mounted on a good, bridle-wise traveler, I wended my way through the busy streets, past the handsome Stanton House and grounds, on the road to Rossville, five miles distant, without a guide. For one of Bragg's "foot-cavalry" needs no guide to show him the roads and by-ways between the various strategic points, on every part of which we marched and counter-marched, in those days of "tramp, tramp, tramp," when we lived, and so many of us died, by marching.

No one general principle was more fully illustrated by our gigantic struggle, than that "Large bodies move slowly." This was especially true in the movements of our Western armies. After the termination of the Perryville campaign by the fierce battle of Stone River, or Murfreesboro, ending January 2nd, 1863, the armies of Bragg and Rosecrans did not again meet in pitched battle for nearly nine months, or at Chickamauga, September 18th to 20th. More than two months then elapsed before the mountain fights around Chattanooga, November 23rd to 26th. Five months of comparative inaction ensued, before the opening of the prolonged campaign from Dalton to Atlanta and Jonesboro, May to September 1st, 1864. After this, three months were consumed in maneuvering and marching, before the bloody clash of arms at Franklin, Tennessee, November 30th, the prelude to Hood's investment of Nashville, his defeat, and his retreat into Mississippi, which ended at Tupelo, January 10th, 1865.

Thinking of such things, while riding towards the old battle grounds, one was brought to a realizing sense of the greatly changed present, by passing a well-guarded set of about fifty State convicts, white and black, who were hard at work macadamizing the Rossville pike. Most of the Southern States now utilize their convicts in labor on public works, as well as in mines and on plantations. Just to their right, a mower was cutting German millet for hay, along the edge of a small ravine, where the line of our picket-pits had extended during Bragg's siege of Chattanooga. Far to the left, towards Orchard Knob and eastward of it, lay that portion of the valley—now thickly dotted with farm-houses, and checked off by fences into pastures and corn-fields—where at 2 P. M. Monday, November 23rd, the line two miles long, composed of 25,000 Union troops of Sherman's wing, under Granger, Sheridan, Wood, Howard, and Schurz, steadily moved forward, while the batteries on both sides were thundering away, and carried Bragg's rifle-pits and advanced line not only on Orchard Knob, but to its right and left.

Half a mile further on the broad lane, and about three miles distant from the railroad depot, the noted Watkins house is reached. With its surroundings, it looks just as it did in war-times, except that the fences have been restored, and in August last there were waving fields of rankly-growing corn near by on its well-tilled lands, which I am told are now valued at one hundred dollars per acre. Some three hundred yards to the right of the Rossville Road, and two miles from that village, crowning a broad-topped knoll, gently sloping in all directions, there stands that old family mansion of ante-bellum days—a large, white, two-story frame building, fronting east, with its tall portico and four huge white columns, one-story wings with smaller porticos flanking it to right and left. Here was the central position of Bragg's crescent line of siege, which extended between five and six miles in length. His right was near the Dalton railroad, and his left at the Craven house, near the summit of Lookout Mountain, the extreme left of his picket pits extending to the palisades which form the base of "Pulpit Rock."

This line he occupied early in October, after resting and recruiting his army for ten days, shattered and worn out as it was by the terrible shock during the three days of deadly conflict at Chickamauga, where our forces had been lessened by at least sixteen thousand killed, wounded, and missing, and had inflicted on Rosecrans's army a loss of twelve thousand killed and wounded, eight thousand prisoners and thirty-six cannon. Here we remained quietly awaiting and preparing for the coming struggle, while Grant and Sherman, after Rosecrans was superseded by Thomas, October 19th, were bringing up their formidable reinforcements. During all this time scarcely a movement of our troops occurred, only an occasional shifting of a brigade or division from one wing to the other, except Bragg's fatal mistake of sending Longstreet's command, five thousand strong, to Knoxville, thus materially weakening his line, while the Federals were constantly gaining strength. While the two armies were so closely confronting each other, little or no fighting occurred. There was occasional picket-firing, and now and then an artillery duel between the Federal batteries on Moccasin Point and our heavy guns on Lookout, or between Forts Wood and Negley and Bragg's batteries on Orchard Knob and Missionary Ridge.

The final positions of the forces on both sides before the heavy fighting began, November 23d, was as follows: On Bragg's line, Breckenridge's corps occupied his left, Hardee his center, while Buckner's corps and the Georgia State troops held his right. Opposed to these, Grant's corps commanders, in order from his right to left, were

Hooker, Palmer, Granger, Howard, and Sherman, their effective forces full 80,000 strong, to Bragg's 45,000.

The position near Bragg's center, at the Watkins House, as just described, was held continuously till the afternoon of November 24th by Clayton's Brigade of Alabamians of General A. T. Stewart's division, to which the regiment of the writer belonged. From this prominent point in the narrow valley, the view afforded of the entire scene of the Herculean struggle which was destined to completely raise the siege of Chattanooga, was one of the very best. The knoll on which the house stood was from sixty to eighty feet above different parts of the surrounding plains. On its left, or westward, as we faced the town, Lookout was in full view, with its sloping sides mostly wooded, but partly cleared where Bragg's line of intrenchments stretched like a broad seam towards Pulpit Rock, or "The Point," the latter lying nearly three miles in a direct line slightly north of west from us. To our right, or eastward, Missionary Ridge, with its steep, tree-clad slopes, was visible for its entire length, from where it disappeared in the distance four or five miles northeast of us, to the depression at Rossville, two miles southeast, through whose gap passes the road to the battle-field of Chickamauga and to La Fayette, the latter twenty-one miles from Rossville. Immediately in our front Chattanooga was distinctly seen, as well as Forts Wood, Negley, King, and the commanding summit of Cameron Hill, the greater elevations of the Cumberland Mountains stretching far away in the background.

How vividly were all the scenes of '63 recalled to mind on this bright August day! Except the absence of the 125,000 actors in that grand drama; except that the stillness of the air was not broken by the heavy boom of artillery, the whistle of shells, the crack of rifles, or an occasional drum-beat or a bugle-call; except that Chattanooga, with its many larger and handsomer buildings—its Court House due north of us—covered much more ground than when, with its narrow valley, it was the stage in the great theater of war,—the entire scene is but little changed. The old earthworks for our battery, sixty yards north of the house, and the old trenches extending east and west of it, still remain.

Immediately around the Watkins house is a beautiful grove of large oaks, which were but little injured by the ravages of war. On every side of this the valley is generally an open country, with narrow lines of timber along ravines to northward, and along Chattanooga Creek west and northwest. Here, on the southern slopes of its broad, high knoll, well protected from all deadly missiles, our regiments were just finishing very comfortable winter-quarters of pine slabs and clapboards split for the purpose—having, with all of Bragg's army, destroyed our tents the preceding June, at the beginning of our retreat from Wartrace to Chattanooga before Rosecrans—when the scenes of our monotonous camp-life began suddenly to change, on Sunday, November 22d. Reliable information had come that a large part of Grant's army was in motion from his right to his left—Sherman moving to take his position above indicated—and that three days' rations and eighty rounds of ammunition had been issued to all the "Yanks." These latter facts in army life always meant business. Hence the stir and change; two of our divisions marching to our right, and minor movements occurring along our lines.

Since the war we have learned that Sherman was to have begun the attack on Bragg's right, Friday, the 20th, but the heavy rains and bad roads of that Friday and Saturday delayed Sherman's march *via* Brown Ferry and along the north side of the Tennessee River, to the point where he recrossed, at the mouth of Cilico Creek. This delayed Grant's opening attack till Monday, the 23d. To aid in a clear conception of this Chattanooga campaign, the reader must bear in mind that it consisted of four distinct engagements, on as many successive days, or, in fact, four separate battles. First: On Monday, the 23d, Sherman forced back Bragg's right center from Orchard Knob to Missionary Ridge, as described above. Second: Tuesday, the 24th, Hooker's men scaled and carried Lookout Mountain, driving back Bragg's left wing. Third: Wednesday, the 25th, the entire Federal line assaulted Bragg's whole position, then withdrawn to the sides and crest of Missionary Ridge, and dislodged his army. Fourth: Thursday, the 26th, Grant's pursuing forces attacked Bragg's rearguard, strongly posted at Ringgold, and were repulsed with heavy loss. There the hot pursuit ceased, and the campaign ended.

To chronicle the movements of our brigade at this time, as a type of army life: Sunday and Monday nights we slept on our arms in the trenches, remaining in them closely Monday and Tuesday, under considerable shelling, though no assault was made on our part of the line. Tuesday night we fought—and slept an hour or two—among the rocks at the foot of the palisades of Lookout Mountain, on Bragg's extreme left. Wednesday we fought on the top of Missionary Ridge, four miles farther east, and the remaining fourth of the brigade, who were not placed *hors du combat*, camped that night near Chickamauga Creek, and next night south of Ringgold; many sleeping their last sleep upon the battle-fields, while hundreds were prisoners and numbers wounded within the Federal lines at Rossville.

The Sunday morning before all this stir and din and carnage, was as calm and placid as could be along our entire lines, disturbed now and then only by random picket shots. I, myself, being off duty that day, visited our brigade picket pits with a brother officer, and ventured upon a transaction which I never indulged in but that once during three years of service. Having a late Atlanta paper, I concluded to try an exchange of it with a confronting picket. Our orders were strict that those on picket duty should not communicate with the enemy. But being off duty, I did not violate the rule. Just then, all was quiet. So, notifying our men of my intention, I mounted the earthwork of an advanced pit and waved the paper. Instantly a Federal officer mounted one of his pits and did the same. I waved to the left, towards an open depression that extended between our picket lines, which were here about four hundred yards apart. He evidently understood the signal, and as I advanced from our pits towards the depression, he did the same. In this way we advanced towards each other, papers in hand, each at a brisk walk. Reader, you ought to have seen how the boys in blue and the boys in gray crowded out of their long lines of rifle-pits on both sides like ants, on that bright sunny morning, and anxiously, eagerly watched their impromptu representatives approaching each other. Not only was no gun fired, but not a loud word or shout was uttered. A deep silence prevailed. We soon met about midway. We shook hands, exchanged names and regiments, and as we exchanged papers merely remarked that we supposed each would like a late paper from the opposite side. Then shaking hands again, we each wished the other a safe issue from the hazards of war, and returned to our respective lines. Soon the hostile pickets were hidden in their pits again, and as we walked back to camp, they were popping away at each other occasionally on parts of the line. In the lapse of time, the name and command of this officer have faded from memory. But he was a Lieutenant in an Illinois regiment—the Tenth, as well as I can remember. I should like to know if he is living, and should be pleased to meet him in these days of peace.

Differences of elevation are always items of interest in connection with the topography of a battle-field. As these differences were more remarkable in the very grand battle-scenes around Chattanooga than in any other of the numerous battles of the war, I made special efforts during my late visit to learn them accurately from former records, and from my own observations, at each point, with a trusty pocket aneroid. According to the engineers' "bench-mark" at the Chattanooga depot, the elevation of the surface there above sea-level is 665 feet, while some later observations make it about 15 feet higher. The altitude at which the United States Signal Service instruments are placed, in the upper story of the Court House, is 783 feet, according to observations made by Sergeant Goulding, now in charge, and others. This shows the Court House ridge to be about 750 feet above sea-level, while Orchard Knob is some 850 feet. Taking the record of the Signal Service barometer as the standard, I found, as the altitude of the knoll of the Watkins house, 830 feet; the top of Missionary Ridge, where the Brundage house now stands near Rossville, 1230 feet; and the summit of Lookout Mountain, where the upper toll house is, 2240 feet, "The Point" being about 65 feet lower. It follows, that the higher parts of Missionary Ridge, where it trends northeast of Rossville, and where the most desperate fighting for the possession of that ridge occurred, ranges between 1400 and 1500 feet above sea-level, or some 800 feet higher than the site of the Chattanooga railroad depot.

The prelude to the storming of Lookout Mountain by Hooker's Corps was Sherman's advance on Orchard Knob and Bragg's right wing the evening before, or November 23d, as already described. This was itself a heavy movement and a severe battle, and was eclipsed only by the still more brilliant achievements on the 24th and 25th, by Grant's very superior numbers over Bragg's weakened and disheartened army. In that assault Sherman's loss is reported as four hundred and twenty killed and wounded, while Bragg's was somewhat greater. This assault evidently misled Bragg as to the main point of attack, and induced him to weaken his left still more by transferring part of its troops to his right.

Tuesday, the 24th, opened cold and misty, clouds and fogs enveloping the top and the higher slopes of old Lookout. Later in the day occasional showers fell there and throughout the valley. All was quiet along the lines till about eleven o'clock in the morning, when suddenly the attention of both armies was called to the roar of artillery and the sharp rattle of musketry on our extreme left. All eyes were turned towards Lookout, and as the fog gradually lifted and unveiled the mountain slopes at intervals, we could see about an hour after the firing began that a lively fight was raging immediately under Pulpit Rock and around the Craven house. As we learned long afterwards, the earlier part of the morning had been occupied by Hooker's men in scaling, under cover of a dense fog, the steep and rugged western declivity of the mountain, until they suddenly appeared on a ridge above our men, near our rifle-pits, and sweeping down upon them with a galling fire, took General Walthall's brigade of Mississippians completely by surprise. To accomplish this really gallant achievement, General Cruft's Division of Hooker's Corps marched at five A. M. from Wauhatchie, five miles west of Lookout Point, and climbed the western slope of the mountain, while Hooker's two remaining divisions, under Generals Geary and Osterhaus, occupied the attention of our left by a threatened attack in front.

The scene we witnessed from our trenches near the Watkins house, as the battle progressed near the mountain top, was superb and thrilling. In fact, the contest was in full view from a large part of both lines to eastward, whenever the clouds rose now and then, and broke away along the rocky slopes. We have at times, since the war, seen the question raised whether it was correct to call this daring attack of Hooker's men the "battle of the clouds," "above the clouds," or "in the clouds." If these expressions are intended to convey the idea that, while the fight was going on at an elevation nearly a half-mile above sea-level, clouds and fog once and again enveloped the combatants, and sometimes appeared below the lines of attack and defense, either one of these terms is literally correct. Perhaps, to call it "the battle in the clouds" is preferable, as it expresses the exact state of the case, and includes the other ideas.

Never shall I forget how a parcel of us "rebs," including General Clayton, stood, glass in hand, about high noon, on the knoll near the battery which our brigade was supporting, and watched with intensest anxiety the contending lines along the mountain slope. Gradually, the fog and clouds broke, and when they rolled off, like the curtain of a stage, the desperate drama was fully revealed to us. There was the line of attack, swaying to and fro, half a mile or more in length. All along both lines were puffs of smoke, blown swiftly away by the mountain breezes, and mingled with the surging, low-lying clouds. Soon we saw flags waving along our line of works, and it must be confessed that when, by aid of our glasses, we recognized that they were the "Stars and Stripes," we could scarcely believe our eyes, and our hearts sank within us. For we had been led to believe that our position on Lookout was impregnable against all direct assaults. But now, under cover of a treacherous fog, it had been carried by storm, and the day was evidently won for the Union arms. As became known afterwards, our loss by this unexpected assault was between 300 and 400 killed and wounded, and about 1,000 prisoners, Hooker's loss in killed and wounded being less than ours.

Its immediate result was to force back Bragg's extreme left more than a mile. The Federal advance was checked by part of Pettus's brigade of Alabamians, which was moved rapidly from its position two miles distant, and posted on a rocky spur jutting out eastward from the palisades that form the summit of Lookout.

Late in the afternoon all was astir on our portion of the line, as orders were received to be ready to march at a moment's notice. About sunset our brigade was marched by the Watkins Cross Road over Chattanooga Creek, where we were exposed to shelling from Moccasin Point, and several of our men were killed and wounded; and soon afterwards we relieved Pettus's brigade in its rocky position. At this dismal, dreary post, we exchanged a desultory fire with the Federal advance till ten o'clock or later; and held it till after midnight. Our men who remained in the valley told us next day that this battle scene at night was deeply impressive, the two lines of battle, extending up and down the mountain side, being marked by the incessant flash of rifles till nearly midnight, like thousands of "lightning-bugs" on a midsummer night in our southern woods. After the firing ceased, those of us who could do so snatched a few moments of troubled sleep on our rocky perch.

Between two and three A. M., an order came to withdraw from our position as quietly as possible, and we followed our guide, drawing our slow length along, we knew not where. In the small hours of that frosty November morning, the full moon was shining brightly. It was in eclipse soon after three A. M., when our pickets, under Captain Carpenter, of the 36th Alabama, withdrew silently from their rocky posts in the thick woods, just before daybreak. Never can I forget the ghastly sight presented by some of our dead, as they lay along our pathway, ready for a soldier's hasty burial, with their blanched faces, and glaring though sightless eyes, upturned in the full moonlight. What a picture there, in that solitary mountain forest, of utter loneliness and desolation!

The eclipse that night naturally set us to thinking that matters began to look as if Bragg's great success over Rosecrans, at Chickamauga, was about to be eclipsed by the exploits of Grant and Sherman around Chattanooga. And such, indeed, was to be the case, but none for a moment anticipated the crushing disaster in store for Bragg's army that day.

We soon found ourselves approaching our old camp at the Watkins house, and there about sunrise we were halted, only long enough, without even breaking ranks, to fill our haversacks with several days' rations, prepared by our cooks the night before. We at once took up our line of march towards Missionary Ridge, and learned that all of Bragg's center and left wing were moving in the same direction. Our brigade gained the top of the ridge by a wagon road of easy grade, a half mile or so northeast of Rossville—a road that still exists much as it was in war times, as I found by riding down it last August from the Brundage place, a farm which includes our part of the old battlefield. When we reached the summit, we filed to the right, passing near the house that was occupied throughout the day as Breckenridge's headquarters. Not a vestige of that house remains, and the numerous settlers living on the ridge at present know nothing about it. Reaching a point on the rocky and then well-wooded crest, a quarter of a mile or so southeast of Breckenridge's headquarters, towards Rossville, and well down towards the abrupt point of the ridge which overlooks that village, we were halted, stacked arms, and were allowed to enjoy a much needed rest from nine in the morning till about one in the afternoon. Soon all of our three thousand men who were not needed for picket duty had stretched their weary limbs upon the ground in the shady woods, and were at once wrapped in the profound sleep so necessary for the terrible ordeal through which we were all destined to pass before another sun should set.

Without knowing it, and without any special thought about it at the time, we were then occupying Bragg's extreme left—just as we had the night before on Lookout—with an interval of nearly or quite three-quarters of a mile between our isolated brigade and the rest of his army, which occupied a line along the crest of Missionary Ridge, extending some six miles to our right, or towards the northeast. There our weary men lay sleeping—many a poor fellow enjoying his last sweet dream of home—and but little disturbed by the heavy boom of artillery and the rattle of rifles which began about ten o'clock far to our right, and kept roaring continuously with but little intermission until sunset.

When we awoke after our refreshing midday slumbers, how superb a sight was presented, under that clear, sunny November sky—a regular army-review, in grandest style, unasked for by us and unsought! The vast army of Grant and Sherman, 80,000 men or more, not passing, but forming in review, in the long valley beneath us. There they were as far as our line of vision could reach towards the northeast, in the bright sunlight, brigades and batteries filing and wheeling into line, one after the other, evidently preparing for the general assault that soon came along our entire front. On no other battlefield of the war did we witness, with such distinctness and to such an extent, so imposing an array. While a group of us officers gathered on a commanding point of Missionary Ridge, near our forest bivouac, were watching with a field-glass these threatening formations of one of the best Federal armies ever organized—best in equipment, discipline, experience, *personnel*, and dash—a Major Hammond of Louisiana, then on Breckenridge's staff—afterwards the husband of Miss Belle Boyd, the noted female spy of Lee's army —rode up and watched with us for a time these formidable movements. Just then, between one and two in the afternoon, we began to see a very strong Federal force marching rapidly across the valley in several columns, apparently two miles or more to our left, and far to the right of the rest of the Federal line. They appeared to be moving towards Rossville, which lay in the gap of Missionary Ridge, as already described, and was scarcely half a mile in a direct line to the left of our brigade. We called Major Hammond's attention to this evident flank movement in heavy force, and as we learned he was a staff officer, one of us remarked that we hoped General Bragg had made ample provision to meet it, or would do so at once. He expressed the belief that it had been foreseen and amply guarded against, and soon rode away. Reader, that large flanking force proved to be Hooker's full corps, some 15,000 strong, flushed with their handsome and fruitful victory on Lookout Mountain, the day before. And what do you suppose was the only preparation made to meet, and if possible to check, that powerful flank movement? As we soon learned to our great surprise and sorrow, the only provision against this regular avalanche of Joe Hooker's fighting men, was our one brigade of Alabamians, with less than three thousand rifles! To expect three thousand men to be able to check, for any length of time, the advance of fifteen thousand was unreasonable enough. But, as we have since concluded, perhaps Bragg could spare no more men at that time to support us, in our attempt to hold Hooker's corps at bay. For his army had been seriously reduced, and Grant and Sherman were keeping him so busy at that time, on his right and center, that he could not possibly send any reënforcements from other parts of his line.

Not only was our number merely one-fifth of Hooker's, but we had no intrenchments or earthworks whatever on our part of the line, not even any rifle-pits. Federal official reports referring to this part of the battle, speak of taking two lines of "barricades." These were hastily constructed of small stones placed in rows and a few logs laid on top of them, and these "barricades" were not made by us, but by General Rosecrans's men, when they fell back from Chickamauga, two months before; and though a few men of our brigade were able to fight behind them, they afforded very little protection for us, for they extended up and down the ridge to defend the crest against an advance from the east—and could have served to defend it towards the west; but Hooker's advance was from the southwest, against the end of the ridge, and not up its sides, as was the assault on the right and center of Bragg's line on Missionary Ridge. It follows that Hooker's advance completely flanked these slight barricades, and they were entirely useless to our brigade in our efforts to repel his flank movement. As will be seen, then, our part of the battle on Bragg's left, soon to be described, was very different from the conflict on the rest of his line on November 25th; for it was a free fight in the open woods, without defensive works and without a battery, or even a single cannon, and without the slightest warning from any of our superior officers of what we were to expect, or to brace ourselves for—a pitched battle, in fact, between the short line of one brigade, and three of the largest and best divisions of the Federal army. With these explanations, the results now to be told will not seem strange.

Mention has just been made of the absence of any form of warning to our men on the eve of this battle, which was destined to prove so disastrous to the Confederate cause. It was worthy of notice in Bragg's series of signal defeats around Chattanooga, and is worthy of record here, that not a single general order was issued to his army preparatory to these battles; not a word of explanation, not a word of encouragement, not a word tending to "enthuse" or strengthen an army. Before Chickamauga, Bragg issued such an order, and it certainly had a very fine effect in inspiriting his men. It always seemed to us as if General Bragg was totally unprepared for the masterly stroke of the Federal generals there in all these spirited assaults—as if they came unexpectedly to him, and he was completely surprised and stunned by each heavy blow.

To form a correct idea of the battle of Missionary Ridge, or Mission Ridge, as it is called in Federal authorities, we must remember not only that it was an entirely distinct engagement from the Battle of Lookout Mountain, and fought the following day—though the two are confounded in some of our leading histories in their descriptions and engravings—but that the Union forces made three distinct attacks in that battle on different parts of Bragg's line, which was six miles long, and all these attacks were in the afternoon, the morning being occupied by Grant's army in securing positions for attack. Sherman, on the Federal left, opened an artillery fire during the morning on Bragg's right, and between one and two in the afternoon he made two efforts to advance his line, but both charges were repulsed by Hardee's and Buckner's men, with an admitted loss to the assaulting columns of seven hundred killed and wounded. Next came the charge of Hooker's corps on Clayton's brigade of Alabamians, forming Bragg's left, near Rossville, between two and three o'clock. Then followed the charge of the Federal center under Granger, with Sheridan in the lead, up the western slopes and to the crest of Missionary Ridge, at a quarter to four. This ended that truly terrific struggle, with the whole Federal force in hot pursuit of Bragg's routed army, in the short interval between sunset and dark.

Leaving to other pens any details of the fighting along Bragg's right and center, I shall close this account with some incidents of Hooker's attack on Bragg's left flank, which rapidly and completely turned the Confederate position.

Soon after the heavy firing caused by Sherman's charges had died away—not far from half past two in the afternoon—Clayton's Brigade, consisting of the eighteenth, thirty-sixth, thirty-eighth, thirty-second, and fifty-eighth Alabama Infantry, was called to "Attention!" and was marched a few hundred yards further to our left. Part of the brigade was filed to our rear by the left flank, so that it faced southward towards Rossville, the rest of it still facing westward towards Chattanooga Valley, thus forming an L. Four companies were at once deployed as skirmishers under Lieutenant, afterwards Captain, William N. Knight, of the thirty-sixth. They moved southward, or down the ridge, and under General John C. Breckenridge's immediate supervision, were deployed rapidly to their left, forming a line some four hundred yards in length. This line moved across a slight depression, and when they reached the crest of the ridge beyond, scarcely two hundred yards from the rest of our brigade, they saw a long Federal column filing through the gap along the road from Rossville to Chickamauga Station, on the railroad to Dalton. The head of this column was already far behind the left of our skirmish line, that is, in Bragg's rear. These were Hooker's men, and the long column at once faced to their left, confronting our skirmishers, and advanced on them up the end of the ridge, where it abuts upon Rossville Gap. The Federals, seeming to take our skirmishers for stragglers or deserters, began calling out to them, "Come in, boys, we wont hurt you!" By Lieutenant Knight's orders, our men, who had at first thought Hooker's men were a part of our own, immediately opened fire, and the fight began in earnest.

The Federal line of battle advanced rapidly, and our long and thin skirmish line fell back and fought desperately from tree to tree—all that part of Missionary Ridge being then thickly timbered, but with very little undergrowth. Our skirmishers were soon hurled back upon the main line of our brigade, and the engagement became general, our single brigade, with no supports within a half mile of us, making the best fight we could. Our men were ordered to lie down and fire, which they did soon after our skirmishers reached us. We were able in this way, by using trees, rocks, and all other possible cover for our 3,000 men, to check the advance of Hooker's center a short time—from twenty to thirty minutes, as well as we were able to judge—while his right and left wings were closing in around us, along the eastern and western slopes of the rough ridge. Our line then fell back, and in a new position again checked the Federal advance for some fifteen or twenty minutes.

From the official reports of General Hooker and his subordinate Generals, the following facts are gathered, so far as they refer to his corps, its disposition and advance, in this memorable struggle for the possession of Missionary Ridge. Hooker's corps consisted then of Osterhaus's division of the Fifteenth Corps, Cruft's division of the Fourth, and Geary's of the Twelfth; and facing nearly north—slightly east of north—they moved up and along the ridge in the order here named, from their right to left. Osterhaus moved parallel with the Ridge on its east slope, Cruft on the crest of the Ridge, and Geary along its west slope, all in supporting distance.

It will be seen, then, that our single Alabama brigade was engaged chiefly with Cruft's division, as we occupied only the top of the Ridge. The Federal batteries moved with Geary's division near the west slope, or in Chattanooga Valley. As already mentioned, our position at the southern end of Missionary Ridge was not—strange to say—defended by a single piece of artillery.

According to the Federal account, General Cruft and staff preceded his column to form lines, and was at once met by a skirmish line advancing. This was our four companies of skirmishers from the Thirty-sixth Alabama, under Lieutenant Knight— Lieutenant John Vidmer, of our brigade staff, from

Mobile, and since dead, gallantly directing and assisting in this effort to check the Federal advance. The official reports then state: "The Ninth and Thirty-sixth Indiana regiments sprang forward, ran into line under fire, and instantly charging drove back the rebels, while the residue of the column formed their lines. Gross's Brigade, with the Fifty-first Ohio, and Thirty-fifth Indiana of Whitaker's Brigade in advance, then moved forward, and the top of the ridge was found to be so narrow, that the division (Cruft's) was thrown into four lines.

The divisions of Geary and Osterhaus now kept abreast. Whenever our short Confederate line made a stand, Geary and Osterhaus's divisions advanced and poured in a withering fire from the west and east, while Cruft's division was making its direct attack from the south. Our line, having been rapidly formed in its second position, so as to face south to meet the main attack, this new line, being formed under fire, and necessarily in some confusion, was, in the way described, steadily forced back from point to point. According to Federal official reports, this fighting "continued until near sunset."

Meanwhile, General Breckenridge, who had gone towards his head-quarters, after seeing our skirmishers properly deployed and advancing, seemed to ascertain how large the attacking force was, and to realize how hopeless was our contest against such odds.

In the thickest of the fight, seeing that our brigade in this unequal contest would soon be surrounded and captured, to a man, he dashed up to our line of battle on his fine, dark bay horse, at a moment when the Federal advance was slightly checked. He called out:

"Who is in command of this line?"

Being referred to Col. L. T. Woodruff, of the Thirty-sixth Alabama (from Mobile), the ranking officer present, he gave him the brief command, "Bring out your men at once, and follow me."

The survivors of the brigade who were not already prisoners, rapidly followed General Breckenridge and Colonel Woodruff northward along the ridge and then down its eastern slope, the Federal forces pressing forward and closing in on their right and left, until their line was like a horse-shoe. The few hundreds of our brigade who were able to escape by passing out of the narrow opening, left just in time. Had General Breckenridge delayed his timely order for retreat but a few moments, Clayton's entire brigade would have been captured, and probably General Breckenridge, our corps commander at that time, would have shared our fate. As it was, with a loss to the brigade of between four hundred and five hundred killed and wounded, as well as we have ever been able to learn, and at least two thousand prisoners (General Hooker claims upwards of two thousand), only about six hundred men answered at brigade roll call next morning. This was in their bivouac, some six miles from the battle field, and just south of the bridge over Chickamauga River, which was crossed by a large part of Bragg's routed army during the night of the 25th. Out of some seventy men in Company C, and my own Company (H) of the Thirty-sixth Alabama, who went into the fight, only seventeen were left to answer at roll-call next morning, and they, like many other companies, were then consolidated, as but few officers escaped from that disastrous field.

The writer of this sketch does not give these closing facts of the retreat as an eyewitness; I learned them long afterwards from fellow-officers who came out of the battle safely. It fell to my share to be left disabled on Missionary Ridge—in our second line of battle, and near where the fight began—by a minie-ball in the right hip.

Who can paint the horrors of lying helpless from a wound, and on an exposed spot, under a heavy cross-fire from foe and friend for fifteen minutes or more? Or who can realize the feeling of gloom, when thus face to face with death, a desperately wounded soldier first recognizes the fact that, far from his loved ones, and they in uncertainty, he is a prisoner, as he learns by the steady tramp of the conquering foe, when they march, line after line, in serried ranks, till four lines of battle have passed where he and his fellow-unfortunates strew the ground? Such was my experience on Missionary Ridge. Then followed four months in Federal hospitals and prisons; an escape to Canada and the Bermuda Islands; and a safe running of the blockade in the Clyde steamer.

Permit me to record here two acts of considerate humanity towards a worsted foe, one on the part of General Cruft, the other by General Grant. Soon after Hooker's skirmishers and advanced line reached the part of the battle-field where I lay, faint from loss of blood, among dead and dying comrades—uncertain how the scale would turn for me—John McGinnis, Orderly Sergeant of Company A in my regiment, came to me in charge of a Federal guard, and told me of a number of our wounded and dead men who lay near us. He said his captors told him that they thought General Cruft, who was then approaching, would consent that he be detailed on parole to help nurse those of us who were wounded, and asked me to sign officially a hurriedly written request that he might be so detailed. I did this, and in a few minutes McGinnis returned, as requested by General Cruft's order, and looked after his suffering comrades. He was allowed to remain with us, as was Charles Whelan, of Company C, our Surgeon's assistant—now Doctor Whelan, of Birmingham, Alabama—and their presence added greatly to the comfort of their suffering comrades; for in the Chattanooga hospitals—very rough and uncomfortable from necessity—they helped to dress our wounds, looked after the burial of those of our number who died, and were permitted three weeks later to accompany the first of our wounded, who were sufficiently recovered to be removed to Nashville.

At General Bragg's request, General Grant permitted thirteen Confederate soldiers to come within his lines, and to remain three months at Chattanooga, helping the Federal surgeons in attentions to their numerous wounded prisoners.

Never can I forget how I lost my sword. It lay at my side in its scabbard, the latter badly damaged by rough service. Two "boys in blue," passing near me, noticed it, and one of them, saying, "I guess you'll have no farther use for this," was carrying it with him. Just then, I saw two mounted officers riding by, and I called out to them:

"Is either of you a captain?"

Being answered in the affirmative, I explained that the man was taking my sword, and requested the officer to receive it, as I preferred to yield it to one of equal rank. He did as requested, and took charge of the war-worn Confederate blade.

When such disasters overtook large armies, as befell Bragg at Chattanooga, Rosecrans at Chickamauga, Hood at Nashville, and McDowell at Bull Run, wonder is often expressed that troops so badly defeated were not at once pursued and completely overwhelmed before they had time to rally from the shock. Usually the supreme efforts of troops that result in such victories, their loss of rest and their irregular rations, leave the victors in quite as exhausted a condition as the vanquished. This was peculiarly true in our great civil war. Neither side was really fit to again offer the gauge of battle after almost constant marching, countermarching, and fighting for three days, or sometimes for a week. Then, each side had too much pluck to be easily overwhelmed, even when partly crushed. Again, pursuers, flushed with victory, are apt to attack positions too recklessly, and thus, in turn, suffer bloody repulses and defeat. Lee's victorious army suffered so at Malvern Hill, against McClellan, and so did Grant's pursuing forces suffer a severe check when they threw themselves too recklessly, on the evening of November 26th, against the strong position held by Bragg's shattered but resolute veterans at Ringgold. This bloody repulse ended the fighting in Georgia until the following May.

Not to make this narrative too long, it only remains to be said that the losses in all this desperate fighting around Chattanooga in November, '63, foot up somewhere near the following figures: Bragg's total loss, about 3,500 killed and wounded, 6,500 prisoners, 8,000 small arms, and 40 pieces of artillery, against a Federal loss of 757 killed, 4,527 wounded, and 300 missing.

Another closing fact worthy of record is, that now scarcely a vestige of the great struggle on Missionary Ridge remains, except that the plowshare occasionally turns up a solid shot or shell, a minie ball, or even, once in a while, a skeleton. The only mark on the battle-ground where we fought is a remnant of the rocky barricade to which reference has been made. Almost the entire top of the ridge is cleared and divided into small fruit-farms, where the finest of fruits and vegetables are raised for the markets of Cincinnati and other cities. But the oddest thing about it is, that these well-tilled places, almost without exception, are owned by men from Pennsylvania and other Northern States—the very people we tried to drive away from there twenty-one years ago. Yet so changed are times and feelings now, that we would not drive these thrifty neighbors from our Southern land if we could, but, on the contrary, we extend them a cordial welcome to our midst.

The saddest of all sad thoughts, as one gazes enraptured from the dizzy "Point" of Lookout Mountain over the truly magnificent panorama of mountain and valley and river where these battle-scenes occurred, is this: The National Cemetery in full view contains nearly as many silent inhabitants as there are people in the busy homes of Chattanooga in 1880—13,000 Federals, who perished in the deadly campaigns of Chickamauga, Chattanooga, and Dalton; while, on Cameron Hill, near by, rises the tasteful monument in memory of nearly or quite as many Confederate dead. Nor does any reflection lessen our sorrow, when we think of the myriads of victims of fearful—and shall we say useless?—strife, unless it be the truth that our Union of States is twice as strong today and twice as likely to be perpetual as it was before the craggy defiles of old Lookout and Missionary Ridge reëchoed the roar of the "red artillery," and the deadly rifles of our fratricidal war.

J. W. A. Wright.

THE HERMIT OF SAWMILL MOUNTAIN.

It was neither religious fervor nor a desire to fly from the "world's cold scorn," which had made a recluse of Charles Sydney. He was simply a victim to himself—a slave to his appetite for drink. Fresh from a somewhat strict collegiate course, he had gone to the home of his wealthy parents in Western New York, and, in the exuberance of youthful spirit and regained liberty, immediately proceeded to do his utmost to disgrace a good old family name that had been honored in the county for generations. Instead of following the brilliant professional career of parental anticipation, he grew more and more dissipated as the years went on—and bade fair to degenerate at last into a confirmed sot.

Affairs grew desperate at last. The heart of the mother was breaking at the waywardness of her only child. An added shade of silver tinged the massive head of the father. A family council was called then. The Judge and Mrs. Sydney, Agnes Denton, the Judge's ward, and Charles, the derelict, assembled in the library one bright June morning.

It was a more than usually pleasant room, the library at Sydney farm, with an outlook upon lawn, and river, and distant woodland. It was the favorite assembling room of the family, and many of the most pleasant hours of their lives had been passed within it. But it was for no pleasant purpose that the Judge had requested the presence of his family here this morning. He sat now, stern and erect, in his big chair by the south window. In a low chair near him, Agnes stitched busily to hide her nervousness, upon some bit of Kensington work. Mrs. Sydney sat at the end of the reading table, her head bowed upon her hands; and Charles stood leaning upon the low mantel, drumming nervously upon it. He had been upon a more than usually disgraceful "spree" the night before—and was now consequently afflicted with headache and nausea and repentance, careless almost whether he lived or died. The Judge broke the silence, which had become uncomfortable:

"How much longer do you suppose this sort of thing is to continue?" he said, addressing his son.

The drumming upon the mantel continued, but there was no answer to the question.

"It would be idle to dwell upon the advantages that you have thrown away," the Judge went on. "It is sufficient that you have wasted them. There is but one thing to be done with you, and such as you. I shall consign you to a private home for inebriates. I have carefully considered this matter. We will start today. Have you any objections to offer to the plan? You are of age, you know, and need not go unless you see fit—only, if you reject this opportunity, the doors of my house will be forever closed against you."

For a moment a wild desire came to Charles Sydney to defy his father, and to go out into the world and fight his way alone. Then he choked back the impulse, and said, in a voice thick and husky:

"I have no objections. I will go with you, sir."

"Very well, sir. I commend your wisdom. You may go to your room and prepare for an extended absence from home."

Charles turned to leave the room, and his mother arose and followed him, sobbing audibly. Together they went to the cosy room which had been his own den since babyhood, and his trunk was packed amidst many solemn promises and bitter tears. The Judge and his ward were alone in the library.

"Uncle," she said, still stitching industriously, and keeping her eyes upon her work, "I think that you are very cruel."

She was a great favorite—besides being an independent young lady — and could afford to take liberties. She called Judge Sydney "uncle," though in no way related to him, simply as a convenient form of address. The suddenness of her remark surprised him out of his reverie, but he only said mildly:

"Why, my dear?"

"To send Charlie off to a horrible home for inebriates. It is like sending him to prison."

"But we can do nothing with him here, and he is breaking his mother's heart."

"But think of the disgrace of it."

"No one will know it, my child, besides ourselves."

"Oh, yes, they will. Cook will know it, and the field hands will know it, and then the neighbors. You cannot hide such things in a country neighborhood. Charlie can never hold up his head here again."

"Charlie should have thought of that before. As to the disgrace, I would sooner see him dead than in the condition he was in last night."

"But, uncle, have you ever thought how much idleness may have had to do with Charlie's drinking? Everything has been made so easy for him. He has never really been compelled to make an effort. Give him just one more chance."

"Do you advise me to turn him out to shift for himself?"

"No—though even that would come nearer making a man of him than the inebriate asylum, perhaps. Place him in a position of responsibility, that is all."

"But where shall I put him? Run the farm he cannot, and placing him in my office is but throwing him in the way of temptation."

Agnes was silent a moment, thinking intently. Her work dropped in her lap and remained there untouched. At last she spoke:

"You were talking the other day at dinner, uncle, about the money to be made in wool-growing in Southern California. Why would it not be a good plan to buy some sheep out there, put Charlie in charge of them, make him a sharer in the profits, and give him to understand that he will be cast off at the first evil report? You may use my money, if you cannot spare enough of your own."

"God bless you, my child," said the Judge. "I will think of it."

But Agnes was not satisfied to have him think of it. She wanted him to consent to do it, or, at least, consent to go out there with Charlie and see if something could not be done. She prevailed upon him finally.

The proposed trip to the home for inebriates was abandoned, and Charles was told of the change in his prospects, and who had wrought it. His gratitude was very touching. Agnes he treated as a young queen, his mother found once more the loving, deferential son of long ago, and his father received from him a respect that he felt had been lacking for many years. Already he began to take an interest in the business, and posted himself thoroughly upon the relative merits of Southdowns and Spanish Merinos. Only once in this time of preparation did he fall from grace; and then the dereliction was so slight, and his repentance was so sincere, that he was readily forgiven. For the most part he kept resolutely away from the village and temptation.

Judge Sydney was not slow in putting his house in order for a long absence. It was Sunday evening. In the morning Judge Sydney and his son would take the six o'clock train for Buffalo, and go on their long trip across the continent.

A soft summer stillness was in the air. Agnes stood alone upon the veranda of the farmhouse, watching the play of the lights and shadows of the moonlight upon the lawn and fields and distant river. A man came slowly across the lawn, and, ascending the steps, stood upon the porch at her side.

"Is it not beautiful?" he said, putting his arm about her waist and drawing her closer to him.

She did not shrink from him, nor did she break the silence. Her breath came a trifle quicker—that was all. They had been lovers, these two, in the old days, though not formally pledged to each other. Latterly they had drifted apart. It had not been her fault. She had loved him through everything. Wrapped in the selfishness of his evil courses, Charles had not seen, or had chosen not to see, the wealth of love which had been held ready to be lavished upon him. Perhaps new ties formed in his college days had weakened the force of the old. She had remained at home, and gone on loving him. But she was only a woman. If he chose to forget she could not remind him. She could only suffer and be silent.

Now, for the first time in all the years, he approached her with a lover-like gesture. She would have been more than woman to have put him off.

"Agnes," he said, "you have saved me."

"No one can save you, Charlie, but yourself. Be true to your manhood, and you are safe."

"You have saved me," he repeated. "Had I gone to—to—well, you know where, I would never have come out alive. I had firmly resolved upon that much."

"Do not talk so, Charlie; it is wicked. I will not listen."

"Very well, then, I will not. Agnes, I give myself five years of penance in this far-off land of Nowhere to which I am bound. You used to care something about me in the old times. Will you wait until I prove myself a man? or is all that done with?"

"Is it done with? Will I wait?"

She turned up to him a face which the moonlight had fairly glorified. The answer seemed to satisfy him, for he stooped and kissed her. For a long time they stood there in silence.

".It grows late," she said. Let us go in."

He turned toward the door.

"With God's help, Agnes, I will be a man for your sake."

"With God's help," she repeated reverently.

Early Monday morning Judge Sydney and his son took their departure, as had been agreed. As was to have been expected, it was not a very pleasant trip. Both father and son were too much engrossed in their own thoughts to take much pleasure in the usual interesting incidents of travel. Of course, they extended to each other the ordinary courtesies of traveling companions—for both were gentlemen, at least in breeding—

but beyond that there was very little intercourse between them. Of course, Charles exerted himself to spare his father as much of fatigue and annoyance as possible, and of course Judge Sydney watched narrowly that no temptation to indulge his fatal appetite was thrown in the way of his son. The scenery and the strange new country through which they passed interested them but little. Each, but for a different reason, longed eagerly for the end of the journey.

II.

THEY made Santa Barbara without accident. Of course, there was much canvassing as to locality, and number of sheep, and purchase price thereof; but all these details were adjusted with but little friction, and Charles Sydney was comfortably settled upon a corner of General Beale's immense ranch in Kern County, and given charge of something like five thousand head of sheep. It was a most excellent range, and the new venture bade fair to be a prosperous one.

Upon one of the northern spurs of Sawmill Mountain, Charles built his cabin—a very cosy affair of rustic redwood—and, with a touch of the poetry of old college days, he christened it "The Hermitage." Naturally enough, then, the neighbors fell into the practice of calling him "the Hermit." He bore out the character for the first few months, too, showing little disposition to form acquaintances or to fraternize with his neighbors. Surrounding himself with books and pictures and newspapers, he sought to find in them and in his letters a solace for the human companionship which he had voluntarily renounced.

The experiment was a failure, however. He was of a companionable nature, and the joys of solitude palled upon him. There came a time, indeed, when he could almost have shrieked aloud in utter loneliness. The grand music of the wind among the pines upon the mountain side, which at first had seemed like the deep notes of some old organ, grew inexpressibly weird and dreary. His soul sickened of the messages which the night-wind whispered to the trees, and which the waving, bending, writhing needles told again to him. Nay, even his meerschaum had ceased to give him comfort—so that it will readily be seen he was in a very bad way. Ah Yup, the genius of the kitchen, was no company for a white man. Ah Yup was but a symphony in white and yellow—and a monotonously aggravating one at that.

It was at this time Charles sought the company of his herders—finding, to his sorrow, that they could speak no word of English. Feeling the need of a medium of communication, of course, he set to work to master the Spanish language. There was nothing else for it. The herders would not, or could not, learn English. Being used to solitude, possibly they felt no need for sympathy, and consequently none for company.

It was but natural that the acquirement of this strangely beautiful language, so musical and so fascinating for itself alone, should awaken in Sydney a desire to practice his new accomplishment.

As he became proficient himself in the tongue, he could readily discern that the vocabulary of his dusky retainers was very limited—even in their own mongrel dialect. What easier of accomplishment, then, than an acquaintance with the courtly Don Señor José de Carillo? Courtly and elegant, refined and intelligent, proud in spirit, though broken in purse, Don José was a Castilian gentleman of the old school—once so common; now, alas, becoming so rare in California. Once, in the old days, he had held in his own right all the broad domain of General Beale, and a score of others equally princely.

As did all his class, Don José had welcomed the coming of "Los Americanos" to the country. They had come and had brought him—ruin. It was the old story of vexatious lawsuits, grasping attorneys, land thieves, and the extravagance of a large family reveling in new and costly luxuries. Of all his great possessions, he retained but the old adobe ranch house, large and roomy, of La Roblar, and a few, a very few, acres of land surrounding it.

To this ranch house and all that it contained, Charles Sydney was made most cordially welcome. Of course, his bright face and his taste for fine old wines and brandies made him a prime favorite with the old Don —whose own sons had degenerated, with the easy facility of their race, from young landed proprietors into sheep-herders, *vaqueros*, and what-not. Sydney was a favorite with the women, too—but then he had always been that. They did not seem to mind his drinking to excess occasionally. They seemed even to like and encourage it, esteeming it rather manly—as is the way with their race.

He had returned to his old habits, you see. And he seemed almost to live at La Roblar, abandoning his cottage among the pines upon the mountain side to the mercies of Ah Yup and the herders. The sheep did not need his immediate supervision; and it was much pleasanter here; and the folks at home would never know; and—well, his correspondence was neglected, of course, and Agnes worried herself almost sick over his short letters and his long intervals of silence.

Of course, there was a reason for all this, aside from the acquirement of a knowledge of the Spanish—and while a large part of that reason lay in the good cheer which prevailed at La Roblar, I very much fear that a larger part lay in the witchery which lurked in the dreamy, passionate, black eyes of the Don's only daughter, Claudia.

Truly she was a woman to make a man forget all the world beside in her presence—her form, slight, yet rounded in the perfect curves of Andalusia; eyes liquid with melancholy, yet breathing the very fire of tropical longing; skin just tinged with olive, yet showing beneath its satin smoothness the faintest trace of richest carmine; long lashes, drooping ever downward; features regular in outline as some delicate sculpture; dainty, shapely hands and feet; a curving swell of throat and neck; and a well poised head crowned by a shimmering mass of raven hair, straight as the tail of an ebon charger.

Sydney loved her—almost before he knew it. What was the cold regard he had felt for Agnes to the fiery longing for possession which now filled him? And yet—and yet—sometimes a pale, accusing, beautiful face would rise before him, and he could find forgetfulness only when he felt the blood of the grape tingling in his finger ends.

Is it necessary to tell that Claudia loved him also? Well has it been said that "the Spanish maid is no coquette." Why should she feel shame in the great gift which had been showered upon her?

So they loved, and so at last there came a time when Sydney's passion would be denied no longer—and a day had been set for their wedding.

The old Don made no objection. Was not his prospective son-in-law at least apparently possessed of five thousand sheep? That was enough. He called them his own. He never spoke of his Eastern relatives. For all Don José and Claudia knew to the contrary, Charles Sydney might have been without a tie on earth. It was not their custom to inquire as to the character and antecedents of their guests. What was told them they believed. More they cared not to know.

At first, Charles had told them nothing, simply from his inability to do so. Afterwards, as he grew to love Claudia, he had remained silent. Confession meant renunciation—and he was not strong enough for that.

But he was even more criminally silent than he had been to Claudia; for he told Agnes nothing of his new love, his engagement, or his approaching marriage. It is true he wrote her no such warm letters as of old—he could not carry deception so far as that—but she attributed this silence to business cares (as he had intimated), and, woman-like, loved and trusted on.

Once, only once, his better nature had almost conquered him, and he resolved to tell Claudia and brave everything. It was perhaps a month before the time set for their wedding. He had received a letter from Agnes, oh, so delicately sympathetic, telling him gently that his father had died suddenly ten days before, and that two days afterward his gentle mother had followed her life-love to the grave.

"You need not come home, dearest Charlie," the letter concluded, "for I will settle everything and come to you. I am quite a famous business woman. There is nothing to keep us apart now, and *I* can trust you."

All that was good in Charles Sydney's nature came to the surface at the receipt of that letter. He would be true to Agnes, cost what it might. Full of his good resolution, he went to La Roblar. Claudia greeted him lovingly, as was her wont, clinging to him and moving before him with the lithe grace of a lioness. One long look into the passionate depths of her eyes, and his tongue and his heart failed him. Did she know, with the intuition of her sex, that something had gone wrong with her lover? She did not question him; she only pressed the gleaming wine upon him, and he drank and was silent.

Of course he cursed himself, returning to his lonely home that night, for his weakness—as he always cursed himself when not under the influence of drink. But at least he would write to Agnes, tell her the truth, and throw himself upon her generosity. That much he could and would do; but he did not do it. It was an unpleasant task at best, and from day to day he postponed it.

There came a time when it was too late. A telegram was brought from San Buenaventura, his post-office, couched in these words:

"I start today. Will travel as far as Santa Barbara with the Winters. AGNES."

Sydney made a hurried mental calculation. In just ten days time he was to be married in the Mission Church at San Buenaventura. Counting for the delays incident to travel—and he knew that the Winters would probably travel very slowly—Agnes would reach Santa Barbara in, say, twelve days. That would be two days after his marriage. He and Claudia were to take Santa Barbara in on their wedding trip to San Francisco. They could change their plans easily enough to meet Agnes. Then he would introduce Claudia as his wife, and let the women settle it between them. That, he reflected philosophically, would be the easiest way to get it over. Of course Agnes would be surprised—but she would get over that. She never was much of a girl for making a scene, anyway.

He spoke to Claudia about the change that night, telling her he desired to introduce some Eastern friends who were coming out. Of course she acquiesced, and then the subject dropped. Claudia had no time to make inquiries as to who these "friends" were, and Sydney chose to smoke his pipe and congratulate himself upon the easy road which had opened out of his difficulties.

III.

THE Concord wagon running by night between Santa Barbara and San Buenaventura rattled to the front door of the principal hotel in the latter place with a great noise and clatter at sharp midnight. Only one passenger, a lady, dusty and travel-stained, alighted. She was received by the night-clerk, and shown at once to her room. The clerk was new at the business, and so forgot to request her to register—an omission for which, afterwards, she came to be most devoutly thankful. In the hurry of business in the morning, this oversight was not noticed in time to remedy it, and to the hotel books she came to be known only as "the lady in No. 7." She had a valise, certainly, but it was taken by request to her room. Her trunk, through the exigencies of stage travel, she had been compelled to leave in Santa Barbara.

Agnes Denton, for the solitary arrival at the hotel was none other, found very little sleep visit her couch that night. Her surroundings were so strange, she had seen so much of novelty lately, that it was no great wonder. And then, she was just a little bit put out that Charlie had not met her at the stage. "I would not let *him* arrive alone and unwelcomed in a strange town," she thought. "Poor fellow; I suppose he grew tired, and went to bed, thinking to see me in the morning. He may be in this very house, now—or there may be other hotels; or perhaps he had not expected me so soon. He would think that the Winters had traveled slower than they actually had."

Her conflicting thoughts thus kept her tossing restlessly until broad bands of sunshine stole in at her window, and lay quivering upon the worn "three-ply" carpet; and she arose feverish and unrested.

She found herself the first arrival in the long, low-ceiled dining-room, and sipped her tea and ate her poached egg with but very little relish. Everything was clean and neat, and bright and pretty, but her appetite had deserted her.

Afterwards she went up stairs into the plainly furnished parlor, and sat gazing idly out upon a street upon which, in spots, green grass was growing, and where a wagon, dust-covered, and apparently from somewhere in the mountain country, was passing now and again. A few vagrant flies drummed idly against the window, and across the street a row of low, tile-roofed adobes seemed to sleep in the indolent atmosphere. Further up town there was a quaint old church, its white-washed walls fairly glimmering in the sunshine, with antique wooden doors and deep-set, small-paned windows, and low, massive belfry, with a double chime of bells in full view; while still higher up the street, where the rows of adobe broke and mingled with tiny frame stores and square-fronted bricks, there seemed to be a slight stir as of business —but it was very slight. Plank sidewalks lined the street on either side, and up toward the hillsides there were glimpses of beautiful gardens and waving trees—and this was January.

All of this, however, had but very slight interest to Agnes. She might grow to like the town, and she might not. It did not matter so much, either. Charley had written that he lived among the pines, and she knew that must be pleasant; anywhere would be pleasant with him—and then she branched off into a train of visionary musing, as girls will, which was broken by the entrance of the landlady—a bustling Western woman, gifted with her full share of curiosity.

"Got any friends about yer, Miss?" she said, with the freedom peculiar to her kind.

"Oh, yes," said Agnes, blushing a trifle. "I expect a gentleman—a friend—to meet me here."

"Does he live in these parts, this friend of yours, Miss? Maybe I mought know him. I reckon I know everybody about yer, mostly."

Agnes hesitated a moment, and then, something of kindly sympathy in the woman's homely face appealing to her, she answered:

"His name is Sydney—Charles Sydney. He has a sheep farm somewhere on Sawmill Mountain—or some such place as that—I think. Do you know him?"

"Why, in course I know him. Why, he's the feller that's a-goin to git married tonight to old Don José Carillo's darter, Claudy. Is he kinsfolk of yourn, Miss?"

Married! For a moment a great cloud seemed to swim before Agnes Denton's eyes. She thought that she was going to faint—but she did not. Pale and cold, with a chill which struck to her very heart, she recovered her composure with an effort; and the woman still droned on:

"Sydney's the feller they call the 'Hermit of Sawmill Mountain'—the boys call him that, Miss, for no earthly reason, as I kin see, except that he haint never alone. Allus got some boys havin' a good time at his place, er out somewheres a rampagin' around with the Spanish gals. Did you say he was kin o' yourn, Miss? 'Cause he's in the house, now, and if yer want to see 'im, I'll send him up. He come in to git married tonight, as I said afore, and maybe he'd want to see you."

The woman started toward the door as she spoke. It seemed to Agnes that she went over her whole life in a flash, before she said:

"No, I do not wish to see him—just yet."

The woman stopped, looking at her in slight surprise. For only a moment did Agnes doubt. The landlady's face was the very essence of sympathy. She could be trusted. Agnes was utterly alone—silence was killing her—she knew no other woman—she must tell some one—she must have advice and help. She looked up and spoke again:

"Will you come to my room in half an hour? I must have time to think—and, in the meantime, do not tell Mr. Sydney nor—nor anybody—that I am here."

Then she walked steadily down the hall and entered Room 7. It took her a long time to think out her position—to realize that the man she loved was untrue to her.

"It cannot be," she moaned. "It cannot be."

And yet reason told her that it was true. It was preposterous to think, as she had at one moment wilfully hoped, that there were two Charles Sydneys in the same place, and engaged in the same business. At all events, her line of conduct was marked out plainly enough. She would see this man—herself unseen—and if it were her Charles, why he should never know that she had seen him. With a great sigh of relief she remembered that she had not put her name upon the register the night before.

Promptly as the half-hour expired, there was a soft rap at the door, and the landlady entered. Her face fairly beamed with good-natured curiosity and kindly sympathy.

Agnes was in manner almost her old self as she met the woman. "I am going to tell you a secret," she said, "and to ask you to help me. I know that you can."

"Ef I kin, I will," the woman said, energetically.

"I have known Charles Sydney all his life," Agnes went on, speaking with nervous rapidity. "I am engaged to be married to him, and I came out here to fulfil that engagement. You tell me that he is to be married tonight. I do not know that this is the same man—but I think that it is. I must see him—but where he cannot see me—and find whether it is he or no. There has been some terrible misunderstanding, but if it is the same man he must never know of my presence here. *Never!* Do you understand? I have plenty of money, and shall return East without my presence coming to his knowledge. I should like also to see the woman he is to marry. Can it be managed?"

"Easy enough, miss. The Padre marries 'em at the Mission at eight o'clock tonight. Ef you hev a thick veil we can easy slip into a back seat unbeknownst to nobody. Most likely, only the candles up front will be lit."

Promptly as the vesper bells chimed eight o'clock that January evening, two well-filled carriages dashed up to the front of the Mission church and discharged their loads of gayly chattering occupants. On the arm of the stately old Don José, Claudia swept down the center aisle of the church between the stiff-backed pews, her darkly glorious beauty trebly enhanced by the cloud of tulle, and satin, and old point lace in which she moved. Behind them, leading the Doña Carillo, was Sydney—erect and handsome, but with flushed face and sparkling eye, which to one watcher, at least, betokened heavy potations. After the bridal party, a gay crowd swept up the aisle, and ranged themselves in silence before the altar rail.

Within the church a dim, shadowy darkness half hid and half revealed the solemn scene. The candles upon the altar gleamed like stars upon the surrounding gloom, and the ghostly light of a young moon mapped upon the floor the outlines of the western windows. Upon the walls the faded pictures of the Passion were but darker spots upon the darkness—and the large crucifix upon the western side, with its drawn face of tense, bitter agony, was brought out startlingly by the one swinging lamp which burned before it. Upward the rudely painted walls faded into darkness, and the great rafters holding the roof might have been the supports of the vault of heaven—so high, and dim, and dark did they seem.

From one side a priest in the sacred vestments of his order moved softly like a shadow, and took position in front of the high altar with its lofty gilt cornice, its showy mirrors, and its solemn symbols. Turning slowly to face the church, he raised his hands in solemn silence. The bridal party knelt reverently to receive the blessing. Then the priest advanced to the rail, and began the impressive marriage service of the Catholic Church.

No one had heeded the two women, closely veiled, who crouched in a pew far back as the bridal party entered. Now, as the ceremony was concluded, and the bride and groom turned with their friends to leave the church, no one noticed that one of these women had fallen back limp and white, and lay as one dead against the high back of the pew. Only the landlady of the hotel knew what had happened, and she dared give no alarm, fearful of—she knew not what.

Charles Sydney did not know, would never know, that when he left that church with his new-made wife, a proud and happy bridegroom, he left within its walls so much of heart-ache and bitter woe.

Arriving at Santa Barbara, of course, Sydney made diligent inquiries for Agnes. The Winters, he found, had not been there at all. They had passed down on the steamer on the 12th—the day before his marriage—but had gone on to either Los Angeles or San Diego. So far as he could learn, there had been no young lady with them. The clerk at the hotel, after his memory had been refreshed, remembered that a young lady had left the steamer on the 12th, and at once taken the night stage for Ventura. She had left her trunk at the hotel, but had returned on the night stage of the 13th, and at once taken the stage for San Luis Obispo. He thought that she meant to catch the steamer there, going north, but was not certain. Did not remember her name, but did not think it was Denton. She had breakfasted there on the 13th, but had not registered.

Clearly this could not be Agnes, thought the sagacious Charles—and he gave up the search, contenting himself with sending her his wedding cards. Something had prevented her coming, he supposed. Then he shrugged his shoulders, after the manner of his kind, at the vagaries of women, and congratulated himself on the fact that she had not come.

The receipt of the cards was never acknowledged. Sydney received a note from his father's lawyer, stating that the farm had been sold, as per request, and the money placed to his credit in an Eastern bank.

After that, everything pertaining to his past life was dead to him as though it had never been. He invested his inherited wealth in sheep—and for a time all went well with him.

IV.

THE rainy season of '76 opened very auspiciously in Southern California with an early fall of rain in November, starting the grass in hill and cañon, and putting the agricultural land in excellent shape for working.

But December came and went, and '77 opened, but there was no more rain. Old settlers began to shake their heads ominously, and to talk of the great drought of '63. Wise stock-men looked out for and secured all additional available range, and farmers, alarmed at the prognostications of wiseacres, hesitated to plant where there was no prospect of harvest. Then the plowed fields became wastes of dust, and it was too late to plant. January waxed and waned, but the rain came not.

Charles Sydney, with his broad ranges and his ten thousand fat sheep, laughed at the fears of his neighbors. In the five years that he had been in the country there had been no such thing as a drought. Such a thing was impossible. The February rains would start the grass, and in the meantime he had abundance of the glorious grasses of California which dry upon the ground, and make a hay which needs no harvesting.

He had been married a little over a year now, and shortly expected that a greater blessing even than his wife had proved would be bestowed upon him.

But the dry spell continued. February was well advanced, and even the most sanguine began to lose heart. Sydney had not been prepared for such a contingency as now confronted him. His sheep began to die—literally starving to death—at first one or two daily, and then in steadily increasing numbers. More range could not be procured, for there was none. The country was scorching all around him. In December some more fortunate owners had driven their stock into Arizona, but it was too late now to think of that. The attempt would be madness, for there was no feed along the route.

In the San Francisco market sheep had gone steadily down to twenty-five cents per head. Then they ceased to be quoted. There were no takers. The local market was glutted with mutton, for the sheep men sought thus to save some small share of their investment. Fifty cents for a sheep, skinned and dressed, was the ordinary price. Clearly, he could not dispose of his stock. It is doubtful if he could have even given them away.

The feed upon the ground had dried up long ago, and had been swept away in clouds of dust by the hot winds, which came like the breath of a furnace from the scorching sands of the Mojave Desert.

One day in early March, Charles and his herders had killed two thousand lambs—knocked them in the head, ruthlessly, to prevent starvation. It was pitiful, but there was no room for pity.

At last Sydney saw that but one resource was left him. He would establish a *matanza* forthwith, and slaughter his flocks for their pelts. The little shearing house down upon the creek bank was speedily prepared for the work. In two days it was in full operation, killing at the rate of five hundred per day, and the green hides were being cured for transportation.

But a greater calamity even than the loss of his flocks was in store for the man. One Friday night his wife was taken suddenly ill, and on Sunday they carried her to rest in the old Mission churchyard in San Buenaventura. Upon her breast a little baby lay, fair-haired and waxen-fingered, which had never opened its eyes upon the world.

Sydney seemed to give up everything after the funeral, going about everywhere as one in a dream. He was listless and restless. All interest had gone out of life.

It was at this time of trouble that the image of Agnes Denton, fair and smiling, again rose before him. He would go to her, he thought. Though she might despise him, she would still pity him and comfort him in his sorrow. He was very humble now. Whatever of her great sympathy she chose to accord him, he would accept it thankfully, and would ask for no more.

At first, I think, he only wanted to be near some one who knew him and who would condole with him in his sorrow. Don José and the Doña were kind, but they did not know and could not understand.

He began at once to prepare for his departure from Southern California. His business affairs were soon arranged; his pelts disposed of to the best advantage, to a peripatetic Basque dealer in hides and tallow, and he was ready to start. The cabin he would leave as it was, simply locking the doors and placing the key in charge of Don José. There was nothing but his immediate personal effects that he cared to take with him, and some day in the future, perhaps, when he was happier, it might be a source of melancholy pleasure to return here for a season and to muse over the happiness which had gone out of his life forever. The cabin and its contents were safe from molestation until his lease of the land expired, five years yet.

It was on the 25th day of April that he mounted his horse—a splendid animal, kindly loaned him for his ride into town by Don José—and turned to bid farewell to valley and mountain and whispering pines.

"It is the day upon which my five years' probation expires," he muttered, smiling sadly.

Slowly he rode into town and stabled his horse. Then, from force of habit, he entered the postoffice and asked for mail. A newspaper was handed him, but he put it into his pocket without so much as a glance at the handwriting in which it was directed.

He thought of it again at supper that evening, and pulling it out, prepared to glance over it, while waiting the filling of his order. It was a copy of a New York paper, he noticed, dated April 12th. Carelessly his eye ran down the column, until arrested by the following paragraph, which was marked:

> MARRIED.—In Grace Church, yesterday, by Rev. ———, Mr. Henry Rollins, of this city, and Miss Agnes Denton, of Buffalo. No cards.
>
> The couple will sail for Europe on the "Scotia" today.

The waiter brought Charles Sydney his supper, but it remained untouched upon the table. He sat there silently, gazing into vacancy. His room was needed at last, and the waiter approached and touched him respectfully upon the shoulder. Then, slowly and painfully, as an old man moves, Sydney arose and staggered out into the night.

I WAS deer-hunting in the Lockwood valley last summer, and I saw the Hermit of Sawmill Mountain, sitting quietly in the door of his cabin, and smoking a meerschaum pipe, which never leaves his lips, they say, day or night. He arose as we drove up, and tottered out into the sunshine. His gait was feeble and stooping, his eyes lack-lustre, his hair silver-gray, his hands nerveless, and his whole appearance that of a man prematurely aged. He partook freely, with very little urging, of our liquid supplies, and afterwards grew quite garrulous. He was a trifle daft, I concluded, for he jumbled Homer and Virgil and the latest market quotations together in inextricable confusion. It was evident, however, that his education had been excellent. With a grandiloquent wave of the hand he placed the whole valley at our disposal, and then tottered back into his cabin as we rode off.

Thus, it is said, he treats all campers and wayfarers. At other times he sits alone in his cabin, muttering to himself and smoking, and, in times of high winds, bending his head to catch the music of the pines, and waiting—waiting—for what?

Sol. Sheridan.

THE BENT OF INTERNATIONAL INTERCOURSE.

THE gift by a foreign country to the United States of a statue of "Liberty enlightening the World," carries with it a compliment of no inconsiderable significance. It is a testimonial to the fact that Liberty has found a congenial home within our confines. And what is Liberty? "Liberty," says Victor Hugo, "is the climate of civilization."

But in the face of this, what do we see? Alien writers and lecturers coming to this country, assuming the right to teach the people, and proclaiming Europe as an exemplar, because they have been reared in an older civilization and received its approval. Throughout their discourses Europe is their standpoint, and the way things are done in Europe is their standard. But who is prepared to accept this criterion? Who, among Americans, is willing to admit that the new world would be altogether better for instruction from the old? Thomas Jefferson makes the admission, it is true, but in a way from which it is not necessary to dissent. During the days of his diplomatic service abroad, writing to James Monroe, he says:

> "I sincerely wish that you may find it convenient to come here; the pleasure of the trip will be less than you expect, but the utility greater. It will make you adore your own country, its soil, its climate, its equality, liberty, laws, people, and manners."

What would be the effect of such advice upon this generation? Let an American hailing from any of the States of the Atlantic sea-board travel abroad today, and he will no doubt find a great contrast between that life with which he is familiar and that which he observes. But let a resident of any of the Western States make the same tour, and to him the contrast will be much more marked, and the patriotic profit of travel, perhaps, be greater, because the recent States of the Union, within the last three or four decades, have come to more closely resemble the country of Jefferson than do the colonial States themselves. Remote from that sea-board which is most exposed to the Old World, they have, without effort, preserved traditions and developed traits which are still called American, though often designated in deference to foreign criticism, "Philistine."

The first traveler, while he pursues his way, is more apt to become enamored of European life, and lingers abroad; but the other, more sensible to the artificial character of his new surroundings, will probably become more attached to the life which he has left behind, and long to return: he will think with Hawthorne, that the years he spends on a foreign shore have a sort of emptiness, and that he defers the reality of life until he breathes again his native air. This predilection in favor of his own country does not arise from any incapacity to enjoy the magnificence of the old civilization, its treasures and refinements, but he distinguishes after his own manner between a *salon* and a home, between passing pleasures and permanent interest, between false standards of conduct and what he regards as the more serious duties of life. Such a man has little sympathy with Europe. But the other is impressed differently: bred, perhaps, in a State that, by closer contact with the old world, has fallen into many of its ways, accepted its criteria, and submitted to its censorship, he is not so jealous of the distinguishing characteristics of his native country. He takes pleasure in possessing the real of which before he had only an imitation. But he is only one of a large and may be increasing class living on the eastern verge of our continent, who look upon America as a poor copy of the master prototype across the water.

Europe possesses the accumulations of the ages, which are, it is true, drawn upon by America, but discriminatingly; and this wise discrimination is, or has been, one of Columbia's cardinal virtues. She rejected manners, morals, ideas, and rule, and in these vital respects became a law unto herself. What influence Europe exerted over early America was, for the most part, negative: the fathers of the republic, by knowing Europe, knew what to avoid. Principles were formulated and constitutions made in consonance with an ideal government in which the most people should be the most benefited. But the conspicuous feature of them all was their antagonism to the prevailing foreign methods. In these principles and instruments there was but little copied; it will even be admitted that they showed considerable creative intellect, something which is often denied to America; and, at the time of their adoption, Europe rather noisily proclaimed them the height of originality, not to say worse. Certainly the mother country disclaimed all responsibility for the new creation, and America was left to her own destiny.

But what this country might have been without Europe's example and contribution, has occasionally afforded a subject of speculation for curious minds. Disraeli, in one of his novels, makes Shelley, who figures for the time as a character of fiction, exclaim: "I wish that the Empire of the Incas and the Kingdom of Montezuma had not been sacrificed; I wish that the republic of the Puritans had blended with the tribes of the wilderness." Then, he thinks, the Americans would be an original people, and have a nationality; otherwise not.

But such rank originality as this would be hardly desirable. A people with pretensions to a race, language, and skin of their own might have resulted; and while this would have gladdened the poet's heart, it would not have contributed to the substantial happiness of mankind. No; the essence of American nationality must be sought and found in the republican form of government and all that flows from it; for the distinguishing characteristics of the people are not in the color of their skins, but in the color of their minds; not in the words they adopt to express their ideas, but in the ideas themselves.

A nationality founded on institutions, ideas, manners, and morals is, however, subject to change. If formerly, as it has been remarked, the influence which Europe exerted on this country was to a large extent negative and advantageous, of late positive influences have prevailed which seem to war with the design and true distinction of America. Due to this cause is the fact often observed, that the United States do not now possess in the same degree the national virtues which adorned their early history. There is not among all classes the same attachment to democracy and confidence in its success, nor the same simple life. The political ideals have fallen from the establishment of liberty and happiness to ends less worthy and more material. The old school of statesmen would inquire what effect innovations would have upon man, the new school upon money; and where there was once a people there is now a populace. Under a paternal policy special interests have been so fostered, to the general loss, that great inequalities of wealth have resulted, creating those conditions in this country most favorable to the growth of European institutions.

Even now throughout the Atlantic States foreign tastes and manners have taken hold of a large section of society. There is a mania for English "form" and French *modes*, and rules and regulations as to conduct and costume are not only accepted from abroad, but eagerly sought. In matters of etiquette and dress, America is without a convention. What is indigenous is inelegant.

When the Duc de Chartres and the Comte d'Artois introduced English sports and fashions into France to the prejudice of their own, even the Court of Louis XVI., on the score of national pride, condemned their course, and required them to abandon their folly. And Carlyle indulges his sarcasm when he refers to the period, and says: "O beautiful days of international communion! Swindlery and blackguardism have stretched hands across the channel and saluted mutually."

In this country public opinion, that unique force, is opposing the Anglo and other manias which afflict the land, but not always with success. Sports, wines, vehicles, language, manners, arts — fine, culinary, and dubious—are supplanting our own, and with increased intercourse the danger is from an inundation which will sweep away the results of a century of independence. Indeed, public opinion itself is not impregnable to attack. Fifty years ago, when Tocqueville wrote his "Democracy," it may be said without pessimism, that America had a more marked individuality, and even more creditable characteristics than are observable today. Notwithstanding the severe drawing of the old master, the picture he has given us of the United States at that period is refreshing to contemplate. The people were happy, equality of conditions had some reality, excessive individual importance was unknown, corporations were undeveloped, the avenues to office were clean, the voters, to his knowledge, had never been bribed, and politics were a field on which the best men of the day were proud to contend. Employment was universal, leisure exceptional, luxury discouraged, and the tyranny of fashion no more submitted to than that of King George. Men were still intensely serious in the work of maintaining free government without selfish incentive, and their patriotism amounted even to vanity. "If I say to an American that the country he lives in is a fine one, 'Aye,' he replies, 'there is not its fellow in the world.' If I applaud the freedom its inhabitants enjoy, he answers: 'Freedom is a fine thing, but few nations are worthy to enjoy it.' If I remark the purity of morals which distinguishes the United States, 'I can imagine,' says he, 'that a stranger who has been struck with the corruption of all other nations is astounded at the difference.'"

Such enthusiastic sentiments serve to show how much more the people esteemed their own country than any other, and how far they were from falling into that fatal flattery —imitation.

But what may be the causes which are leading the Republic from her quondam simplicity, her notable morality, her intense democracy, and are reducing her to a condition little better, if at all better, than other nations in these respects? What has put this country, after so much early resistance, at last within the influence of the old world, whose tastes, manners, and thought are known to be inimical to republican life?

Thomas Jefferson has undoubtedly given us an important clue. During his life-time he attributed the virtue of his fellow citizens to the fact that "they have been separated from the parent stock and kept from contamination, either from them or the people of the old world, by the *intervention of so wide an ocean.*" Here, then, is the cause of the change: the ocean no longer intervenes. It has practically dried up, leaving but a narrow channel to cross. The shore which was for Jefferson about two months distant, is for us less than a week for travel, and less than a moment for thought!

Tocqueville, with prophetic vision, anticipated many evils which would beset the new Republic, but contamination by contact with Europe he left to the finer patriotic instincts of Thomas Jefferson. The ocean was then a real barrier between the two continents, the winds and the waves beating back adventurous craft, and allowing few to break their lines. No prophet, however endowed, would, one hundred years ago, have ventured to predict this marvelous annihilation of space! Europe and America are to-day, for most purposes, as closely bound together, by grace of electricity and steam, as are California and New York, parts of our own continent and country. Aye, more so, for in the one case the highway is free, and the expenses of transportation less. And the West might as well expect ultimate immunity from Eastern influence, as the United States hope to keep its institutions intact, on account of the intervention of what was once an ocean, but is now a "pond."

The question then suggests itself, as a corollary, Should not America, self-reliant and firm in her principles, discourage too close a communication with Europe, whereby a fickle and perverse generation might become enamored of a condemned civilization, and fall away from their own? The Israelites, when they observed in their wanderings that other nations had royal establishments, cried out for a king; and such was the force of example that they disregarded the advice of their judges to put not their trust in princes, and later had reason to repent it. The same people, in servile imitation, worshiped idols when most favored by the living God. "What the eye does not see the heart does not crave for." And we also know by proverbial wisdom the effects of touching pitch and loving danger. Therefore, if the products of European life are detrimental to our own, there should certainly be a discriminating moral prohibition against them.

The old world bears about the same relation to the new that Judaism bears to Christianity. The ever constant surprise to the Pharisees is that so much good should have come out of Nazareth. The old law was rejected by the Master, in-so-far as it was inconsistent with the new. The disciples turned their backs upon the religion of their fathers and let the dead past bury its dead. The new dispensation had come, better and more hopeful.

The traditional policy of this country, as declared by Monroe and Madison, and by Washington himself, in his farewell address, is to leave Europe severely alone. Says Washington: "Europe has a set of primary interests, which, to us, have none or a very remote relation." Again: "The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible." Monroe declared that "we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety."

Europe was, as it is plainly seen, an object of suspicion, from which nothing was asked. Washington thought that such were the resources, and "*the peculiarly happy and remote situation*" of this country, that it could, without loss, assume an attitude of entire independence.

Is this policy still pursued? Has not the diplomatic service been extended unnecessarily? Has not the United States, without precedent, sat with European powers, on a foreign commission, for disposal of a foreign territory, and otherwise contravened the spirit of the Monroe doctrine? Are we not afflicted with Anglo-mania and every mania foreign? The "happy and remote situation" has no longer any reality, and to this is attributable the silent invasion of our territory by European peculiarities, customs, and thought. Europe and America remained apart until innocent causes at last drew them together, and the reduction of the distance between the two continents effected with equal pace a diminution of the *differentia.*

The immediate result of greater proximity is increased intercourse; and intercourse may be by travel, immigration, commerce, and literature. Now let us enquire to which of these, or to all combined, is the contamination spoken of by Jefferson particularly due?

1. Not to immigration is it due in any marked degree, because the un-American proclivities and fond imitation are attributable to the so-called higher classes, whereas the large body of immigrants belong to the humbler. And again, it is on account of the introduction of ideas and tastes, and not of men, that America suffers. Men and ideas, it is true, go together, but the immigrant is not engaged in a propaganda. And further, it is a matter of common observation, that in one or two generations the immigrant becomes what his improved environment makes him. He arrives, as it were, in a nascent state, and is absorbed and assimilated by the established communities into which he is cast. He is influenced, but does not sensibly influence. He conforms to the manners of the place, and does not contaminate by his European breeding the people among whom he resides. His loyalty is rarely questioned. If he retains an affection for the land of his birth, though it has given him naught but life, yet it is a sentiment no man would stifle, and one which, in the breast of his offspring, will be awakened thereafter for the land of his adoption. But the sentimental and unsentimental alike find ample reason for the renunciation of their old allegiance in the passage from the Greek:

"The land where thou art prosperous is thy country."

It is not surprising that naturalized citizens should be devoted to the institutions of the United States. They appreciate free government the more on account of their intimate acquaintance with despotic rule, which they leave because they do not love.

Consequently, it can in no way follow that because this country was settled by Europeans, and continues to receive them, that it should on that account be affected by European ideas, and have no distinct character of its own. It had a distinct character, because it disapproved all along, not of mere foreigners, men who happened to be born elsewhere, but of those foreign principles of government and morals which are found to be fatal alike to freedom and virtue. It is very often the same strong disapproval by the emigrant himself, which drives him from fatherland. Not without a pang are the ties of native associations severed, and the man who, under oppression, leaves home and country, must dislike his own government and respect himself. The very fact of voluntary exile should make him worthy of citizenship.

There are certain classes who feel that their influence in the State is not commensurate with their social, financial, or intellectual importance, and consequently they are restive under popular rule, and stand opposed to immigration. But it is a question which are the more dangerous classes to the Republic, the lordly or the lowly. If ever Europe be enthroned in America, and king, caste, and their concomitants be introduced, it is safe to say that neither the foreign population nor the lower orders will be responsible for it. The encouragement and support will come from another class, sincerely patriotic, no doubt, but whose ideas have been perverted by education, and whose ideals are cast after false models. The most thorough American of recent years was Wendell Phillips. He had a just appreciation of American society, having made its constitution and bearing the study of his life. In his memorial oration, George William Curtis thus speaks of him: "He felt that what is called the respectable class is often really, but unconsciously, and with a generous purpose, not justly estimating its own tendency, the dangerous class."

Now, we may point out at least one way in which this class has become dangerous. In the first place, what is called the "respectable" class wields comparatively a large amount of influence, more than they themselves perhaps believe. They are in a position to exact virtue or tolerate vice; they inaugurate fashions, adopt manners, and set examples. Nor is their sway confined to their immediate circle; it extends beyond, for there are always multitudes who follow blindly the law that is given. There are also included under this designation the men and women who represent the thought of the country, who edit newspapers, write books and plays, and who, on platform and stage, or in the legislature, propagate ideas or give them local habitation. This important class, consciously or unconsciously, are subject to all the influences of the older civilization.

2. This influence is exerted in many ways, among which is the medium of imported literature. There is practically a free trade of books between the two continents, but the current is all one way, and authorship in this country remains the only industry unprotected. The English-speaking people of America give comparatively little encouragement to the native literature, and as Lowell has expressed it, "read Englishmen's books and steal Englishmen's thoughts." But it would be nearer true to indicate Europe and not England alone as the source of America's intellectual subsistence. The absence of international copyright has given to America greater facilities for an acquaintance with European literature than the Europeans themselves enjoy. What is the result but that America is most affected thereby, and that this becomes one of the agencies through which the worst features of continental life are introduced, and made, as it were, by intimate acquaintance, the common experience of the people? For instance, what a disastrous popularity the French drama and novel have gained, and Ouida is read only less than Zola. They paint with shocking fidelity the daily life of the old world, and cast a glamour of false coloring over practices and principles which are fatal to the orderly existence of society.

But a republic is a much more sensitive organism than a monarchy. The former depends entirely upon the people, and when the people become corrupt, it is impossible for it to thrive. A monarchy flourishes on that very food which is fatal to freedom, for the necessity of absolute government increases *pari passu* with the inability of the masses to govern themselves. Thus France is keeping up the conditions of monarchy, and we are importing them.

3. Intercourse by commerce, the least objectionable form it can take, is closely guarded by a protective tariff; while the gates are wide open to the introduction of everything else. American industries would certainly suffer, temporarily, at least, were import duties abolished, as American nationality suffers now from a free trade of the impalpable products of Europe, which compete with native ideas, tastes, and manners. As foreign goods are less expensive, so foreign ways are more comfortable, and the people insensibly adopt them.

4. But immigration, literature, and commerce yield, perhaps, in the effects they cause, to travel, which is one of the principal de-Americanizing forces at work. By travel I mean the perennial hegira of the people of this country to foreign parts; tourists, who turn their faces against the course of empire, traverse the dividing sea, and revel in the continent beyond. At one time travel was the necessary complement of education; but since then the world has changed. Prester John can no longer rule; Hernando Mendez Pinto is impossible. All countries have been explored and described. One may sit down in his library and read accurate accounts of distant places with perfect confidence. And daily at breakfast one need but to read the newspapers to be put *en rapport* with the remotest peoples, and to learn of yesterday's events throughout the world.

While travel has a fascination in itself, and, within reasonable limits, has much educating influence, yet, when extended or habitual, it is open to objection from a patriotic point of view. If, perchance, it improves the American as an individual, which is not entirely conceded, it undoubtedly detracts from his value as a citizen. Europe is a hot-house of men and things. All development there is artificial; the rugged virtues are apt to be rejected as weeds, and the natural powers lost in over-cultivation. Society is insincere. In every field false standards are set up. Everything militates against the proper training of an American respecting rights, duties, government, and home. To trust in the people, the domestic virtues, and the dignity of labor, there is opposed the despotic idea, lubricity, and leisure. Jefferson has said that two things only may be learned better abroad than at home, namely, "vice and the foreign languages." Whether strictly true or not, this remark carries more force now, with our advance in the means of education, than it did one hundred years ago.

The English have been called the greatest of travelers, but of recent years the Americans have outstripped them, particularly on the continent of Europe. And as regards the effects of travel, there can be no analogy between the two peoples, for the English have an established nationality and are an ancient race, while America is new, impressionable, and still plastic, and her people largely cosmopolitan.

Emerson has dwelt upon the fondness of his countrymen for travel, and deplored it. "It is for want of self-culture that the superstition of Traveling, whose idols are Italy, England, Egypt, retains its fascination for all educated Americans. They who made England, Italy, or Greece venerable in the imagination did so by *sticking fast to where they were*, like an axis of the earth." "Traveling is a fool's paradise." And again: "Our minds travel when our bodies are forced to stay at home. We imitate; and what is imitation but traveling of the mind? Our houses are built with foreign taste; our shelves are garnished with foreign ornaments; our opinions, our tastes, our faculties, lean and follow the past and the distant."

And as the flow is more ample, the resistance being diminished, so, the victories of peace having broken down the barriers of space, travel has assumed floodlike proportions. Invention has verily laid siege to the Atlantic, and it has yielded up most of its terrors. And so natural have speed and comfort become, the Clyde leviathans seem merely to supply an omission in the scheme of creation. And thus facilitated, travel has grown portentously popular. It is estimated that an average of one hundred and twenty-five thousand persons sail yearly for European ports, three-fourths of whom are of the tourist class. Only Russia has seen fit to tax her travel-loving subjects, who pay one hundred and sixty roubles ($115) per year during their absence; and the United States, under a recent interpretation of the Act of Congress of August 3, 1882, is about to collect a duty of fifty cents for every alien passenger, including tourists and transient visitors, arriving from a foreign port. With these exceptions the traffic of travelers is unrestricted. Indeed, every facility is afforded it. The passport system has been abolished, and passports are now needless, unless, perhaps, to more speedily get a registered letter or gain admittance to a private gallery. The principle of "once a subject always a subject" is being gradually relaxed, while the writ of *ne exeat* is confined exclusively to criminals.

And as to special facilities, there are established in the principal capitals, exchanges, whose single purpose is to smooth the way of innocents abroad. And so complete have arrangements been made, that it is now unnecessary for the bare uses of travel to carry any money whatever; for it is possible to purchase in any large center, as New York, tickets and hotel accommodations for an entire European tour; and, as it were, supplementary to this, far-sighted benevolence has provided an institution at Paris wherein stranded Americans are cared for or advanced the wherewithal to bridge over temporary distress.

It is not surprising that travel is encouraged by Europe. It is a rich source of revenue to the national railroads, museums, and galleries; to hotels and to producers generally from Ultima Thule to the Isles of Greece.

Again, the same "respectable class" of Wendell Phillips are the principal offenders. They go to Europe with growing families for residence and education, and generally with the purpose to return. And every shipload of returning tourists of this sort is a Trojan horse of danger. They become familiar with a life inimical to ours, and what they do not learn to enthusiastically admire they passively tolerate. This is true of manners, morals, thought, tastes, and government. They are no longer staunch in their love of country, a sentiment which they are informed by foreign critics is "a narrow provincialism." No longer do they put any value on political privileges, and they become oblivious at last to the historic struggles which resulted in human freedom. Travel affords them the luxury of being without a country, and they are proud of their new condition as "citizens of the world." Of Europe they unqualifiedly approve. They say that the men and women abroad are more cultivated, the peasants more picturesque, the governments better conducted, the capitals more gorgeous, and existence more enjoyable than at home. Everything seems to be done for the people, and they are not required to do anything for themselves. With such surface observations they are content. They do not suspect that ceremonies, forms, and pageantry are all designed to act upon the imagination of the crowd, and keep them in awe of authority, and that authority, in its turn, acts as a cloak to despotism. They do not see the resultant misery, the denial of freedom, religious and civil, the enforced conscription, the burdens upon industry, and the chronic impoverishment of the people. A true knowledge of the past and contemporaneous history of Europe would make better Americans of such travelers, whose information now is gleaned on delusive fields.

International intercourse may be instrumental in civilizing America, but is it not on the old lines condemned by the Fathers? Is there not danger, by too close contact with Europe, of losing all that is distinctive in American life? And, notwithstanding the strictures of foreign criticism, is not American nationality, such as it is, worth preserving?

J. D. Phelan.

FOR A PREFACE.

I HAVE stood shivering in November days—
The sour November days that threatened frost—
Watching the birds that, summer long, had crossed
And crossed so oft my quiet garden ways,
I knew and loved them as I did the rays
Of sunshine there, wing southward until lost
At the far, misty world brim, cloud embossed,
Where summer still lay warm in drowsy haze.

They found the summer? That I do not know.
Mayhap 'twas not for them—nor yet for these,
My books. I only stand as they depart,
Miss them and wait, not eager that they please
So much as wistful that they bring the glow
Of lacking summer to some chilly heart.

AUGUST IN THE SIERRA.

THE clear sunlight fills this glorious mountain land. I write from beneath the shelter of a sugar pine growing on the hillside, near a ruined saw-mill, and close by the flash and sparkle of water flowing from a broken flume. A mile below, far down the ridge, are the clustered houses of a mining village, once, in the days before the decision against hydraulic mining, a thrifty mountain town, but now fast tumbling into decay. Ten years ago there were fifty children in the public school; now only fifteen. Ten years ago the town had three hotels and half a dozen stores; now the single hotel-keeper runs the store and keeps the post-office and the livery stable, and peddles vegetables, and mines a little during the intervals of his other occupations.

Far up the ridge, beyond the sharp knobs of quartz and masses of lava, beyond the dark cedar forest, are peaks on whose precipitous sides a few patches of snow yet linger in the hot August sun. Deep down sheer descents, twinkling along the bottom of the gulch, is a winding river, flowing through wastes of gravel and past trunks of blasted trees. At my feet are flowers in earliest bud —flowers that long ago passed out of bloom in the valley; and beside them are shyer flowers, which only the wilder heights nourish. Here is that rare luxuriance of intermingling trees, vines, shrubs, trailers, and lesser plants, which only the mountain can display.

It is the earliest summer here; the grasses are yet green; the flush of spring has not quite faded. Climb a mile further up the steep trail, and you will find wild roses in first bloom, and imagine yourself back in April. Down in the far-away valley gardens of Sacramento and San Jose, there are dahlias and hollyhocks, gladiolas, oleanders, crape myrtles, and magnolias; here, larkspurs and dicentras. If one should climb to the edges of yon snow-drift, the green grass, a finger's width in tallness, would be found lying about it, and blue nemophilas of March would be seen there.

As one sits in peace beneath his chosen pine tree, the beauty of this broad plateau, so cleft by rivers like the Yuba and Feather, so uplifted into crags and snow peaks, takes possession of his thoughts. He remembers the slow ascent, the pictures of the past, the foothill homes, the winding roads, the busy and prosperous men he met in the way hither. How long ago it seems since he was in the midst of the broad barley fields of Solano, Yolo, and Sacramento, white to the harvest, already falling before the gleaming reaper blade.

The Sierra foothills extend so far down into the valley that it is hard to say at any point, "here the lowland ceases, the upland begins." The low hills that one finds after leaving the valley, have little to commend them to the eye. They are dull in appearance, and seemingly unfertile, given over to stunted fields of grain, and small chicken ranches, with an occasional effort at orcharding and vegetable gardening. Approach the Sierras from whichever way you choose, the entrance must be through this region of few attractions, this narrow belt of land that does not as yet attract the horticulturist. The true orchard land is farther up the heights. But the judicious use of water from the old mining ditches extended to the outermost verge of these hills will work a surprising change in their appearance.

Just below me, within fifty yards in fact, is a cabin sinking slowly into decay. "Old Cap" lives there, a miner, who goes down into the gulch each morning to his toil, and returns each night with a little gold-dust, enough to supply his wants. He owns a little claim down there, and he takes water from the mining ditch that courses its way on the hillside above us. The little work he does hardly roils the stream for a mile, and so, despite decisions of Courts, he will probably go on in the same uneventful way for the rest of his life. Scattered all through these ravines are such men as "Old Cap," upon whom the spell of this warm, spicy mountain air, this dreamy, beautiful land, has taken an irresistible hold. They cannot depart if they would; they would not depart if they could. "Old Cap" often passes me, with his pick on his shoulder—a glittering and dangerous weapon, curved in the shape of a third of the circumference of a cart-wheel, steel-pointed, burnished from tip to eye, and with a handle "like a weaver's beam." I have seen him poise his weapon carelessly above a foot square fragment of stone, and splinter it with a stroke. Not a weapon for unskilled hands, this famous tool of the seekers for minerals in waste places so many centuries, the toil-sacred Pick that stands on our State shield, the weapon that Aletes carried over the hills of Spain, when he searched for and found the most famous silver mines of antiquity; the weapon that Attic slaves in revolt caught up, and that Bargulus, the Illyrian, led his troops with. "Old Cap" will tell you, with a chuckle, that "a young city chap thought he could heft my pick, and drapped the p'int on his foot"—another chuckle.

"And what happened, Cap?"

"Nothing much. Only he had to mend his shoe—a thin thing, like a girl's. Two holes—one in the upper, t'other in the sole."

Cap comes home about an hour before sunset, cooks his supper, washes the dishes, and then brings out an old chair and sits in front of his hut till bed-time. Now and then he goes off to the village, a half-hour's walk, and brings back his weekly paper, and buys a few groceries. He has not written nor received a letter for fifteen years. He has a few books in the cabin, so he tells me, but what they are I do not know, for his gentleness is of the sort that invites not but rather repels questions, and he does not invite any one across his threshold. Yet it will hardly do to build up a romance upon all this. He is no ex-professor from a far-off college, no heart-broken romancist, hiding here; long ago he found he could live, and eat, and sleep here, and he is just as contented as the cattle on the hillside, and in much the same way.

From this point on the slope, the far-off mining village seems to sprawl over space enough to make several good-sized farms. One gets little good out of a mining camp in daytime. It is at dusk that it takes on the air of peaceful acquiescence that most becomes its nature. In the whole world, one is tempted to believe, there is nothing else like the old mining camp for contented acceptance of the ways of Providence. The sleepiest fisher village that ever clung to dark cliffs above slow breakers and white sea-sand, will rouse from its quiet when shoals of herring fill the bay, or when winter storms hurl some doomed ship on the rocks; the laziest village of all the valleys will grow, though slowly, by increase in the value of lands, and by better means of communication with larger towns; even a peaceful hill-tribe of the Afghan foothills may find their little village invaded by Boundary Commissioners and emissaries of empires whose capitals are a continent away. But the old mining camp is repose unbroken. If a man moves away, he leaves his house behind him, unsold, uncared for, and there it stands till it rots into a pile of kindling wood, or falls down the bank, or is utilized as a bon-fire by some of the boys in times of political fervor.

Yonder was a pretty garden on the slopes, but the miners here have stopped work, the water flows no more in the ditch, the garden is dead and gone to dust and weeds. The ferns and red thistles cover it like a garment. Here is a building with solid brick walls, iron shutters, and a door which would stand a siege from a regiment. This was a bank once, and the Express Company had an office there, and the miners bought exchanges and letters of credit on Hamburg, Paris, Berlin, London, New York—it says so in faded letters painted on the old iron door. But now—strange metamorphosis of a banker's office—the front is plastered over with red paper charms against evil, and prayers to the *manes* of departed relatives; piles of rice-sacks heap the stone floor, and twenty or more Chinese, who carry on a little mining and have vegetable gardens along the river, are owners and occupants of the building. Sometimes it seems a camp from which all life has long before departed with the gold and miners of forty years ago—forgotten miners who died unrecorded deaths, and fill unmarked graves on rain-washed hillsides. You can find the marks of their work for miles about the place, along the ancient gold-bearing channels, and on the highest ridges of the tempest-torn land; stumps of pine in the forest show where sawyers and loggers worked; prospect holes on the ledges tell a story of uncounted struggles and failures.

Yet somehow, through all its vicissitudes, the true camp keeps much that is homelike and unique. Slip quietly away from the hulking business houses, where the stock that suffices to supply fifty inhabitants is vainly trying to occupy the shelves of once-gorgeous establishments that supplied ten times that population, and you will discover that there is home-life, though no business life. For almost always a few families that would grace the society of far more populous places remain to watch their rose gardens and prune their vines. They keep ample communication with the outside world: chiefly for them the mail-bags come and go, the lumbering stage-coaches and light wagons climb the dusty slopes from distant towns. Crooked streets wind up the hill, trees line them with deep shade; cottages stand back from the street, and gardens are everywhere. Pretty women in white summer gowns stand on wide porches overhung with roses, and children run and frolic on terraced grass plots. Neighborly people slip in and out, by gates hidden in hedges, to make twilight visits; the sound of music and laughter and friendly talk mingle, and one falls in love with the place, and is disposed to write himself forever a dweller in this lotus-land.

How varied are the uses men make of water in the mountains; how abundantly it flows by roadside and trail. It is used in small orchards, grass-plots, alfalfa and red clover fields, gardens and vineyards. In even the smallest "camp" the dusty street is kept wet and hard from one end of the village to the other. Almost every half mile, as one travels through the Sierra, there is a trough or barrel by the roadside, and cool water flows in and seeps over the edge again, and so away, keeping a trail of green grass quite across the road, and a rod of blossoms below. Springs are numerous, and water is near the surface. You cannot ride far in any direction before you come upon a scooped out place in the gravel-bank, or almost hid in bushes, where a spring bubbles up or drips out of a rock, most clear and ice-cold. In nine cases out of ten you will also find that a tin can for a cup has been hung on a bush, or stands in a narrow niche cut in the bank—some friendly teamster's forethought has provided it so that you need not go down on your knees in the wet grass, and dip your nose in the water, or lap like Gideon's three hundred, or scoop the water hastily with bent palm.

From the top of my hill, and it is not far thither, I should see the valley in its cloudy distance. I should see the State House at Sacramento, and the two largest rivers of California, and the Coast Range, and the peak of Mount Diablo. I should be able to count ten towns and fifty villages, and a hundred landmarks of interest. The level plain, checker-boarded with inch-square farms, and the sea-green wastes of tule along the rivers, represent the realm of the lowlands. There are towns lying level as floors of a house; there are long, monotonous roads, deep dust, sweltering heat, toiling men, threshing machines, from whose hoppers the golden grain runs. There men are busy enough, in a thousand modes of activity—building, gathering grapes, shipping fruit, putting out fires in wheat fields, arranging for their county fairs—as becomes easy, comfortable, and prosperous lowlanders. If I could see it all, from Reading to Tejon Pass, with such minuteness that I could count the spears of grass in each farmyard, I would not hasten to climb my hilltop today. I would rather sit here, and see where a yellow cliff gleams in a circle of dark pines toward the south; and watch a river-like torrent that foams passionately down the cliff, and breaks into spray on black rocks below. Let the valley-world make its pilgrimage here, and when we have nothing better to do, we will take a pine-branch for an umbrella, and visit the lands of the tule islands, the cities of dead levels and streets mathematical.

One arrives in the Sierras by slow gradations. You cannot easily understand the greatness of the mountain battlements you ascend. Along some artery-like road, hewn out years ago by the argonauts in their gold-quest, you climb unaware into the land of peace and silence. The Coast Range often has its peaks cleft nearly to the valley level, and its ridges follow no law of arrangement, but project towards all points of the compass. But the axis of the Sierra is unbroken; from the high plateau still higher peaks rise, and ravines descend to profound depths; but the traveler who once gains the "divide" between two rivers can follow it up to the snow-peaks, and find that the season keeps at almost a standstill for him, if he times his journey with judicious care. How good a plan, just for a change, to have three months of June, and come back to the valley to discover that it was September there!

The children one passes on the roadside are carrying armfuls of wild lilies. You can find them growing in tall clusters in openings in the forest — clusters sometimes so tall that if you are on horseback the topmost buds will be nearly at your waist. A child is always an object of interest in the mountains; parents make companions of them to the greatest extent imaginable, and the petting they have from old miners who live lonely lives in their cabins is quite marvelous. Thus they come at last to have a demure dignity all their own, and learn to rule their kingdom with a rod of iron—at least, the girls do; for the boys are too soon dethroned, and learn that the world yields only to wit, strength, and wisdom.

Not many years ago the old mining counties were considered worn-out, and fit to emigrate from; but one of the most encouraging of recent developments in the direction of fruit culture and grape-growing is in these same old mining regions. The settler finds good timber, free fire wood, pure water, a glorious climate, soil which will grow the grains and fruits of the temperate, and often of the semi-tropical zones. Some men of energy have created for themselves fertile gardens on the hillsides, and there is room for thousands of others. According to the reports of the immigration societies, a steady stream of travel to the mining counties appears to have begun, and it is not hard to predict a great change there within a few more years. Shasta is receiving much new blood; the broad plains east of the Sacramento, at Redding, are dotted with cabins, and the red-land foothills west of Anderson are nearly all occupied. Placer and Butte Counties have become favorite spots for home-seekers, and Nevada County is also attracting attention. Tuolumne, Calaveras, Mariposa, and the southern Sierra region, are also coming into public notice. This very hillside where I sit would make an excellent place for an apple orchard, and the fruit would keep much later than that grown farther down the ridge, ten miles from here; and several thousand feet lower, peaches and grapes thrive. A slice of land a mile wide, and extending across this county, would be like a strip of territory from the Gulf to the Lakes, put into a condenser and reduced to thirty miles exactly. At one end there might be a date palm tree planted for a gate-post, and at the other end an edelweiss from the Alps, for a warning that only lichens and snow-plants could grow beyond.

Paul Meredith.

THE METRIC SYSTEM.

An instinctive sense of the right of property seems to be coëxtensive with intelligence. We discover abundant evidence of the existence of this feeling among the lower animals as well as among ourselves. Carniverous animals and birds will store away provisions, and will defend the property thus acquired. Among the social animals, as the beaver, and the social insects, as the ant and the bee, we perceive the principle more broadly developed. But the lower animals, while they assert the right of property, never manifest any notion of commerce or exchange, even in its simplest form. "The commercial idea makes its first appearance in man. It is present in every stage of human civilization." Man is essentially an animal which barters and exchanges.

As wealth augments, and as its forms become diversified, the necessity of determining the equivalents exchanged by quantity rather than by tale is quite manifest. Out of this necessity springs the creation of conventional standards, by means of which quantities may be correctly ascertained and everywhere accurately verified. Hence have arisen the various systems of measure and weight which have been found to accompany even the rudest forms of civilization. As social and political institutions became developed, legislation has stepped in from time to time to alter these primitive systems; to change the value of their unit bases; to modify the relations of derivative denominations; until, at the present time, there is no reason to believe that there survives a single value of any standard unit of measure or weight identical with one in use two thousand years ago.

No precise notion can be formed of any measurable magnitude in any other way than by comparing it with some other more familiar magnitude taken as a unit. So far as measures and weights are concerned, the most important unit is that of length, or the linear unit. For the square of the linear unit furnishes the unit of surface, the cube of the same unit furnishes the unit of volume or capacity, and the weight of a unit volume of some substance, as water at a standard temperature, furnishes a unit of weight.

The necessity of having recourse, for the interchange of ideas, to units of length not entirely arbitrary, but fixed by nature, and intelligible alike to all mankind, seems to have been recognized in the earliest ages. Hence originated the fathom, the pace, the cubit, the foot, the span, the palm, the digit, the barleycorn, the hairbreadth, and other denominations of linear measure, taken from parts of the human body, or from natural objects, which, though not of an absolute and invariable length, have a certain mean value sufficiently definite to answer all the purposes required in a rude state of society.

But as civilization advanced, the necessity of adopting more precise standards would be felt, and the inadequacy of such units as the pace, cubit, foot, etc. (referred only to the human body), to convey accurate notions, would be rendered more apparent in their application to itinerary measures, or the estimation of great distances; where differences of the fundamental unit, of no account when only one or two units are considered, would amount, by repeated multiplication, to enormous quantities. To avoid this inconvenience, recourse was had to other methods of estimation, so vague as scarcely to deserve the appellation of measures. Thus, in ancient writers, we frequently read of a day's journey, a day's sail, and so forth; and in many countries, even at the present time, it is the custom of the peasantry to estimate itinerary distances by hours.

As civilization advanced, the inconveniences arising from the variability and want of uniformity of the units of linear measure derived from parts of the human body became so perplexing, that material standards were prepared, and carefully kept by government in places of security. At Rome they were kept in the Temple of Jupiter; among the Jews they were in the custody of the family of Aaron.

The excavations at Pompeii have revealed many household articles in use among the Romans during the first century of our era. It is well known that this city was buried under the ashes of Vesuvius in the year 79 of our era. Fine specimens of steel-yards, called *statera*, or *trutina campana*, have been found, bearing inscriptions showing that they had been *proved* at Rome in the year 77, two years before the destruction of the city. These excavations have likewise revealed a pair of scales, with equal arms (called *libra*), having scale-pans and the appliances for delicate weighing, including a graduated arm, with a movable rider for indicating fractional weights.

From an early period the English standard of length was, as it is now, the *yard*. There is no reason to doubt the commonly received account which derives the yard from the length of the arm of King Henry I., about the year 1115. For the purpose of securing some degree of uniformity among the ordinary measures of the kingdom, certain standards were preserved in the Exchequer, with which all rods were required to be compared before they were stamped as legal measures. The most ancient of these in actual existence dates from the reign of Henry VII., about 1485, but it has long been disused.

That which, till the year 1824, was considered as the legal standard, was a brass rod, placed in the Exchequer in the time of Queen Elizabeth, about 1570. To this rod belonged a brass bar, on one edge of which was a hollow bed or matrix fitted to receive the square rod of the standard yard; and into this bed were fitted the yard measures brought to be examined and stamped with the standard marks. All rods so stamped became standard measures. It is evident that measures determined in this coarse manner could have no strict claim to be considered as accurate copies of the original standard. Moreover, from Mr. Baily's report, it would seem that the standard itself was incapable of affording any definite or correct measure. Mr. Baily, who had an opportunity of examining this curious instrument, thus describes it (Memoirs Roy. Ast. Soc., Vol. IX.): "A common kitchen poker, filed at the ends in the rudest manner, by the most bungling workman, would make as good a standard. It has been broken asunder, and the two pieces been dovetailed together, but so badly that the joint is nearly as loose as that of a pair of tongs"; and yet, as late as the year 1820, "to the disgrace of this country, copies of this measure have been circulated all over Europe and America, with a parchment document accompanying them, certifying that they are true copies of the English standard."

Such being the condition of the English legal standard, it was obviously impossible that it could be applied to any purpose where great accuracy and minuteness were demanded. In fact, it was utterly inapplicable to any scientific purpose whatever. In the year 1742 some Fellows of the Royal Society of London and Members of the Academy of Sciences of Paris, proposed to have accurate standards of the measures of both nations made and carefully examined, in order that means might be provided for comparing the results of scientific experiments in England and France. The committee having the matter in charge found, besides the legal standard in the Exchequer, some others which were considered of good if not of equal authority. At Guildhall they found two standards of length. Another, preserved in the Tower of London, is a solid brass rod forty-one inches long, on one side of which was the measure of a yard, divided into inches. Another, belonging to the Clockmakers' Company, having the stamp of the Exchequer for 1671, was a brass rod on which the length of the yard was expressed by the difference between two upright pins. The committee selected the standard in the Tower as being the best defined; and Mr. George Graham (the celebrated clockmaker) was directed to lay off from it, with great care, the length of the yard on two brass rods, which were sent to the

Academy of Sciences at Paris, who in like manner laid off thereon the measure of the Paris half-*toise.* One of these was kept at Paris, the other was returned to the Royal Society, where it still remains. Unfortunately, it was not stated at what *temperature* the *toise* was set off, and, consequently, the comparison is now of little or no value for scientific purposes.

In 1758, a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the original standards of measures and weights. The committee presented an elaborate report, in which they recommended that a rod which, at their order, had been made by Mr. Bird from the standard of the Royal Society, should be declared the legal standard of all measures of length.

In the following year another committee was formed on the subject, which concurred with the former committee in recommending that "Bird's Standard Yard of 1758" should be the only unit of linear measure; and at the same time recommended that a copy of it should be made for security against accidents, and deposited in some public office. Accordingly a second standard was constructed by Bird in 1760, intended to be an exact copy of the former. This last standard (of 1760) was declared, by the Act of 1824, to be the legal standard of the kingdom.

Notwithstanding these two parliamentary reports, no legal enactment was passed, and the subject remained for a long time (from 1760 to 1824) in the same state of uncertainty. During this interval, the celebrated Troughton constructed various measures, which were all copies, as nearly as could be made, of Bird's Standard of 1760, or, at least, of a copy of it constructed by Bird himself, which was in the custody of the British mint.

In 1814 the subject of standards of measures and weights was again brought under the consideration of Parliament; a report was made, but was attended with no result. In 1819 a commission was appointed, consisting of several distingushed Fellows of the Royal Society, who, in their final report, in 1820, proposed the adoption of "Bird's Standard of 1760," as being the best defined. This standard was at length legalized by an act passed in June, 1824, in which for the first time the unit of measure was defined as the "distance between the centers of the two points in the gold studs in the brass rod" of the "Standard Yard of 1760," the same being at the temperature of 62° (F.). It was designated as the "Imperial Standard Yard." The act further declared, that "if at any time hereafter the said standard shall be lost or destroyed, it shall be restored by making a new Standard Yard, bearing the proportion to the length of a pendulum vibrating seconds of mean time, in the latitude of London, in a vacuum, and at the level of the sea, of 36 inches to 39.1393 inches." This measurement of the length of the second's pendulum, which is made the basis of the restoring feature of the enactment, was executed with extraordinary precaution and skill, in 1818, by Captain Kater, who at the same time first made an accurate determination of the relation between the *mètre* and the British standard yard.

The recommendation of the commissioners, on which the enactment was founded, has been severely criticized; for, when Mr. Baily compared the legal standard with the new standard scale made by Troughton, for the Royal Astronomical Society, it was found to be utterly impossible to ascertain the centers of the points in the gold studs within distances perfectly appreciable by modern methods of observation. The mean diameter of each of the holes was nearly 1-100th of an inch; and they by no means presented anything like a circular shape. In fact, the irregularities were such, when viewed under the microscope, that Mr. Baily characterizes these holes as resembling the "craters of lunar volcanoes." And Mr. Baily justly adds, that how the commissioners of so late a date as 1824, when the art of making instruments of precision had attained such perfection, "could have sanctioned the adoption of such an imperfect and undefinable measure as this for a standard, must always be a matter of astonishment, more especially when we consider that the French had recently set us a laudable example in the great pains and labor taken in the execution of a new set of standard weights and measures of superior accuracy and precision." (Mem. Roy. Ast. Soc., Vol. IX.)

The contingency contemplated by the last clause of the Act of 1824 actually happened in less than ten years after its passage; for the standards were lost, or irremediably injured, in the great fire which destroyed the Houses of Parliament in October, 1834. It was then discovered that the restoration of the lost standard yard could not be effected with tolerable accuracy by means of its ratio to the length of the second's pendulum at London, as prescribed by the Act. For Captain Kater's measurement was subsequently found to be incorrect, owing to the neglect of certain precautions in determining the length of the pendulum, which more recent experiments have shown to be indispensable. On account of these sources of error, the yard could not be restored with certainty within one five-hundredth of an inch; an amount which, although inappreciable in all ordinary measurements, is an intolerable error in a scientific standard.

Fortunately, early in 1834 (hardly six months before the destruction of the standards), Mr. Baily had executed a most laborious and minute comparison of the different standard measures with a new scale constructed for the Royal Astronomical Society. Thus the length of the legal standard, as nearly as it could be determined, is known in terms of this scale; and may, therefore, be recovered, but not in the manner prescribed in the legislative enactment.

The Commissioners appointed in 1838, "to consider the steps to be taken to restore the lost standard," recommended in their report of December, 1841, the construction of a "standard yard," and four "Parliamentary copies," from the best-authenticated copies of the "Imperial standard yard" which then existed. These recommendations were adopted, and the restored standard yard was legalized by an act of Parliament in July, 1855.

Under the provisions of this act, the standards were deposited in the office of the Exchequer. But in 1866, on the consolidation of the Office of Exchequer with the Audit Office, and the creation of the Standards Department of the Board of Trade, the custody of the "Imperial Standards" was transferred to the Warden of the Standards Department. They are now deposited in a fire-proof iron chest in the strong room in the basement of the Standards' Office. Copies have been deposited at the royal mint and at the royal observatory at Greenwich. Thus the present British standard of length remains virtually the same as prescribed by the Act of 1824.

The legislation in 1855 changed the standard of weight from the Troy pound of 5,760 grains, to the Avoirdupois pound of 7,000 grains; but did not abolish the Troy weight and the Apothecaries' weight.

The legislation of 1824 changed the standard of capacity from the wine gallon of 231 cubic inches to the "imperial gallon" of 277.274 cubic inches. This is equivalent in weight to ten pounds avoirdupois of distilled water at sixty-two degrees, Fahrenheit. In like manner, the bushel equaling eight gallons was changed from the Winchester bushel of 2,150.42 cubic inches, to the Imperial bushel of 2,218.192 cubic inches. The Act of 1855 did not disturb these measures of capacity.

The actual standard of length of the United States is a brass scale of eighty-two inches in length, prepared for the United States Coast-Survey by Troughton, of London, in 1813, and deposited in the Office of Weights and Measures at Washington. The temperature at which this scale is a standard is sixty-two degrees, Fahrenheit, and the standard yard is the distance between the twenty-seventh and the sixty-third inches of the scale. It was intended to be identical with the British standard yard; and should be so regarded. From a series of careful comparisons of this scale, executed in 1856 by Mr. Saxton, under the direction of the late A. D. Bache, with a bronze copy of the British standard yard, it was found that the British standard is shorter than the American yard by 0.00087 of an inch—a quantity by no means inappreciable. Hence:

1	American	yard	equals	36.00087	British	inches.
3	“	feet	“	3.0000725	“	feet.
1	“	“	“	1.0000241667	“	“
10,000	“	“	“	10,000.2416667	“	“

Our standard of weight is the Troy pound of 5,760 grains, copied by Captain Kater, in 1827, from the British Imperial Troy pound for the United States Mint. The avoirdupois pound of seven thousand grains is derived from this. Our standard of weight is, therefore, identical with the present British standard, excepting that in England, the avoirdupois pound is the standard.

Our standard measures of capacity are the wine gallon of 231 cubic inches, for liquids, and the Winchester bushel of 2,150.42 cubic inches, for dry measure. Hence, we see that our measures of capacity, unlike the measures of length and of weight, are not in harmony with the British standards. These several standards were adopted by the Treasury department of the United States on the recommendation of Mr. Hassler, in 1832.

On looking among the objects of nature for a standard of measure perfectly definite, and, at the same time, invariable and accessible to all mankind, a very moderate acquaintance with geometry and physical science will suffice to show that the subject is beset with innumerable difficulties. In fact, modern researches render it quite certain *that nature presents no elements that are strictly invariable.* The dimensions of our globe, and the intensity of the force of gravity at a given place, are unquestionably the two elements which approach most nearly to invariability. Hence the length of a degree of the meridian, and the length of the second's pendulum, have both been used as the basis of a system of measures.

The idea of securing a uniform standard of length, by connecting it with one of these assumed invariable elements in nature, is quite old. Mouton, an astronomer of Lyons, about 1670, proposed as a universal standard of measure a "geometrical foot," of which a degree of the earth's circumference should contain 600,000. In 1671, Picard proposed a similar idea. Still earlier, Father Mersenne, in the third volume of the "Reflections," in 1647, first suggested the use of the pendulum as the unit or standard of measures. This idea must have been familiar to the people as early as 1663; for Samuel Butler, in "Hudibras," thus launches his keen satire at it:

> "They're guilty, by their own confessions,
> Of felony, and at the Sessions
> Upon the bench I will so handle 'em,
> That the vibration of this pendulum
> Shall make all taylors' yards of one
> Unanimous opinion." *Part 2, Canto 3.*

About the same time, Robert Hooke was ridiculed for his experiments with pendulums, which were designated "swing-swangs." Ten years later Huyghens speaks of the idea of employing the pendulum as a standard of measure, as a common one.

But no attempt was made to establish a regular system of measures on the basis of either of these standards, until the period of the French Revolution. In 1790, Prince Talleyrand, then Bishop of Autun, distributed among the members of the Constituent Assembly of France a proposal for the foundation of a new system of measures and weights, upon the principle of a single and universal standard. The decree required "that the National Assembly should write a letter to the British Parliament, requesting their concurrence with France in the adoption of a natural standard of weights and measures; for which purpose, commissioners in equal numbers from the French Academy of Sciences and the British Royal Society, chosen by those learned bodies respectively, should meet at the most suitable place," and select an invariable standard for all measures and weights. The British government gave no response to this friendly invitation. "The idea of associating the interests and the learning of other nations in this great effort for common improvement, was not confined to the proposal for obtaining the concurrent agency of Great Britain. Spain, Italy, the Netherlands, Denmark, and Switzerland were actually represented in the proceedings of the Academy of Sciences to accomplish the purposes of the National Assembly."

The preliminary work, as well as the selection of the standard, was intrusted to a committee consisting of the most distinguished members of the French Academy of Sciences, viz: Lagrange, Laplace, Borda, Monge, Condorcet, and Lalande. The committee had under consideration three projects of a natural standard of length; viz: first, the length of a second's pendulum; second, a fraction of the equatorial circumference of the earth; and third, a fraction of the quadrant of the terrestrial meridian. After a full deliberation, and with great accuracy of judgment, the committee preferred the last; and proposed that the 10,000,000th part of the quadrant of the meridian should be called the *mètre*, and be considered as the standard unit of linear measure; that the subdivisions and multiples of all measures should be made on the decimal system; and that the weight of distilled water at the temperature of its maximum density, measured by a cubical vessel in proportion to the linear standard, should determine the standard of weights and of vessels of capacity.

This report to the Academy of Sciences was made on the 19th of March, 1791, and immediately transmitted to the National Assembly; the sanction of this body being promptly received, the execution of the great work was intrusted to four separate commissions, including some of the most celebrated men of science in France. The measurement of the arc of the meridian from Dunkirk to Barcelona was assigned to Delambre and Méchain; and for determining the length of the *mètre*, to the two men just mentioned were added Laplace, Legendre, Von Swinden, of Holland, and Trallès, of Switzerland. The determination of the weight of the cubic unit of water was intrusted to Lefevre-Gineau, assisted by Fabroni, of Florence; and their operations were revised by Coulomb, Trailès, Mascheroni, and Von Swinden.

But the Assembly did not wait for the completion of the great work of measuring the arc of the meridian, before giving to the system a legal and practical existence: for Lacaille's measure of a degree of the meridian in latitude forty-five degrees furnished an approximate determination of the *mètre* sufficiently exact for all ordinary purposes of life. The system was, therefore, provisionally established by law on the 1st of August, 1793; and the uniform decimal nomenclature, which now distinguishes it, was adopted on the 7th of April, 1795.

At length, Delambre and his associates—after encountering and overcoming unheard-of difficulties incident to that turbulent period—completed the measurement of the arc of the meridian. In 1799, an international commission assembled at Paris, on the invitation of the French Government, to settle, from the results of the great meridian survey, the exact length of the "definitive *mètre*." In this commission were represented the governments of France, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland, Spain, Savoy, and the Roman, Cis-Alpine, and Ligurian Republics. The report of this commission was presented by Trallès, of Switzerland, on the 30th of April, 1799; and on the 22d of June, 1799, they proceeded to deposit at the Palace of the Archives in Paris, the standard *mètre*-bar of platinum, which represents the linear base of the system; and the standard *kilogramme* weight, also of platinum, which represents the unit of metric weights.

The system was declared obligatory on the 2d of November, 1801; but the people of France were not prepared for so sudden a change, and accordingly, in 1812, during the period of Napoleon the Great, a compromise was adopted, which was designated as the "*système usuel.*" In the year 1837, however, during the reign of Louis Philippe, a new law was passed, prescribing the use of the metric decimal system and nomenclature in all its integrity, which was ordered to be universally enforced from the beginning of the year 1840. All vestiges of other systems have disappeared in France; and, as we shall see, the metric system has been quite generally adopted by European nations.

It has been said that the linear unit of this system is too large "to be apprehended by a young and uninstructed mind." It is very hard to appreciate the force of this objection. How much more difficult would it be for a child to apprehend the length of a meter than the length of a yard?

But Mr. Adams says the meter is too long for a pocket-rule; and that "neither the meter, the half-meter, nor the decimeter is suited to that purpose." Would a foot-rule fit into a carpenter's pocket more conveniently than the decimeter? Cannot a folded meter be carried in the pocket as easily as a folded two-foot measure? We have tape-measures of a yard or a fathom in length; and we can have tape-measures of a meter in length.

It is evident that we must have several linear units, appropriate to different classes of measurement; and it is the great merit of the metric system that its secondary units have the simplest of relations to one another. In the physical laboratory, the millimeter may be the unit; in the machine shop, the centimeter; and on the railroad line, the meter and the kilometer. But we can translate quantities from one to another by simply moving the decimal point; whereas, quite an arithmetical computation is required to reduce inches to feet, rods, and miles.

Second: It is said that ten is a difficult number to grasp! Is not twelve equally difficult to grasp? This objection will not bear the slightest examination. Our children must know something about decimal arithmetic, for it is the basis of our arithmetical notation. They must have this knowledge, whether they learn the metric system or not. If they know it, they know the system, all excepting the nomenclature; if they do not know it, then it is difficult to conceive of "educational machinery better suited to make them know it, than the visible magnitude of the metric measures placed before their eyes." Moreover, our currency is decimal, and yet there is no difficulty in learning it.

Third: It is admitted that the decimal ratio is infinitely more favorable for calculation than any other; but asserted that for the daily purposes of life, the binary subdivision is to be preferred. Mr. Adams urged this as a most serious practical difficulty in the adoption of any decimal system, and especially in relation to the successful introduction of our decimal currency. He thought that the people would persist in dividing into eighths and sixteenths. Yet within ten years after he wrote, all the small Spanish coins had been swept away, and nobody now perceives the want of them. Moreover, the binary system may be retained, as far as it may be convenient. Halves and quarters of the meter might be used as freely as halves and quarters of the dollar. Finally, the general use of the decimal system in Europe demonstrates that it is *not* unsuitable for the practical purposes of life.

Fourth: "Decimal division has failed as applied to the circle." With regard to this objection, it must be remembered that when the metric system was created, only *four things* were the same for all civilized mankind, viz: (1.) The Arabic numerals: (2.) The algebraic symbols; (3.) The divisions of the circle; and (4.) The divisions of time. Hence, to decimalize the divisions of the circle was to introduce diversity where uniformity already prevailed. Moreover, such a change involves the destruction of the usefulness of a vast body of scientific literature, tables, etc., which had been founded on the sexagesimal division. For these reasons the decimal division of the circle, after a brief trial, was abandoned by the French. Nevertheless the centesimal division of the quadrant was found to be much more convenient than the old system; and when the metric system shall be universal, it is probable that the decimal division will be once more applied to the circle. Nothing could be *less* convenient than the sexagesimal division which is now employed. In fact, this inconvenience is so far recognized that this law of subdivision has already been abandoned for all values below seconds, and, in some instances, for values below minutes, such values being expressed decimally. This objection may, therefore, be regarded as without foundation.

Fifth: "The unit of length should be some dimension of the human body." This point has been strongly urged by the objectors to the metric system. It has been assumed that our present measures of length have their prototypes in the dimensions of some parts of the human body. Thus, it has been said that the "foot" "was undoubtedly adopted as the standard of measure from the part of the body from which it takes its name." Let this be granted; but what foot? Careful inquiry shows that more than one hundred foot-measures, differing in value from 23.22 to 8.75 British inches, have been in use at some time in some part of Europe. It can hardly be supposed that all these measures were taken from the human foot. It is evident that the *name* foot has been perpetuated from very early times; but the thing named has either lost its original value, or it has been arbitrarily changed. In relation to the origin of the British foot, we know that was derived from the yard; it is simply one-third part of that measure.

It is continually asserted that our foot measure is in length but a fraction in excess of the average human foot. It is astounding how such an opinion ever originated. According to Doctor Young, the length of the human foot is 9.768 British inches. According to Dr. B. A. Gould's measurements of the feet of 16,000 men, volunteers for the army, of whom about 11,000 were white and the rest colored, the mean length for no nationality exceeded 10.24 inches, and none fell below 9.89 inches. The mean value for the total was 10.058 inches. This latter is much nearer the quarter of a meter than the one-third of a yard. Our foot, slightly modified, would be equal to three decimeters.

The facility of measuring off the yard on the arm furnishes the objector with another ground of objection to the meter. Sir John Herschel's rule is: "Hold the end of a string or ribbon between the finger and thumb of one hand, at the full length of the arm, extended horizontally sideways, and mark the point that can be brought to touch the center of the lips, facing full in front." Very good; now, if you will carry the string or ribbon entirely across the lips, and mark the point that can be brought to touch the lobe of the ear, you will have a meter. Moreover, we have the following metrical relations, viz:

The breadth of the palm is 1 decimeter.
" " " " little finger is 1 centimeter.
" length " " pace is 9-10 of meter.

Hence, by adopting metrical measures, we shall not, in the slightest degree, be disabled from finding, in the dimensions of our own persons or of our steps, all the means of performing rough measurements. Consequently, this objection falls to the ground.

Sixth: As regards the objection that the introduction of the new measures would invalidate the titles to lands held under old surveys, nothing can be more imaginary. No legislation on this subject can be retroactive. It would not affect past deeds; and in making a new deed in future, nothing would be easier than to translate the language descriptive of linear and surperficial dimensions from one form of expression to the other. Changes would thus come on gradually, as property changed hands.

Seventh: Some have criticised the metric system on the ground that its base is not well chosen. The meter purports to be the ten millionth part of a meridional quadrant of the terrestrial spheroid. But recent investigations show that the earth is not a spheroid, but rather an ellipsoid of three unequal axes; hence, the meridians are unequal. The polar axis of the earth, on the other hand, being the common minor axis of all meridians, is a magnitude more suitable, it is asserted, for the base of a system of measures, than any quadrant of the earth. This is the view of Sir John Herschel and of Professor Piazzi Smyth; and if the whole thing were to be done over again, it would undoubtedly be the unanimous view of the scientific world. But the matter has gone too far now to change the base; and, moreover, it is evident that the natural unit from which the linear base is derived is a feature of insignificant importance compared with the other merits of a uniform metric system. At the present time, measures are not verified by applying them to the meridian; and we need not trouble ourselves about whether the quadrant of the meridian or the polar axis of the earth is the more suitable dimension from which to derive the linear base.

Sir John Herschel proposes that the British standard of length be an aliquot part of the earth's polar axis. He shows that if the existing English standard measures were increased by one one-thousandth part, and calling it the "geometrical standard," a geometrical inch would be exactly equal to the five hundred millionth part of the polar axis of the earth; a rod of fifty inches would be equal to the ten millionth part of the same axis; and one of twenty-five inches would be equal to the ten millionth part of the polar semi-axis. Discarding the error of one part in 8,000, one cubic geometrical foot of water, at the standard temperature, would be equal to 1,000 imperial ounces or 100 half pints. This scheme would certainly be a great improvement on the present complicated and incoherent British system; but it would not help us towards unification.

Eighth: Another objection to the base of the metric system, which is often urged in a tone of exultation, is, that, after all, the meter is *not* equal to the particular meridional quadrant from which it was derived. Thus, Bessel's calculations make the quadrant equal to 10,000,857 meters; General De Schubert, of the Russian army, in 1859, from a comparison of arcs, makes the true length of the French quadrant to be 10,001,221.6 meters; while Captain A. R. Clarke, of the British Ordnance Survey, in 1860, finds the length of the French quadrant to be 10,001,561.8 meters (10,001,498.85 meters as revised in 1866). Hence we find that these recent investigations all concur in showing that the actual meter is slightly shorter than the ten millionth part of the quadrant. Thus, according to these results, the actual meter is in error by the following fractions, viz:

Bessel = 1/11665 of a meter, or 1/296 of an inch.
Schubert = 1/8186 of a meter, or 1/208 of an inch.
Clarke = 1/6403 of a meter, or 1/163 of an inch.
" = 1/6671.776 of a meter or 1/172 of an inch.

It is quite certain, therefore, that the *actual* meter is not identical with the *meter of definition*. This discordance was noticed in the year 1838, by Colonel Puissant. M. Largeteau, in his report to the French Bureau of Longitudes, fairly meets the objection under consideration. After announcing that, the length of the *mètre* having been fixed in a definite manner by the commission, "that length neither can nor ought to be changed," he proceeds to remark: "With respect to the simple relation which was attempted to be established between the *mètre* and the quadrant of the meridian, all philosophers knew from the beginning that such relation must necessarily be to a certain extent hypothetical"; "that the new system would bear, in its birth, the impress of the state of contemporary science on the question of the magnitude and figure of the earth."

The fact is, the idea of a natural standard in an absolute sense of the term is Utopian; for nothing in nature is invariable. Every assumed natural standard is liable to the same objection. The ascertained length of a second's pendulum at some particular place, and the computed length of the polar axis of the earth, are liable to change with the progressive improvements in methods of measurements. Nay, more; we have every reason to believe that the dimensions of the earth, and consequently the intensity of gravity at its surface, are *not invariable*, but the subject of secular changes. Indeed, all attempts to derive an invariable standard of length from some fixed dimension in nature, must, from the very nature of things, fail. Thus the French declared that the *mètre prototype* is a certain definite and assigned portion of the earth's quadrant—which it is not; and that, if lost or injured, it shall be restored to the same length in conformity with its definition—which cannot be done. In like manner, the British Act of 1824 declares that the standard yard is a certain definite portion of the length of a second's pendulum—which it is not; and that, if lost or injured, it shall be restored to the same length in conformity with the definition—which cannot be done. These are lessons which are well calculated to humble the pride of our philosophy, and signal reproofs of the presumption of supposing that we have, in any one case, arrived at the last stage of the journey to which the progress of knowledge is perpetually leading us.

With regard to the advantages of the metric system:

First: There is no change so simple in itself, which promises to yield so great an amount of practical advantage to the great body of the people, as the adoption of a purely decimal system in the arrangement of the various denominations of measures, weights, and money. In our complicated system, it is impossible to estimate the amount of labor thrown away every year by the people of this country and of Great Britain, while persisting in performing the manifold computations necessary to the gigantic commerce and industry involved. But the waste of time and money must be enormous, while every year it becomes greater and greater. Were the different measures, weights, and money brought into harmony with the fundamental principle of our common arithmetic, by the adoption of a purely decimal arrangement, it is estimated that the labor of commercial and professional calculations would be reduced much below one-half of what is now expended in this direction, while the risk of errors would be diminished in still greater ratio.

The British system, in so far as it relates to the various denominations of money, is vastly more dislocated and complicated than our own; but as far as relates to measures and weights, our system is equally uncouth and incoherent. For example, to find the value of 5,760 yards of calico at 3⅞ pence per yard, requires:

By practice	33	figures
" compound multiplication	43	"
" rule of three	44	"
" decimal multiplication	14	"

Again, to find the value of three acres, one rood, and thirty-six perches of land, at forty-seven pounds, fourteen shillings, six pence per acre, requires, by the ordinary method, one hundred and twenty-six figures; whereas, by using acres and decimals of an acre, and pounds and decimals of a pound (and carrying the approximation to three places of decimals), only thirty-three figures are required! That is, the result is secured by writing about one-fourth the number of digits required by the first process; the time required for performing the operation by the two processes would be nearly in the same proportion. In view of this condition of things, Sir William Thomson very justly says: "It is a remarkable phenomenon, belonging rather to moral and social than to physical science, that a people tending naturally to be regulated by common sense should voluntarily condemn themselves, as the British have so long done, to unnecessary hard labor in every action of common business or scientific work related to measurement from which all other nations of Europe have emancipated themselves."

Second: Were a decimal system introduced, the various denominations of measures, weights, and money, increasing and diminishing by a uniform scale of tens and tenths, the labor of imparting and of acquiring a knowledge of all the arithmetic necessary for ordinary commercial purposes would be vastly abridged. Sir John Bowring says that in China, where a uniform decimal system is in use, a boy at school becomes a better practical arithmetician in a month, than a boy in an English school can become in a year! Perhaps this may be an overdrawn picture of the advantages of the decimal system; but the main fact is undeniable. According to the results obtained by the inquiries of the International Association among school-masters, it appears that the time required for learning arithmetic would be in the proportion of two years to ten months, or as twenty-four to ten. De Morgan estimated the time saved in arithmetic at *one half*, if not more. Dr. Farr said: "You get rid of all compound arithmetic, and make calculations simple and mechanical." Mr. Barrett's testimony shows that the time spent in education would be shortened two years by adopting the decimal system.

Third: The advantages of the metric system to all classes of practical engineers and machinists cannot be overestimated. According to the metric system, the numbers contained in a table of specific gravities of various substances indicate at once, without any calculation, the weight in grams of a cubic centimeter of each substance; also, the weight in kilograms of a cubic decimeter: and by simply moving the decimal point three places to the right, we have the weight in kilograms of a cubic meter.

According to our system, to find the weight in pounds avoirdupois of a cubic foot of any body, we should have to multiply the specific gravity of the body by 62.4—the weight of a cubic foot of water. To find the weight of a cubic yard, another multiplication would be required; and to find the weight of a cubic inch, still another.

The inconveniences and losses arising from the great diversity of systems of measures, weights, and coins among the chief nations of the earth, have long been felt and acknowledged; but they are becoming greater and more evident with the constantly increasing facilities for international communication, by which the people and commodities of remote regions are brought into constant and close contact.

The collections of the Department of Measures, Weights, and Coins of the Paris Exposition for 1867, comprised no less than sixty-seven different systems of measures, based upon sixty-two different units; thirty-six different systems of weights based upon thirty-six different units; and thirty-five different standards of gold and silver coin, belonging to eighteen different monetary systems, based upon eighteen different units or measures of value.

Questions of metrical reform are, like other political and economical changes, strictly practical questions, where the advantages to be gained are to be considered in connection with the inconveniences which they will occasion, as well as the practicability of enforcing them when made; and it is hardly possible to avoid a signal failure in attempting such changes, if these considerations are not kept distinctly in view. There can be no question that the progress of human civilization demands uniformity in the systems of measures and weights. And the question is, How shall this demand be met?

John Quincy Adams, in his elaborate and exhaustive report to the Senate of the United States, in 1821, very justly pronounces the metric system "an approach to ideal perfection of uniformity," and predicts that it is destined, whether it succeed or fail, to "shed unfading glory upon the age in which it was conceived." Apart altogether from the source whence the metric system first originated, we accept it, not because it is a unit derived from nature, but because it is a unit which has been adopted with entire satisfaction, for a period exceeding a half century, by a large number of civilized nations. But one great recommendation of the metric system is its extreme simplicity, symmetry, and convenience. Its exact decimal progression; its power of subdivision and multiplication from the highest and largest to the smallest and most minute quantities; the few and specific names by which each unit is distinguished; their analogy and natural relation to one another: these are the merits which have put the metric system far in advance of any other.

It has been urged that the history of British legislation upon the metrical reforms demonstrates the utter futility of invoking the aid of legislative power. But the reason why British laws have failed to secure uniformity is not because the people did not recognize the desirability of a uniform system; but because her legislators never presented to the public any motive for uniformity. The Imperial bushel was not any better than the Winchester bushel, or any other bushel; the Imperial gallon was scarcely more convenient than any of the other gallons in common use; and no great advantage was gained by changing the standard of weight from the Troy pound to the avoirdupois pound, so long as both weights were recognized as legal.

As every economy of labor, both material and intellectual, is equivalent to actual increase of wealth, the adoption of the metric system—which may be ranked in the same order of ideas as tools and machines, railways, telegraphs, logarithms, etc. — commends itself in an economical point of view. The simplicity of the relations by which it connects the measures of surface, of capacity, and of weight with the linear base, is such as to make the system a powerful intellectual machine, and an important educational instrumentality. The universal adoption of this system would unquestionably confer an immense and incalculable benefit upon the human race, in the increased facilities it would afford to commerce, and to exactness in matters that concern the practical life of humanity. But there are still higher motives for its adoption. "To secure that severe accuracy in standards of measurement which transcends all the wants of ordinary business affairs, yet which, in the present advanced state of science, is the absolutely indispensable condition of higher progress, is an object of interest to the investigators of nature immensely superior to anything which contemplates only the increase of the wealth of the nations."

Within the last quarter of a century, the metric system has made encouraging progress. And it is a significant fact, that every change which has taken place has thus far consisted in replacing the values of the measures and weights in common use by adopting other values from the metric system. Within the last ten or fifteen years, the progress towards unification has been more encouraging. In December, 1863, when Mr. S. B. Ruggles made his report to the Secretary of State of the United States, it was estimated that of the civilized nations of Europe and America, about one hundred and thirty-nine millions of people were using the metric system, and one hundred and fifty-three millions were not using it. At the present time, twenty-one nations, containing an aggregate population of more than three hundred and thirty-six millions, have adopted the metric system in full; while a population of over eighty-four millions have adopted metric *values*.

The world will have a common system of measures and weights. Great Britain, Russia, and the United States, the three great nations which have not yet adopted the metric system, cannot remain long isolated. It may cost something to make the change; but it is equally true that it is costing us enormously to keep up the present confusion. Witness the army of clerks; the time thrown away in schools; the unnecessary brain work. Its *money-value* cannot be estimated.

But whether we like it or not, there are many indications that our people will, at no distant day, adopt the metric system. Men of science use it; it is used in the coast survey, and to some extent in the mint. A great many architects in the principal cities of our country indicated their opinion by agreeing that they would use it after July, 1876. It is very questionable, however, whether this promise was carried out at the appointed time, by any considerable number of architects.

John LeConte.

O EAGER HEART.

O eager heart, that speaks out thro' the eyes
From depths of truthfulness, do thou beware!
The dawn so watched with hopeful certainty
May come to thee, alas, and bring despair.

Stretch not those trembling hands too fervently
To grasp the deep fulfillment of thy dreams;
A shadowy phantom might arise like Fate
And strangling darkness overmatch the gleams.

Down in thy heart's remote, sad bravery
Reserve a quiet stronghold wide and deep.
Teach thyself patience, hope with doubt, and learn
To still tumultuous longing into sleep.

Marcia D. Crane.

A HILO PLANTATION.

On the morning of the second day from Honolulu, the passenger for Hilo, looking landward from the swaying deck of the "Kinau," sees close upon the right the surf breaking against a long succession of old lava cliffs, separated from one another by many narrow inlets which the streams have cut. Through these openings he may perhaps catch a passing glimpse of pretty waterfalls, half hidden by bread fruit and pandanis trees, sweeping down between ferny and grass-covered banks, with clustered cocoanut trees in the foreground. On the top of the cliffs and stretching backward from the sea, lie the plantations, making with their alternation of light green cane-fields and grassy pasture, clustered buildings and tall mill chimneys, a wide brocaded ribbon bordering the sea. Back of them is the belt of woods, an impenetrable tropical jungle at first, but gradually changing in character, till, at an elevation of five or six thousand feet, it gives place to open, grass-covered slopes. And topping all, if the day be clear, stands the summit of Mauna Kea, dashed with snow. From that far summit, or through rifts in the mountain sides, came down, in ages too old for any man to tell, flow after flow of fiery lava, building the base of the mountain out into the sea. But now, for long, the sea has been taking its slow revenge, cutting the land backward, and undermining the shore cliffs, while its winds and rains have reduced the surface to arable soil, and sculptured it with long lines of ravines.

The chances of seeing the summit of Mauna Kea clear are not, however, very great; for Hilo district is the most rainy in the Islands. The constant trade wind, blowing directly inland, brings against the cool upper slopes of the mountains great masses of cloud, just ready for condensation, and the result is frequent and copious showers. To this district is credited that story of Mark Twain's, of the man who found that the rain fell in at the bung-hole of a barrel faster than it could run out at both ends, and finally filled the barrel. By actual measurement, however, the rain falls not infrequently at the rate of an inch an hour, and it scarcely provokes a smile when a boy is sent out in the rain to measure and empty the gauge so that it shall not run over.

The rain keeps the whole country as green as a spring wheat field, and the smallest streams run the year round. A Californian, used to

> "Half a year of clouds and flowers,
> Half a year of dust and sky,"

finds the flowing water and the seeming constancy of early summer an especial delight. He will miss one thing, however: there are no field flowers in Hawaii, nothing in the whole circuit of the year like the acres of yellow mustard and flaming poppies that mark the opening of the summer in his native State.

It has been said of the Islands as a whole, that there is no pleasanter place to visit, and no worse place to live, the world over. This applies *a fortiori* to the plantations. On one side, the characteristic kindness is here more kind, and the hospitality even more hospitable, if such a thing can be; but, on the other side, the isolation is more complete. Honolulu is seven days removed from contact with the rushing current of the world's affairs; the plantations from ten to forty hours from such ripples as stir the capital. The society of the city lacks elements that numbers alone can give; that of the plantation is restricted to those living on it, and to such neighbors as can be reached over miles of muddy roads. This, perhaps, makes the guest all the more welcome; at all events, he is welcomed royally, and everything done to insure his pleasure.

Let us imagine ourselves, then, so fortunate as to be going by invitation to one of the plantations we have just passed. When we go ashore at Hilo, the manager will be in town, and presently the horses will be brought up, and we shall ride back across the tops of the cliffs, and up and down the gulches, the lower ends of which we have seen. In the first five miles we shall cross seven of them, all but two of which at some seasons of the year require bridges. We shall all go on horseback, for outside of Hilo town wheeled vehicles are practically useless. The ladies of the party will ride astride, as is the commendable custom of the country. Constant rain means almost constant mud, and much use reduces some of the roads to such a state that they show where travel is least safe, and the actual road becomes a series of divergent trails through the grass on either side. Part of the road near town is paved with stone blocks, but the paving is not over a good yard wide, and so broken and slippery that one is not sorry to see it end.

At last we come within sight of the mill and the manager's house. The latter is often not unlike a California farm-house of the better sort, though with more concessions to fresh air, and more verandas. But true adaptation to the climate forbids a compact style of architecture, and the most comfortable houses are really sets of cottages connected by covered porches. In small cottages, shadily situated at some distance from the main house, live the book-keeper, engineer, sugar boiler, and some of the *lunas*, or gang bosses. If such a plantation were in California, they would all be quartered in a redwood boarding house, where the windows jam, and the smell of the dinner comes up through the partitions. Near by are the plantation office and the store, which latter might for all the world have been transported bodily from some cross-road village in Napa County, except for the bar: the use of liquor on the plantations is, as far as possible, prohibited. A little further off, in groups or singly, stand the houses of the field hands, and within easy reach, the schoolhouse. The mill buildings in this district are usually placed near tide water, and near them stand the sugar store-house and the sheds for drying the "trash," or crushed cane stalks, which is presently to be used for fuel. From the mill radiate lines of flume to the various fields of the plantation; the abundance of water is thus used for transporting the cane. The children utilize them, too, for a sort of liquid coasting. They gather a bundle of brush wood, and seated upon it in the water, go down the flumes at a good, round speed.

Both for population and buildings, a plantation is not unlike a fair-sized village. No such number of people can work effectively at anything, or even live at peace, without something like organized government. At the head of affairs, of course, is the manager. He stands as the representative of the plantation to the owners and to the public; he directs the general working of it, manages the finances, and like other successful leaders, watches the details of everybody else's work. His first assistant in the field work is the overseer, who apportions the work and sees to its execution; under him again are the *lunas*, each in charge of from thirty to fifty men or more. In the mill work the sugar boiler takes the rank, for upon the success of his work depends in large measure the percentage of sugar obtained.

As regards the condition of the field hands, much has been written and much misinformation put afloat. The fact is, that, unusual cases aside, the plantation laborer is no worse off than other laborers of equal skill and intelligence in other parts of the world. Briefly the case stands in this way: a laborer contracts to work under certain conditions for a certain sum of money, part of which is usually advanced at the signing of the contract. This agreement he makes voluntarily. If, by and by, he fails to keep his part of the bargain, the law obliges him to do so, as it obliges any man to make good his contract. This method of hiring labor is on the whole no more oppressive than the shipping of sailors, from which practice it actually has grown up. Indeed, the laborer has the advantage of the sailor, for his manager has no such power of punishment as a shipmaster exercises, and he can at any time have ready appeal to the law. No doubt managers are sometimes domineering, as all employers may be, and plantation hands are sometimes exasperating as other employés frequently are; yet, on the whole, good feeling seems to exist on both sides, and it is quite common for those whose time has expired to be anxious to recontract. They live as well and are as well housed on the plantation as their countrymen of equal ability, whose time has been served out. Their children are educated, an advantage, by the way, which all of them do not seem to value, and they have medical attendance free of cost. Whatever objection may be brought against the system in theory, it must be remembered that in practice it works well. Labor must be cheap, and cheap labor is not conscientious nor educated, and there seems, as yet, to be no better and fairer way of establishing the mutual rights and duties of both planter and laborer.

Before the above digression, we were about to dismount before the house of our host, the manager. Within, you will soon be made at home. The simple, straightforward welcome of your hostess does that, and they all have somehow caught that prime requisite of entertaining, the art of helping every one to do as he pleases. Whatever the plantation affords is the guest's upon one condition, that he enjoy himself. Does he fancy exercise? the horses are his. Does he prefer lotus-eating? he may lie all day in a hammock under the wide veranda roof, and watch the sunlight and shadow shift on the ocean, or the gray fringe of a shower trailing in and shutting off the distant points of the coast long before the rapid drops sound on the roof above him; and when the shower is over, he may see the white cloud-galleons sail, and the vivid green flash out, above the surf, when the sunlight falls on the coast ten miles away. If his indolence is not too great for the exertion of eating, he may feast on all the tropic fruits and unlimited sugar-cane, fresh from the field, and not hardened by a week's sea-voyage.

If he likes the bath, there is the stream below, and the young people of the family always ready to accompany him. In the one I have now in mind, there are two large pools not a dozen feet apart, just below the break in the bed of the stream, which marks its backward cut from the line of the sea cliffs. Into one the main stream pours, making it cool as may be in that climate; into the other the water, coming slowly by a little offset from the river some yards up stream, and moving slowly among the rocks, falls several degrees warmer. In either of these one may simply luxuriate, or he may imitate his guides in jumping over the fall, or from the over-hanging rocks upon the bank into the depths below. Unless he is more than ordinarily expert, he will find more than a match in this and in all the swimmers' feats among the youngest of his companions.

If he fancy sea-bathing, there is the whole Pacific before him, and breakers whose curving crests invite to a trial of the surf board. Any six-foot piece of plank will do for the trial. It looks easy, too; just wait for the wave to be on the point of combing, then throw your feet backward like a frog till you get the start, and away you go. But the sea and the sailor both enjoy hazing a green hand. It is not so easy to dive under the breakers as you go out with so large a thing as a board under your arm, and provided you finally get out beyond them without having one comb squarely on top of you, it requires the judgment of an expert to tell just when to start. If you start too soon, the wave tips you over; if too late, it glides out from under and you have your kicking for your pains. If you strike just the nick of time, and steer well so as not to fall off sideways, you go in toward the shore in grand style, but then the chances are that you have your chest tattooed with the end of the board till you look as though you wore an American flag for a shirt front.

For the scientist, the plantation is also full of interest. The botanist will find treasures in the woods: ferns that a man may ride under on horseback, and never stoop; walking ferns, that start rootlets and frondlets from the tips of the fronds; climbing ferns, the stems of which cling like ivy to the tree-trunks; others with fronds like ivy leaves. Birdsnest ferns spread out fronds as large as banana leaves, and hang all covered below with lines of spore dust, like great rosettes of green and brown, in the crotches of the trees. He will find great trees bursting into flower-like garden shrubs, and mallow-like trees in thickets, spreading far and wide a tangle of snaky branches, covered with yellow and brown flowers. There are parasites that wind themselves about the more erect stems of the *ohia* trees, and hang out flame-colored brushes of flowers. There are bananas growing wild, and native palms, and vegetable absurdities, and beauties enough to make the botanist crazy. Besides all these, there are the imported plants, already acclimated, many of them, and ready to displace the ancient proprietors of the soil.

For the geologist, there are lava formations scarcely cold, and in all stages of disintegration and soil-making; there are the first beginnings of stratified rock and coral limestone in formation; the cliffs before mentioned, which the wind-driven ocean is gradually eating away, and the streams with their falls gradually retreating inland, which, if accurate observations could be obtained, might give the approximate age of the district, and the time when the fires went out on Mauna Kea. In the matted and dripping forest, and along the shore, he may find near kin of long extinct floras, and realize in part how the carboniferous jungles appeared.

The zoölogist also will find on land a limited though interesting fauna, but in the sea no end of beauty and instruction: sponges and polyps, cuttle-fishes and artistically tinted crabs, fishes more vivid in metallic blues and greens than could be painted, others rosy pink, as though a shattered rainbow had fallen and become animated in the sea; sharks, too, and broad-finned flying fish.

For the sociologist there are all those interesting questions of the amalgamation of widely different races, the adjusting of European and Asiatic civilizations with the relics of barbarism, the peculiar relations of labor and capital, the government's experience in finance, the circumstances of the present reaction against the civilized ideals and ways of living introduced by the missionaries, and the fast disappearing remains of ancient Hawaiian customs and building.

Or the practically disposed guest may inspect irrigation and bone-meal fertilization without stint; and especially will he be interested in the sugar-mills. On horse-back again, he will pass through the fields of growing cane to where the cutters are at work cutting and trimming the ripe cane-stalks with heavy knives, and throwing them by armfulls into the flume, or in another part planting the sections of stalk from which new plants are started, or hoeing the weeds from the older rows.

He must visit the mill, also. The cane which he has just seen tossed into the flume is most likely there before him, but more is constantly coming down. Water and cane together come out upon a wide belt of wooden slats, which lets the water fall through, but moves on with the cane to the crusher. This consists of three solid iron rollers as large around as a barrel, one above and two below, and all enormously heavy. They are marked lengthwise with little grooves, so as to catch and hold the cane, and connected with heavy cogwheels, so that they move together. The whole thing is turned most frequently by a special engine, though in this rainy district water-power is sometimes used. At the machine stand two men with great knives, to cut such pieces as do not start between the rollers properly, and to see that the cane is fed in regularly. The juice, as it is pressed out, flows into a little trough, where a strainer takes out the bits of stalk and coarser impurities, then on into the boiling house. There it is immediately treated with lime or some other preventative of fermentation; for the juice is not simply sugar and water, but contains vegetable substances of a complex nature, which sour with great rapidity. Indeed, this fact is taken advantage of on the sly by the hands, who, with stolen sugar, or even with sweet potatoes, make a liquor of no mean powers. The next step is the boiling of the corrected juice, which is done by steam heat in open metallic vats in the newer and better mills, and first by direct fire, and afterward by steam, in some of the older ones. This boiling has the double advantage of catching and floating to the surface certain impurities in the form of scum, which can be easily removed, and of getting rid of a portion of the water. When this process has been carried as far as practicable in this way, the removal of the water is continued in the vacuum pan. In the early manufacture of cane sugar, the water was simply boiled away, as is now done in the making of maple sugar, but the risk of spoiling the whole caldron full as the syrup nears the point of crystallization was very great, and the loss considerable by chemical changes of the sugar itself from prolonged heating. But by the present method, all this is in a great degree avoided.

The vacuum pan is a large cast iron cylinder with rounded top and bottom, furnished inside with coils of copper pipe, through which hot steam is passed. Into this cylinder the boiled juice is drawn and the steam turned on. At the same time a steam air-pump exhausts the space above the liquid, and by the well known laws of physics so decreases its boiling temperature that the former danger of burning the sugar is quite removed. The point to which this part of the manufacture is carried, differs with different grades of sugar and in different mills. In some the process goes on until the grain of the sugar is formed, but more commonly, and with the lower grades of sugar almost universally, the graining takes place in large sheet-iron tanks, called coolers, into which the syrup is allowed to run from the vacuum pan. As it stands cooling it might well pass in color and consistency for thin tar. When, after some time of standing, the grain is well formed, the thick liquid is put into whirling tubs of finely perforated brass, called centrifugals. Their rapid motion turns the dark mass light colored, by throwing the molasses outward through the perforations, and leaves the sugar pressed close to the sides of the machine, dried and ready for packing. The molasses obtained by this process is after a time put through the vacuum pan and centrifugal again, and yet a third time, at each repetition giving a lower and darker grade of sugar. Sometimes, while the sugar is in the centrifugal, it is further whitened and purified by turning steam upon it, or by pouring in water, the object being to wash out such slight traces of molasses as still remain. Sugar thus treated is known as washed sugar, and for quality and appearance is scarcely inferior to refined sugar. The finished product is packed for shipping by shoveling it into jute bags about the size of fifty pound flour sacks.

An improved compound vacuum pan has been introduced within the last few years. In this the hot vapor which arises from the liquid in the first pan passes through the coiled pipes of the second, causing the juice in that to boil also, and the vapor of the second boils the juice in the third, if there is a third. These machines are called the Double or Triple Effect from the number of pans used. It is obvious that such an arrangement must result in a great saving of fuel, and in an improved grade of sugar.

Then, in the evening, when the manager sits down for an after-dinner cigar, he can tell you tales of the early days in Hawaii: of adventures by shore and flood; how the constitution was adopted in spite of a dictatorial king; how once, in early days on Molokai, the natives came across from the opposite side and said that a ship with sails still set had come ashore; and how, when they crossed the island and boarded her, they found her empty, save for a few casks of liquor, and scuttled into the bargain (she had been left, it proved, by the captain and crew to sink in the open channel as she might, while they rowed around to Honolulu to collect the insurance); and how, with the saved liquor, the whole mob of natives had a general and prolonged spree.

Or of how a canoe load of natives, setting out to cross between two of the islands, were capsized, and all drowned except two—an old man and his daughter; of the lonely swimming of the two in the heaving waste. Finally, the old man was ready to give up, and begged his daughter to swim on and leave him; but she would not, and made him float on the water while she rubbed and pressed his exhausted limbs and body—"lomied" him, as the native word is. Again they swam on till the old man's strength again failed, and the rubbing was repeated, and all this the daughter did even a third time. And when at last the old man died in the sea from sheer exhaustion, the still faithful girl put his thin arms around her neck, and, holding them with one hand, swam with the other till they stiffened, and then swam on till after I dare not say how many hours, she brought the body to land.

Or he may tell of his own similar experience of eight hours' swimming for his life; of dealings with superstitious natives, who were actually sickening with the fear that some one was praying them to death; of labor troubles in the earliest times, before proper legal means were adopted for enforcing contracts, when the imported Chinese turned out to be full-fledged land pirates and refused to work, were made temporary prisoners in their house, replied by threatening murder, which they were about to commit when a well directed pistol ball in the leg laid up the leader and put an end to the mutiny.

Social pleasures are not wholly lacking; the neighbors surmount the difficulties of the roads, and call. There may be a neighborhood dance in the school-house with accordeon music and unlimited jollity; or evenings in town, ending in a moonlight ride out to the plantation; or a wedding among the hands, with a cross-eyed bride; or a serenade on the birthday of the overseer from the amateur band of Hilo organized from the laborers of several adjacent plantations; bathing picnics on Cocoanut Island in Hilo Bay; horseback jaunts to Rainbow Falls and the woods. And it may be that your host will find time to act as your guide to the volcano, or upper slopes of Mauna Kea.

But with all the beauty of the scenery and all the lavishness of hospitality, you will go away thankful that your life is not to be spent on a plantation, and hopeful that it may be your good fortune again to visit a place so delightful.

E. C. S.

ROSES IN CALIFORNIA.

Less than a hundred years ago, there arose for the flower lovers of the newer world a floral star in the eastern horizon, a gift from the Orient to the Occident. Not from Eden or the Euphrates, and the hanging gardens of Babylon, not among any of the recorded flowers of the ancient world, do we find trace of this later acquisition, beyond all other floral gifts to this century. From its home in the fertile valleys of India or China, where the wild, five-petaled rose had been known for centuries, there came to Europe a primitive form of the tea rose.

We have no authentic account of the original history of this tea rose, and the earlier ones were single or nearly so, and gave little hint of the possibilities of their future, save only in their true tea fragrance, which has been a fixed characteristic in all later additions. The first double one of any value was the well known Devoniensis, than which even now we have few more sterling kinds. Rosarians number the varieties of the tea rose now grown at over six hundred, though many puzzling synonyms occur. The characteristics of certain families are easily determined, under which their respective descendants may be grouped. It is this group of roses which is most largely grown in California, being adapted to the climatic conditions, and affording almost constant bloom, while in England and France acres of glass are required to secure immunity from frost and severe thermometrical fluctuations.

Save for our favorable conditions, these countries would be formidable competitors against the claim made, that in California the rose has found its true habitat. A generation of experience has given to continental rosarians a skill not lightly to be valued, but when we shall have attained a like skill, with systematic endeavor to use it for the highest results, the question will no longer be a mooted one. From the fickleness of European climates, the fatal alternations of heat and cold, excessive moisture without counterbalancing sunshine making the use of glass a necessity, the California rose-grower turns with unalloyed satisfaction to a minimum of these conditions. Especially is this true of localities a few miles distant from the sea coast, where the sea breezes are softened. We are equally removed from the rigors of Eastern winters, and from springs that tarry in the "lap of Winter," leaving too short a floral season for anything like perfect success, save to those who resort to conservatories, and making out-of-door culture a practical impossibility for anything more than the brief summer months. At no period of the year do the florists of San Francisco fail to procure garden-grown roses for their requirements. From sheltered localities adjacent to the city come at all seasons buds and blossoms of great beauty.

In Southern California, from Point Concepcion to San Diego, we find Marechal Niels resting their golden heads on the mossy couches in the florists' windows. Here the Marie Van Houtte takes on her golden raiment with a mantling blush of carmine, such as is not seen elsewhere. The royal kin of the Duchesse de Brabant to remotest degree show linings of sea-shell pink, shading to amber, beyond the power of brush or palette. While the demands of early winter cause comparative scarcity of blooms in the immediate neighborhood of the metropolis, the denizens of the Southland revel in rose gardens, where there always may be found some venturesome forerunners of the early spring-time. The industrious Safrano never feels called upon to close her blinds or take a vacation, the pure white Bella makes a specialty of winter rose buds, and the Duchesse de Brabant affords the touch of color needed in a winter landscape—if one can imagine such a thing, with sunny skies and green hillsides.

Just here Nature forgets her thrifty winter economies, and expends fortunes of color and draperies on her royal favorites; forgets wholly her chary habits of growth in her Januaries and Februaries elsewhere, save when in sullen mood over superabundant rain-drops, atoned for in a sudden burst of sunshine by fabulous growths of stem and leaf, and incipient buds. It is here that the court of the rose kingdom holds its revels, where whole troops of fairies may give royal banquets in Marechal Niel roses without marring their royal costumes, or pirouetting dangerously near the circumference. Professor Gray advises operas and kindred patrons of the queen of flowers to center there. If "Mahomet will not come to the mountain, then the mountain must come to Mahomet."

"All seasons are its own," is true of the rose, in its chosen home in Southern California; but even here its *perfection* is reached only in a few favored localities. The sea coast, unlike the northern portions of the State, gives here the best results. The soft, moist atmosphere provides a bath of dew-drops all the early hours of the day—a luxury not lightly to be estimated. A rose garden at Santa Barbara, perhaps, illustrates as perfectly as any other these conditions. It is set to a chromatic scale of color, as hopeless of reproduction as the famous sunrises of that locality reflected in the clear waters of the bay—a bewildering kaleidoscope of gold and crimson, blended with tender tints of rose, and amber, and pearl. So when the rose festival of the early springtime gathers together the clans of flower lovers and the treasures of their gardens, it is not an open question as to "who shall be Queen of the May." For several years, the attraction of those months has been this feast of roses. At first, a leading object was the correction of nomenclature, which had become a hopeless tangle; now it assumes a larger place, and taxes each year the taste and resources of every florist of note. An attraction of the current year was in arrangements of moss and turf of generous extent, laid out as rose gardens, and supplemented with minor growths to accentuate their beauty. A toboggan of shaded crimson roses, with sliding ground of white Lamarques, was a striking "novelty," arranged to the life by ladies "to the manner born." The lavish profusion with which roses are used on these occasions would paralyze an Eastern or a European florist. Some simple bank or side-decoration will require five thousand roses of one shade; another contrasting bank as many of crimson shaded to white.

Ventura, Los Angeles, San Diego, Riverside, Pasadena, and many another town and hamlet could provide displays which would destroy the peace of rose-growers of other lands. As springtime deepens, the central and northern counties wheel into line, and the whole State is crowned with roses and heavy with fragrance. Oakland, Alameda, Haywards, Niles, San Jose, and intermediate places, are filled with the glories of rose gardens—a gladness to every beholder; though it is a question if the less frequent winter bud and blossom is not more perfectly appreciated than the "embarrassment of wealth" of the later season. The Banksias on the trellis are throwing out golden spheres on one side and miniature snow-wreaths on the other, rivaling the Cloth of Gold, the William Francis Bennett, the Niphetos, and the endless array from Adam to Vicomte de Cazes. Every bud and bloom of the lesser lights of the floral world is eclipsed, and the carnival of roses holds undisturbed for many a gala day.

This picture is true of all California for the spring and summer months. Santa Rosa claims precedence over her sister towns, though the unprejudiced observer notes as lavish a display at Napa, Sonoma, and many another favored locality. Sacramento considers herself most favored in roses at this present season, and with apparent reason. Beside the mountain roses of the early spring-time, barbaric splendors pale. Not content with trellis or neighboring cornice, they reach out for adjacent tree-tops, covering the leafy splendors with uncounted thousands of royal bud and bloom. In the mad strife for gold some decades since, an argonaut of '49, in a homesick hour, planted a branch of climbing rose at his cabin door. Now, deserted cabin and tree and hillside are a wilderness of "white chalices held up by unseen hands," relieved by tangled masses of vines and tendrils, fed by a clear stream that murmurs past the cabin door. The materials are all here, the poetry and the pathos all ready for the writer. Old-world ruins, overgrown with ivy, winning from the pilgrim and tourist willing tribute in song and story, could find here a fitting counterpart.

An effective method in arrangement of roses is often seen in beds cut in the lawn, where harmonizing or contrasting colors can be satisfactorily introduced. These beds are usually composed of Tea, Noisette, and Bourbon Roses, with an occasional Hybrid Tea, and the following varieties, from habit of growth, symmetry of form, and freedom of bloom, may safely be arranged together: Coquette de Lyon, Catherine Mermet, Marie Van Houtte, Perle des Jardins, Sombrieul, La France, Madame Pernet, La Jonquille, Madame Lambard, William Francis Bennett, Comtesse Riza du Parc, Sunset, La Princess Vera, Coquette des Alpes, Caroline Kuster, Cornelia Cook, Madame Guillot; and for gardens near the coast and cooler portions of the State, Safrano, Madame Falcot, La Sylphide. In Southern California the first two succumb to the prevalent sunshine, and the last is subject to mildew—and a substitute in that case is much better policy than a battle. A retreat is often the better part of valor in rose culture. An equally effective arrangement of Hybrid Perpetuals, with a border of low-growing ones for spring and autumn blooming, may be composed of the following varieties: Marie Baumann, Alfred Colomb, Baroness Rothschild, Marquis de Castellane, Louis Van Houtte, Marie Rady, Etienne Levet, White Baroness Rothschild, Vulcan, Xavier Oliba, Monsieur E. Y.

Teas, Baron Bonstetten, Prince Camille de Rohan, Abel Caniere, Fisher Holmes, François Michelon, with an outer edge of Pæonaia and Madame Françoise Pettit. This number calls, of course, for a large space, but a selection therefrom will be found valuable for a smaller one. Special care has been given to select sorts that bear well our large allowance of sunshine. Many choice varieties are failures here for no reason but that they do not. An experienced florist specially recommends Louis Van Houtte and Marie Baumann as free from this objection; also General Jacqueminot, and Alfred Colomb. In the shades of rose color the more permanent ones are Marquis de Castellane and Rev. J. B. Camm. In the paler shades are recommended Eugene Verdier, Monsieur Noman, and Captain Christy. To be avoided where brilliant sunshine is the rule, are the Verdier type, save the one given above, the Giant of Battles, the Lefevres, and the Duke of Edinburgh family.

A few of the leading florists on this coast have increased the value of this article by naming to the writer a few reliable varieties for their several localities. For the immediate neighborhood of San Francisco, in the constant blooming varieties, are given Pauline La Bonte, Safrano, Claire Carnot, Isabella Sprunt, Bon Silene, Gloire de Dijon, Marie Van Houtte; for Hybrids—General Jacqueminot, Paul Neyron, John Hopper, Cardinal Patrizzi, Jules Margotten, Madame Rivers, Boule de Niege; for Noisettes—Reve d'Or, or Climbing Safrano, Reine Marie Henriette, Gold of Ophir, Aimee Vibert, La Marque, Climbing Devoniensis, Marechal Niel, Mrs. Heyman, Microphylla; for Bourbons, Souvenir de Malmaison, Pælona, Hermosa, Madame Bosanquet. The following remedies for insects affecting the rose in this locality are kindly added: "For green fly in the spring, syringe with whale-oil soap and tobacco water; for red spider, syringe under leaves and dust with sulphur." Roses grown out of doors and under the best conditions, however, give comparatively little trouble in this direction. Perhaps the most troublesome enemy is an insect that stings the outer leaves of opening buds, for which no remedy is given, as it would have to be like the famous recipe for cooking a hare—"First catch your" bug, then kill it. Scale sometimes annoys old plants; for this, whale-oil soap is a remedy—but probably a better one is a new plant.

Another enthusiastic florist gives a list for interior localities: For Teas—Bella, Catherine Mermet, Devoniensis, Elise Sauvage, Isabella Sprunt, Marie Van Houtte, Madame Lombard, Madame Falcot, Niphetos, Perle des Jardins, Safrano, La Sylphide; for Hybrid Perpetuals—Alfred Colomb, Baroness Rothschild, Gen. Jacqueminot, Jules Chretien, Pæonia, Earl of Pembroke, Heinrich Schultheis, Madame Vidot, Merveille de Lyons; climbers—Reine Marie Henriette, La Marque, Marechal Niel; Noisettes—W. A. Richardson, Ophire, Madame Caroline Kuster; Bourbons—Appoline, Queen of Bedders, Souvenir de Malmaison; for winter bloomers—W. F. Bennett, Sunset, Madame de Watteville, Southern Belle, Bon Silene.

The following list, irrespective of individual locality, will be found to contain valuable sorts of constant bloomers, all carefully tested, largely of the Tea, Noisette and Bourbon varieties, and particularly adapted to this Coast. Very few "novelties" will be found, as they await the decision of the court of California florists, and at present are held as "not proven": Madame Welche, Etoilé de Lyon, Madame de Watteville, L'Elegante, Antoine Mermet, Sunset, Red Souvenir de Malmaison, La France, Cornelia Cook, Bella, Shirley-Hibbard, Catherine Mermet, Comtesse Riza du Parc, La Princess Vera, Comtesse de la Barthe, Devoniensis, Gloire de Dijon, Letty Coles, Madame Bravy, Madame Falcot, Md'lle Rachel, Marie Van Houtte, Madame Lambard, Niphetos, Safrano, Perle des Jardins, Marie Sisley, Sombrieul, Elise Sauvage, La Jonquille, Jaune d'Or, Pauline La Bonte, Arch Duke Charles, Agrippina, Madame Bosanquet, Marie Guillott, Madame de Vatrey, Madame Villermoz, Rubens, Homer, Souvenir de Malmaison, Appoline, Celine Forester, Comtesse de Nadaillac, La Sylphide, Chromatella, W. F.

Bennett, W. A. Richardson, Bon Silene. Climbers: Marechal Niel, Claire Carnot, Chromatella, Madame Marie Berton, La Marque, La Reine, Solfaterre, Setina, Caroline Goodrich—the latter a fine, red climber after the style of General Jacqueminot. The yellow and the white Banksia, though blooming but once a year, cannot be omitted. Among Moss roses, the so called perpetuals have not proved a satisfactory addition; the older varieties are still the best. Among these the Comtesse de Murinais, the Eclatante and the Crested Moss are reliable; the latter was found on the walls of the Convent at Fribourg, and has always been a favorite, as it is usually free from mildew. Of the Hybrid Teas, La France and Michael Saunders are the best, nearly all of the others fading in this climate, thus proving a disappointment.

Concerning seedlings, several florists of our State are making valuable experiments, and their seedlings are among the thousands in number; but none are prepared to announce new varieties as yet, though some very promising ones are being developed. Some seedlings from Comptesse de la Barthe, La Sylphide, and Safrano are of especial promise, and we shall look with interest for further developments. Careful inquiry shows that much interest is being felt here on this point, and the future will show valuable results. Some promising seedlings are being exhibited at the Rose Festivals of Southern California. California should, with her long seasons and favorable climate, give some prominence to these experiments. England and France send out yearly large numbers of new roses, and among them we have secured types and additions of permanent value. Nearly all of our best varieties are the product of the last twenty-five years, and are largely the result of the careful experiments of the last decade.

Concerning the culture of roses, we have something to learn from other nations. Fair results have been reached with so little labor on the part of the grower, that we have paused there. When we shall have reached the maximum of care bestowed upon French and English rose gardens, where operations are conducted with mathematical precision and unfailing devotion, we shall see marvelous results. When we shall prepare roses for exhibition two years in advance; when we shall study our soils and conditions with a seventh floricultural sense, born of an intense enthusiasm for our work; then we shall see results worthy of the climatic conditions with which nature has endowed us. Just here lies our danger; so much has been given that we allow it to suffice, and are satisfied with a thousandfold less than we might receive.

Regarding the pruning, much depends on locality and variety. The cooler climate of the coast permits a standard form, and higher trimming than in the warmer valleys, where the heat of summer requires shade for healthy growth, and of necessity low culture. During periods of rest the old wood should be removed, leaving, if possible, from one to three upright shoots from the root. A matter of vital importance is to commence training the rose from the first planting, and unless one is hampered by varieties addicted to slow and awkward growths, a satisfactory result is attainable.

The old wood should be cut below the ground; when young and vigorous shoots are ready to take its place, awkward and straggling side growths should be headed in —though in this regard, prevention is better than cure. Sacrifice bloom rather than allow such growths, and the reward will come in later days. In climbers, side pruning and a selection of runners will be all that can be accomplished. Beyond all these conditions of success is the one of rapid growth.

When insects attack a rose grown out of doors in inland localities, it is usually an old or an unhealthy plant. If the root finds luxurious plant food, the top will show splendid results. An English florist gives an excellent formula for rose planting: Allow the hole to be eighteen inches in depth, and large enough to contain a "wheelbarrowful of compost, two-thirds turfy loam, and one-third decomposed manure," and adds that "it is difficult to give a rose too good a soil." When California rosarians grow their roses after this fashion, the rest of the floral world will accept its Waterloo.

The average soil required must be a strong, friable one by nature, or made so by application of the lacking requisites. Fine results are shown on our heaviest adobe soils, where careful culture and ample moisture are supplied, but the application of sandy loam and leaf mould or decomposed turf greatly benefits this class of soils. For lighter ones, burnt clay with manures of all kinds are valuable. A clay subsoil is invaluable in holding both moisture and plant food. Fresh manures should be liberally applied at the beginning of the rainy season, and decomposed ones as liberally in the spring, for a mulching during the early rains, then to be spaded into the ground. If desirable, this mulching may be replaced by lawn clippings in warm localities. A marvelous growth of Marechal Niel may be secured by giving this treatment during the summer months also. It will bear ten or twelve inches (not too near the stalk), with a generous daily supply of water. The result of a like treatment was twelve feet of growth in one summer, and the roses were wonderfully beautiful. The plant, of course, was a budded one.

Concerning the expense of rose gardens, the range is as varied as the taste and means of the rose-grower permit. A large proportion come into life and beauty very much after the fashion of Topsy. They grow from small beginnings, and out of slowly gathered experience. California is a land of experiments; it is still delightfully indefinite; there is as much of floral prospecting to be done as of any other sort, and its devotees are as persistent and undaunted as the most incurable gold-seeker.

The favorite varieties cultivated are found among the lists of Tea roses, giving as they do almost constant bloom. Hybrid Perpetuals form less than a tenth of the ordinary rose garden, as two crops at most are all that can be expected, and the latter a small one. Noisettes, Bourbons, and Hybrid Teas form a somewhat larger proportion. The ordinary varieties of these are supplied by florists on the coast at from ten to fifty cents each, according to size and class. New varieties come higher, and are likely to be cautiously ordered until they have established a well-grounded reputation. The second season from planting will give fine results from even the smallest plants, the larger ones giving returns at once if carefully planted and cared for. Buds of winter-blooming varieties—W. F. Bennett, Sofrano, Sunset, Bella, Madame de Walteville, Bon Silene, Cornelia Cook, and others—have always a commercial value, regulated mainly by frosts and operas. Other exigencies afford fair returns; a conjunction of these two will afford golden ones.

A point of interest in this view of the subject is a successful venture in Southern California, to introduce the Provence Rose for extracting the well-known attar of rose of commerce. Dr. Hall—until recently a resident of France—has a plantation of these, and other perfumery plants, at Carpenteria, a suburb of Santa Barbara. It is proposed to enter upon the extraction of the essential oil as soon as a sufficient stock shall have accumulated; and the day is not far distant when we shall add to our exports the varied extracts of perfumery plants, among them the attar of rose.

At a rose festival in Santa Barbara, the question was propounded as to how one not familiar with the numberless rose family should distinguish a Provence rose from its countless sisterhood. The inquirer was taken to a portion of the hall where a large bowl of this fragrant variety stood, and thereafter no difficulty will be experienced in deciding on the locality of a Provence rose, even if its form or color is forgotten. In these it somewhat resembles our native Castilian, but is less double, and smaller. A very large crop is required before it can profitably be utilized.

The poetic element is not ordinarily wanting in any direction in this realm of sunshine and flowers, where beauty is a birthright and her kingdom a perennial one. It grows in the eternal silences, is fashioned without sound of the hammer or echo of turmoil. And yet one touch of tenderness, one note of pathos, we lack—we have no "last Rose of Summer," around the memory of which lingers in other lands so much of tender sadness — a death march in Nature, whose mournful tones hint so remotely of a possible resurrection in the far-distant spring-time. For this reason, possibly, we fail to realize the completeness and perfection of this kingdom of beauty. An Eastern winter suddenly transferred to our shore would bring to our minds an intense realization of our blessings. Were there a single month of impossible rose-buds, what a wail would extend over the land.

The legends of history interweave the rose with the palmy days of Rome and Greece. The classic revels were incomplete without giving it a prominent position. The white rose among the ancient Romans was called the "earth star," and decorations in which it prevailed always gave a hint of silence. All conversations held there were "*sub rosa.*" Hence, according to one story, this phrase, as a synonym of confidential intercourse. The extravagance of the entertainments of this era were very largely in its decorations of roses. The fabulously extravagant receptions given to Marc Antony included other fantasies than pearls dissolved in wine, and purple and golden draperies. The grand saloon was carpeted with roses to a depth of eighteen inches, a votive offering of the "bloom of love." Nero's expenditure of a hundred thousand dollars for roses to decorate a single feast is as well known as his other less innocent vagaries. The classic laurel wreath often divided its honors with a chaplet of roses, crowning poets and orators, as well as the victors at the olympic games. Naturally, it crowned their marriage feasts, and hid the somber tomb under a wealth of beauty and fragrance, special bequest being made for this purpose. Several countries have adopted it in its various colors for national emblems, as the Great Seal of England in the reign of Edward IV. and other coinage of the realm. The York and Lancaster strife, in the reign of Henry VI., the "War of Roses," is a household word at this day; and the "White Rose of the Stuarts" is as trite a remembrance. Less well known is the record of a poem written by Ronsard on the emblematic flower, which brought to its fortunate writer, as a gift from Mary Queen of Scots, a royal rose of silver, valued at five hundred guineas.

I. C. Winton.

REMINISCENCES OF GENERAL GRANT.

GRANT AND THE PACIFIC COAST.

General Grant was much interested in the Pacific Coast, and showed great attentions to gentlemen from California and Oregon, always extending to them during the years of his Presidency a hearty welcome to the White House. The best part of his greeting was its unaffected simplicity and cordiality. They could always depend upon him for assistance in any legitimate enterprise calculated to advance the interest of the Coast. One of the best proofs of this was in the fact that when his Attorney-General, Ackerman, of Georgia, made very peculiar decisions against the Oregon Land Grants, which would have prevented the building of the Oregon and California railroad, Grant, upon being made aware of Ackerman's views on this subject, asked for his resignation, and appointed ex-Senator George H. Williams, of Oregon. He felt, and so expressed himself at the time, that so important a subject ought to be left in the hands of a man who was well acquainted with the needs of the States most interested. Williams made an excellent Attorney-General, and his name was sent in as nominee to fill Chief Justice Sprague's place; but the famous "Landaulet Story" prevented his confirmation. General Grant's far-sighted interest in the Pacific States is also shown by the frequent allusions he made during the late years of the war to the desirability of having the Union and Central Pacific railroads extend a branch to Portland and Puget Sound, thus doing the work for the great Northwest that the Northern Pacific has since accomplished. Some time in 1868 the General, in talking over the subject with Ben Holliday and myself, used the strong expression: "You Oregonians have been fairly robbed of a railroad."

Among the early friends of Grant on this coast were the late Ben Simpson, of Oregon, Collector of the Port and State Senator; also a few old merchants of Oregon. Captain R. R. Thompson, of this city, was well acquainted with Captain Grant in Oregon.

The stories which have been extensively circulated to the effect that young Grant led a dissipated life while on this coast, may be briefly characterized as lies. He was a nice, quiet fellow, who made friends, and stuck steadily to his business. There was a story told in many parts of the coast to the effect that Grant lived in Humboldt County for some years, and "drove a mule team," as an imaginative pioneer once was heard telling a group of men on Pine Street. Another story often retailed is that young Grant once kept a billiard saloon in Walla Walla; still a third that he "went to the mines," and owned a claim on the Feather or upper Sacramento; while yet a fourth is, that he lived in Stockton, and "loafed penniless about its muddy streets one winter in the early fifties." These stories, and similar ones, are sufficiently set to rest by the evidence of George W. Dent, late United States Appraiser, and General Grant's brother-in-law; also by the statements of Grant's early Oregon friends.

Grant's arrival on the Coast was in 1850. He brought government supplies and stores for use at Benicia, where he deliverd them to the Quartermaster General. His regiment was for some time stationed in San Francisco. At this time, George and John Dent were living at Knight's Ferry, and he visited them there, during his first furlough. It was during this visit that he explored the Stanislaus and Tuolumne hills, saw the miners at their work, helped the Dents build a bridge, and had what he afterwards spoke of as "one of the best vacations of his life." While in San Francisco, he boarded at the Tehama House, which stood on the site now occupied by the Bank of California. His regiment was called to Northern California and Oregon to aid in quieting Indian troubles, and shortly after its return he wrote out and forwarded his resignation, immediately after which he proceeded to the Eastern States.

Senator Nesmith, of Oregon, who died a few months ago, was a prominent member of the Committee on Military Affairs of the U. S. Senate, and gave his hearty support to all of Grant's measures. During the darkest hours of the great General's career, Senator Nesmith, one of the best known of war Democrats, was determined to sustain him, and Grant often made his headquarters while in Washington at the Senator's house. Both Stanton and Halleck were often opposed by the energetic Senator, but no one ever heard a word of complaint from Grant, whose loyalty to the ideals of military obedience was one of his most admirable qualities. Only President Lincoln, and a few men such as Nesmith, knew how strong a pressure was brought to bear against Grant at this time.

Ben Holliday kept house on E Street, in Washington. He was then President of the Oregon and California railroad. Among the old friends who often assembled there, one would often see General Phil. Sheridan, Quartermaster General Ingalls, now in Portland, Oregon, and General Grant, together with any other old Pacific Coasters. They would sit and smoke, and talk over old times till past midnight, when the President's friends would accompany him to the door of the White House.

I was on board the steamer that carried his daughter, Nellie Sartoris, across New York harbor, on her way to England. Grant showed deep feeling, and said to a friend who stood near me, "My heart goes across the ocean with that girl."

A. M. Loryea.

Grant and the War.

Who, twenty-one years ago, could have believed that as a united and harmonious people we should mourn the death of the leader of the national armies in the colossal struggle then going on—that for such a cause the outward emblems of grief would so soon enshroud a land convulsed by dissension and bloody war?

Unanimity and peace seemed to have departed never to return; and our unhappy country was rent by passions so fierce and desperate that the civilized world stood aghast at the spectacle, and wondered if the fratricidal war would stop short of the destruction of the combatants. The land was deluged with brothers' blood. Twenty-one short years have passed, and a united and happy people mourn the death of the most prominent actor in that fearful struggle. The South unites with the North in paying homage to the chief who led the Union forces to victory. The East and West alike mourn his loss.

Though such incredible change has come over our happy land, it is not probable we are yet competent to pass in just review the character of the mighty chief who handled an army of a million men with such easy skill and terrific force. The sense of relief from overwhelming peril is still upon this generation. The hopes, the fears, the despair engendered by the most terrible struggle ever engaged in by the human race are still too fresh in our recollection for us to judge calmly and dispassionately the character of the man who, above any other, was instrumental in saving us. His life, like that of Lee, his great competitor, remains yet to be written. To those who have followed him with friendly but critical eyes since his great victory at Donelson, he is hard to understand. Such simplicity and straightforwardness of character; such obtuseness of vision at times, with such wonderful prescience at others; such an infallible judge of the capacities of his military subordinates, and such an easy dupe to transparent wiles of others; such surrender of self and entire devotion to the cause of suppressing the rebellion, with such selfish egotism in seeking a third term, after the experiences of the first and second, and against the protest of the country; such extraordinary capacity and incapacity, have rarely been equaled, and need the hand o a master for their correct portrayal.

Of his life in the army before the war little is known. Colonel Bonneville (the Captain Bonneville of Washington Irving), who commanded Grant's regiment at one time, once told the writer that Grant was compelled to leave the army. The truth, no doubt, is that army life on our frontier posts was utterly distasteful to him. He took no interest in his duties and had no professional pride. His accomplished Colonel could not forgive the apparent insensibility and lack of interest on the part of his subordinate, and matters came to such a pass that Grant sent in his resignation. One would suppose his situation then, with a young family, without money, without a profession or business, and no capacity for business, would have been most depressing. Yet probably he did not suffer from depression of spirits. His attempt at farming near St. Louis was a failure

During the war his persistent refusal, on all occasions, to talk was the cause of much comment. His enemies said he couldn't talk, and the loyal element of the North wondered that a general who could command armies should seem unable to converse about anything except horses. But this extreme reticence was sometimes laid aside in presence of a congenial spirit. A friend once told me that just after leaving college he visited a brother who had married a sister of Mrs. Grant, and was living near the St. Louis farm. The young man spent much time with the future general, and found him an excellent talker. He said that on every subject which came up for discussion it was evident Grant had thought, and had given it careful consideration. So that the impassiveness and taciturnity, for which he was so famous during the war, did not arise from lack of thought or ability to express it. A gentleman now living in Grass Valley knew him well in Galena, and bears witness to the General's conversational powers and the extent and variety of his information. But these mental stores were only exhibited to a few friends.

In Galena his father allowed him a salary of $40 per month. His poverty and his taciturnity made him one of the most obscure men of the town. Did he suffer as any other man of his education and mental powers would have suffered under such circumstances? He was now thirty-nine, an educated gentleman, with a large family, dependent on his father, who paid him $40 per month for services as clerk and salesman in a leather store. The war broke out, and for the first time, so far as known, this man was really roused.

War became at once the business of our people. But men who knew anything about war were exceedingly scarce. The demand for anybody who knew anything at all about military drill was immense, and Grant soon found himself drilling a company of volunteers, and soon went with them to the State capital as their captain. Regiments were being organized faster than men fit to command them could be found, and Grant, as a graduate of West Point, was almost immediately made Colonel.

Men fit for Brigadiers were few, and this Colonel, who evidently understood his business, and was quietly and sedulously attending to it, was soon promoted, and given an important command. This man who had served in the army for eleven years with indifference to its duties, by the chance of a great rebellion finds himself suddenly restored to it, with high and independent command. He who disliked, and who has always disliked, military life and all connected with it, finds himself at the head of an army, and determined to make every possible use of it to grind the rebellion to powder. The impassive, taciturn man is thoroughly aroused. The nominal Democrat, who had apparently taken no interest during all his life in his government, unless to denounce the anti-slavery agitation, awakes, and with cool head, iron will, and a heart devoid of fear or doubt, bends all his powers to beat the enemy in the fight. He recognizes the fact at once, that to prevent the disruption of the Union all the energy and force of the entire North must be put forth, and the South conquered by crushing, overwhelming blows; that the Southern people must be defeated in battle until utterly exhausted, and that it was only by constant and fearful fighting the South could be exhausted and the war closed.

From the moment he took the field, and long before the rest of the country realized the necessities of the situation, his clearness of vision seemed like inspiration. For four bloody years he was a representative of the Union force of the nation, grim, resolute, fearless, undoubting.

In 1864 it seemed, and foreigners thought, the North and South would fight to their mutual destruction. They compared the two sections to Kilkenny cats. Nast published a cartoon of a noble cat (the North) engaged in deadly combat with the black, short-tailed cat of the South, with Grant quietly looking on and remarking, "Our cat's tail is the longer." It represented in homely manner the grim determination of which Grant was the embodiment, to fight it out at any cost. That he made mistakes as a General, it is useless to deny. That the enemy, 40,000 strong, should march up to within two miles of his army, and go into camp for the night, without his knowing it, and then attack him all unprepared the next morning, is unprecedented in the history of warfare. But, likewise, it is unprecedented that a commanding General, assailed under such circumstances, should be as cool and undisturbed as if on parade, and as resolved to fight and conquer as if he were the attacking party, and be able to infuse his resolution and self-confidence into his soldiers. It has been said that he was not a Napoleon, but his Vicksburg campaign is without a parallel in military annals, save only in Napoleon's Italian campaigns. The military critic finds it hard, in these portions of their careers, to award the palm of genius in those matters constituting a master in the art of war. The conception of the plan, the estimate of the movements of his adversaries, the celerity of his own movements, the rapidity of concentration at critical points, and the terrific force with which he delivered his blows, find their parallel only in Napoleon's first Italian campaign. Both had supreme self-confidence. Though Grant was acting against the advice of his most trusted lieutenant, and deliberately placed himself where he could not receive the despatches from Washington recalling him, yet the possibility of defeat or failure does not seem to have occurred to him. When he commenced his march into the interior of Mississippi, away from communication with his base, he had such assurance of success that he took his little boy along, not doubting that the lad would see the defeat of the enemy. Any other man would have thought that perhaps he himself might be defeated and captured. He always expected to win the battle, no matter what the situation. After Rosecrans' fiasco at Chickamauga and Chattanooga, Grant's prompt, energetic measures saved the army at Chattanooga from starvation and possible surrender. But the enemy were then in plain sight on Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. To allow it to remain there without attacking it would have been contrary to Grant's principles. The enemy occupied high, almost inaccessible, ridges in strong force, and were flushed with their recent victory. No other General in Christendom would have thought of attacking the enemy in front, by scaling the precipitous heights in the face of a numerous and resolute foe.

But attack he did. An Alabama brigade weakly gave way before the impetuous Sheridan, whose division poured into the breach, and the astounded Southern Generals, who anticipated another Fredericksburg, suffered a most crushing defeat.

The army of the Potomac had had a succession of able commanders. Time and again that army had moved out from Washington to meet the enemy between it and Richmond. A great battle followed, and then it came back to its intrenchments. Grant at last took command. He, too, marched against the enemy blocking his way to Richmond. The horrible battles of the Wilderness followed, with the advantage on the whole on the side of the Confederates. After prolonged bloody and resultless fighting, Grant found it impossible to cut his way through. Did he return to Washington, or retreat? He simply moved off by the left flank, and continued his march towards Richmond. The enemy again blocked his way at Spottsylvania, and more terrible battles followed. Again, finding it impossible to make headway directly toward his goal, he moved off by the left flank, but drawing nearer to Richmond, "determined to fight it out on that line if it took all summer." North Anna then witnessed a drawn battle, and another movement by the left flank to Cold Harbor followed, where Grant was repulsed in a terrible assault. Still no retreat, but another advance across the James, and the siege of Richmond was begun. Petersburg was the key of Richmond, and to capture it was to possess the capital of the Confederacy. It did take all summer; it took all winter; but Grant's hold was never relaxed. Maryland was invaded, and Washington threatened by the enemy, but all to no purpose; for the ponderous hammer was kept at its work. The army of the Potomac slowly beat down the barriers, and Petersburg was won. There is no such instance in history of tenacity and unflagging resolution. What must have been Lee's sensations as he saw his army gradually shrinking in numbers from the persistent and unceasing attacks of the Union forces! Sherman's vigorous campaign in the West prevented his being reinforced, and narrowed the source of his supplies. His enemy in front was determined to crush him at all hazards, and by steady, sledge-hammer blows was crumbling his army to pieces. Desperation ruled the Confederates, from general to private, after the battle of the Wilderness. Grant's hand was on the throat of the rebellion, and with iron grip and relentless purpose he held on. When Lee's lines south of Petersburg were broken, and his troops were in full retreat for Richmond, Grant, as soon as he heard it, hastened to stop the pursuit. He had been fighting for almost a year for the possession of this city; now his troops, in hot pursuit of the beaten Confederates, could almost enter the city along with them. He refused to follow them into Richmond, but directed his generals to push with all possible expedition to the west along the Appomattox. It was the inspiration of genius. By following Lee he would have quickly captured Richmond, but the rebellion would not have been ended. Lee and his army would have escaped. The capture of cities amounted to little now, so long as armies of fighting men remained. But what other man than Grant would have forborne the pleasure of entering Richmond in triumph, or would have thought of stopping pursuit by his flushed and victorious troops and of sending them on a forced march across the country? The result was that he kept Lee from crossing to the south of the Appomattox, and by hard marching headed off his retreat and forced a surrender. The Vicksburg campaign and the pursuit of Lee are as brilliant in conception and in execution as anything in military history. The great soldiers of the world have done nothing more brilliant.

With the crushing of the rebellion, Grant did a work not only entitling him to the gratitude and veneration of the American people, but he did a work for civilization and the human race, which will entitle him to the love and respect of mankind to the remotest time.

A country saved can afford to judge leniently the man who did so much to save it. A great general was necessary to our national salvation, and we found him. Now that he is dead, let us call to mind the hero of our victories, and forget the faults of after years.

Warren Olney.

THE PICTURE OF BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

Paraphrase from a Chant by Lorenzo de Medici.

How beautiful is Youth, but soon it flies:
Let those who seek delight, seek it ere long.
Tomorrow may not come when this day dies:
O Youth be bold and strong!

We are deceived by Time which hastens by;
But these two, bound in endless love and deep,
Forever happy are, while each is nigh;
And on their joy, sweet nymphs attendance keep.
Let those who seek delight, seek it ere long.
O Youth be bold and strong!

Gay little satyrs on fair nymphs do spy,
And snares within the caves and woods they build;
Then, thrilled by Bacchus do they leap full high
And dance, for all the air with joy is filled.
Let those who seek delight, seek it ere long.
O Youth be bold and strong!

Maidens and lovers young, let Bacchus live!
Long life to love! Let each one play and sing!
May flames of love the heart sweet pleasure give!
Swift end to pain and sadness let us bring!
Let those who seek delight, seek it ere long.
O Youth be bold and strong!
Tomorrow may not come when this day dies.
How beautiful is Youth! How soon it flies!

Laura M. Marquand.

THE BUILDING OF A STATE:—VIII. EARLY DAYS OF THE PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN CALIFORNIA.

After the several interesting accounts of the circumstances surrounding religious teachers in the early days of California, already given by writers who were actors in those stirring times, which called out the force of a real Christian manhood, it would be superfluous, to say the least, for one of another generation to attempt to repeat from other sources what they have written so well from memory. On this account, then, without further introduction, the writer of this sketch begs leave of the indulgent reader, to pass at once to the circumstances by force of which the Church was established in California.

In the year 1848 a request from six of the leading members of the Church was forwarded from San Francisco, then a tiny village nestling on the borders of our noble bay, to the Board of Missions of the Protestant Episcopal Church in New York, asking that a missionary be sent to them to minister to their spiritual necessities. In answer to this request, the Board of Missions sent out the Reverend L. Ver Mehr, who, with his wife and little children, undertook the long voyage around Cape Horn, reaching San Francisco September 8th, 1849.

Meanwhile, the Reverend Flavel S. Mines had arrived by the shorter route of Panama, and had already organized Trinity Parish.

On the arrival of Doctor Ver Mehr it was deemed best to organize Grace Parish, and steps were taken to provide suitable buildings for Divine worship. The congregations at first used the parlors of private residences placed at their disposal—Trinity congregation worshiping in the house of J. H. Merrill, Esq., and Grace congregation in that of Frank Ward, Esq.

It was not long, however, before the two congregations were able to erect modest chapels; which, by the necessities of the case, were not far from each other, on Powell street. In these simple buildings began the parochial history of the mother churches of the Diocese of California; and at the sound of their bells, calling men away from the wild life of those early days to the quiet and calm of the sanctuary, came many a rough-clad miner to listen to the dear, familiar words of the Church service, and found peace to the restless heart, beating high in the excitement of the time; and as psalm and lesson, creed and collect, were offered, the mind went back, over the long journey, to the home parish, and the wanderer bowed once more before the altar of the village church, and with the dear ones far away prayed in the same words, and felt that wondrous bond which exists so strongly among the people of our Church, making each one with the other when the priest stands at the altar, and we acknowledge our faith in the Communion of Saints. To these modest temples came the gold seekers, and let us believe that many there found that treasure which moth and rust cannot corrupt, which the thief cannot steal.

The labors of the two earnest clergymen were blessed so abundantly that the chapels soon gave way to churches. Grace Parish erected a well planned edifice on the corner of Powell and John streets. The building still stands, but is no longer in the possession of its original owners, having been sold many years ago to a congregation of colored Christians. Trinity Parish, toward the close of the same year, erected a church building of corrugated iron on Pine street near Kearny, on a site now covered by the California Market.

The devoted Rector Flavel S. Mines lived but to see his beloved church prosper in its new location, and then was called up higher. His mortal remains were reverently laid beneath the chancel, and when the present church was built, the loving hands of those to whom he had ministered in holy things tenderly bore his ashes to the new Trinity Church, and beneath that chancel the first Rector of the Parish awaits the sound of

> "The high trump that wakes the dead."

He was succeeded by the late Reverend C. B. Wyatt, so well known and so much respected by many of our fellow citizens for his virtues and successful work.

During these years, however, other clergy came to the coast, and the services of the Church were established in Sacramento during 1849. St. John's Parish, Stockton, was founded in 1850, and services were held in Marysville by Reverend Augustus Fitch, who was obliged to leave there in 1852. But the difficulties in the way of establishing regular services were very great; and often were the bright hopes of the faithful clouded with grave disappointment; so that in 1853 we find the standing committee confessing very little progress; that the work was standing still; and that the deaths of devoted clergymen, and the departure of others—and what was infinitely worse, the disciplining of others still — had contracted the number of the clergy very materially.

In order to properly understand the attitude of the Church, it will be necessary to explain that a Convention had been called, and met on the evening of July 24th, 1850; the result of which was a body of canons, a standing committee, and the election of Bishop Southgate to the office of Bishop of the Diocese of California, an offer which he promptly declined. This disappointment was very great, and as the general Church took no steps to supply a Bishop to the struggling little Church in the far West, the churchmen were much disheartened; and as Doctor Ver Mehr relates, it was gravely proposed by one of the members of the late Convention to apply to the Russo-Greek Church; a step which, of course, was never seriously considered.

The Convention did not meet again until 1853; on May 4th of that year the Convention re-assembled in Trinity church; Doctor Ver Mehr, in the absence of a Bishop, was elected President, and Major E. D. Townsend was chosen Secretary. Only three clergymen were entitled to seats: Reverend Messrs. Ver Mehr, Wyatt, and Chaplain Jonas Reynolds, U. S. A. Four parishes were represented, Sacramento, Stockton, and two from San Francisco. The principal work of the Convention was the alteration and amending of the canons of 1850; and strenuous efforts towards obtaining, at least, an Episcopal visitation, were made by the members, both clerical and lay.

The following year, however, saw all these difficulties as to the Episcopate solved by the arrival of a missionary bishop for California. The Right Reverend William Ingraham Kip, D.D., LL.D., had been consecrated to his high office on the Festival of SS. Simon and Jude, Oct. 28th, 1853; and sailing very soon after his consecration, he reached San Francisco January 29th, 1854, on a Sunday morning. The Bishop began his ministry that day, attending divine service both morning and evening at Trinity Church, then under the rectorship of Rev. C. B. Wyatt. The Bishop, notwithstanding the fatigue of a perilous voyage, preached twice that day.

The arrival of a Diocesan soon placed the Church upon its scriptural and historical basis, and its future was assured and began at once to brighten. In his first address, delivered to the Convention of 1854, which met three months after his arrival, the Bishop, in referring to his new relation, laments the small number of his fellow-laborers; but the next report shows that the body of clergy had increased to one Bishop and nine priests, while the two or three parishes of the previous year had increased to eight. Certainly, the work began to look more encouraging, and it is very touching to read these early convention reports, and learn how the Bishop and his clergy went from point to point, over great distances, journeying by land and by sea to reach the scattered flock, going fifty miles to visit the dying bed of a sick man, and administer the consolations of religion to one who craved the Church's privileges; and again, a little later, making a like journey to lay away, with the glorious words of hope, the mortal remains of the pilgrim who had finished the journey of life.

It would be unjust not to notice the help given by faithful laymen to the efforts of the clergy. Again and again does the Bishop narrate, in his annual reports, the fact that in some remote place an earnest lay reader is keeping the Church together by reading service on the Lord's day to such as he can gather; and many a record can be found in these early journals of Convention of the efficient service done in this way by the officers of the regular army, who, remembering that greater army in which, too, they were soldiers, would act as lay readers here and there, where necessary.

The strange state of society in which the work of the Church had to be done no doubt interfered very much with any permanent establishment in many places, at one time populous; and in one of the early reports we find the complaint that among the many difficulties of settling a clergyman was that of making sure of a congregation. Often and again it would happen that a town would lose one-half or two-thirds of its population within a few days or weeks, and the clergyman, who, after a long correspondence, had undertaken the tiresome and expensive journey from the East, would find a very different state of affairs, upon his arrival, from what he had been led to expect; would feel much discouraged, and desirous of getting back to a settled community. Again, fire and flood would undo the labor and dishearten the congregation; not unfrequently would the fire fiend burst out in the inflammable little towns, and the church would share the general ruin; or, in the river towns, the levee would give way, and water would ruin what it did not sweep away.

Stranger than the circumstances were the characters who followed the great rush of gold-seekers to the coast. Men who had not succeeded came hither in hopes of meeting, by some bold stroke of fortune, a success upon these distant shores; and as with other professions, so with the clerical. Eccentricity, and even worse, had to be met by the ecclesiastical authorities, and firmly repressed; and many were the difficulties of this sort, which rendered the Episcopal vestments decidedly warm. For example, in the way of eccentricity, it is related that one clergyman had the somewhat personal habit of making a very pointed gesture with his prayer-book, when reading the commandments, at such of the congregation as he thought the especial commandment might have some bearing upon; the effect was quite striking, to say the least, and by the victims considered unpleasant.

But the Church did not neglect educational work during those unsettled days, and we find that Doctor J. L. Ver Mehr and the Reverend J. Avery Shepherd conducted large and successful girls' schools, from both of which came some of the loveliest girls of the young State, who now are matrons whose praise is in all the churches. The Reverend Mr. Chittenden, during several years, assisted by Mr. Lowndes, conducted the San Francisco College for boys, with great success.

Thus were the foundations of the Church laid upon this coast. With much self-denial and personal self-sacrifice has our Bishop labored to build up the Diocese to which he came in the flush of early manhood one-and-thirty years ago. Under his care the Church has slowly but surely made its way; ever a haven of rest for the weary, she has never permitted the sound of political strife to mar the harmony of her services, but faithful to her Lord, has proclaimed the everlasting gospel, and that alone, from the Sierras to the sea. Many of those who were his fellow-workers have gone to their long rest, while some still, even in this State, serve the God who has led them all these years. And now another generation has grown up, and men of that new generation are standing about the Bishop, and when Convention meets from year to year in Trinity Church, and through the long lines of white-robed priests and deacons, the now venerable Bishop passes to his seat near the altar, we may well believe that old faces, seen through the mist of years gone by, look upon him, and voices now heard no more on earth sound in his ears, and the forms of faithful fellow-workers surround the holy altar, as he recalls that convention of the Diocese when the faithful few came together to celebrate the Eucharistic feast, and receive from their new Bishop, whose years of apostolic toil lay all before him, the benediction they so long had craved.

And now for many years has the seed been sown, and the sheaves are being gathered in. Far down the long vistas of the future the work will go on, long after the last of the pioneer clergy has fallen asleep, after—the toil accomplished, the labor well done—he has entered into rest. Grace, mercy, and peace be multiplied unto them, whether still with us, or dwelling in radiant light with the Master they served so well. Their labors we well may emulate, their virtues we well may imitate; their mistakes are, or will be, buried in their graves. By them the founding of the Church was

> "'Mid toil and tribulation,
> And tumult of her war."

May we of later, easier days, be as earnest, as self-sacrificing, as true-hearted, as the pioneer clergy of our Church, who built our Zion on the shores of the sunset sea.

Edgar J. Lion.

ACCOMPLISHED GENTLEMEN.

Points as to California Education.

1. *Who should be an accomplished gentleman?* Every man. The President of the United States, or any hired laborer, should as nearly as he can be an accomplished gentleman.

Nobody will deny this of the highest positions, lay or clerical, professional, political, commercial or mechanical. Since a laboring man in America is liable to be called up to the highest positions, it is true of him. Where a laboring man can never become a ruler, he might with less obvious unsuitableness be a brute.

Whether this standard of attainment is reached at all, and the degree in which it is reached, must depend chiefly upon the training of each individual before he becomes responsible for himself. The age for learning good habits in everything—the age for learning everything—is youth.

2. *But California has peculiar needs in respect to this training.* A cosmopolitan community, cast together under the extraordinary circumstances which formed California, and still retaining so much that is exceptional in its character, as California society does, has special need of a cosmopolitan quality of training for the young. Now a cosmopolitan who is such in any complete sense, is an accomplished gentleman.

Moreover, California causes have produced strong character in its people. The young men of such a people require a training not merely cosmopolitan in its scope, but peculiarly strenuous and efficient in its spirit and methods. Strong—even wild—young men, appropriately trained, make the noblest adults. A whole university-full of "Mad Bismarcks" would make a splendid lot of leaders for the next political generation.

3. *Education for the Rich.* Some useful object in life is much more requisite now for "higher classes" of any sort than for a long time back. In Europe, for instance, this need is felt. The youth of royal or noble or wealthy families are on system trained to be infinitely more useful citizens than in the eighteenth century. In fact, Europe is ahead of the United States in this matter. No want is more distinctly visible in this country than the almost total want of an Education for the Rich. The poor are, in this matter, in comparison magnificently provided for; but "the rich are sent empty away." As fast as great fortunes become numerous, very much faster does the folly of the sons

of the fortune-makers stare out upon society. A fool or lout is displayed with horrid prominence in the lurid light of spendthrift wealth.

The point where self-control and responsibility begin is where the young man's life ceases to be under daily and constant supervision. This point is where a youth goes away from home for business or study. No clearer demarcation line can be drawn between school and college or university than that arising at this point, and conditioned by this assumption of self-control. School is a continuation of home; college is a preface to life. Supervision at school is quasi-parental; at college it is (or should be) quasi-public.

4. The Earth. An important element for the best home and school training, far too often neglected, especially for town and city youth, is the earth element. Man is of his mother, the Earth. In cities, an armor of pavements shuts him off from her bosom, and stairs and elevators lift him away from it. Accordingly, families run out in a generation or two of city life, unless there is a constant, regular recourse to the country for more vitality. The city is a sink-hole, a bottomless pit, into which the stream of rural health and strength steadily pours and disappears. The story of Antæus and Hercules is (for the present purpose) an allegory of the struggle of man with city civilization. As this civilization lifts man off the earth, he weakens. In proportion as he comes back to her, he strengthens. When kept quite off her, he is quickly destroyed. Therefore, all youth, and city youth most of all, should be kept as much and as long as possible in constant and intimate relations with the old mother Earth. Thus will the independent period of life be begun with a maximum capital of vitality, sure to be exhausted quite soon enough in the fervent and often furious competitions of our present social condition. This does not mean (as a scoffer or tramp might argue) that one should (so to speak) locate a farm upon his person. The doctrine does not imply anything other than the most delicate cleanliness. It means that a boy and a youth should as much as may be live and exercise out-doors, work at farming or gardening, walk and run and ride and camp out, and shoot and fish and sail and swim.

5. Classical or Scientific? The best education is, to learn all you can, both of knowing and doing. To this end, all the mastery should be gained that is possible, both of language and of fact. It is needless to add in habit and in thought; for good training in languages and in facts must develop right habits and thinking power. A usual description of these two departments is to call them classical and scientific. There is a strong tendency at present to advocate a supposed scientific training as distinct from a classical one, and to substitute modern languages for Latin and Greek. But Latin and Greek, while they have sometimes been over-valued and over-taught, are indispensable parts of an accomplished gentleman's education, and so they are of a sound scientific education.

Their usefulness in learning general grammar, the philosophy of language, the logic of thought and speech, cannot be equalled by any other language whatever. English cannot be understood without Latin. No scientific nomenclature can be extended, or mastered, or used, without Latin and Greek. Neither history, literature nor philology can be competently studied in any full and complete sense without them. Even a wholesale grocer or a mining engineer would all his life be a shrewder, and wiser practical man for having a good knowledge of Latin and Greek. So would a hired laborer. For if he have the abilities and attainments which one must have who has got so far forward as to know Latin and Greek, it is morally certain that he can soon lift himself above the undesirable position of a hired laborer.

6. Preparatory Schools. High grade preparatory schools are a necessary introduction to high grade collegiate institutions. There is no reason in the nature of things, why the University of California and our other colleges may not afford an education in every particular at least as good as any other institution on the continent. But whatever facilities these institutions may have within themselves, that equality cannot be maintained without preparatory schools as good as any on the continent.

Some situations are good for an academical school, and some are not. No school can render the best service in a city except to pupils who live in their own homes. Such a school, in fact, should be as far away from everything except the country as it can be without being too far.

The whole atmosphere, discipline, life, of such an institution as California requires, should not only *teach* morality, but should *be* morality. American life needs training in honor more peremptorily than is the case in any other community, for the obvious reason that individual freedom is greater. Call the total of influences to keep a man pure and noble, one hundred. If ninety parts of this safeguarding total are laws enacted from outside of him, he needs only ten of personal honor and self-control. But in America not more than ten parts are enacted law; in California not more than one part. Therefore, an American needs to be governed nine-tenths by his own self-control and by considerations of personal honor; and a Californian, ninety-nine hundredths. Let this doctrine be practiced for the next twenty-five years, and we shall see clean politics in California.

Religion should be taught in such a school so as not to destroy the religious teachings of any home, and so as to strengthen the foundations of every home belief. This rule implies not indoctrination, but training in right life; not theology, but morality; not sectarianism, but respect for all sincere belief; not so much precise drill in forms and precepts, as the influence of a pure moral atmosphere, and the result of constant guidance in well-doing; and it needs the regular and serious fulfillment of sufficient institutional observances.

THESE reflections are suggested by an occurrence that marks a positive and real new departure in the educational history of California: the establishment of the first high grade preparatory school of that particular class which is so designed as to satisfy all the requirements above implied. There are excellent preparatory schools in the State, but they are not designed to fill exactly the same place as the strictly rural, select family school, which has hitherto been lacking here, and cannot, therefore, from the nature of the case, meet all the demands just outlined. Yet no State is properly provided with preparatory education, in which High Schools and large Academies are not supplemented by these select schools, that the needs of all classes of the community may be met. The Pacific Coast holds a strong and growing community. One such school will quickly be followed by more. It is the first of a class which marks the epoch of a class. It is because this is such that we have thus passed in review the onerous and difficult elements of the complex problem that any such institution must solve; it is as such that we record the establishment and features of the new institution at Belmont. Its site is probably not inferior in natural beauty to any in California, being in the bosom of a lovely little valley among the hills near Belmont. The estate would have been acquired by the late Mr. Ralston for a residence instead of that now known as Belmont, which he did buy, and which is now owned by Mr. Sharon; but it could not then be purchased. He did, however, subsequently buy it, and it has since his death been occupied by Mrs. Ralston. The property possesses a curious assemblage of city and country merits. It lies in the quiet, rustic solitude of its valley, with wooded hills all around, and one single picturesque view into the distance eastward between the hills across the southern part of San Francisco Bay. And the land is thoroughly underlaid with a system of irrigation pipes; a reservoir up among the hills secures a perennial water supply; and the gas-works on Mr. Sharon's property will furnish the second of the two chief privileges of city housekeeping. There is not another house in sight except the Belmont mansion across the valley. There is hardly even a village at the railroad station, and even this is a mile away and out of sight. The house and offices are roomy, elegant, and modern, and have that peculiar solidity and thoroughness of construction which seems to have belonged to all the buildings erected by Ralston. In short, the estate is a lonely country farm, with a fine city house on it, and city conveniences all over it—a singular aggregation of contradictory attractions. It meets the heterogeneous requirements which have been set forth in this paper after a fashion which could hardly have been more prophetic had Mr. Ralston consulted the writer with the intention of preparing the place for a boys' school.

The reputation of Mr. W. T. Reid, the head of the new institution, is even a better guarantee for the practical merit of the institution than are locations and fittings for its mere lodging. Mr. Reid, as everybody in California knows, has for the last four years been President of the University of California. As such, he has had both friends and opponents; but the attitude of the Belmont School towards the University is entirely friendly, and *vice versa*, so far as the writer knows; and both friends and opponents would argue that Mr. Reid is certainly no worse fitted to prepare students for the University in consequence of having been its President. His previous professional experience as assistant in the famous Boston Latin School and as principal of the Boys' High School of San Francisco, is ample evidence of his technical fitness; and it would be at least superfluous to indorse him personally, or to enumerate the offers which he has declined of high educational positions elsewhere, from a laudable ambition to identify himself with an important forward step in the educational improvement of this coast.

Our Academical Problem. Let the new Belmont School succeed, and let a competent number of schools of like high aims and abundant and appropriate equipment arise after it, and one of the most important problems for California's future will have been solved. The gambling era of California is closed. The increase of small farms and growing variety of legitimate industries will, in due time, answer the hoodlum question, and the tramp question, and the Chinese question. This industrial movement is already solidifying perceptibly the very foundations of genuine and healthy sociological conditions in California. It is in higher grades of improvement, preëminently in educational improvement, that we must trust for the symmetrical completion of the social edifice. When we shall possess our full proportion of means for the higher training of youth, objects will have been secured which no industrial conditions could attain. To solid and legitimate industrial prosperity will be added the purity of politics, the reform of abuses, and the development of a genuinely and highly cultivated society. Such schools as the Belmont School will perform a work impracticable by any other agency, playing an important part in supplying to American society an element not less important than any other whatever, and in American society peculiarly necessary, yet hitherto comparatively lacking—accomplished gentlemen.

THE RUSSIANS AT HOME AND ABROAD.[1-4]

For the last eighteen months we have heard little of the Nihilists. Attempts, even, at assassination, seem to have been few in number, and in the rare cases of which we have had intelligence, not directed at either the Czar or any of the higher Russian offi-

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[1] The Russians at the Gates of Herat. By Chas. Marvin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[2] Russia Under the Tzars. By Stepniak. Rendered into English by Wm. Westall. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[3] The Russian Revolt. By Edmund Noble. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[4] Afghanistan and the Anglo-Russian Dispute. By Theo. F. Rodenburgh, Bvt. Brig. Gen. U. S. A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pearson.

cials. At first glance it would appear that the leaders of the revolt, either exhausted by past efforts, or finally borne to earth by the repressive measures of the government, had abandoned their terrible enterprise.

At a superficial view, such would seem to be the case; but to those acquainted with Russia beneath the surface it has long been apparent that Nihilism—or that revolutionary movement which is known to us of the West by the name of Nihilism, but which is far broader in reality than Nihilism alone—is chronic in the Russian body politic, and that whatever pause may come in the efforts of the revolutionists will prove to be but a breathing-time, after the expiration of which their fight against absolutism will be renewed with greater vigor than before. To make this clear to the American mind seems to have been the object of Mr. Edmund Noble in writing his monograph, "The Russian Revolt," and to his task he seems to have brought a knowledge of Russian history, a familiarity with Russian ideas and ways of thought, acquired on the ground, and hence of the greatest value both to author and readers For, far as we are removed from the great Slav Empire in material distance, we are much further separated in traditions, habits of thought and social, political and industrial ideas; indeed, the Slav has little more in common with the Anglo-Saxon (save his color) than has the latter with the Chinaman.

Thus it is that a protracted residence in Russia, such as Mr. Noble seems to have had, has been of inestimable benefit in fitting him for the task which he has so successfully accomplished. He has been enabled to enter into Russian life, to study types and characteristics; and as a result has given to our public by far the clearest, most intelligent, and concise account and explanation of the Russian revolt so far written in English.

It is interesting to speculate upon the future of Russia, social and governmental. No people has ever been placed under similar conditions. Growing with the growth of the Empire, and gaining strength with each of its extensions, an autocratic system has fastened itself upon the Russian people, which is opposed to every one of its traditions, to the whole genius of the race;—one which, in this last quarter of the nineteenth century, presents to the world a most astounding paradox—seventy-five million people looking back, while all the rest of the world is looking forward And singularly enough, the very forces which elsewhere have contributed to the growth of popular liberty, have in Russia proved the most efficient allies of despotism; the influence of Byzantine Christianity (as Mr. Noble shows) has steadily contributed toward the growth and perpetuation of the autocratic system, so that not the army, but the Church, is its strongest support.

Could a vote today be taken, of the intelligence and education of Russia, upon the maintenance of Czarism, it is probable that not one-tenth of these would be found supporting it; but unfortunately, Russian intelligence and education are concentrated within a very small proportion of the whole people. Despotism finds its stronghold among the brutish millions who still look up, from the murk of ignorance which the Church and autocracy have caused, to the Czar as their "Little Father," and upon whom all effort at enlightenment seems lost. Aware of nothing better, they remain true to the present system.

And what a system it is! The late Emperor is credited with the remark: "There is only one man in Russia who does not steal, and I am that man." But dishonest business and administrative methods are the least among the evils for which Czarism is responsible. There is absolute concurrence of opinion among all observers, that the repressive measures of the government are crushing out the intellect of Russia. Both "Stepniak" and the author of "The Russian Revolt" are united upon this. Says the former:

> "The despotism of Nicholas crushed full-grown men. Tho despotism of the two Alexanders did not give them time to grow up. They threw themselves on immature generations, on the grass hardly out of the ground, to devour it in all its tenderness. To what other cause can we look for the desperate sterility of modern Russia in every branch of intellectual work? Our contemporary literature, it is true, boasts

> of great writers—geniuses, even—worthy of the highest place in the most brilliant age of our country's literary development. But these are all men whose active work dates from the period of 1840. . . . . The new generation produces nothing, absolutely nothing. Despotism has stricken with sterility the high hopes to which the splendid awakening of the first half of the century gave birth. Mediocrity reigns supreme. We have not a single genius; not one man of letters has shown himself a worthy inheritor of the traditions of our young and vigorous literature. As in letters, so it is in public life. . . . . The present *régime* chooses its victims from the flower of the nation, taking all on whom depend its future, and its glory. It is not a political party whom they crush; it is a nation of a hundred millions whom they stifle.
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> "This is what is done in Russia under the Tzars; this is the price at which the Government buys its miserable existence." [p. 237.]

Says the latter:

> "It (the censorship) not only prevents the formation of healthy public sentiment; it discourages thinking; by trammeling expression, it makes journalism frivolous; it forms a serious hindrance to educational processes, and by menacing them with heavy losses makes newspaper enterprises the most precarious of all."

Loss of free institutions, the ascetic formalism and tyranny of the Byzantine Church, the crushing out of all individual activities, burdensome taxation to support a corrupt bureaucracy, harassing restriction upon thought and free movement—these are the characteristics of the autocratic system. What wonder is it that under the accumulated burden of woes such as these, borne for generations, the thinking minds of Russia become warped and half-insane, declaring that "the old must be totally destroyed, to give place to the new." All allowance being made for partisanship, it is impossible to read the evidence furnished by the Nihilist publications, first of the rottenness of the system, then of the horrors which Czarism perpetrates in its fight against the revolt, without a feeling of horror that such things should exist in a community calling itself civilized.

Listen to the report of a special official of the Ministry of Justice, sent into the province of Orenburg to investigate the tribunals there, and who, it is needless to say, was promptly removed from office upon making it—this, by the way, being beyond question trustworthy:

> "I lived in an atmosphere of appalling groans and sighs. I liberated innocent persons who had been kept in prison by the Executive years after they had been acquitted in open Court, and who had been secretly tortured . . . . I pass over an infinite number of cases, and come to the last of all. I was making my customary round of the district prisons, when I noticed an abnormal excitement among the prisoners at Ilezk. I instituted an inquiry, and found that two months previously all the prisoners had been led out to an open space outside the town gates, and then beaten with such inhuman cruelty that the populace wept bitterly at the sight. First they were flogged till they lost consciousness, then water was poured over them till they recovered, then the warders beat them with what was readiest at hand . . . . The ground was stained with blood, like the floor of a shambles."

The mind revolts at the thought that a system which makes possible crimes like these, can last. Bad as it is now, even, the immediate future gives little hope for the better. Yet, while the ignorant devotion of the peasant is, for the present, the safeguard of Russian autocracy, "none the less" (to quote again) "is it doomed. The forces that undermine it are cumulative and relentless. Not terrorism, or nihilism, or socialism, is it that feeds these forces, but civilization, national enlightenment, individual awakening." What hope is there for the increase of these?

The personality of "Stepniak," and of men like "Stepniak," is the reply. This book, "Russia under the Tzars," the title of which is something of a misnomer, is the most scathing indictment and denunciation of a governmental system that has appeared in the world for decades. Making all allowance for partisan prejudice, for hatred of a government which has condemned many of his friends and co-workers, preachers of liberal ideas, to punishment worse than death, for indignant and (possibly) intemperate utterances, there yet remains here a mass of testimony from Russian official sources, from the very lips of officials themselves, more than sufficient to damn forever in the eyes of the world the autocratic system of Russia. If any of our readers have in the past wondered at the vitriolic hatred which the Nihilists feel, and by word and deed have expressed toward their oppressors, let them read "Stepniak's" chapters on the "Troubetzkoi Ravelin" and "After Judgment," and their wonder will cease. The recital bears internal marks of truth, and is calculated to rouse all one's pity and indignation—pity for the victims of an awful tyranny, indignation at its methods and its crimes.

It may be objected to "Stepniak's" work, that it gives little explanation of or reason for the more striking facts of Nihilism, its devoted followers, its self-sacrifice, its almost superhuman repression of individuality in work for the common cause; but these concern more especially the psychological side of the subject, with which, we imagine, "Stepniak" would say he has little to do. The student of race traits may concern himself with these, may speculate as to this wonderful display, in an age unused to the sight of the heroic virtues, of traits which find their parallel among the early Christian martyrs alone. Not the ablest or clearest-minded students of Nihilism have as yet made the reason of these clear; "Stepniak" seems to accept all this magnificent self-sacrifice as not to be wondered at—as to be expected, indeed, of a race which asserts that it has nothing to learn from the West, and to have deliberately confined himself to the political and social, rather than to the psychological, aspects of the question.

He is not hopeful; that spirit of pessimism, one of the most marked traits of the Russian character, appears in his forecast of the nearer future. It is to the intelligent public opinion of the world, indeed, that "Stepniak" looks for the first modification of Russian tyranny. After stating the case as follows:

> "Strange spectacle! Here are a State and a Government calling themselves national and patriotic, which systematically, from year to year, do things that the most barbarous conqueror could do only in some sudden access of wild rage and stupid fanaticism. For, without a shadow of exaggeration, the exploits of our rulers can be compared with those of the celebrated Caliph of Egypt alone. Surely, in no other country was such a government ever seen. If all we have exposed were not proved, and doubly proved, by heaps of official documents, we might be tempted to disbelieve it. But it is all, unhappily, only too true; and what is still worse, will always be true as long as the autocrat lives in Russia."

He proceeds:

> "This anomalous condition of so great a country as Russia cannot last. In one way or another the catastrophe must come—that is what everybody says at present. Some accurate observers find many points of likeness between modern Russia and France before the Revolution. There is a great deal of analogy indeed. . . . The material condition and moral dispositions of the masses are not unlike, either. There is, however, a point of great difference, on which we must dwell a moment, because it contributes greatly to quicken and intensify the decomposition of the Russian State, and to the approaching of the ultimate crisis. It is the political position of Russia.
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> "The despotic France of the eighteenth century had around her States as despotic as herself. Russia has for neighbors constitutional states. Their constitutions are very far from being the ideal of freedom. But in any case they prevent their Governments from being in open war with the whole country. . . . All the Governments do their best to promote general progress, which turns to their advantage. In Russia this progress is either stopped or is extremely slow, from the check it encounters on every hand from the Government.
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> "Now, being indissolubly united with the other European States by political ties—being obliged to sustain an economical, military, and political competition, . . . Russia is evidently obliged to ruin herself more and more. . . . The longer this competition lasts, the more it becomes disastrous and difficult to sustain for the Russian state. The political crisis is, therefore, much nearer, more forcible and immediate than the social one. And the actual position of Russia in this point presents us a great analogy with the position of Russia herself, in the period which preceded the reform of Peter the Great. The autocracy plays now the same part as regards culture, as the Moscovite clericalism played in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. After being the instrument of the creation of Russian political power, it is now the cause of its gradual destruction. If the autocracy do not fall under the combined effects of interior causes, the first serious war will overthrow it. . . . The destruction of the autocracy has become a political as well as social and intellectual necessity. It is required for the safety of the State, as well as for the welfare of the Nation." [pp. 362-3.]

The reader of "The Russian Revolt," and "Russia under the Tzars," will see that the American publicist, studying from the outside, and the Russian agitator, working from the inside, arrive at much the same conclusions. These are: first, that Czarism has come to its period of decadence; that however long that period may extend, still the system is hopelessly rotten, and its downfall only a question of time; and second, that this downfall will be brought about neither wholly by the efforts of the Nihilists—classing as Nihilists all agitators, whatever may be their schemes—nor, indeed, by any particular development of circumstance now to be foreseen.

If impending changes in the world's social order, which so many acute thinkers declare are soon to come about, are to be of the coöperative or socialistic kind; if, as Chamberlain, leader of the English radicals, lately declared before the "'80 Club," "it belongs to the State to protect the weak, to provide for the poor, to redress the inequalities of our social system, and to raise the average enjoyments of the majority of the population"; then will Russia's autocratic system be succeeded by one adapted to the needs of the new *régime.* For—as every student of her affairs points out—nowhere in all history does a more grotesque contrast present itself than between her popular institutions and her governmental ideas. The former are absolutely socialistic and democratic; and on these as a basis, rests the dead weight of an irresponsible despotism. When, therefore, this breaks or is broken down, Russia has but to return to the traditions of the past to be in line with the necessities of the future.

The inheritor of Anglo-Saxon ideas, of the spirit of independence, of individuality, of self reliance, which has done so much for civilization, will be slow to believe that any species of socialism, as distinguished from individualism, is to be the foundation of the future social order. But we are living in a period of change, when the masses are quick to grasp and assent to novel ideas; and it must be admitted that in Europe the doctrines of Lasalle and Carl Marx are every day making advance. In their essential points, too, the State-insurance and coöperative measures which Prince Bismarck has been so vigorously advocating are socialism, pure and simple, though directed by a strong central authority. It would be strange, indeed, if, from the communistic ideas of the Russian, the Latin and Germanic mind were to take lessons in the adjustment of society to new conditions.

Of course, all this is in the distant future; for the present the Russian problem is how to do away with a despotism which, though rotten at the center, displays a wonderful degree of vigor at its borders. Just as the power of old Rome extended itself, seeming well-nigh irresistible, long after central authority, honey-combed with corruption, had become so hopelessly weakened that it was the sport of palace intrigue or Pretorian revolt, so do Russian conquest and influence ever expand in widening circles. The *mot* of Napoleon, that Europe in a century would become Republican or Russian, is seen now to have been nonsense; had the remark been made of Asia and the contingency limited to Russianization, we might regard it as prophetic. And if recent advices from St. Petersburg are trustworthy, and the war party there really believes that the conflict between England and Russia is to come not later than autumn of the present year—equivalent to saying that Russia has determined upon war—then we of America may sit as spectators, watching the great despotism and the "crowned republic" as they fight for the control of a continent.

If Mr. Marvin, author of "The Russians at the Gates of Herat," has done no other service to his countrymen, at least they owe him thanks for this: he has clearly shown how hopeless must be the effort of England to hold Afghanistan as a "buffer" between her possessions and Russia's in Central Asia. He convinces us that their boundaries must become coterminous, and that once for all England ought either to occupy Afghanistan, or abandon it as a costly folly, and maintain herself behind those splendid natural defenses on the north of India.

The idea, generally prevalent, that Russian advance means in every instance a national longing for an outlet on the ocean, is not confirmed by a study of the Central-

Asian situation. Undoubtedly the intelligent desire for possession of some seaport open the year round, and within their own absolute control, has impelled Russian statesmen toward occupying territory round about the Persian Gulf. Moreover, the Russian branch of the Slavic race looks upon Constantinople as its natural—and national—property, and longs for the time when no treaty of Berlin shall stand in the way of its conquest. But as regards the present Russian movement in Central Asia, Mr. Marvin is probably right when he declares that it is almost solely prompted by the desire to worry England into future concessions when for the next time Russia makes war upon Turkey. Constantinople is the objective point, and not British India.

No Englishman of the present day has had better opportunities to study this question, and no other has devoted more time to it. In every instance heretofore, where he has ventured upon prediction, the result has justified his statement. So he may be regarded as an authority, and the English people should thank him for putting the case so plainly to them, and pointing out the inevitable—that England and Russia must sooner or later meet in Central Asia, as foes or as friends. And sound statesmanship would seem to dictate that Afghanistan should be left to its barbarians and its fate, and that England should content herself with taking a firm stand upon her own territory. Such was the counsel of Sir Charles Napier, such the advice of the ablest man who has, within the present century, administered the government of India—Lord John Lawrence. But that this advice will be taken by the "home authorities" is more than doubtful. India is cursed with a bureaucracy which, for its own purposes, and to subserve its own ends, has determined that England's Asiatic policy shall be warlike. Russophobists in doctrine, with careers only to become brilliant by war with somebody, the administrators of the Indian civil and military service strain every nerve to keep the relations of Russia and England in a chronic state of embroilment. War is their opportunity.

We do not overlook, in taking this view of the Central Asian question, the provocations of which Russia has been guilty in the course of her Asiatic advance. A concentrated power, administered by a single will, amenable to no criticism, and answerable to nobody; remorseless, untruthful, making solemn engagements with deliberate intention of violating them when opportunity for further gain arrives; as England surveys this "Northern monster," there is little wonder that the desire for a fight, which shall settle the status of things Asiatic for a century at least, arises in the nation's breast. And whatever prejudice we may entertain against England, growing out of her superciliousness, or her treatment of us during the rebellion, in any contest between Anglo-Saxon civilization and Slavic semi-barbarism, our sympathies must be with our own kindred by blood. It is only the fact that, as the fight must come, we hope to see it entered into by England under advantageous conditions, that leads her well-wisher to pray that it may take place where she will not be crippled by distance, or by those physical disadvantages which, to an on-looker, make her success on the Asiatic upland seem almost impossible.

And now, at home and abroad, what are we to expect for the Russians? Let us be frank and say, neither Russian nor foreigner can tell! The intelligent author of "The Russian Revolt" can only "hope." "Stepniak," too, sees clearly the dangers, the difficulties of reform, the foulness of the governing power—and he, too, "hopes" that European influence may in time amend and change the despotism, and liberalize it. But "hope deferred maketh the heart sick," whether the heart of men or of a nation. It is true enough that Russian expansion began with the establishment of Czarism; that this autocracy, this wielding of the power of a hundred millions of human beings by a single will, is fraught with menace to the peace of the world; that the Slav character is not essentially warlike, and that, once let despotism be overthrown, any danger to the West from its ambition or lust of conquest would once for all be taken away, the Russian people then devoting i t self to internal problems. But in this present decade any correction of Russian evils from the outside, whether peaceful or by force, is hardly to be looked for. Western Europe does not dread Russia; a Czar who fears to face his own subjects is not to be feared by others.

But, as has been stated heretofore, the downfall of Czarism, or at least its modification, is inevitable. The system is too glaringly anomalous, too much in opposition to the spirit of the age, long to exist in this modern world of ours. The trend of the time is toward Democracy; not any Chinese wall of caste prejudice, of religious teaching, of bayonet-points and piled-up cannon, can avail against the desire of humanity for more perfect liberty, for freedom of individual effort. And while the constitution of Russian society, with its *mir* and the *zemstvo*, socialist by tradition, will modify and amend democratic teachings and ideas, fitting these to race surroundings and race peculiarities, it cannot be doubted that in Eastern as well as Western Europe democracy will win.

But not speedily. For as "Stepniak" points out, all the resources of the empire, all material aids, all the discoveries of science, are under the control of the Czar and Czarism. And eighty million peasants, separated into sluggish little communities that only exist for themselves, and only ask to be left to themselves, begging the *tchinovnik* to come for taxes, or recruits for the army, as rarely as possible, look to the "Little Father" to some day dispossess all land-owners, and give to them absolute control of the soil of Russia. For generations nothing is to be expected from these. The change will come through circumstances that we cannot now apprehend; by union, perhaps, of foreign influence and the effort of popular intelligence, ripe even now for reform; or by palace intrigue, misdirected and inaugurating a revolutionary movement which it cannot control. Fortunate will it be for the world and the Russian people (and under all the circumstances hardly to be expected) if it be consummated without tearing to pieces the very structure of society and shedding oceans of innocent blood.

By comparison with this—the future of the Russians at home, the reform of the despotic system which rests upon a hundred millions of God's creatures as the plagues of old rested upon Egypt—how insignificant becomes the question as to who shall control the barren uplands of Afghanistan!

S. B. W.

EDUCATIONAL REPORTS.—II.

We noted last month the most significant lesson of the educational reports then under notice: viz, the absolute dependence of the schools upon the quality of the teacher, and the extent to which in this country we lack such active interest in common schools on the part of the most qualified class (outside of those actually engaged in the work) as would compel excellence in the teachers. Circular 7, 1884, brings this out again even more effectively. It is a report upon the teaching of physics, by Professor Wead, of Michigan University. It embraces a series of questions sent out to Normal School teachers, teachers of secondary schools (high schools and academies) and college professors, as to the desirability, practicability, and method of teaching physics, first, in the elementary schools, second, in the high schools, and third, in colleges; the answers to these questions, and some studies of European experience in the matter.

Professor Wead sums up the answers as being with much unanimity in favor of physics in the elementary schools, in very rudimentary form, with much experiment; again in the secondary schools, by the inductive method as far as possible, with laboratory work; and still again in college.

The answers themselves, however, do not

quite bear him out in this summary. It is true, a majority of them approve this course; but there is a very considerable dissent, and —what Professor Wead fails to note, in estimating the answers received solely by number instead of weight—one of importance. Professor Hastings, of Johns Hopkins University, for instance, holds that physics should not be taught in the primary schools; that in the secondary schools it may be taught, but chiefly for information, not discipline, with a text-book, and without laboratory work; and that very little physics should be required for admission to college courses: while Professor Rowland, of the same University, advises the deductive method, and puts the price of apparatus such as would do for laboratory work of any value at $2,000 to $5,000—a price that practically prohibits the work in secondary schools. Professor Hastings adds: "The only disadvantages, as far as my experience goes, depend on imperfect teaching. For that reason I should advise confining the high school course chiefly to a study of phenomena"; and Professor Rowland: "Under no circumstances should the study of physics be attempted without demonstration given with quite complete apparatus, as I believe a positive injury results from any other course."

Professor Henshaw, of Amherst, also places the cost of proper apparatus at $1,000 to $5,000, and discourages requiring physics in preparation for college, as "previous work generally starts the student wrong, and must be undone"; and likewise holds that in the elementary schools the whole work should be devoted to the elements of a good English education.

Still more do the extracts from English reports on the subject show the same fear of smattering at the subject with incompetent teaching and inadequate apparatus, if it be attempted at all. Mr. Wilson, of Rugby, "says that the modern pressure on the schools has led to a distracting variety of studies, that 'tends to eliminate the close study of detail and the *drudgery* that is essential in all good work.' The best twenty per cent. of our scholars know more when they leave us, but they have less power of acquiring knowledge than former students." "Methods of teaching are very important, but the teacher is of far more importance."

Reverend W. Tuckwell, head master of Taunton College School, says: "My experience has shown forcibly the unexpected value of general culture in teaching special subjects. The man who knows science admirably, but knows nothing else, prepares boys well for an examination; but his teaching does not stick. The man of wide culture and refinement brings fewer pupils up to a given mark within a given time, but what he has taught remains with them; they never forget or fall back."

R. B. Clifton, F. R. S., professor of experimental philosophy at Oxford, testified to a commission: "I see no harm in doing that [physics teaching in the secondary schools], but it requires to be done with very great care, and it requires an extremely skilled person to do it. . . . . I think the way the teaching has been given is calculated to do considerable harm, judging by the results. . . . . From experience, I should prefer that a student should come to me with no knowledge of physics at all, unless he has learned thoroughly what he professes to know. . . . . The phenomena about which they have learned do not appear to have a different effect upon their minds from that which would be produced by a conjuring trick." W. B. Carpenter, M.D., F. R. S., testified: "We find practically that in natural philosophy especially, at the matriculation examination, the preparation is extremely bad . . . . and very great ignorance is shown of the subjects—an ignorance arising from the want of the power of applying their minds to them."

Right Rev. James Fraser, who had, as a commissioner of schools, spent some months in America studying our methods, "finds that far too many studies have been introduced into the American schools, and that the introduction of the scientific studies worked mischievously; 'a sufficiently exact knowledge is not retained, the forces of the mind get dissipated, and the pupil has not learned how to acquire exact knowledge afterwards in any subject; in fact, the system produces a disinclination to take up any subject with a view of accurate knowledge.'" A committee of the British Association, consisting of eminent physicists, reported: "No very desirable results can be looked for from the general introduction of physics into school teaching, unless those who undertake to teach it have themselves made it the subject of serious and continued study." In the London "Journal of Education," Mr. R. E. Steele writes, taking it for granted that a special "science master" must be employed, as special teachers of music or drawing are with us.

Yet, in spite of all this timidity as to the teaching that can be had, there is an all but unanimous agreement that if proper teaching *were* possible, and if time could be had, physics in high schools would be a very good thing, or even in primary schools. That *some* science is desirable, from the very lowest schools, is generally conceded; whether physics or something else is a different question. The child should be taught to observe nature and know her ways, and reason for himself about them. Botany, as the best classified of the sciences, and the one that deals with the prettiest objects, is the one most readily thought of for the purpose. Several scientific men, however, object to it that it is purely classificatory, and does not teach the child the impulse of experiment; he learns to observe, but not to interrogate nature. Others set down the classificatory as the only science a child can advantageously study. Reverend J. M. Wilson, of Clifton College, pronounces both to be right—botany as the teacher of observation, physics as the teacher of experiment.

Probably this last judgment is the true one, and physics and botany, properly taught, should lay the foundations for the study of nature in the child's mind; but this is not to our present point, which is to call attention to the injustice done the conservatives as to scientific education, in supposing them to be opposed to it. As a general thing, they believe in it as strongly as does any one, but hold a higher standard than do others as to what does constitute proper scientific education, and despair of its being at present practicable. Their ground is simply that new things would better not be taught at all than made a pretense of. And that the majority of primary teachers could do no more than make a pretense of physics, is certain: on the strength of an elementary course in it themselves, they would feel competent to undertake to wake in children the mental powers that this profound mental science is to train. It is against this sort of bungling that the conservatives protest. Nothing ought to be taught to a child by a person who is not himself more than a primary pupil in it. The young girls who undertake to teach reading, writing, and elementary arithmetic to little children know these things. They know them as well as any college professor does. Moreover, they are things which the child is to actually *learn* — not merely to learn a few illustrations of, but to make himself absolute master of, so that the boy of fourteen may know them as well as the wisest scholar. Therefore, the understanding from the first is, that in taking hold of these things, business is meant, and therefore in these things there is safety.

The other point that must impress the reader of this report is, that in England the difficulty of improper teaching is at once so much better realized, and so much less insuperable; and this simply because, through Royal and other commissions, University local examinations, and many other such agencies, a subject of this sort receives the careful and interested consideration, not only of teachers, but of the foremost scientists in the kingdom (if it were a question of literary studies, it would be the foremost men of letters); that such men are appealed to and respond to the appeal, and, with the backing of the government, with which their influence weighs for much, can carry into effect measures looking to the prevention of slip-shod teaching, and the accomplishment of reasonably good teaching.

Passing over Mr. Philbrick's report on city schools in the United States, and a pamphlet with regard to "Arbor Day" and tree-planting, both of which contain much that is very important, but not of close bearing upon the line of thought we are now following, we will close with an extract from a speech upon Southern education, addressed to Southerners, by Mr. Mayo, a well-known worker for education in that section.

"But I am told that, with the uttermost that can be be expected even under favorable circumstances, the amount of money that can be set apart for education in the average Southern community must be small, and the people may well-nigh be discouraged, when they have done their best. All this I have seen, and am *not* discouraged myself; for the upshot of all I know about education is, that but *one* thing is absolutely necessary to a good school. That one absolute essential is a good teacher; and a good teacher every school may have if the people will begin to spend at the soul end and develop the material accessories therefrom. I am not indifferent to the great assistance that may be derived from a model school-room, improved school books, and the various illustrative apparatus which adorns, sometimes even encumbers, the teacher's desk. But all this is a 'body of death' till breathed upon by the spirit of the true instructor, and a real teacher can bring around himself at least a temporary body, until the people are able to give the fit clothing to his work.

"General Garfield, returning to his alma mater, Williams College, Massachusetts, which for many years was known chiefly by the great teaching of President Hopkins, said, at Commencement dinner: 'I rejoice with you over the new surroundings of our old college: these beautiful buildings, large collections, ample endowments, and the improvements of this beautiful town. But permit me to say that, if I were forced to elect between all this without Dr. Hopkins, and Dr. Hopkins with only a shingle and a piece of chalk, under an apple tree, he on one end of an oak log and I on the other, I would say, My university shall be Dr. Hopkins, president and college in one.'

"May the South, in its new 'building for the children,' learn from the dismal American experience of the past to put its first money into the teacher, and keep putting it in, until teachers and children persuade the people to give an outward temple fit for the dwelling place of the new spirit of life that has been born in their midst.

"I have in mind a picture of a noble school-house, in a prosperous Northern town, going to wreck, with broken windows, battered doors, the walls disfigured, the yards a litter, and the school itself a nursery of bad manners and clownish behavior. The trouble is a knot of 'eminent' citizens, who insist on keeping in the central room a quarrelsome woman, . . . whose obstinate conceit and selfishness make havoc of every good influence therein. . . . I remember another school, in the Southland, where one of the gentlest of gentlemen and bravest of captains, at the close of the war, gathered about him a crowd of wild little colored children in a deserted house, and 'kept school' so beautifully that, out of their own poverty, the colored people developed his dilapidated shanty into a neat and commodious school-house, where, with the help of the older children, he was giving instruction, in his faded old soldier clothes, such as I never knew until my school days had gone by. A good teacher carries his school in himself. His own life and daily 'walk and conversation' are an hourly 'object lesson' in morals and manners; his fullness of knowledge supplies the lack of text books; his fertile brain and child-like spirit blossom anew every day into some wise method of imparting truth or awakening faculty; and his cunning hand brings forth devices for illustration more effective than cabinets of costly apparatus. . . . .

"I know a hundred neighborhoods, where a good, womanly, Christian colored girl has gone from her academical course at Fisk or Hampton, and so toiled with the children and prevailed with their parents that she has not only gotten over her head a good school-house, but built up around her a 'new departure' in a Christian civilization. If you have only money enough to procure the best teacher that can be had, take the teacher, gather the children, and begin to push for the millennium. If there is no fit interior, begin in God's school-house of all-outdoors. Somebody will give your new school elbow room under a tree, and the wondrous library of nature will spread its open leaves before you. Let the teacher instruct the boys to fence in a campus, and the girls to plant flowers therein, and make ready the place for building. Ere long the most godless or stupid of parents will take a big holiday to build you as good a house as they are able, and that humble temple of science may be so adorned by the genius and grace that you can coax out of thirty children and youth that is will become an invitation to better things. One book is enough in a school, if the teacher knows what to do with a book, while the Congressional Library is not enough for a pedant . . . who only turns the crank of a memory machine."

ETC.

As we go to press, the city stands draped with mourning in memory of a man whom it is in one sense no exaggeration to call the foremost citizen of the country. That is, he was, on the whole, more of a figure in the general mind than was any other man. His name has somehow penetrated to every nook and cranny of the land, as the name of no other man who has served the country in this generation has done. When one considers that this popular esteem is based almost entirely on services twenty years past, it is surprising to find that an infant class, say, of rustic babies, whose little memories hold no trace of so recent an event as Garfield's funeral, and who have not the remotest idea of the name of any president of the United States, as such, can call out "General Grant" in unison, in answer to any simple question concerning him; or that grown rustics who remember all our other public men as scarcely more than names, make "Grant" a household word. It is probable that this is not true of the less slowly moved and less tenacious city population—one admiration is there displaced by newer ones, and politics makes heroes as well as war; but it is doubtless safe to say that there never has been a time this twenty years when General Grant did not seem to the people—counting in all classes from highest to lowest—the greatest figure in the country.

THIS is largely a mere matter of tribute to military glory. The successful soldier commands an admiration from all classes that success in no other line could possibly win him. In the case of civil war, which taxed the energies of the whole country, military achievements must be even more universally followed by the public mind and make a much profounder impression than when a general wars abroad. To a younger generation, even to those who themselves participated in the war, but have since been in callings that kept the mind full of new interests, it is impossible to realize the figure the war still cuts in the thoughts of a great number of people. It is not rustics alone to whom wars seem the only incidents of national life, and soldiers the only heroes; nor is it school-boys alone who suppose they have learned the history of the world when they have learned the battles: that the historians themselves are only beginning to suppose anything else, shows how general is the adoration of the soldier. And—although it must be acknowledged that the statesman, the teacher, the preacher, the editor, may do a greater thing than conquer in just war, for they may and repeatedly do achieve the same ends *without* war—still it is inevitable that the victories of cabinet or press should show tamer and smaller than those of the foughten field, with their appalling, their almost incredible accompaniments of human exertion and daring and death. The pen may be mightier than the sword, but the sword must always look larger and shine brighter.

IT is not, however, entirely to his military glory, that General Grant's persistent hold upon the mind of the people is due. There has always been a peculiar sympathy between him and the people. There is no class from whom he has not commanded in the main, at least, a certain cordiality of feeling, while from an unusually large number this has amounted even to affection. Yet no man was ever more deficient in the glib tongue and suave arts by which public favor is won. It was not necessary that he should have these: his military achievements gave him public favor in the first place, and he kept it largely by virtue of silence, simplicity, and—perhaps most of all—an evident amiability, and liking for the people. Many men who have loved the people, desired fervently their good, labored and died for it, have yet never had their affection. Such men have loved the people more than they have liked them: either they have been aristocrats in taste and feeling, in spite of democratic sympathy, or they have made demand upon the people for a higher quality of mind and morals than they possessed, and have been discontented with them as they are. Jeremiah was never a popular favorite. The public is far better pleased to be liked than to be loved: and it was always evident to the people of this country that Grant liked them; he was content with them as they are, valued their attentions, felt himself one of them. To a very surprising degree he remained a man of the people through all circumstances of political elevation and the surroundings of wealth and distinction.

HIS civil history has been a remarkable instance of enduring—even invincible—gratitude on the part of a republic. For twenty years the country has felt that it could not do too much for Grant. Station and money have been freely at his disposal, and though his life closed, pathetically enough, in physical and mental misery, and sense of betrayal, it would not have been so could any liberality of friends have averted these troubles. The sorrow and pain of the last months of his life must be deeply regretted by every one; yet in adding a strong touch of pathos to his memory, they have done much to perpetuate, after his death, the affection he received in life from the great mass of his countrymen.

A CONTRIBUTOR in this number deprecates the admission of European influence to this country by means of travel. But we should say that our country must be the worse for learning from Europe only so far as the things it learns are evil, and the better for learning whatever is good. To refuse to learn from Germany what music is, and what university education is, or from England what standards of commercial and political integrity a great nation must observe, or from France a high esteem for science, would be to deserve, indeed, the epithet "Philistine." The true patriot is not he who thinks everything best in his own country, but he who is willing to spend himself to *make* everything best there; and as a preliminary to doing this, it is necessary to know what are his country's defects, and what lessons the experience of any other country has to offer toward mending them. The students who go abroad, possess themselves of the treasures of learning, of taste, or of goodness, which exist in other countries, and bring them back to add to our home store, are therefore patriots—better patriots than if they had opened some commercial channel for the influx of thousands of dollars to our treasury. The loiterers who go abroad and bring back from the stores of the old world lessons of self-indulgent idleness, or of valuing men for what they seem instead of what they are, are unpatriotic and hurtful to the commonwealth. But, is not this difference in the freight which they bring back to this country due to the difference in the men themselves, and in the intention with which they went abroad? It was, therefore, in the American citizen who left us for foreign sojourn, not in the foreign land, that the seeds of evil lay. And it is, perhaps, open to question, whether the man who goes abroad without any serious purpose, becomes enervated by the greater opportunities for selfish enjoyment offered in older countries, and withdraws himself from active participation in American life, is any loss to that life. In many cases he remains abroad, and the country certainly can dispense with him.

YET we must not do injustice to the patriotism of a class of men who fall very generally under suspicion of foreign sympathies. There are, in Eastern cities, a number of highly accomplished and educated men, of blameless personal character and fastidious taste, who do not conceal a certain distaste for much in American life, and a high regard for much in foreign life. Yet the last few years have shown the strongholds of these men to be also the strongholds of a great readiness to take hold with vigor and self-sacrifice in the practical work of bettering American life. A very different class are the wealthy and indolent, who like European life for the greater skill in spending money for personal satisfaction that it teaches; or who have a childish vanity in imitating the little tricks and customs of foreign fashion, and veneering with the surface habits of that fashion their own ignorance and emptiness. The man or woman who comes into possession of money, without having any qualities in himself that teach him how to spend it, is a mournful object at best, and a menace to the public good; and whether he does worse to waste it at home or abroad, is open to question.

MR. EMERSON said some stern things of travel. But Mr. Emerson was himself a highly appreciative traveler, who enjoyed immensely his sojourn in England. Mr. Longfellow wrote

> "Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest,—
> Home-keeping hearts are happiest."

But Mr. Longfellow delighted in European travel, and plundered European fields incessantly for the material with which he raised American poetry higher than the previous generation had deemed possible. And the Greeks who made Greece great by "sticking fast to where they were, like an axis of the earth," would never have made Greece great without the help of Egypt. Emerson, who never states one side of a truth alone without stating somewhere else the other side, has defined well enough the true limits of this matter of travel: that the wise and useful life should be anchored firmly in some parent soil, yet swing thence with a long tether; should love the home land and the home hearth, yet know and appreciate all others, with no snobbish deference to the foreign because it is foreign, nor blind attachment to the native because it is native. If there is in all this world any good thing to be had, let us not fail to procure it for our country for lack of a generous and appreciative search. But by all means, let the purveyors of foreign things for our country be the wise and earnest, and let us discourage the harmful importations brought by the ignorant and self-indulgent.

That Little Baby That's Dead.

"O TEACHER," exclaimed a pupil of mine one morning, "Will you excuse me if I am late to school? I want to take a cross for that little dead baby."—"What little dead baby?" I asked.—"Oh, that little baby that's dead."

Poor little baby that's dead!
Little it matters to you
What was the name that you had,
Now your short journey is through;
Careless of flower-strewn bed
Is that little baby that's dead.

Lilies and roses and all,
Twined in a cross white and fair—
Since you have 'scaped from life's thrall
Never a cross will you wear.
Many a sorrow-bowed head
Might envy the baby that's dead.

Not for the baby a tear,—
Surely the baby is blest;
But in that bosom where first
Lay the dear darling at rest,
Anguish unspeakable bled
When that little baby was dead.

Flora De Wolfe.

August.

TAKE up thy rich and wondrous garments
  Oh August, queen of months, and turn away.
Bend not thy face, serene, commanding,
  Nor let the fragrance of thy presence stay.

I cannot bear thy proud, calm beauty
  Here in these hard-trodden streets of trade:
Thy place is in the woods and meadows,
  Amid the hills, or lakes in sunshine laid.

Depart and leave me to my longing,—
  Or take me unto thy still realms with thee:
The very trees toward thee are bending,
  And crouching lies the great, pale sea.

Here I will rest me in thy sylvan kingdom
  Where no unquiet sentiments intrude:
Thy courtier days may now pass lightly,
  Pass lightly by, nor irritate my mood.

H. C.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Samuel Adams.[1]

THIS is one of the better written of the "American Statesmen Series." It tells an interesting story in a straightforward manner, with only a slight show of not very profound pedantry in the matter of the "folk-mote." The epoch is one of ever-living interest, and a well-handled popular presentment, with Samuel Adams thrown into relief as a leading figure, we consider very timely. The character of the revolutionary struggle can hardly be understood without a comprehension of Samuel Adams's services therein. And Mr. Hosmer's chief merit is in having given an available account of them. That Adams was the "father of Independence," he has given substantial proof.

We regret that Mr. Hosmer is not able to idealize the character of Adams from his work, and present us with a clear analysis of him as an individual. The apparent materials for this are scanty; but we believe that the real materials are adequate, and that the individual might have been found reflected in his work. Samuel Adams, preëminently among the rather arbitrarily selected statesmen of this series, seems to us a figure that gave opportunity for a sketch that might have been a permanent contribution to American literature. We regret that Mr. Hosmer could only quote, and could not fully realize, the following opinion of John Fiske's: "A man whom Plutarch, if he had only lived late enough, would have delighted to include in his gallery of worthies, a man who, in the history of the American Revolution, is second only to Washington, Samuel Adams."

But as an historical narrative, in biographical style, the work is well done. Mr. Hosmer has made good use of historical materials; he often shows a fine discriminating sense, and writes with impartial justice. Historically, the most instructive portion of the book is that in which he deals with the five years of Thomas Hutchinson's prominence in colonial history. This is the backbone of the narrative, and Mr. Hosmer here displays his best powers of historical writing and of critical judgment. He summarizes as follows the main facts of Hutchinson's career:

"Born in 1711, he left Harvard in 1727, and soon made some trial of mercantile life. From a line of famous ancestors, among them Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, that strong and devout spirit of the earliest days of Boston, he had inherited a most honorable name and great abilities. He was a Puritan to the core; his wealth was large; his manners conciliated for him the good will of the people, which, for a long time, he never forfeited. He became a church member at twenty-four, selectman of Boston at twenty-six, and at thirty was sent as agent of the province to London on important business, which he managed successfully. For ten years after his return he was representative, during three of which he served as speaker. In particular, he did good service in the settlement of the province debt in 1749. For sixteen years he was member of the Council, and while in the Council he became judge of the probate, lieutenant-governor, and chief-justice, holding all these offices at once. It is shooting quite wide of the mark to base any accusation of self-seeking on the number of Hutchinson's offices. The emoluments accruing from them all were very small; in some, in fact, his service was practically gratuitous. Nor was any credit or fame that he was likely to gain from holding them at all to be weighed against the labor and vexation to be undergone in discharging their functions. A more reasonable explanation of his readiness to uphold such burdens is that the rich, high-placed citizen was full of public spirit. That he performed honorably and ably the work of these various offices, there is no contradicting testimony. As a legislator, no one had been wiser. As judge of probate, he had always befriended orphans and widows. As chief-justice, though not bred to the law, he had been an excellent magistrate Besides all this, he had found time to write a history of New England, which must be regarded as one of the most interesting and important literary monuments of the colonial period—a work digested from the most copious materials with excellent judgment, and presented in a style admirable for dignity, clearness, and scholarly finish."

By contrast, too, with Hutchinson, Mr. Hosmer is enabled to bring out more strongly the attitude of Adams at the time of the "Massacre." With another extract, we commend the book to all American readers. Mr. Hosmer says:

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[1] Samuel Adams. By James K. Hosmer. "American Statesmen." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

"It was, however, as a manager of men, that Samuel Adams was greatest. Such a master of the methods by which a town-meeting may be swayed, the world has never seen. On the best of terms with the people, the ship-yard men, the distillers, the sailors, as well as the merchants and ministers, he knew precisely what springs to touch. He was the prince of canvassers, the very king of the caucus, of which his father was the inventor. His ascendency was quite extraordinary, and no less marked over men of ability than over ordinary minds. Always clear-headed and cool in the most confusing turmoil, he had ever at command, whether he was button-holing a refractory individual or haranguing a Faneuil Hall meeting, a simple but most effective style of speech. As to his tact, was it ever surpassed? We have seen Samuel Adams introduce Hancock into the public service, as he did a dozen others. It is curious to notice how he knew afterwards in what ways, while he stroked to sleep Hancock's vanity and peevishness, to bring him, all unconscious, to bear—now against the Boston Tories, now against the English ministry, now against prejudice in the other colonies. Penniless as he was himself, it was a great point, when the charge was made that the Massachusetts leaders were desperate adventurers, who had nothing to risk, to be able to parade Hancock in his silk and velvet, with his handsome vehicle and aristocratic mansion. One hardly knows which to wonder at most, the astuteness or the self-sacrifice with which, in order to present a measure effectively or to humor a touchy co-worker, he continually postpones himself, while he gives the foreground to others. Perhaps the most useful act of his life was the bringiug into being of the Boston Committee of Correspondence; yet, when all was arranged, while he himself kept the laboring oar, he put at the head the faltering Otis. Again and again, when a fire burned for which he could not trust himself, he would turn on the magnificent speech of Otis, or Warren, or Quincy, or Church, who poured their copious jets, often quite unconscious that cunning Sam Adams really managed the valves, and was directing the stream."

Books on Correct Speech.[1]

THE little manuals of advice on behavior, speech and so on, which from time to time undertake to teach the public, are likely to be opened by the discreet critic with very little cordiality of expectation. The better class of them contain very much that is sensible, and that it is well to preach to the young or other uninstructed persons; but it is nearly impossible to find one unvitiated by a few pieces of pedantic, misleading, or even positively erroneous teaching. If it were practicable, or were worth the while, to go straight through a book of this sort, noting every one of these failings, and then cheerfully recommending the residue to readers, it would be a simpler matter. As it is, we can only say that such books as *Discriminate*, or its predecessor, "Don't," are valuable more in the teacher's hands than the pupil's, or those of the "general reader." Yet, even one who depended upon the book's teachings implicitly, without the advantage of a teacher to tell him where to distrust, would learn far more that was right than wrong from *Discriminate*, and might, therefore, be better off with than without it. This discriminating between words is really an important matter, and the slovenly confusion among them into which newspapers, "the spread of general information," and other social conditions, are leading us, is ruinous to the language. The discriminations between "ability" and "capacity," and between "aggravate" and "irritate," or "provoke," are, for instance, worthy of attention; so between "allude," "speak of," and "mention." Neglect of the distinction between "in" and "into," and between "should" and "would," amounts to positive error, and yet is so common as to deserve attention in a book of this sort. (A happy instance of the correct use of "would" and "should," requoted from R. G. White in this connection, is worth pausing to quote yet again:

"How long I *shall* love him I can no more tell,
Than, had I a fever, when I *should* be well.
My passion *shall* kill me before I *will* show it,
And yet I *would* give all the world he did know it;
But oh, how I sigh when I think *should* he woo me,
I can not refuse what I know *would* undo me!")

But it seems out of place to add to warning against these confusions, which, though downright errors, are possible even to good speakers, such primary school blunders as "think for," "lay down" (for lie), "do like I do," "those kind," "leave her be," and even "he done it." An opposite fault is the insertion of over-fine, fussy distinctions, or positive assertion on mooted points. Thus, "a setting hen," is prohibited—we must say "sitting"; we must not say "right there," but "just there," nor "you are mistaken," but "you mistake." But if these instances be a trifle pedantic, what of soberly telling us that we must not say "a bad cold," but "a severe cold," nor "at night," but "by night," nor "all over the country," but "over all the country?" These things are simply an obtuse failure to "discriminate" between idiom and error. Any healthy language will grow spontaneously into irregularities; every form of inflection, every figurative word, every abstract word, in our language was once what a pedant could have called an error. Language ought of right to be used freely and flexibly, and allowed its natural developments: there is a total difference between such use of it, and its murder by slovenly confusions; yet what rule there is for recognizing this difference, we cannot say—there is no short road to doing so. Nor will such books as this teach it; yet in the hands of a good teacher, "Discriminate" would be very useful.

How Should I Pronounce proves not to be exactly, as its name would lead one to expect, of the class of books to which "Discriminate" belongs. It is a sound and careful manual, intended largely for college use, upon the whole subject of English pronunciation, scientifically treated. Its chief defect is that it is somewhat too long for its subject : the warmest friend of correct pronunciation and vocal culture cannot expect many hours to be taken from a college or high school course for this certainly important but still minor matter. The preface observes, rightly enough, that the exact ground of this manual has never been covered : the existing books are either mere lists of words usually mispronounced, or exhaustive scientific treatises upon some one branch of the subject, as Tyndall on sound, or Meyer on the physiology of the vocal organs. We should think, however, that for practical purposes the ground here covered was too wide. After many general remarks in an introduction, there are taken up, chapter after chapter : the physical nature of sound, with consideration of media, wave motion, musical tones, pitch, intensity, timbre, echo, and resonance ; the physiology of the vocal organs and leading principles of their use, and the organ of hearing; an analysis of articulate sounds ; of English sounds ; alphabetic symbols, with account of their historical devolopment and present varieties ; the English alphabet, its defects, and diacritical marks; and three chapters more, in which the subject of English pronunciation is specifically treated. While we think that much of this should have been left to physics or philology, where it belongs, and that the introduction of matter only allied to the subject cumbers a special treatise, and wearies instead of interesting the pupil, we must not fail to say that it is all good, if it were in its place ; and of the most of it, not even this qualification need be made.

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[1] Discriminate. A Companion to "Don't." A Manual for Guidance in the Use of Correct Words and Phrases in Ordinary Speech. By "Critic." New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885.

How Should I Pronounce? By William Henry P. Phyfe. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

Mr. Phyfe sets down the number of sounds that vocal organs could make, and a trained ear distinguish, at over a thousand (including indistinguishable shades, the vocal organs can produce an infinite number). A thousand seems a high number, considering that Mr. Ellis, whose ear must be highly trained, has distinguished only four hundred. Even this will seem to be an enormous number, when one remembers that most alphabets contain only twenty-odd letters, which were originally supposed to cover the sounds of their respective languages. In fact, however, the inadequacy of the alphabets is not so ridiculously great, for not more than a hundred sounds are practically used in human language, and not more than forty are apt to be used in any one language. The fundamental sounds, common to all languages, are some twenty, and upon these the alphabets are based. English, with an alphabet of twenty-four letters (for *c* and *q* are purely superfluous), has forty-two sounds. Thirty-six of these are recognized by every one, but six are "shade-vowels," which are not merely undistinguished in the speech of all but the educated, but, we venture to say, absolutely undistinguishable by the ear of the majority of the English-speaking people ; even among educated people it is only those of fine and highly trained ear that can readily distinguish the whole six—as, for instance, the difference between "*ur*-gent" and "*er*-mine," between *o* in "only" and in "old."

The book closes with a list of one thousand words frequently mispronounced. Some of these mispronunciations are solecisms too gross to be properly in the list, such as "ar'tic" for "arctic," "ăr-ē" for ārea": the most of them are not uncommon, even among educated people who have taken no special pains to ascertain the best usage, and have had less than the very best opportunity to hear it ; thus "ar'oma" for "aróma," cayenne as "kī-en" instead of "kā-en," (cayenne) "chasti'sement" for "chas'tisement," "op'-ponent" for "oppónent": some of them are only technically mispronunciations, being such according to the dictionaries, but not according to usage. In some instances the dictionaries fix unaccountably upon pronunciations which are even grotesquely out of accord with the usage of most educated people, as for instance, Worcester's preference of "banāna" over "banäna," Webster's of "apurn" over "aprun" (apron), and the "Ashea" (Asia), and "dizonest" (dishonest), of both dictionaries. Nor is it of any use for the dictionaries to try to enforce the traditional pronunciation "bwoo-y" (buoy), so long as vocal organs remain constituted as at present; nor have years of insistence persuaded English-speaking people to say either "dŏg" or "Gŏd." The folly of attempting to prune one's speech according to the dictionary, no matter how much against the grain, is evident from the experience of those who train themselves to say "dўn-amite," only to find that the next edition of the dictionary makes their achievement an affectation, and the customary "dў-namite" correct. Our author, however, is not responsible for the dictionaries ; and it is, indeed, a great satisfaction to have grouped together in this list all the cases in which one must refuse submission to them, as well as a very great number in which they are undoubtedly to be obeyed.

Briefer Notice.

The Philosophy of a Future State[1], a thin pamphlet, gives a brief, direct, and intelligent summary of the philosophic objections to current beliefs as to immortality.——Mr. Augustin Knoflach's ingenious and serviceable series of German lessons[2] in periodical installments already noticed in THE OVERLAND, has reached its eighth number.——The pretty series of "Contes Choisés," published by William R. Jenkins, has taken a somewhat new departure in its fifth number: instead of a French reprint, an original American story (in the French language, of course) is issued, *Peppino*,[3] a tale of Italian life in New York, written by a teacher of languages in Philadelphia. ——Another little French book from the same publisher, in conjunction with a Boston one, is *Anecdotes Nouvelle*,[1] which is intended to supply easy and amusing reading and recitations for classes.——Mrs. Kate Wiggin, of this city, has just published a pretty collection of Songs and Games "for Kindergartens and Primary Schools"; they are those which have been from time to time composed or arranged to meet the needs of the kindergartens under her care, and which have been long used with satisfaction in these. They are preceded by a few general suggestions from experience as to their use in kindergartens, and then grouped under the heads of Ring Songs, Prayers and Hymns, Beginning and Closing, Songs of the Gifts, Marching Songs, Christmas Songs, Miscellaneous, Games.——It will be remembered that one of the latest numbers of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s "American Men of Letters" series was by Professor Beers, upon the subject of Nathaniel Parker Willis—reviewed lately in THE OVERLAND. It did the best possible by its subject, and undoubtedly revived a passing interest in this not altogether insignificant author, who was so significant in his time: probably no one read it without a desire to look a little at some of the prose and poetry there spoken of. Willis's poetry is not altogether obsolescent; two or three of his poems figure in almost every collection, and almost every one who read Professor Beers's memoir of him knew something of them. But his prose had passed almost out of sight. It is, therefore, a very well-thought-of idea to follow the memoir with a collection[3] of the worthiest of the prose writings—all, in fact, that any one in these days is likely to find himself able to read.

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[1] The Philosophy of a Future State. A Brief Demonstration of the Untenability of Current Speculations. By C. Davis English. Philadelphia: Edward Stern & Co. Boston : Cupples, Upham & Co. 1885.

[2] German Simplified. By Augustin Knoflach. New York: A. Knoflach. 1885.

[3] Peppino. Par L. D. Ventura. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1885.

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[1] Anecdotes Nouvelle. Lectures Faciles et Amusantes, et Recitations. Boston: Carl Schoenhof. New York: William R. Jenkins.

[2] Kindergarten Chimes: A Collection of Songs and Games Composed and Arranged for Kindergartens and Primary Schools. By Kate Douglas Wiggin, California Kindergarten Training School, San Francisco. Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co. 1885.

[3] Prose Writings of N. P. Willis. Edited by Henry A. Beers. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Company.

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THE SQUATTER RIOT OF '50 IN SACRAMENTO.

ITS CAUSES AND ITS SIGNIFICANCE.

DR. STILLMAN published in the OVERLAND MONTHLY for November, 1873, as one of the chapters of his since well-known book called "Seeking the Golden Fleece," a contemporary record of his experiences at the time of the Squatter Riot of '50 in Sacramento. In a note to this valuable reminiscence, Dr. Stillman remarked that no detailed account of the remarkable affair had ever been printed. So far as I know, the same thing can still truthfully be said. But the scenes of violence themselves form but a small part of the real story of the movement; and I shall venture in the following to try to present a somewhat connected account of the events that preceded the riot and that culminated therein. I draw my materials principally from the contemporary files of the "Placer Times" and the "Sacramento Transcript"; but I shall also seek to accomplish what has certainly so far been neglected, viz., to indicate the true historical significance of this little episode in our pioneer annals. For, as I think, the importance of the conflict was greater than even the combatants themselves knew; and most of us are not in a fair way to comprehend the facts, unless we remind ourselves of a good many long since forgotten details of the narrative.

Of course, this essay has no actual discoveries to present, for old newspapers are not mysterious archives, and contain only quite open secrets. But the old newspapers are many, heavy, and dusty, and we are not apt to think them as profitable for rebuke or for instruction as they really are. By way of acknowledgment, I must say at the outset that I am indebted for the file of the "Placer Times" to the courtesy of the librarian of the Mercantile Library, who gave me facilities for research during a brief visit of mine to San Francisco in the summer of 1884, and who has since permitted me to get copied for my use such items from the file as I needed, and could not personally consult. The file of the "Sacramento Transcript" of 1850 that I have used reposes in the cool shade of the basement of Harvard College Library, among numerous other newspaper files, which this library has somehow managed to get together, and which help to make Cambridge what it is—a very good place for the study of American local history. Other important

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published literature than the above I cannot name as bearing directly on the riot of '50, although the whole legal history of the Sutter case, as it was summed up in the United States Supreme Court Decisions of 1858 and 1864, has an indirect bearing on the matter; while the problems concerned have of course affected all the rest that has been written or said about any of the land titles that are based on Sutter's Alvarado grant. In forming my judgment of the perspective in which all this matter is to be viewed, I must further acknowledge how much I owe to the free use granted to me in the summer of 1884, by Mr. H. H. Bancroft, of his great collections of pioneer records. As it happens, I did not find time during several weeks of study that I enjoyed at Mr. Bancroft's library to consult his records of this particular affair, and so cannot confess any debt to him for the material here collected from the Sacramento newspaper files. But while I was reading in his original sources for other purposes, I collected numerous suggestions, and got glimpses of facts that have enabled me to see the present topic in a much clearer light, when I later came to consider it. I hope to have a chance to show my direct indebtedness to the Bancroft library more fully in another connection hereafter; but for the present, so much may suffice as acknowledgment of the indirect help that I owe to Mr. Bancroft's courtesy, in my study of the present question.

I.

And now to begin the story with the moral, let us try to understand at once why this episode should seem of so much historical significance. That a few lives should be lost in a squabble about land, is indeed a small thing in the history of a State that has seen so many land quarrels as California. The Squatter Riot of '50 was but a preliminary skirmish, if one will judge it by the number of killed and wounded, while the history of settler difficulties in the whole State, during the thirty-five years since, seems, by comparison of numbers, a long battle, with killed and wounded who would need to be counted, not by fives, but by hundreds.

Not, however, for the number of lives lost, but for the importance of just that crisis at that moment, must we consider the Squatter Riot noteworthy. Just as the death of James King of William happened to seem of more importance to the California community than the deaths of ninety and nine just miners and other private persons, who were waylaid or shot in quarrels; just as that death had many times the historical significance that it would have had if King had been slain under the most atrocious circumstances a few months earlier;—even so the Squatter Riot in Sacramento is significant, not because bloodshed was unknown elsewhere in California land quarrels, but because nowhere else did any single land quarrel come so near to involving an organized effort to get rid, once for all, of the Spanish titles as evidences of property in land. Elsewhere and later, men followed legal methods, or else stood nearly alone in their fight. Men regarded some one title as fraudulent, and opposed it; or frankly avowed their private hatred of all Mexican land titles, but were comparatively isolated in their methods of legal or illegal resistance to the enforcement of the vested rights; or they were led into lengthy and often murderous quarrels by almost hopelessly involved problems of title, such as so long worried all men alike in San Francisco. Elsewhere than in Sacramento, men thus tried, in dealing with numerous questions of detail, to resist the enforcement of individual claims under Mexican titles; but in Sacramento, in 1850, the popular opposition was deeper, and its chances of a sweeping success were for a moment far greater.

In form, to be sure, even the Sacramento squatters, like so many successors, pretended to be doubtful of the legal validity of Sutter's Alvarado grant, and to believe that, if it were valid, the grant still did not cover Sacramento. But this pretense was here a very thin veil for an undertaking that was in its spirit and methods distinctly revolutionary. The squatters of that time and place were well led, and they meant to do, and contemporary friends and foes knew that they meant to do, what would have amounted to a deliberate abrogation, by popular sovereignty, of Mexican grants as such. Had they been successful, a period of anarchy as to land property would probably have followed, far worse in its consequences than that lamentable legalized anarchy that actually did for years darken the land interests of our State, under the Land Law of 1851. Bad as that enactment proved, the squatter doctrine, as preached in 1850, came near proving far worse. To investigate how the people of Sacramento showed their weakness in letting this crisis come on as it did, and their strength in passing it when it at last had come on, is to my mind, in view of the dangers of that and of all times, a most helpful exercise in social science; since it is such investigations that enable us to distinguish the good from the evil tendencies of the popular mind, and to feel the difference between healthy and diseased states of social activity. I want, in short, to make this essay a study of the social forces concerned in early California land difficulties.

Sutter, as we have all heard, owned at the time of the conquest, and in fact, since 1841, eleven leagues, under a grant from Governor Alvarado. Moreover, as is again notorious, Sutter supposed himself to own much more than this grant, by virtue of promises made to him by Governor Micheltorena, in 1845. In the latter supposition, Sutter made a serious blunder, as was pointed out to him in 1858 by the United States Supreme Court. Micheltorena had made to him no valid grant whatever. In 1848, when the gold-seekers began to come, Sutter began to lose his wits. One of the pioneer statements in Mr. Bancroft's collection says rather severely that the distinguished Captain thenceforth signed "any paper that was brought to him." At all events, he behaved in as unbusinesslike a fashion as could well be expected, and the result was that when his affairs came in later years to more complete settlement, it was found that he had deeded away, not merely more land than he actually owned, but, if I mistake not, more land than even he himself had supposed himself to own. All this led not only himself into embarrassments, but other people with him; and to arrange with justice the final survey of his Alvarado grant proved in later years one of the most perplexing problems of the U. S. District and Supreme Courts.

One part of his land, however, seemed from the first clearly and indisputably his own, to deed away as he might choose. That was the land about his own "establishment at New Helvetia." Here he had built his fort, commanded his laborers, received his guests, and raised his crops; and here the new-comers of the golden days found him, the reputed possessor of the soil. That he owned this land was, in fact, by this time, a matter, so to speak, of world-wide notoriety. For the young Frémont's "Report," which, in various shapes and editions, had years before become so popular a book, and which the gold-fever made more popular than ever, had distinctly described Sutter as the notorious and indisputable owner of this tract of land in 1844. If occupancy without any rival for a term of years could make the matter clear to a new-comer, Sutter's title to his "establishment" seemed beyond shadow. Moreover, the title papers of the Alvarado grant were on record. Governor Alvarado's authority to grant eleven leagues to Sutter was indubitable, and none the less clear seemed the wording of the grant, when it gave certain outer boundaries within which the tract granted was to be sought, and then defined the grant so as to include the "establishment at New Helvetia." Surely, one would say, no new comer could attack Sutter's right, save by means of some purely agrarian contention. A settler might demand that all unoccupied land in California should be free to every settler, and that Mexican land ownership should be once for all done away with. But unless a man did this, what could he say against Sutter's title to New Helvetia?

And so, when the town of Sacramento began to grow up, the people who wanted lots assented at the outset to Sutter's claims, and recognized his title. That they paid him in all cases a perfectly fair equivalent for his land, I venture not to say. But from him they got their titles, and under his Alvarado grant they held the lands on which the town grew up. Land-holders under Sutter they were who organized the town-government, and their speculation was soon profitable enough to make them quite anxious to keep the rights that Sutter had sold them. The question, however, quickly arose, whether the flood of the new immigration would regard a Spanish land-title as a sufficient barrier, at which its proud waves must be stayed. The first safety of the Sutter-title men lay in the fact that the mass of the new-comers were gold-seekers, and that, since Sacramento was not built on a placer mine, these gold-seekers were not interested in despoiling its owners. But this safeguard could not prove sufficient very long. The value of land in the vicinity of a thriving town must soon attract men of small capital and Californian ambitions from the hard work of the placers; and the rainy season would, at all events, soon crowd the town with discontented idlers.

Moreover, the whole question of California land-titles was a critical one for this new community. The Anglo-Saxon is, as we so often hear, very land-hungry. Many of the newcomers were accustomed to the almost boundless freedom of western squatters; the right to squat on vacant land had come to seem to them traditional and inalienable; they would probably have expected to find it, with a little search, somewhere in the Declaration of Independence, or among the guarantees of the Constitution. Among these men some of the more influential pioneers were strongly under the influence of the Oregon tradition. In Oregon, squatter sovereignty, free and untrammelled, had been settling the land questions of a newly occupied wilderness most happily. The temptation to apply these methods to California was very strong; in fact, during the interregnum after the conquest of the Territory of California, and before the golden days began, the discontented American settlers of the Sacramento Valley and of the Sonoma region had freely talked about the vexations caused by these Mexican land-titles, and had even then begun to propose methods of settling their own troubles. The methods in question would ultimately have plunged everybody into far worse troubles.

The dangerous and blind Americanism of some among these people is well shown by discussions in the "California Star," for 1847 and '48, a paper which I have been able to consult in Mr. Bancroft's file. There is, for instance, a frequent correspondent of the "Star" in those days, who signs himself "Paisano." Although I have nobody's authority for his identity, I am sure, from plain internal evidence, that he is L. W. Hastings, then a very well-known emigrant leader, and the author of a descriptive guide to California and Oregon. Hastings was a very bigoted American, at least in his early days on the Pacific coast, and his book had filled many pages with absurd abuse of native Californian people and institutions. Such a man was, just then, an unsafe popular leader, although he was a lawyer by profession, and later did good service in the Constitutional Convention of 1849. In discussing land-titles, in these letters to the "Star," "Paisano" plainly shows the cloven foot. Let us insist upon a territorial legislature at once, he says, in effect; let us set aside this nuisance of a military government, by its own consent if possible, and let us pass laws to settle forthwith these land difficulties. All this "Paisano" cloaks under an appeal to the military government to call such a legislature. But the real purpose is plain. The legislature, if then called, would certainly have been under the influence of the squatter sovereignty tradition of Oregon, since its leaders, *e. g.*, Hastings himself, would have been, in many cases, Oregon men. It would, at all events, have been under purely American influence; it would have despised the natives, who, in their turn, fresh from the losses and griefs of the conquest, would have suspected its motives, would have been unable to understand its Anglo-Saxon methods, and would have left it to its work of treating them unfairly. Unjust land laws would have been passed, infringements on vested rights would have been inevitable, and in after time appeals to the United States authority, together with the coming of the new immigration, would have involved all in a fearful chaos, which we may shudder to contemplate even in fancy. Yet "Paisano" did not stand alone among the pioneers of the interregnum in his desires and in his plans. That such plans made no appearance in the Constitutional Convention of '49, is due to the wholly changed situation of the moment, and to the pressing business before the Convention.

But if things appeared thus to the comparatively small group of Americans in the dawn of our life here, even before the gold discovery, how long should this complex spider-web of land-titles, wherewith a California custom or caprice had covered a great part of the Territory, outlast the trampling of the busy new-comers? Who should resist these strange men? The slowly moving processes of the Courts—how could they, in time, check the rapacity of American settlers, before the mischief should once for all be done, and the memory of these land-titles buried under an almost universal predatory disregard of them, which would make the recovery of the land by its legal owners too expensive an undertaking to be even thought of? The answer to this question suggests at once how, amid all the injustice of our treatment of Californian land-owners, our whole history has illustrated the enormous vitality of formally lawful ownership in land. Yes: this delicate web, that our strength could seemingly so easily have trampled out of existence at once, became soon an iron net. The more we struggled with it, the more we became involved in its meshes. Infinitely more have we suffered in trying to escape from it, than we should have suffered had we never made a struggle. Infinitely more sorrow and money and blood has it cost us to try to get rid of our old obligations to the Californian land-owners, than it would have cost us to grant them all their original demands, just and unjust, at once. Doubt, insecurity, retarded progress, litigation without end, hatred, destruction of property, expenditure of money, bloodshed: all these have resulted for us from the fact that we tried as much as we did to defraud these Californians of the rights that we guaranteed to them at the moment of the conquest. And in the end, with all our toil; we escaped not from the net, and it binds our land-seekers still. But how all this wonder came about is a long story, indeed, whereof the squatter riot of '50 forms but a small part.

At all events, however, the critical character of the situation of California land-owners at the moment of the coming of the gold-seekers appears plain. That all the rights of the Californians should ultimately be respected was, indeed, in view of our rapacious Anglo-Saxon land-hunger, and of our national bigotry in dealing with Spanish Americans, impossible. But there were still two courses that our population might take with regard to the land. One would be the just-mentioned simple plan of a universal squatters' conspiracy. Had we agreed to disregard the land-titles by a sort of popular fiat, then, ere the Courts could be appealed to and the method of settling the land-titles ordained by Congress, the disregard of the claims of the natives might have gone so far in many places as to render any general restitution too expensive a luxury to be profitable. This procedure would have been analogous to that fashion of dealing with Indian reservations which our honest settlers have frequently resorted to. Atrociously wicked as such a conspiracy would have been, we ourselves, as has been suggested above, should have been in the long run the greatest sufferers, because the conspiracy could not have been successful enough to preserve us from fearful confusion of titles, from litigation and warfare without end. Yet this course, as we shall see, was practically the course proposed by the Sacramento squatters of '50, and for a time the balance hesitated between the choice of this and of the other course. The other course we actually adopted, and it was indeed the one peculiarly fitted to express just our national meanness and love of good order in one. This was the plan of legal recognition and equally legal spoliation of the Californians; a plan for which, indeed, no one man is responsible, since the coöperation of the community at large was needed, and obtained, to make the Land Act of '51 an instrument for evil and not for good. The devil's instrument it actually proved to be, by our friendly coöperation, and we have got our full share of the devil's wages of trouble for our ready use of it. But bad as this second course was, it was far better than the first, as in general the meanness and good order of an Anglo-Saxon community of money-seekers produce better results than the bolder rapacity and less legal brutality of certain other conquering and overbearing races.

This struggle, then, resulting in the triumph of good order over anarchy, we are here to follow in a particular instance. The legalized meanness that was to take the place of open rebellion disappears in the background, as we examine the immediate incidents of the struggle, and we almost forget what was to follow, in our interest in the moment. Let us rejoice as we can in an incident that shows us what, amid all our folly and weakness, is the real strength of our national character, and the real ground for trust in its higher future development.[1]

II.

In the winter of '49–'50, that winter of tedium, of rain, of mud, and of flood, the trouble began. The only contemporary record that I know bearing upon this controversy in that time, I did not mention above, because it is so brief and imperfect. Bayard Taylor, then traveling as correspondent for the "New York Tribune," had his attention attracted by the meetings of malcontents on the banks of the Sacramento. They were landless men, and they could not see why. These people, Taylor tells us,[2] "were located on the vacant lots which had been surveyed by the original owners of the town, and were by them sold to others. The emigrants, who supposed that the land belonged of right to the United States, boldly declared their intention of retaining possession of it. Each man voted himself a lot, defying the threats and remonstrances of the rightful owners. The town was greatly agitated for a time by these disputes; meetings were held by both parties, and the spirit of hostility ran to a high pitch. At the time of my leaving the country, the matter was still unsettled; but the flood which occurred soon after, by sweeping both squatters and speculators off the ground, balanced accounts, and left the field clear for a new start."

The papers of the following spring and summer refer a few times to these meetings. Taylor was wrong in supposing that the affair was to be ended in any fashion by the flood. More water does not make an Anglo-Saxon want less land, and this flood of '50 itself formed a curious part of the squatters' pretended chain of argument a little later, as we shall see. Much more efficacious in temporarily quelling the anger of the landless men was the happy but deceitful beginning of the spring of '50. Early fair weather sent hundreds to the mines, and put everybody into temporary good humor. Arguments gave place to hopes, and the landless men hunted in the mountains for the gold that Providence had deposited for the sake of filling just their pockets.

The intentions of Providence included, however, some late rains that spring. The streams would not fall, mining was delayed, provisions were exhausted in some of the mining camps, and a good many of the landless men went back to that city where they owned no land, abandoning their destined fortunes in the mountains, and turning their attention afresh to those ever charming questions about the inalienable rights of man to a jolly time and a bit of land. And then the trouble began to gather in earnest; although, to be sure, in that busy society it occupied a great place in the public attention only by fits and starts. The growth of the evil seems to have been steadier than the popular notion of its character and magnitude. But let us turn for an instant to glance at the general social condition of the city that was to pass through this trial.

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[1] The community owes to Mr. John S. Hittell a considerable moral debt for the earnestness with which, from a very early period, through good and evil report, he has maintained the just cause of the Californian landholders, and has pointed out the real character of our dealings with them. Many have felt and mentioned the injustice of our behavior; but nobody has more ably and steadfastly insisted on it than he, both in magazine articles, in newspaper work, and, later, in his valuable "History of San Francisco."

[2] Bayard Taylor, "Eldorado" (in his "Works," Household Edition), chap. xxvi., p. 279.

The "Sacramento Transcript," in its early numbers in the spring of '50, well expresses the cheerful side of the whole life of the early days. The new California world is so full of wonders, and the soul of the brave man is so full of youth and hope! Mr. F. C. Ewer, the joint editor with Mr. G. Kenyon Fitch, is a person of just the sort to voice this spirit of audacity, and of delight in life. "The opening of a new paper," he says (in No. 1 of the "Transcript," April 1, 1850, *absit omen*), "is like the planting of a tree. The hopes of many hearts cluster around it. . . . In the covert of its leaves all pure principles and high aims should find a home." As for the city, he tells us in the same issue, everything is looking well for its future. The weather is becoming settled, business activity is increasing, substantial buildings are springing up, health "reigns in our midst." The news from the mines is good. There is Murderers' Bar, for instance. Late reports make "its richness truly surprising": two ounces per day's work of a man for from one hundred to one hundred and fifty workers. To be sure, however, there has been a great rise in the waters, and a large portion of those holding leads have been obliged to suspend operations. But all that is a matter of time. When one turns from the contemplation of the mines, to the contemplation of the general condition of the country at large, one is struck with awe; for then one has to reflect on what the great American mind has already done. "Never has a country been more orderly, never has property been held more inviolable, or life more sacred, than in California for the last twelve or fourteen months." (Editorial, April 20.) "Is it strange, then, that this feeling of self-reliance should be so strong and broadcast in the land? With a country so rich in resources—so blest in a people to manage it—the future destiny of California is one of the sublimest subjects for contemplation that can be presented to the mind." (*Id.*) All this sublimity is, of course, quite consistent with occasional items about affrays and robberies of a somewhat primitive sort here and there in the sublime country; but such things do not decrease one's rapture. Surely "in that dawn 'twas bliss to be alive," and Mr. Ewer and Mr. Fitch were the generous youth to whom "to be young was heaven."

In such a good humor one finds, of course, time to write glowing accounts of the wondrously good society of Sacramento, of the great ball that those charming belles attended; that ball whose character was so select that every gentleman had to send in beforehand to the committee his application for tickets for himself and for the fair lady whom he intended to take, and had to buy a separate, presumably non-transferable, ticket for her; the ball whose brilliancy and high character, when the great evening came, surprised even Mr. Ewer, in this delightful wilderness of the Sacramento valley. Nor in such a period does one forget the fine arts of music and poetry. One's heaven-favored city is visited by Henri Herz, indubitably the greatest of living pianists, "every lineament" of whose face "marks the genius," and who is therefore comparable in this respect to Daniel Webster, to Keats, to Beethoven, and to Longfellow (see the "Transcript," of April 20). Herz plays the sublimest of music to an enraptured audience: "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Carnival of Venice," and, greatest of all, his own grand "Voyage Musicale," actually a medley of national songs, with passages of his own composition, illustrating the Rhine, the castles, the sunny vales of Bohemia, the Napoleonic wars, a storm at sea, and other similarly obvious and familiar experiences, even on unto his "California Polka," wherewith he concludes! It is divine, this artistic experience, and the story of it fills columns of the generous little paper. Furthermore, one writes even sonnets, and having first printed them, one later finds occasion to quote them one's self, since after all, one's own newspaper is a good place to be quoted in. The intellectual life of Sacramento is thus at the highest point. What shall such a community fear?

As for the "Placer Times," that paper, a little later, calls attention to the stability of Sacramento conditions. San Francisco is a restless place, but for Sacramento, the speculative era is past. Solid business, permanent and steady growth, now begin. All this, you must remember, is in the Spring of '50. The whole picture is really an enchanting one; and only a churl could fail to feel a quickened pulse-throb when he reads these generous and innocent outbursts of splendid courage in both the newspapers. Here is energy, high aim, appreciation of every hint at things beautiful and good; here is every element of promise, save any assurance of real steadfastness and wisdom. Are these qualities truly present? For the trial is coming, and by another year these two papers will be as realistic and commonplace as you please. Will their purposes and those of the community gain in wisdom and in tried purity what they must lose of the bloom and beauty of a childlike delight in novelty?

III.

On April 23, 1850, there appears in the "Transcript," for the first time, an advertisement that announces as "just published," and now for sale, a "translation of the papers respecting the grant made by Governor Alvarado to 'Mr. Augustus Sutter,' showing that said grant does not extend any further *south* than the mouth of Feather river, and, therefore, of course, does not embrace Sacramento City." This document could be bought for fifty cents. I have never seen the pamphlet itself, which contained some comments that would now have much interest; but the course of its argument, at all events when taken together with the other popular squatter talk of the time, is made plain by subsequent discussions in the newspapers. John Sutter, the squatters intend to show, has no claim, save, of course, as squatter himself, to the land on which Sacramento is built. Frémont found him here; but then he was, for all that, just a squatter. For, behold, what becomes of his boasted grant, when you turn a keen American eye upon it? In the first place, it is incomplete, since no evidence is produced that the central government in Mexico ever sanctioned it. Furthermore, it is informal, if you will insist upon legal technicalities at all. For we will let land speculators have all the law that they want, if it is law that they are talking about. The grant is to "Mr. Augustus Sutter." Is that the Sutter known to us as the great captain? Still more, the grant is within a tract that is to have Feather river for its *eastern* boundary. Is the Feather river east of Sacramento? Yet again, the grant is especially framed to exclude land overflowed in winter. Let the land speculators, who were lately driven off their precious possessions by the flood, read and ponder this provision. Can you float in boats over a grant that is carefully worded to exclude the overflowed tracts near the river? Best of all, however, is the evidence of figures that cannot lie. Sutter's grant is not only too informal and ill-defined, but it is also far too formal and well-defined to afford the speculators any shadow of excuse for their claims. For the latitude of the tract granted is limited by the outside boundaries recorded in the document. The southern boundary is, however, expressly stated as latitude 38° 41′ 32″ And this parallel is some miles north of the city, crossing the Sacramento river, in fact, not far above its junction with the Feather. This is conclusive. The inalienable rights of man are no longer to be resisted by means of such a title as this one. The public domain is free to all. And Sacramento is obviously upon the public domain.

Such was the contention for which this pamphlet undertook to state the basis. Many a man has heard the old story repeated in lawsuits occurring years after that time. Early in the seventies the California Supreme Court Decisions contain a settlement on appeal of a suit in which the appellant, resisting a title in the city of Sacramento derived from the Sutter grant, has managed still, after all State and national decisions, to present as a forlorn hope the old argument about the latitudes. The argument is, of course, at that date, promptly rejected, but one watches with interest the reptilian tenacity of its venomous life. The whole case had received, as late as 1864,[1] the honor of restatement in the records of the United States Supreme Court, by the help of Attorney-General Black, who never missed an opportunity of abusing a Californian Land Grant title. The Court, indeed, had failed to recognize the force of the argument.

And yet, even in 1850, this chain of squatter reasoning seems, as one reads it, to express rather a genuine American humor than any sincere opinion of anybody's. It is so plain that the squatter, annoyed by the show of legal right made by the other side, has determined, in a fit of half-amused vexation, to give the "speculators" all the law they want, "hot and heavy." It is so plain, too, that what he really means is to assert his right to make game of any Mexican title, and to take up land wherever he wants it. For every item of his contention is a mere quibble, which would have been harmless enough, no doubt, in court proceedings, but which at such a moment, when urged with a view to disturbing the public mind of an established community, could easily become a very dangerous incitement to disorder and violence. Every Californian land title had, of course, to be interpreted with reference to the conditions under which it was given. Substantial rights could not be left at the mercy of quibbles about matters of detail. A *bona fide* grant to Sutter, intended to include his "establishment at New Helvetia," could not be ignored because its boundaries were awkwardly described, nor because a surveyor, with poor and primitive instruments, had blundered about the latitude both of the northern and of the southern boundary, after Sutter's petition had described both of them with sufficient clearness by the natural landmarks. Nobody, for instance, could have pretended that by Sutter's Buttes, the "*Tres Picos*" of the grant, must be meant some imaginary point out in the plains to the north, merely because the surveyor, Vioget, had erred about the latitude of the peaks, so that the grant put them just north of the northern outside boundary, while the line of latitude named for that boundary actually ran north of those familiar landmarks themselves. The *Tres Picos* formed an evidence of the true northern boundary of the tract in question, that was worth far more than Vioget's figures; for the peaks are visible, and the lines of latitude are "merely conventional signs," after all. The figures did in fact lie, and Vioget at this time, so soon as the trouble had begun, frankly confessed his old error, in an affidavit signed by him at San Francisco. There had been a constant error in latitude in his work, he averred, and by the southern boundary in latitude 38° 41′ 32″ he had meant "the estimated latitude of a point of land on the east bank of the Sacramento river, on the high ground south of the lagunas, below a town now called Sutter, and distant about four and one half miles in a southerly direction from Sutter's fort."[2] As for the argument about the exclusion of the overflowed lands, that capped the climax of the squatter humor. The flood was, indeed, a land-speculator whom no one could gainsay, and to its writs of ejectment nobody made successful resistance. But then, if one calls his beloved tract of firm land swamp-land, because a great flood has driven him from it, one is understood to be amusing himself with hard words.

Here, then, was the outer armor in which the squatter doctrine encased itself. Its inner life was a very different thing. "Captain Sutter," said a squatter correspondent of the "Placer Times," "settles this question himself, by plainly declaring with his own lips that he *has* no title to this place, but he *hopes* Congress will *give* him one." These words of the correspondent are false on their face, but they express truthfully enough the spirit of the squatter contention. Sutter "*has*," indeed, as yet, no patent from the United States, and he "*hopes*" that Congress will pass some law that will protect his right to his land. So much is true. But when a squatter interprets Sutter's position as this correspondent does, he plainly means that there are at present no legally valid Mexican land titles in the country, since Congress, the representative of the conquering power, has so far passed no law confirming those titles. The squatter wants, then, to make out that Mexican land grants, or at the very least, all in any wise imperfect or informal grants, have in some fashion lapsed with the conquest; and that in a proper legal sense the owners of these grants are no better than squatters themselves, unless Congress shall do what they "*hope*," and shall pass some act to give them back the land that they used to own before the conquest. That the squatters somehow held this strange idea about the grants, is to my mind pretty plain. The big Mexican grant was to them obviously an un-American institution, a creation of a benighted people. What was the good of the conquest, if it did not make our enlightened American ideas paramount in the country? Unless, then, Congress, by some freak, should restore to these rapacious speculators their old benighted legal *status*, they would have no land. Meanwhile, of course, the settlers were to be as well off as the others. So their thoughts ran.

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[1] U. S. Reports, 2 Wallace, 575.

[2] "Transcript" for June 8; see also "Placer Times" of the same date.

Intelligent men could hold this view only in case they had already deliberately determined that the new-coming population, as such, ought to have the chief legal rights in the country. This view was, after all, a very obvious one. Providence, you see, and manifest destiny were understood in those days to be on our side, and absolutely opposed to the base Mexican. To Providence the voyagers on the way to California had appealed at Panama, when they called on General Persifer Smith to make his famous proclamation, excluding foreigners from the Californian mines. "Providence," they in effect declared, "has preserved the treasures of those gold fields all through these years of priestcraft and ignorance in California, for us Americans. Let the government protect us now."[1] Providence is known to be opposed to every form of oppression; and grabbing eleven leagues of land is a great oppression. And so the worthlessness of Mexican land titles is evident.

Of course, the squatters would have disclaimed very generally so naked a statement as this of their position. But when we read in one squatter's card[2] that "surely Sutter's grant does not entitle to a monopoly of all the lands in California, which were purchased by the treasure of the whole nation, and by no small amount of the best blood that ever coursed or ran through American veins," the same writer's formal assurance that Sutter ought to have his eleven leagues whenever they can be found and duly surveyed, cannot blind us to the true spirit of the argument. What has this "best blood" to do with the Sutter grant? The connection in the writer's mind is only too obvious. He means that the "best blood" won for us a right to harass great land owners. In another of these expressions of squatter opinion I have found the assertion that the land speculators stand on a supposed old Mexican legal right of such as themselves to take up the whole territory of California, in sections of eleven leagues each, by some sort of Mexican preemption. If a squatter persists in understanding the land owners' position in this way, his contempt for it is as natural as his wilful determination to make game of all native Californian claims is obvious.

But possibly the squatters would not have shown, and in fact would not have developed, their doctrine as fully as they in the end did, had not events hastened on a crisis With mere argument no squatter was content. He was a squatter, not because he theoretically assailed Sutter's title, but because he actually squatted on land that belonged to somebody else. In order to do this successfully, the squatters combined into a "Settlers' Association." They employed a surveyor, and issued to their members "squatter-titles," which were simply receipts given by the surveyor, who was also recorder of the Association, each certifying that A. B. had paid the regular fee for the mapping out of a certain vacant lot of land, 40 x 160, within the limits of the town of Sacramento. The receipts have the motto, "The public domain is free to all."[1] The Association announced its readiness to insist, by its combined force, upon the rights of its members.

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[1] See the "Panama Star," in the early part of '49.

[2] "Transcript," June 21, 1850.

A member, who has already been quoted, wrote to the "Placer Times," that "with the Sutter men there has been and is now money and power, and some of them are improving every opportunity to trouble and oppress the *peaceable*, *hard-working*, *order-loving*, and law-abiding settler, which, in the absence of the mass of the people in the mines, they do with comparative impunity." The italics are his own. The letter concluded with an assurance that the settlers were organized to maintain what "country, nature, and God" had given to them. The mention of the "absence of the people in the mines" is very characteristic of the purposes of the squatters; and the reference to "country, nature, and God" illustrates once more the spirit of the movement.

As for this "absence of the people," the squatters plainly hoped for much in the way of actual aid from the mining population, whenever it should return for another rainy season. That system of land-tenure which was so healthful in the mining districts, where things went on as Mr. Charles Shinn has recently so well described in his "Mining Camps," was not just the best school for teaching a proper respect in the presence of Mexican land grants. Frémont's later experience in the matter of the Mariposa grant proved that clearly enough. And not only the miners, but also the newly arriving emigrants, were expected to help the squatter interest, and to overwhelm the speculators. In an editorial on squatterism, the "Placer Times"[1] expressed not ill-founded fears, as follows: "Reckless of all principle," it said, the squatters "have determined to risk all hopes upon the chances of an immediate and combined effort, as upon the hazard of a die." They hope, the editorial continued, to overcome all resistance for the moment, and to get the land. Then they will have a colorable show of title; surveys and associated action of other sorts will make the thing look formal; and there will be the law's delay. Then the immigration of strangers from the plains will come in with the autumn, undisciplined by our system, untutored by our customs, ignorant of our laws, and wholly actuated by a desire for rapid and enlarged accumulation." These will finish the mischief. "Through their thronging ranks the apostles of squatterism" will "penetrate far and wide, disseminating radical and subversive doctrines, and contending for an indiscriminate ownership of property by the whole people, qualified only by a right of possession in the actual possessor." The editor, of course, considered a conflict imminent when he wrote these words. And what makes me think his notion of the significance of the squatter movement correct, is, in addition to what has been mentioned above, the fact that the squatters continued to assert their claims more and more violently and publicly from this time till the end, but never took any pains to allay the very natural alarm that they had thus aroused as to their true intentions. The movement was plainly an agragrian and ultra-American movement, opposed to all great land owners, and especially to all these Mexican grantees.

The appeal quoted above, to "nature, country, and God," is also, as I have said, characteristic of the spirit of the movement. The writer of the letter in question is very probably no other than the distinguished squatter-leader, Doctor Charles Robinson himself, a man to whom the movement seems to have owed nearly all its ability. And when we speak of Doctor Robinson, we have to do with no insignificant demagogue or unprincipled advocate of wickedness, but with a high-minded and conscientious man, who chanced just then to be in the devil's service, but who served the devil honestly, thoughtfully, and, so far as he could, dutifully, believing him to be an angel of light. This future Free-Soil governor of Kansas, this cautious, clear-headed, and vigorous anti-slavery champion of the troublous days before the war, who has since survived so many bitter quarrels with old foes and old friends, to enjoy, now at last, his peaceful age at his home in Lawrence, Kansas, is not a man of whom one may speak with contempt, however serious his error in Sacramento may seem. He was a proper hero for this tragic comedy, and "nature, country, and God" were his guiding ideals. Only you must understand the character that these slightly vague ideals seem to have assumed in his mind. He was a newcomer of '49, and hailed from Fitchburg, Massachusetts. He was a college graduate, had studied medicine, had afterwards rebelled against the technicalities of the code of his local association, and had become an independent practitioner. His friends and interests, as his whole subsequent career showed, were with the party of the cultivated New England Radicals of that day. And these cultivated Radicals of the anti-slavery generation, and especially of Massachusetts, were a type in which an impartial posterity will take a huge delight; for they combined so characteristically shrewdness, insight, devoutness, vanity, idealism, and self-worship. To speak of them, of course, in the rough, and as a mass, not distinguishing the leaders from the rank and file, nor blaspheming the greater names, they were usually believers in quite abstract ideals; men who knew how to meet God "in the bush" whenever they wanted, and so avoided him in the mart and the crowded street; men who had "dwelt cheek by jowl, since the day" they were "born, with the Infinite Soul," and whose relations with him were like those of any man with his own private property. This Infinite that they worshiped was, however, in his relations to the rest of the world, too often rather abstract, a *Deus absconditus*, who was as remote from the imperfections and absurdities of the individual laws and processes of human society, as he was near to the hearts of his chosen worshipers. From him they got a so-called Higher Law. As it was ideal, and, like its author, very abstract, it was far above the erring laws of men, and it therefore relieved its obedient servants from all entangling earthly allegiances. If the constitution upon which our sinful national existence depended, and upon which our only hope of better things also depended, was contradicted by this Higher Law, then the constitution was a "league with hell," and anybody could set up for himself, and he and the Infinite might carry on a government of their own.

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[1] "Placer Times," June 7th.

[1] Weekly edition, June 29th.

These Radicals were, indeed, of the greatest value to our country. To a wicked and corrupt generation they preached the gospel of a pure idealism fervently and effectively. If our generation does not produce just such men, it is because the best men of our time have learned from them, and have absorbed their fervent and lofty idealism into a less abstract and a yet purer doctrine. The true notion, as we all, of course, have heard, is, that there is an ideal of personal and social perfection far above our natural sinful ways, but not on that account to be found or served by separating ourselves, or our lives, or our private judgments, from the social order, nor by rebelling against this whole frame of human error and excellence. This divine ideal is partly and haltingly realized in just these erring social laws—for instance, in the land laws of California—and we have to struggle in and for the actual social order, and cannot hope to reach the divine by sulking in the bush, nor by crying in the streets about our private and personal Higher Law, nor by worshiping any mere abstraction. That patient loyalty to the actual social order is the great reformer's first duty; that a service of just this erring humanity, with its imperfect and yet beautiful system of delicate and highly organized relationships, is the best service that a man can render to the Ideal; that he is the best idealist who casts away as both unreal and unideal the vain private imaginings of his own weak brain, whenever he catches a glimpse of any higher and wider truth: all this lesson we, like other peoples and generations, have to study and learn. The Transcendentalists, by their very extravagances, have helped us towards this goal; but we must be pardoned if we learn from them with some little amusement. For when we are amused at them, we are amused at ourselves, since only by these very extravagances in our own experience do we ever learn to be genuine and sensible idealists.

Well, Dr. Robinson, also, had evidently learned much, in his own way, from teachers of this school. The complex and wearisome details of Spanish Law plainly do not interest him, since he is at home in the divine Higher Law. Concrete rights of rapacious land speculators in Sacramento are unworthy of the attention of one who sees so clearly into the abstract rights of Man. God is not in the Sutter grant, that is plain. It is the mission of the squatters to introduce the divine justice into California: no absurd justice that depends upon erroneous lines of latitude, and establishments at New Helvetia, and other like blundering details of dark Spanish days, but the justice that can be expressed in grand abstract formulæ, and that will hear of no less arbiter than the United States Supreme Court at the very nearest, and is quite independent of local courts and processes.

For the rest, Dr. Robinson added to his idealism the aforesaid Yankee shrewdness, and to his trust in God considerable ingenuity in raising funds to keep the squatter association at work. He wrote well and spoke well. He was thoroughly in earnest, and his motives seem to me above any suspicion of personal greed. He made out of this squatter movement a thing of real power, and was, for the time, a very dangerous man.

Thus led and moved, the squatter association might easily have become the center of a general revolutionary movement of the sort above described. All depended on the tact of the Sacramento community in dealing with it. If the affair came to open bloodshed, the public sentiment aroused would depend very much upon where the fault of the first violence was judged to lie. The mass of people throughout the State looked on such quarrels, so long as they avoided open warfare, with a mixture of amusement, vexation, and indifference. Amusement they felt in watching any moderate quarrel; vexation they felt with all these incomprehensible land grants, that covered so much good land and made so many people trip; and indifference largely mingled with it all, at the thought of home, and of the near fortune that would soon relieve the average Californian from all the accursed responsibilities of this maddening and fascinating country. But should the "land speculators" seem the aggressors, should the squatters come to be looked upon as an oppressed band of honest poor men, beaten and murdered by high-handed and greedy men of wealth, then Robinson might become a hero, and the squatter movement, under his leadership, might have the whole sympathetic American public at its back, and the consequences we can hardly estimate.

How did the community, as represented by its generous-hearted papers, meet the crisis? Both these newspapers of Sacramento were, as the reader sees, editorially opposed to the squatters. They bandied back and forth accusations of lukewarmness in this opposition. But in July the "Transcript," not formally changing its attitude, still began to give good reason for the accusation that it was a little disposed to favor squatterism. For, while it entirely ceased editorial comment, it began to print lengthy and very readable accounts of the squatter meetings, thus giving the squatters just the help with the disinterested public that they desired, and preparing for the historical student some amusing material. By the beginning of July the arguments were all in; the time for free abuse and vigorous action had come. Yet it is just then that this paper, whose motives were but yesterday so pure and lofty, shows much more of its good humor than of its wisdom, and so actually abets the squatter-movement.

IV.

THE reader needs at this point no assurance that the quarrel was quite beyond any chance of timely settlement by an authoritative trial of the Sutter title itself. Such a trial was, of course, just what the squatters themselves were anxious to await. It was on the impossibility of any immediate and final judicial settlement that their whole movement depended. Mr. William Carey Jones's famous report on California Land Titles reached the State only during the very time of this controversy. Congress had, as yet, made no provision for the settlement of California Land Claims. The Supreme Court was a great way off; hence the vehemence and the piety of squatter appeals to God and the Supreme Court. Regular settlement being thus out of the question, some more summary process was necessary to protect the rights of land-owners. In the first session of the State Legislature, which had taken place early in this year, the landed interest seems to have been fairly strong, apparently by virtue of certain private compromises, which one can trace through the history of the Constitutional Convention at Monterey, and which had been intended both to meet the political exigencies of the moment, and to further the personal ambitions of two or three men. The result had been the establishment in California of a procedure already known elsewhere. The "Act Concerning Unlawful Entry and Forcible Detainer" provided a summary process for ejecting any forcible trespasser upon the land of a previous peaceable occupant, who had himself had any color of right. This summary process was not to be resorted to in case the question of title properly entered into the evidence introduced in defense by the supposed trespasser. The act, therefore, was especially intended to meet the case of the naked trespasser, or squatter, who, without pretense of title, took possession of land that was previously in the peaceable possession of anybody. The act provided for his ejection, with the addition of penalties; and its framers had, of course, no intention to make it any substitute for a judicial determination of title.

To this act some of the land owners of Sacramento now appealed for help. Moreover, as they were in control of the city council, they proceeded to pass, amid the furious protests of the squatters, a municipal ordinance, forbidding any one to erect tents, or shanties, or houses, or to heap lumber or other encumbrances, upon any vacant lot belonging to a private person, or upon any public street. The land owners also formed a "Law and Order Association," and printed in the papers a notice of their intention to defend to the last their property under the Sutter title. They began to drill companies of militia. A few personal encounters took place in various vacant lots, where owners tried to prevent the erection of fences or shanties. Various processes were served upon squatters, and executed. The squatter association itself plainly suffered a good deal from the internal jealousies or from the mutual indifference of its members. Only the ardor of Doctor Robinson prevented an utter failure of its organization long before the crisis. In the latter part of June, and for some time in July, the movement fell into the background of public attention. The "Transcript" helped it out again into prominence. But the squatters themselves longed for a newspaper of their own, and sent, it is said, for a press and type. They were accused, meanwhile, of threats to fire the town in case their cause was put down. But, after all, their best chance of immediate success lay in raising money to resist the suits brought against them; and to this course Doctor Robinson, although he had conscientious scruples about the authority of any California law, urged his followers as to the most expedient present device. At a meeting reported in the "Transcript" for July 2d, one squatter objected to going to law. It was unnecessary, he said; for this whole thing of the Sutter title was illegal. He was answered by one Mr. Milligan, to the effect that the object was to keep their enemies at bay until the question could be brought before a legal tribunal, where justice could be done. Mr. Milligan was then sent about in the country to the "brother squatters," who were so numerous near Sacramento, for subscriptions. In a meeting narrated in the "Transcript" for July 4th, he reported imperfect success. Some of the brethren were not at home; one told the story about the man who got rich by minding his own business; few had money to spare. Doctor Robinson had some reassuring remarks in reply to this report, and Mr. Milligan himself then made an eloquent speech. "The squatters were men of firmness; their cause had reached the States; they had many hearty sympathizers on the Atlantic shores." His thoughts became yet wider in their sweep, as he dwelt on the duty of never yielding to oppression. "He saw, a few days ago, a crowd of Chinese emigrants in this land; he hoped to be able to send through these people the intelligence to the Celestial Empire that the Emperor don't own all the land in the world, and so he hoped the light would soon shine in Calcutta—throughout India, and Bengal, and Botany Bay, and lift up the cloud of moral darkness and rank oppression." This Oriental enthusiasm reads very delightfully in these days, and is worth preserving.

By the time of the meeting of July 24th, which was held in "Herkimer Hall," and was reported in the "Transcript" of the 25th, the talk was a little less world-embracing, and the feeling keener. Some land owners had taken the law into their own hands, and had been tearing down a fence erected by squatters. Doctor Robinson announced that he would help to put up that fence next day, whereupon rose one Mr. McClatchy. He was a law-abiding citizen, but would submit to no injustice. He would rather fight than collect subscriptions, any day. If land owners wanted to fight, let them fight, and the devil take the hindmost. "Let us put up all the fences pulled down, and let us put up all the men who pulled them down." This last suggestion was greeted with great applause and stamping.

Doctor Robinson introduced resolutions, declaring, among other strong words, that "if the bail of an arrested squatter be refused, simply because the bondsman is not a landholder under Captain Sutter, we shall consider all executions issued in consequence thereof as acts of illegal force, and shall act accordingly." In urging his resolutions, he pointed out how the land speculators' doctrine about land grants would certainly result in the oppression of the poor man all over California. "Was this right? Was it a blessing? If so, Ireland was blessed, and all other oppressed countries. Would any Anglo-Saxon endure this? The Southern slave was not worse treated." Doctor Robinson dwelt on the low character of these speculators. Look at the Mayor, at the councilmen, and the rest. "There were no great minds among them. And yet these were the men who claimed the land. Can such men be men of principle?" He thought that "we should abide by all just laws, not unjust."

Mr. McClatchy now pointed out that God's laws were above man's laws, and that God gave man the earth for his heritage. In this instance, however, the laws of our own land, whenever, of course, we could appeal to them in the Supreme Court, were surely on our side, and so seconded God's law. "If the land-holders," he said, winding up his philosophic train of thought, "act as they do, we shall be obliged to lick 'em."

A Mr. Burke was proud to feel that by their language that evening they had already been violating those city ordinances which forbade assemblages for unlawful ends. "A fig for their laws; they have no laws." "Mr. Burke," says the report," was game to the last—all fight—and was highly applauded." The resolutions were readily adopted, and the meeting adjourned in a state of fine enthusiasm.

In the second week of August a case under the "Unlawful Entry and Forcible Detainer Act" came before the County Court, Willis, Judge, on appeal from a justice's court of the city. The squatter's association appealed, on the ground that the plaintiff in the original suit had shown no true title to the land. The justice had decided that under the evidence the squatter in question was a naked trespasser, who made for himself no pretense of title, and that, therefore, in a trial under the act, the question of title had not properly entered as part of the evidence at all. The appeal was made from this decision, and was promptly dismissed. The squatters were furious. Sutter had no title, and a man was a squatter on the land for just that reason; and yet when the courts were appealed to for help in sustaining the settler, they thus refused to hear the grounds of his plea, and proposed to eject him as a trespasser. Well, the United States Courts could be appealed to some time. One could well afford to wait for them, if only the process under the State act could be stayed, and the squatter left in peaceable possession meanwhile. To this end, one must appeal to the State Supreme Court. But alas! Judge Willis, when asked in court, after he had rendered decision, for a stay of proceedings pending appeal to the State Supreme Court, replied, somewhat informally, in conversation with the attorneys, that it was not clear to him whether the act in question or any other law permitted appeal from the County Court's decision in a case like this. He took the matter under advisement. But the squatters present, in a fit of rage, misunderstood the Judge's hesitating remark. They rushed from the court to excited meetings outside, and spread abroad the news that Judge Willis had not only decided against them, but had decided that from him there was no appeal. Woe to such laws and to such judges! The law betrays us. We will appeal to the Higher Law. The processes of the courts shall not be served!

Doctor Robinson was not unequal to the emergency. At once he sent out notices, calling a mass-meeting of "squatters and others interested," to take place the same evening, August 10th. It was Saturday, and when night came a large crowd of squatters, of land-owners, and of idlers, had gathered. The traditional leisure of Saturday night made a great part of the assembly as cheerful as it was eager for novelty and interested in this affair. Great numbers were there simply to see fair play; and this general public, in their characteristically American good-humor, were quite unwilling to recognize any sort of seriousness in the occasion. These jolly onlookers interrupted the squatter orators, called for E. J. C. Kewen and Sam Brannan as representatives of the land-owners, listened to them awhile, interrupted them when the thing grew tedious, and enjoyed the utter confusion that for the time reigned on the platform. At length the crowd were ready for Doctor Robinson and his inevitable resolutions. He, for his part, was serious enough. He had been a moderate man, he said, but the time for moderation was past. He was ready to have his corpse left on his own bit of land, ere he would yield his rights. Then he read his resolutions, which sufficiently denounced Judge Willis and the laws; and thereafter he called for the sense of the meeting. Dissenting voices rang out, but the resolutions received a loud affirmative vote, and were declared carried. The regular business of the meeting was now done; but for a long time yet, various ambitious speakers mounted the platform and sought to address the crowd, which amused itself by roaring at them, or by watching them pushed from their high place.

Next day Doctor Robinson was early at work, drawing up in his own way a manifesto to express the sense of his party. It was a very able and reckless document. Robinson had found an unanswerable fashion of stating the ground for devotion to the Higher Law, as opposed to State Law. There was, the paper reminded the people, no true State here at all; for Congress had not admitted California as yet, and it was still a mere Territory. What the Legislature in San José had done was no law-making. It had passed some "rules" which had merely "advisory force." These were, some of them, manifestly unconstitutional and oppressive. The act now in question was plainly of this nature. Worst of all, the courts organized by this advisory body now refused an appeal from their own decisions even to the Supreme Court of the State. Such a decision, thus cutting off an appeal on a grave question of title, that could in fact be settled only by the Supreme Court of the United States, was not to be endured. The settlers were done with such law that was no law. "The people in this community called settlers, and others who are friends of justice and humanity, in consideration of the above, have determined to disregard all decisions of our courts in land cases, and all summonses or executions by the sheriff, constable, or other officer of the present county or city touching this matter. They will regard the said officers as private citizens, as in the eyes of the constitution they are, and hold them responsible accordingly." If, then, the document went on to say, the officers in question appeal to force, the settlers "have deliberately resolved to appeal to arms, and protect their sacred rights, if need be, with their lives."

The confused assent of the Saturday night torchlight meeting to a manifesto of this sort, an assent such as the previous resolutions had gained, would have been worth very little. Where were the men and the arms? Doctor Robinson was man enough himself to know what this sort of talk must require, if it was to have meaning. But what he did, he can best tell. In his tent, after the crisis, was found an unfinished letter to a friend in the East. It was plainly never intended for the public eye, and may surely be accepted as a perfectly sincere statement. The newspapers published it as soon as it was found, and from the "Placer Times" of Aug. 15th, I have it noted down.

The date is Monday, the 12th of August. "Since writing you, we have seen much, and experienced much of an important character, as well as much excitement. . . . The County Judge on Saturday morning declared that from his decision there should be no appeal." Then the letter proceeds to tell how the meeting was called, as narrated above. The call "was responded to by both parties, and the speculators, as aforetime, attempted to talk against time. On the passage of a series of resolutions presented by your humble servant, there were about three ayes to one nay, although the "Transcript" said that they were about equal. Sunday morning I drew up a manifesto, carried it to church, paid one dollar for preaching, helped them sing, showed it to a lawyer, to see if my position was correct *legally*, and procured the printing of it in handbills and in the paper, after presenting it to a private meeting of friends for their approval, which I addressed at some length. After a long talk for the purpose of comforting a gentleman just in from the plains, and who, the day before, had buried his wife, whom he loved most tenderly, and a few days previous to that had lost his son, I threw myself upon my blankets, and 'seriously thought of the morrow.'

"What will be the result? Shall I be borne out in my position? On whom can I depend? How many of those who are squatters will come out, if there is a prospect of a fight? Have I strictly defined our position in the bill? Will the *world*, the *universe*, and *God* say it is *just*, etc.? Will you call me rash, if I tell you that I took these steps to this point when I could get but twenty-five men to pledge themselves on paper to sustain me, and many of them, I felt, were timid? Such was the case."

In the night we deal, if we like, with the world, the universe, and God. In the morning we have to deal with such things as the Sheriff, the Mayor, and the writs of the County Court—things with which, as we have already learned from the squatters, God has nothing whatever to do. One wonders, in passing, whether the church in which Doctor Robinson so lustily sang, and so cheerfully paid his dollar, that bright August Sunday, was Doctor Benton's. If so, the settlers' leader surely must have noticed a contrast between his own God of the Higher Law, and the far more concrete Deity that this preacher always presented to his audiences. That orthodox Deity, whatever else may have seemed doubtful about him, was surely conceived and presented as having very definite and living relationships to all rulers who bear not the sword in vain. And nobody, whatever his own philosophic or theological views, ought to have any hesitation as to which of these conceptions is the worthier of a good citizen. And now, to state this crisis in a heathen fashion, we may say that the concrete Deity of the actual law, and Doctor

Robinson's ideal abstract Deity of the Higher Law, were about to enter into open warfare, with such temporary result as the relative strength of unwise city authorities and weak-kneed squatters might determine. For, to such earthen vessels are the great ideals, good and evil, entrusted on this earth.

V.

Morning came, and with it the printed manifesto. The city, with all its show of care and all its warnings during the last few months, was wholly unprepared for proper resistance to organized rebellion. The populace were aroused, crowds ran to and fro, rumors flew thick and fast. Doctor Robinson was found on a lot, at the corner of Second and N Streets, where the Sheriff was expected to appear to serve a writ. By adroitness in making speeches, and by similar devices, the Doctor collected and held, in apparent sympathy with himself, a crowd of about two hundred, whom he desired to have appear as all squatters, and all "men of valor."[1] Meanwhile, names were enrolled by him as volunteers for immediate action, a military commander of the company was chosen—one Maloney, a veteran of the Mexican War—and in all some fifty men were soon under arms. Mayor Bigelow now approached on horseback, and from the saddle addressed the crowd. It would be best, he said, for them to disperse, otherwise there might be trouble. Doctor Robinson was spokesman in answer. "I replied," he says, in his letter, "most respectfully, that we were assembled to injure no one, and to assail no one who left us alone. We were on our own property, with no hostile intentions while unmolested." The Mayor galloped off, and was soon followed to his office by a little committee of the squatters, Doctor Robinson once more spokesman. They wanted, so they said, to explain their position, so that there could be no mistake. They were anxious to avoid bloodshed, and begged Bigelow to use his influence to prevent service of the processes of the Court. Doctor Robinson understood the Mayor to promise to use the desired influence in a private way, and as a peace-loving citizen. They then warned him that, if advantage should be taken of their acceptance of his assurance, and if writs were served in the absence of their body of armed men, they would hold him and the Sheriff responsible according to their proclamation. The "Placer Times" of Tuesday morning declares that the Mayor's reply assured the squatters of his intention to promise nothing but a strict enforcement of the law.

Dr. Robinson's letter seems to have been written just after this interview. In the evening the rumor was prevalent that a warrant was out for his arrest and that of the other ringleaders. Many squatters, very variously and sometimes amusingly armed, still hung about the disputed lot of land. On Tuesday, possibly because of the Mayor's supposed assurance, the squatters were less wary. Their enemies took advantage of their dispersed condition, and arrested the redoubtable McClatchy, with one other leader. These they took to the "prison brig," out in the river. In the afternoon the Sheriff quietly put the owners of the disputed lot in possession, apparently in the absence of squatters. The Mayor's assurance, if he had given one, was thus seen to be ineffective. There was no appeal now left the squatters but to powder and ball.

It seems incredible, but it is true, that Wednesday morning, August 14th, found the authorities still wholly unprepared to overawe the lawless defenders of the Higher Law. When the squatters assembled, some thirty or forty in number, all armed, and "men of valor," this time; when they marched under Maloney's leadership to the place on Second Street, and once more drove off the owners; when they then proceeded down to the levee, intending to go out to the prison-brig and rescue their friends; when they gave up this idea, and marched along I Street to Second in regular order, Maloney in front with a drawn sword, there was *no* force visible ready to disperse them; and they were followed by a crowd of unarmed citizens, who were hooting and laughing at them.[1] Reaching the corner of Second Street, they turned into that street, passed on until J Street was reached, and then marched out J towards Fourth Street.

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[1] See his letter, after the passage quoted above.

At this point Mayor Bigelow appeared in the rear of the crowd of sight-seeing followers, on horseback, and called upon good citizens to help him to disperse the rioters at once. His courage was equal to his culpable carelessness in having no better force at hand; but to his call a few of the unarmed citizens replied (men such as Dr. Stillman himself, for instance) that the squatters could not be gotten rid of so easily by a mere *extempore* show of authority, since they surely meant to fire if molested. The Mayor denied, confidently, this possibility; the squatters were plainly, to his mind, but a crew of blustering fellows, who meant nothing that would lead them into danger. He rode on into the crowd of citizen followers, repeating his call; and the mass of this crowd gaily obeyed. Three cheers for the Mayor were given, and the improvised *posse*, led by Mayor and Sheriff, ran on in pursuit of their game. Only one who has seen an American street-crowd in a moment of popular excitement, can understand the jolly and careless courage that prevailed in this band, or their total lack of sense of what the whole thing meant. On J Street, at the corner of Fourth, Maloney of the drawn sword turned to look, and lo! the Mayor, with the Sheriff, and with the little army, was in pursuit. The moment of vengeance for broken promises had come. Promptly the squatter company wheeled, drew into line across Fourth, and awaited the approach of the enemy, taking him thus in flank. Undaunted, the Mayor rode up, and voiced the majesty of the law by ordering the squatters to lay down their arms, and to give themselves up as prisoners. The citizen army cheerfully crowded about Bigelow, and in front of the armed rioters, curious to watch the outcome, anxious, it would seem, to enjoy a joke, incredulous of any danger from the familiar boasters. Armed and unarmed men seem to have been huddled together in confusion, beside the Mayor and the Sheriff.

The squatters did not choose to say anything in answer to the Mayor. Even as he spoke, they were talking among themselves. Maloney was heard giving directions in a voice of command. "The Mayor!" he said emphatically; "Shoot the Mayor!" and at the word a volley sounded.

Men standing further down the street saw the crowd scatter in all directions, and in a moment more saw the Mayor's horse dash riderless toward the river. Those nearer by saw how armed men among the citizens, with a quick reaction, fired their pistols, and closed in on the rioters. Maloney fell dead. Doctor Robinson lay severely wounded. On the side of the citizens, Woodland, the City Assessor, was shot dead. The Mayor himself, thrice severely wounded, had staggered a few steps after dropping from his horse, and fallen on the pavement.

In all, three squatters were killed, and one was wounded; one of the citizens' party was killed, and four were wounded, in this brief moment of war. Like a lightning flash the battle came and was done. The array of the squatters melted away like a mist when the two leaders were seen to fall; the confused mass of the citizens, shocked and awe-stricken when they were not terrified, waited no longer on the field than the others, but scattered wildly. A few moments later, when Dr. Stillman returned with his shot-gun, which, on the first firing, he had gone but half a block to get, the street was quite empty of armed men. He waited for some time to see any one in authority. At length Lieutenant-Governor McDougal appeared, riding at full speed, "his face very pale."

"Get all the armed men you can," he said, "and rendezvous at Fowler's hotel."

"I went to the place designated," says Doctor Stillman, "and there found a few men, who had got an old iron ship's gun, mounted on a wooden truck; to its axles was fastened a long dray pole. The gun was loaded with a lot of scrap iron. I wanted to know where McDougal was. We expected him to take the command and die with us. I inquired of Mrs. McDougal, who was stopping at the hotel, what had become of her husband. She said he had gone to San Francisco for assistance. Indeed, he was on his way to the steamer 'Senator' when I saw him, and he left his horse on the bank of the river."

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[1] "Transcript" of Aug. 15. Compare Dr. Stillman's "Golden Fleece," p. 172.

In such swift, dreamlike transformations the experiences of the rest of the day passed by. Rumors were countless. The squatters had gone out of the city; they would soon return. They were seven hundred strong. They meant vengeance. They would fire the city. Yes, they already had fired the city, although nobody knew where. No one could foresee the end of the struggle. The city had been declared under martial law. Everybody must come out. The whole force of the State would doubtless be needed. If the squatters failed now, they would go to the mines, and arouse the whole population there. One would have to fight all the miners as well. Such things flew from mouth to mouth; such reports the "Senator" carried to San Francisco, with the pale-faced Lieutenant-Governor. Such reports were even sent East by the first steamer, and printed in newspapers there ere they could be contradicted. With such anxieties Sacramento paid the penalty of its recent light-hearted tolerance of lawlessness. Meanwhile, however, one thing was secured. The opening of the fight had made the squatters in the public eye unequivocally lawless and dangerous aggressors. They could expect, for the moment at least, no sympathy, but only stern repression from all the more established communities and forces of the State. The cause of formal legality in dealing with the land grants had already triumphed. By no conspiracy of squatters could the American hope thenceforth to do away with Mexican titles, as such, in the mass and untried.

In San Francisco the response of the public was prompt and vigorous. Militia and firemen were soon on their way to Sacramento. The alarm, of course, was much exaggerated. I have often heard my own mother tell of her terror at hearing, in San Francisco, of the Sacramento riot; for, as it chanced, my father was then temporarily absent in Sacramento on business, and did in fact, as transient visitor, witness some of the minor scenes of that day of excitement. But, as a fact, the city was never safer, as a whole, than a few hours after the fatal meeting at the corner of Fourth and J streets. A little blood-flowing is a very effective sight for the public. Conscience and passion and determination to quell disorder are all aroused in the community. American good-humor gives way for the instant to the sternest and most bigoted hatred of the offenders. Had it been the Mayor and Sheriff who had wantonly shed the blood of others, without due process or provocation, the danger to permanent good order might have been very great. But the squatter manifesto, the parade, the first firing, all made clear where the blame lay. There was just now no mercy for squatters. Their late attorney was threatened with hanging. Their friends fled the town. And even while the wild rumors were flying, the most perfect order had been actually secured in the city limits.

But neither the blood-shed nor the terror were wholly done. Outside the city limits there was yet to occur a most serious encounter. The squatters were actually scattered in all directions; but the rumors made it seem advisable to prevent the further expected attacks by armed sallies into the country, and by arrest of leaders. Thursday afternoon (just after the funeral of Woodland), the Sheriff, McKinney, with an armed force in which were several well-known prominent citizens, set out towards Mormon Island, with the intention of finding and bringing in prisoners.[1] At the house of one Allen, who kept a bar-room some seven miles out, the Sheriff sought for squatters, having been informed that several were there. It was now already dark. Leaving the body of his force outside, the Sheriff approached the house with a few men and entered. There were a number of occupants visible, all alarmed and excited. The Sheriff's party were unaware that, in the back room of the house, Mrs. Allen lay seriously ill, attended by her adopted daughter, a girl of sixteen. To be seen at the moment were only men, and they had arms. McKinney called out to Allen to surrender himself to the Sheriff. Allen replied that this was his house, his castle. He proposed to fight for it. McKinney repeated: "I am Sheriff; lay down your arms." What followed is very ill-told by the eye-witnesses, for the darkness and the confusion made everything dim. At all events, some of the Sheriff's party left the house, perhaps to call for assistance from the main body; and in a moment more the occupants had begun firing, and McKinney was outside of the house, staggering under a mortal wound. He fell, and in a short time was dead. That the firing from without soon overpowered all resistance, that two of the occupants of the house were shot dead, that others lay wounded, and that the assailants shortly after took possession of the place and searched it all through, not sparing the sick room: these were very natural consequences. After about an hour, the arresting party left, taking with them four men as prisoners. Allen himself, sorely hurt, had escaped through the darkness, to show his wounds and to tell his painful story in the mines. The little dwelling was left alone in the night. Nobody remained alive and well about the place save the young girl and two negro servants. The patient lay dying from the shock of the affair. For a long time the girl, as she afterwards deposed, waited, not daring to go to the bar-room, ignorant of who might be killed, hearing once in a while groans. About ten o'clock a second party of armed men came from the city, searched again, and after another hour went away. "Mrs. Allen died about the time this second party rode up to the house," deposes the girl. She had the rest of the night to herself.

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[1] See on this affair the "Transcript" and "Times" of Aug. 16th and 17th, and Dr. Stillman's experiences, "Golden Fleece," pp. 176, 177.

The city was not reassured by the news of the Sheriff's death. In the unlighted streets of the frightened place, the alarm was sounded by the returning party about nine o'clock. Of course, invasion and fire were expected. The militia companies turned out, detailed patrolling parties, and then ordered the streets cleared. The danger was imminent that the defenders of the law would pass the night in shooting one another by mistake in the darkness; but this was happily avoided. The families in the town were, of course, terribly excited. "The ladies," says Dr. Stillman, "were nearly frightened out of their wits; but we assured them that they had nothing to fear—that we were devoted to their service, and were ready to die at their feet; being thus assured, they all retired into their cozy little cottages, and securely bolted the doors." Morning came, bringing with it the steamer from San Francisco. Lieutenant-Governor McDougal was on board. He felt seriously the responsibilities of his position, and accordingly went to bed, sick with the cares of office. In the city Sam Brannan and others talked mightily of law, order, and blood. There were, however, no more battles to fight. In a few days, quiet was restored; people were ashamed of their alarm. Squatters confined themselves to meetings in the mining districts and in Marysville, to savage manifestoes, and to wordy war from a distance, with sullen submission near home. The real war was done. A tacit consent to drop the subject was soon noticeable in the community. Men said that the laws must be enforced, and meanwhile determined to speak no ill of the dead. There was a decided sense, also, of common guilt. The community had sinned and suffered. And soon the cholera, and then the winter, "closed the autumn scene."

Of the actors in this drama little needs further to be narrated here. Doctor Robinson disappeared for the moment as wounded prisoner in a cloud of indictments for assault, conspiracy, treason, murder, and what else I know not. Mayor Bigelow was taken to San Francisco, where he slowly recovered from his three bad wounds, only to die soon of the cholera. The squatter movement assumed a new phase. Doctor Robinson, indeed, was in little danger from his indictments, when once the heat of battle had cooled. He was felt to be a man of mark; the popular ends had been gained in his defeat; the legal evidence against him was like the chips of drift-wood in a little eddy of this changing torrent of California life. With its little horde of drift, the eddy soon vanished in the immeasurable flood. After a change of venue to a bay county, and after a few months' postponement, the cloud of indictments melted away like the last cloud-flake of our rainy season. *Nolle pros.* was entered, and the hero was free. Doctor Robinson had, meanwhile, recovered his health, and had begun in a new field of labor. As nowadays we elect a displaced university professor to the superintendency of public instruction, just to give him a fair chance to do good to the university, so, then, it was felt by some good-natured folk reasonable to elect Doctor Robinson to the Legislature, not because people believed wholly in his ideas, but because his services merited attention. At all events, in a district of Sacramento County, Dr. Robinson's friends managed, with the connivance of certain optimists, to give him a seat in the Assembly, that late "advisory" body, whose "rules," before the admission of the State, he had so ardently despised. The State was admitted now, and Doctor Robinson cheerfully undertook his share of legislation. But the Legislature cared more for the senatorial election, and such small game, than for the Higher Law. Doctor Robinson was not perfectly successful, even in pleasing his constituents. Ere yet another year passed, he had forever forsaken our State, and for his further career, you must read the annals of the New England Emigrant Aid Society and the history of Kansas. I have found an account of his career in a Kansas book, whose author must have a little misunderstood Doctor Robinson's version of this old affair. For the account says that the good Doctor, when he was in California in early days, took valiant part for the American settlers against certain wicked claimants under one John Sutter, who (the wretch) had pretended to own "99,000 square miles of land in California." Alas, poor Sutter, with thy great schemes! Is it come to this?

I cannot close without adding that a certain keen-eyed and intelligent foreigner, a Frenchman, one Auger, who visited our State a little later, in 1852, took pains to inquire into this affair and to form his own opinion. He gives a pathetic picture of poor Sutter, overwhelmed by squatters, and then proceeds to give his countrymen some notion of what a squatter is. Such a person, he says, represents the American love of land by marching, perhaps "*pendant des mois entiers*," until he finds a bit of seemingly vacant land. Here he fortifies himself, "*et se fait massacrer avec toute sa familie plutôt que de renoncer à la moindre parcelle du terrain qu'il a usurpé.*"[1] This is well stated. But best of all is the following: "*Celui qui se livre à cette investigation prend dès lors le titre de* 'squatter,' *qui vient, je le suppose, du mot* 'square.' (*place*), *et signifie chercheur d'emplacement.*" It is evident to us, therefore, that Doctor Robinson and all his party were "on the square." And herewith we may best conclude.

[1] Auger, *Voyage en Californie*, Paris, 1854, p. 154.

Josiah Royce.

EL MAHDI.

"Believe in me," the Prophet cried,
"I hold the key of life and light!"
And lo, one touched him, and he died
Within the passing of a night.

Thomas S. Collier.

HOW THE BLOCKADE WAS RUN.

During the last year of the war, so strictly was the Federal blockade maintained along our Atlantic and Gulf coasts, that but few Confederate ports remained where even the swiftest and most skillfully managed blockade-runners could elude detection and pursuit, and could land their much-needed cargoes in safety, under cover of Confederate batteries.

On the Atlantic sea-board, a small steamer would occasionally slip through the Federal fleet at Savannah, or into some shallow and unguarded cove on the coast of Florida; as they did, also, at long intervals, in the Gulf at Mobile and Galveston. But the main point for successful blockade-running in the last twelve months of our protracted struggle was Wilmington, North Carolina; and this was the case until General Terry's forces succeeded in capturing Fort Fisher, January 15th, 1865, and the evacuation of Wilmington followed, February 21st, on the approach of General Schofield's army.

A glance at the map of North Carolina will show how peculiar facilities for running a blockade are offered by a double entrance to Cape Fear River, on which Wilmington is situated, some twenty-five miles above its most southerly mouth. The position of Smith's Island, jutting out into the ocean far south of the main coast—its most southern point forming Cape Fear—makes this double entrance. The main mouth of the river lies west of Smith's Island, and New Inlet, the mouth by which most of the blockade-runners made their entrance and exit, is north of the island, between it and Federal Point, on the main land, in New Hanover county. Fort Caswell, supported by batteries, defended the southern or main entrance, while Fort Fisher and its supporting batteries protected New Inlet, the latter entrance being situated about ten miles north of Cape Fear. Smith's Island not only afforded the advantage of a long screen between these two entrances to Cape Fear river, but the shallow water over Frying Pan shoals, which extend southward along the coast from New Inlet, often enabled blockade-runners that drew only a few feet of water to escape from Federal blockaders of deep draft. Then the long coast line of twenty miles or more, which had thus to be closely guarded by a blockading fleet, made an entirely successful blockade of Wilmington much more difficult than that of most other Southern ports.

Surprising as it may seem, it became known in the early months of 1864 that, of the numerous finely built Clyde steamers then engaged in running military supplies for the Confederacy through the blockade at Wilmington, about nineteen out of every twenty succeeded, in spite of many armed ships and the vigilance of the blockading fleet. This fact even became known to the many Southern prisoners of war then in Camp Chase, Ohio, among whom was the writer of this sketch, who had been disabled by a wound and captured in the battle of Missionary Ridge, where Bragg's army was so badly worsted by the masterly maneuvers and attacks of Grant and Sheridan. In Camp Chase we learned this success in running the blockade through letters from North Carolina to our prison comrade, General Robert B. Vance—member of Congress from his State for the past ten years. Those of us who were inclined to escape and to return to old "Dixie," concluded that our surest plan was to make our way to Canada, and thence *via* some of the English West India Islands, through the blockade at Wilmington. Besides being a more certain route to reach our Southern homes and commands than to venture to pass through the closely-guarded Federal lines in Virginia, Georgia, and elsewhere, it offered the advantage of bringing in some much-needed blockade goods to our families—if an escaped "Reb" could be so fortunate as to raise the funds to purchase such stock of goods, as some succeeded in doing. A number of escaped Confederates did eventually return to their commands by this very circuitous route, the Confederate government having provided means by which all prisoners who made their escape to Canada or any of the British Islands, should have their expenses paid from those points to their commands through the blockade.

On the 22d of April, 1864, the staunch English schooner "Mary Victoria," of eighty-nine tons burden, with Captain Carron and crew of five men, all Canadian French, set sail from the little harbor of Bic, on the south bank of the St. Lawrence river, about two hundred miles below or northeast of Quebec. She was the first outward bound vessel of the season. For the first few days, huge blocks of river-ice floated near and with her, and for half a day the little ship drifted in masses of this ice, the miniature of a polar sea. The schooner, with English papers, and flying the British flag, was loaded with a cargo valued at $40,000 for the Richmond government. She had but two passengers. One of them was Captain P. C. Martin, formerly of Baltimore, but then of Montreal, who was really supercargo, having a large interest in the cargo, in connection with Southern friends in Canada. He was under an assumed name as an Englishman. The other passenger was the writer of this sketch, who had been so fortunate as to escape from the cars in Pennsylvania the preceding March, while in transit, under guard, with a number of fellow prisoners from Camp Chase to Fort Delaware, and had made his way on the cars through Philadelphia and New York to Canada, publicly, though *incognito*. My name, then, for security, in case the schooner should be boarded or captured by any Federal cruiser, was John N. Colclough, one of Her Majesty's humble subjects, with an official certificate to prove it, and Burnside whiskers, worn *a l'Anglais*, the better to establish identity as a veritable Johnny Bull, if occasion required. It may as well be added that the name and certificate belonged to a *bona fide* Canadian citizen, a resident of Bic, who was merely personated for the risky voyage by an escaped prisoner of war.

Touching at Gaspé Bay for supplies—just at the mouth of the St. Lawrence River—and anchoring at Sydney, Cape Breton Island, ten days, on account of headwinds, we reached our destination, St. George's, Bermuda, on the 29th of May, having required twenty days of sailing to accomplish a distance of 1,600 miles, thanks to constant unfavorable winds, and a terrific storm while crossing the upper portion of the Gulf Stream, immediately south of Newfoundland, near where the steamer "San Francisco" was wrecked by a gale in December, 1853, while carrying a regiment of United States troops to California.

On entering the charmingly picturesque harbor of St. George's, we found two steamers receiving their valuable cargoes for Wilmington. One was the "Lillian," under command of Captain John Newlen Maffit, previously commander of the Confederate war steamer "Florida," and the other the "Clio." Both of these vessels belonged to that fine class of swift iron steamers, which were built on the Clyde, near Glasgow, Scotland, expressly for this hazardous trade, and which gained a just and remarkable reputation as successful blockade runners. They were long, narrow, and low-lying, with low pressure and almost noiseless engines, and were painted uniformly of a dingy light gray color, like the horizon where sea and sky meet. Each of these model steamers, so many of which were built to pierce the close blockade of our Southern ports, was indeed "a thing of beauty," and when at full speed, a thing of life. They were said to have a speed of fifteen to eighteen knots an hour, at the best, which means from seventeen and a half to twenty-one statute or common miles. No Federal steamer could catch them in a stern chase.

As the "Lillian" was one of the swiftest and largest of these splendid steamers, and under so skillful a captain as Maffit, Martin and his chum, "Colclough," secured passage on her to Wilmington, though she was to sail on the third day after we landed. This allowed but little time to select and pack in two large trunks a stock of useful "blockade-goods" for one's home-folks in Dixie, and less time than we wanted to test for a while that most delightful maritime and semi-tropical climate of the far-famed Bermudas, or Sommers Islands.

Where and what are these charming little isles, that form so small and yet so fair a portion of the broad realms of the Empress of Great Britain and India? This group of nearly four hundred small islands, but only five principal ones, lies due south of Cape Sable, Nova Scotia, some eight hundred statute miles; then about the same distance northeast of Nassau, one of the Bahamas—another favorite port for blockade-runners; and not far from seven hundred miles slightly south of east from the mouth of Cape Fear river. These islands are built up by nature with corals and shells on coral reefs, their highest point, Tibb's Hill, on Bermuda Island, being only one hundred and eighty feet above sea-level. The greatest surface covered by all their reefs, which rise abruptly from the deep waters of the Atlantic, is only twenty-three miles from northeast to southwest, and thirteen miles east and west; while the five principal and only inhabited islands, named from north to south and west, St. George's, St. David's, Bermuda (or Long Island), Somerset, and Ireland—separated by very narrow channels — form a continuous line on the southeast edge of the reefs, only thirteen miles long, little more than a mile wide in their broadest part, and embracing about 12,000 acres, of which only 500 are in cultivation and 3,000 in pasture. The town of St. George's, on the most northerly island of the same name, afforded, with its fine and closely-locked harbor, every facility for blockade-runners.

At sunset, June 1st, 1864, the "Lillian" hove anchor, with a cargo for the Confederacy valued at $1,000,000 in gold, the "Clio" having left port an hour earlier. We had a stormless, calm, delightful voyage, with no event of special interest—except that the "Lillian" overtook and passed the "Clio" by her superior speed—until noon of the third day out. We enjoyed a perfect type of halcyon weather. Most of the time the surface of the Atlantic was truly like a sea of glass. Scarcely a ripple was seen, except on entering and leaving the Gulf Stream, and the only roughness there was the peculiar line of surf where the moving and deep blue water of this curious ocean current rushes past the great walls of the greenish water of the Atlantic, through which the stream flows with the velocity of three or four statute miles per hour. Flying fish, from ten to twelve inches in length, frequently rose from the glassy surface, frightened by our rushing prow. They flew in straight lines only a few feet above the water, occasionally rising high enough to drop on the deck of our low-set steamer. A hundred yards was a long flight for them. This voyage, as well as the longer one upon our schooner, afforded one of the best opportunities to study some of the wonders of the sea, including some of the odd forms of the "Portuguese man-of-war" *(Physalia arethusa)*, floating on the surface like a pearly bladder; also sea-nettles, and other jelly fish *(Medusæ)*, some specimens of which, known as "Lamps of the Sea," produce at night the beautiful phosphorescence on the surface of the briny deep. Wherever that surface is agitated, by the motion of either a ship or a boat, the splashing of an oar, the pouring of water, or throwing any substance overboard, there are seen the soft flashes of this wonderful phosphorescence. In the dark blue waters at Sydney, Cape Breton, it was especially brilliant. It is a surprise to one to observe, in first watching this beautiful phenomenon, that the phosphorescence is not seen on an unbroken surface of sea water. It must be disturbed in some way to give forth this soft light.

In such studies at sea, under any circumstances, how deeply one is sensible of the truth of the following impressive words of a distinguished writer on ocean life: "In the pursuit of this subject, the mind is led from nature up to the Great Architect of nature; and what mind will the study of this subject not fill with profitable emotions? Unchanged and unchanging alone, of all created things, the ocean is the great emblem of its everlasting Creator. 'He treadeth upon the waves of the sea,' and is seen in the wonders of the deep. Yea, 'He calleth for its waters, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth.'"

But, to return to the equally impressive seriousness of blockade-running. On the voyage from the Bermudas to Wilmington, a few steamers and sailing vessels were sighted every day, and were always watched with intense interest when first seen, until it was clear that they did not consider it their business to chase us.

Captain Maffit was very affable and attentive to his passengers, who, besides our party and two other Southern men, included Mr. Lawler, who succeeded Doctor William H. Russell, as correspondent of the London "Times," and Mr. Vizitelli, the distinguished correspondent of the London "Illustrated News," and lately of the London "Graphic," who accompanied Hicks Pasha's recent disastrous campaign against El Mahdi, and was either killed or captured. The two Southern passengers just mentioned were Captain Young of Kentucky, who afterwards commanded the escaped Confederate prisoners in their startling raid from Canada against St. Albans, Vermont; and a capitalist from Augusta, Georgia, who was investing in blockade goods.

June 4th, while we were at dinner in the Captain's cabin, the startling cry came from the lookout on deck, "A whole fleet ahoy!" All interest in that dinner was lost at once. Everybody rushed on deck, Captain Maffit in the lead.

On the bright horizon, directly ahead of us, the tops of numerous masts, and the smoke of several steamers, were visible. Could this be a fleet of Federal transports and their convoying steamers, that we were running into so unexpectedly? Our skillful pilot, a Mr. Gresham, who was then making his twenty-sixth successful attempt to run the blockade, went aloft, and with his practised eye he saw that it was the blockading squadron of New Inlet and Cape Fear. Our steamer had made in the calm sea better time than was anticipated.

No sooner did we recognize them than they recognized us, and a large steam frigate started for us in hot pursuit. For the next twelve hours came the fun, the calm excitement, the uncertainty, the intense anxiety of blockade running. All was astir on our steamer, every man at his post. A full head of steam was put on, and our bow was turned southward towards Frying Pan shoals. Captain Maffit and his first officer sat together on deck, watching carefully the movements and speed of the pursuing steamer, and making their mathematical calculations for the best course of the "Lillian," with her superior speed, to avoid our pursuer without running too far out to sea.

We steadily distanced the frigate, and, in the increasing twilight, she passed out of sight. Meanwhile, we had run considerably south and seaward from New Inlet, where we were to attempt to run the gauntlet. So soon as it was dark, Captain Maffit reversed the course of the "Lillian," till she regained the northing which she had lost in the chase. Then, heading west, he steamed slowly and cautiously towards New Inlet. By ten o'clock, the signal lights at Fort Fisher, which we found were arranged and worked with the greatest skill, began to be distinguished. Then came our most thrilling experience, the last hazard.

Coke was supplied to the furnaces instead of coal, in order to show no smoke. No lights were allowed on the upper deck, except the one in the binnacle, to light the compass for the helmsman, and a dim one in the Captain's cabin, which could be seen only from the stern. Strict orders were given that none should speak above a whisper. A fine Newfoundland dog, which the Captain was bringing to a friend, was taken below and securely fastened, that his bark might be muffled; for, by instinct, dogs will always bark when they approach shore on shipboard. It was astonishing with how little noise, by all these precautions, our fine low-pressure steamer glided swiftly through the two dark grim lines of blockading vessels, completely unseen and unheard by any of them. Dark as was the night, we could easily see the black hulls of the war-ships to right and left of us, in hailing distance, as we sped on under every pound of steam through the outer line, and soon through the inner line of blockaders. Their distinctness was startling as we hastened past them, not knowing at what moment they might detect us and open fire with their big guns. One reason the slight noise produced by our engines was not heard on board these war-ships was, that their machinery made much more noise than ours, and they were obliged to keep their engines in motion, to be ready at any moment to give chase.

Twice we thought our time had come. As we rushed near one dark man-of-war, a bright lantern was suddenly displayed over her side towards us. We at first took this for a signal of detection, and expected a shot to follow. But none came. Soon, to our left there was a flash and the boom of a distant gun. But no ball passed near us, and we concluded it was meant for some one else. In the midst of this we heard the muffled bark of our dog below, true to his instinct.

When at last we crossed the bar, a large launch full of Federal seamen lay there on guard. Captain Maffit, who was on the watch, called out, "Hard aport! Run her down!" wishing our steamer to sink the launch, if possible.

But they were too quick with their oars, and we rushed by them harmlessly. As we passed them an order came from one of our ship's officers:

"Look out for musketry! Lie down!"

All dropped at the word, but no volley was sent into us, though it was not expected that they would lose such an opportunity. So soon as we had left them astern, they signaled with Roman candles to the blockading fleet, informing them, as we concluded, of our success. For we were safe then, and cast anchor under the protecting guns of Fort Fisher about midnight.

The relief and rejoicing on the "Lillian" may be imagined, but cannot be adequately described. By the time our officers had communicated with Fort Fisher, and we had received and read the daily papers, giving details of the desperate fighting between Generals Grant and Lee the day before at Cold Harbor, we heard a lively rush of water near us, and there came our consort, the "Clio," and she, too, uninjured. Leaving the Bermudas an hour before us, she arrived only three hours later. She had been chased over Frying Pan Shoals after dark. The flash we saw south of us, while we were running in, was from a shot fired at her. It passed harmlessly across her deck, and soon she followed in our wake.

None felt much like sleeping that night. It was a time of general congratulation and enthusiasm. Two most valuable cargoes made safe in one night! On inquiry, we learned it was not exaggerating to say that at least nineteen out of twenty blockade running steamers did come in safely at Wilmington. Not so, however, with those going out. A much larger proportion of the outward bound vessels were captured. This we accounted for at the time by the scarcity and value of the cotton with which they were loaded. It seemed to incite the blockaders to more vigilance and success. It was, also, perhaps, easier to detect steamers going through a narrow channel to sea, than those coming in from the broad ocean.

No one enjoyed the excitement and success of that night more than Captain Maffit. He was usually sedate and undemonstrative, but his expression of enthusiasm that night was memorable, and furnished great amusement, into which he entered as fully as any one. He had retired just before the "Clio" arrived. But when he heard that she, too, was in safely, he sprang out of his stateroom in his night "rig," drew from under the table a large hand organ, which he had brought in as a present for a friend, and there stood the hero of the "Florida," grinding out a lively tune with a vim that added no little to the general hilarity of the occasion.

How beautiful did the green banks of Cape Fear River appear next morning, as we steamed slowly towards Wilmington, and gratefully remembered that we were once more safe in Dixie, after all the hazards of battle and wounds, prison and escape, a sea-voyage, and running the blockade.

J. W. A. Wright.

A PLEA BEFORE JUDGE LYNCH.

THE incident I am about to relate happened during the early days of the California gold excitement, when miners' laws held supreme sway in the mines, and the courts of Judge Lynch were the frequent resorts for justice.

I had strolled over one evening to the cabin of my nearest neighbor, Cyrus Thorne, or "Uncle Cy," as he was generally called, to have a quiet chat with him, before retiring for the night. The old man had come amongst us but a few months before, but had in that time endeared himself to us all by his kind heart and gentle ways. The roughest and most unmanageable men in our camp soon came to respect him, from the very fact that he took no part in their wild amusements. As a peacemaker, he was a decided success, and many a dispute amongst the miners which might have led to bloodshed had been peaceably adjusted by being left to him for arbitration.

All we knew of his early history was from the few hints he had himself given us. Educated for the law, he had, after a short season, retired from its practice. The reason for this, we had cause to infer, was his extreme abhorrence for anything even remotely approaching the boundaries of falsehood or deceit. His almost morbid sensitiveness on this point was ridiculed by some; others looked upon him as a religious enthusiast; but all were agreed in this, that any statement he made was thus at once placed beyond all manner of dispute or doubt.

He was too old to labor successfully at mining, but his little garden, carefully tended, brought him in many a dollar; while the poultry he kept, which at that time laid golden eggs in good earnest, made up to him enough to supply all his modest wants.

As we sat quietly talking, several pistol shots came echoing up from the gulch below us, near the town. We hardly gave this a passing thought, such fusillades being of common occurrence; but when, a little later, the deep silence that surrounded us was broken by the thrilling sound of seven slow, solemn strokes on our alarm bell, repeated over and over after each short interval, all listlessness and apathy on our part instantly vanished, for all who heard that measured ringing knew too well its import. As far as its vibrations reached they carried the story of some great crime committed, and of swift retribution to follow at the hands of the Vigilantes, who were being summoned to council by this signal.

An hour later I was seated apart from the crowd, gazing almost entranced upon the most impressive scene I had ever witnessed. Seated upon the ground before me, with uncovered heads, were some three or four hundred men, rough, uncouth characters many of them, waiting, orderly and silent, to see the just penalty of his crime inflicted upon yon poor wretch who stood bound in their midst, and who had been taken red-handed, as it were. Everything was to be done decently and in order. One of their number had been selected to act as judge; a jury had been empanelled, and, as the judge remarked, "the prisoner was to have a show for his life according to law"—though what that show was, the dangling noose from the high flume near by too plainly foretold. No impatience at the slowness of the proceedings was manifested by the crowd, for all fears of interruption had been removed by attending to the telegraph line that connected us with the county seat, the only point from which a rescuing party could come.

The case, briefly summed up, stood thus: A cabin near the edge of the town had for some weeks been occupied by three suspicious characters, about whom but little was known. They were evidently night-hawks, as no smoke was ever seen issuing from their chimney until long after the noon hour, and the men, though often seen coming from their cabin at night, held themselves aloof from all their neighbors. A cutting affray had occurred the night before in one of the gambling houses of the town, and the proprietor of the house had sworn out a warrant for the arrest of one of the occupants of this cabin, as the aggressor. Our constable was away on other business, and did not return until after nightfall; then, on approaching the cabin to serve the warrant, he was shot dead by one of its inmates, who escaped in the darkness. While active search was being made for him, a secret watch was put upon the cabin, as a kind of forlorn hope, which was unexpectedly rewarded by the arrest of the prisoner, who had been caught stealing cautiously in, bareheaded, pistol in hand, and evidently under great excitement.

He had been roughly handled and well nigh dispatched before the trial had been decided upon, and hardly seemed conscious of the nature of the proceedings against him while they were progressing. We all felt there was no hope for him; if not guilty of the crime, he was at least an accomplice, and the camp would feel safer if he was put out of the way and his cabin given to the flames. It was only after the evidence was all in that he found his voice, and then, in tones that it seemed to me must carry conviction to the hearts of some of his hearers, he exclaimed: "Gentlemen, as true as there is a God in heaven, I am innocent of all knowledge of this murder!"

The next moment I saw Uncle Cy making his way through the throng towards the judge, and after a few whispered words with him, retracing his steps. The judge arose, and said that he had been reminded by a question just asked him, that he had committee the oversight of not appointing any counsel for the prisoner, and as he ought to have some one as a mere matter of form, and couldn't have a better man than Uncle Cy, he would appoint him.

The old man, much excited, and apparently laboring under great embarrassment, pleaded earnestly to be excused, saying, finally, that his previous knowledge of the prisoner might prevent him from defending him as he should.

This hint was immediately caught at by the crowd, who were eager to obtain all the evidence they could against the fellow, as a fuller justification for the course they had already fully determined on; and so, in a few minutes, Uncle Cy, with a willingness that completely surprised and shocked me, was giving his evidence against him, which, though fastening no specific crime upon him, proved him to be a worthless character, and a bad man to have around.

While mining on a little stream near Auburn, the previous summer, he first met this man, who went there by the name of "Shaky Jim," from a kind of palsy he had; he took pity on him, and tried in various ways to befriend him; got suitable work for him several times; let him stay in the cabin with them for a while, and supplied him with money frequently; but his kindness was all thrown away. His partners warned him that Jim was only getting the lay of the land in order to rob them. Events seemed to prove the truth of this; their cabin was twice robbed during their absence, their dog shut up in it giving no alarm. They also found their sluices were being systematically robbed, though all attempts to catch the thief were unavailing. About this time Jim quit coming near them, but was well supplied with funds from some source, which he squandered at the gambling tables and saloons.

As Uncle Cy gave his evidence, it was plain that the feeling of revenge had complete possession of him, possibly because the officer killed had been his particular friend. His very nature seemed to have been changed by the cry for blood that was in the air, and it was painful to see how he dwelt upon each little detail that was likely to tell against poor Jim. He had at least proved to the crowd that he was in perfect unison with them, and they rejoiced thereat, for they felt that with Uncle Cy on their side, they would have full warrant for all they did.

"There is one thing, however," he continued, "connected with this murder, that I don't rightly understand: Jim used to be as keen as a steel trap, and cover up all his tracks; that he should walk right into the trap that he might know had been laid for him, and be taken so easily, either proves that he had forgotten his cunning, or that he had been off on some other lay, his old one of sluice robbing, possibly, and knew nothing of the shooting his partners had been doing. Boys," said he, with a sudden and complete change of manner that none could help noticing, "you all know my theory that you can find some good in every man, if you only know where to sink for it. There is not a man in this crowd but what believes in fair play, and therefore it is no more than right that I should tell you of a little thing that took place later in the fall, when Shaky Jim rather redeemed himself. He may be a thief, but he carries some things about with him that he didn't steal. He didn't steal those marks with which his face is covered; he came honestly by them, and I'll tell you how it happened.

"You know the small-pox was pretty bad in Sacramento last summer, and spread from there to a great many places in the mines. We didn't let the reports about it worry us much where we were; but I tell you we were badly demoralized one day, when we heard that we had two cases of it right in our midst. As a general thing, men didn't make many preparations for leaving, but just suddenly left. My three partners and myself concluded we'd face it out, as we were near the head of the creek, and thought we should be as safe there as anywhere. During the next few days we had seven deaths on the creek, and there were not well men enough left to take care of the sick.

"Our company had escaped so far, but one day when I came home from helping bury a poor fellow, and saw the doctor's horse tied in front of our cabin, I knew our turn had come. Harry Thayer, our boy, as we called him, for he was only about twenty-five, while the rest of us were comparatively old men, had been taken very suddenly, and it was going to be a bad case. But what hurt me most was to find a note from my two partners, saying they did not see any use in their staying there any longer, and as they knew I would want to stay anyhow and take care of the boy, I might have their interest in the cabin for so doing. I don't believe any written words ever came so near burning out from a man's heart all faith in his kind, as those words did from mine.

"The next two days and nights that I passed in that cabin with that poor stricken lad were the most terrible and lonesome ones of my life, for no one but the doctor had been near me. On the second night, Harry was wildly delirious all night, and the doctor's visit in the morning left me slight hopes for his recovery. Is it any wonder that I felt pretty blue, and that when I saw Shaky Jim's face peering in at the cabin door I should speak rather rough to him? I supposed, of course, that he had come begging again, as usual, so I told him, very abruptly, to leave; that I didn't want to be bothered with having him around, for I had trouble enough of my own.

"It vexed me to see he didn't start right off, so I said to him, pointing over to Harry's bunk: 'Do you know that man lying there is your old friend Thayer, and that he is nearly dead with the small-pox?'

"Now, Harry had always been particularly down on Jim, and never missed any chance to abuse him; and I thought that fact alone would make him leave at once, if the fright didn't do it. But my rough words had quite a different effect on him. He just stepped quietly inside the cabin, took off his old ragged hat and threw it down on the floor in the corner, and said to me, speaking low so as not to disturb the sick man, 'O, I know all about that, Uncle Cy; that's what brought me here.'

"I was too surprised to speak, but took a good square look at him. He was perfectly sober for the first time for many a day, and the poor fellow had fixed himself up as well as he could. Laying his hand gently on my arm, he continued, 'I heard about him last night for the first time. I know how to nurse. I got my instructions about him from the doctor just now. And now, Uncle Cy, I want you to go and stay away from here, and leave him to me.'

"Boys, you might have knocked me down

with a feather, as that poor man stood there, pleading to take my place. I thought of a good many things in a few seconds, and amongst others, whether those partners of mine might not have been the thieves and done all the stealing, and given poor Jim money enough to keep him drunk, so as to throw suspicion on him.

"Not reading my thoughts aright, he broke in upon them by saying, 'Please don't be afraid to trust me, Uncle Cy, for as true as there is a God in heaven, I will bring him through all right, if it is in my power to do it. You are the only man in this camp who has ever taken me by the hand and given me a kind word. I want you to know I am not the ungrateful wretch they all take me to be. I know how worthless I am, and I won't be missed; all I ask is to live long enough to see him well once more. But you are doing good in the world, and your life is worth a thousand like mine; I want you to go.'"

For some minutes the most intense silence had fallen upon the throng; every eye was turned towards the speaker; every man was listening almost breathlessly, eager to catch each word as it fell from his lips, and he himself had been completely transformed. His form was now erect, all signs of hesitation had disappeared, and a glad look of triumph lit up his face, as he saw his eager, homely words striking home to the hearts of his hearers with a telling force. Our old kind Uncle Cy had come back to us again; he had thrown a pall over his dead friend yonder in the town, and was now pleading with all the earnestness of his nature for the life of the man before him.

I noticed, too, the great change that had taken place in the manner of the prisoner. He had attempted several times to interrupt the speaker, but had been summarily quieted. His sullen, defiant looks had, however, all ceased, and he seemed to know him now as his friend. He was eagerly watching the jury and noticed the changed glances they now cast upon him, and his excessive tremor, which had been explained, was now scarcely noticeable.

My attention, however, was quickly taken from him, and for a moment I was terribly startled by what I saw taking place within arm's reach of him. "Old Virginia," one of the most desperate characters in our camp, was acting as a special guard over him. I saw the old man draw his hunting-knife from its sheath, and partly rising, turn towards him. Before I had time to think what his object could be, or to utter the warning cry that involuntarily rose to my lips, it had done its work; its keen edge had touched the cords that bound the poor man's wrists, and his arms were once more free; and then, as Old Virginia replaced the knife in his belt, and passed his tobacco over to the surprised man to sample, I knew that Uncle Cy's words were doing their work thoroughly. Old Virginia had probably never heard what breaking bread or tasting salt with an enemy implied in other lands, but, though you may not be aware of it, Jim, you have had all the evidence of his friendship and protection that you need. He, who was a few minutes ago your bitter enemy, is now your friend, and one who will, if necessary, without a moment's hesitation, prove himself such by bridging the chasm that separates you from freedom and safety with his life.

After a moment's hesitation, Uncle Cy continued: "My friends, I cannot tell you how keenly I felt the wrong I had done poor Jim, for more than once, in speaking of him, I had said that he was a poor, worthless character, and did not pan out worth a cent; but now, as I listened to him, and saw how eager he was to catch some sign in my face that I had faith in him, I felt that no matter what he had been or done before, I was now standing face to face with a *man*. I knew I ran no risk in trusting him—he would do all he promised; and by the way, although I did not leave him, he kept his word nobly. He nursed the bitterest enemy he had in that camp back to life and health, and the story of how nearly he paid for it with his life, his poor, disfigured face too plainly tells. Not pan out worth a cent? I tell you, boys, I think you would have to prospect around a long time before you found richer diggings than I struck down there in poor Jim's heart."

Ere the echo of his words had died away, a murmur of suppressed excitement ran through the crowd, whose feelings had been worked up to such an intense strain that I knew they must speedily find vent either in words or in acts. Eager glances were exchanged to see who would take the lead, when the foreman of the jury sprang excitedly to his feet, and in tones that were heard more than a mile away, exclaimed: "You are right about that, Uncle Cy! You struck the very biggest kind of high old diggings, that time—'an ounce to the pan, bed-rock a-pitching, and gravel turning blue!'"

These words, destined later to become as familiar as household words to all who mined upon the great blue lead, chimed in so perfectly with the feelings of his audience that they instantly brought every man to his feet, and a scene of the wildest excitement followed. Amidst the perfect babel of cries that rent the air, those of "Verdict!" "Not Guilty!" and cheer after cheer for Uncle Cy and Jim predominated. But high above all could be heard the voice of the judge endeavoring to restore order to his unruly court. As soon as he could make himself heard, he said:

"Hold on, boys! hold on! What is the use of getting excited? Keep cool, and go slow! Remember this is a court, and everything we do here has got to be done on the square, and according to Hoyle. No matter if we did come pretty near making a mistake; we meant well: but we can see now that Jim had been off on some other lay. What it was, we don't know, and we are not trying to find out; for I rather think you will all agree with me, that when a man walks up and faces death as he did, he takes out a regular license, good anywheres in the mines, to go a little crooked once in a while when he gets in a tight place. The superintendent of the jury says their verdict is Not Guilty, but it strikes me we are all entitled to have some say in this business; so I move we now proceed to adjourn this court by making that verdict unanimous."

This somewhat irregular proceeding met the full approval of his audience, and in a few minutes the entire throng was on its way back to the town, while the poor wretch who had just been snatched from the very jaws of death was still the object of its attention, but this time only in the way of kindness.

Uncle Cy kept constantly near him, and soon after reaching the town managed to evade the crowd, and got away unnoticed with his charge.

Some time after his disappearance I again repaired to his cabin, expecting to find him there. But he had not returned; and it was only after several hours' anxious waiting that I saw him slowly coming up the gulch alone.

I hastened forward to meet him, and eagerly inquired what he had done with his friend. He replied that he had been with him down to the crossing on the river, some four miles away, and had arrived there just in time to intercept the Sacramento stage.

"Thank God!" he continued with a sigh of relief, "he is safe now. I was rather worried when I found I had not change enough to pay his fare through, but the driver acted splendidly. 'I see he is a friend of yours, Uncle Cy,' said he, 'and that you take a particular interest in him; that is enough. Just you leave him to me. I'll see him safe aboard the 'Frisco boat today, and as for the balance of his fare, I'll arrange that with the agent.'"

Seating myself by Uncle Cy's side at the door of his cabin, I said to him, "I envy you your feelings, Uncle Cy. If there are any pleasant dreams to be distributed in the mines tonight, a good share of them will surely find their way to your pillow."

"I feel very thankful and happy now," he replied, "but this has been a terrible, bewildering night to me. I have tried to do right, and am very glad you approve of my course. I little expected ever to take part in another trial, but how could I do less than I have done? When I heard his piteous cry to heaven, I felt certain he was innocent. I was no longer my own master. I was irresistibly impelled to rush in and try to save him. But my task was a hard one. Consider for a moment the kind of men I had to deal with: a direct appeal to them was useless; they would not even have listened to me if they had known my desire was to rob them of their prey. All force was out of the question, for I knew that a hundred of the bravest men alive, armed to the teeth, could not make them swerve an inch from their purpose. But I also knew if I could touch them in the right place, a little child might lead them. I could think of no course to insure a hearing, but to appear to be in perfect unison with them, and then something had to be sprung upon them suddenly to enlist their sympathy, and cause them to act before they had time to consider. But oh, my friend, it was terrible—groping blindly in the dark, not a single ray of light ahead, talking wildly to kill time until some opening might appear; and all the time I was almost crazed with the knowledge that if I did not extricate him, he would look upon me as a wilful murderer; and you would all, in your sober moments, loathe and detest me. But my efforts were all in vain until, at last, my heart, almost crushed with despair, went up in a great agonizing cry to the Father to aid me. Instantly I felt his strong arm around me, supporting me, and as I turned towards the prisoner, the marks upon his poor scarred face, lit up by the flickering of the huge fires that surrounded us, suggested at once the path to victory, and oh, how eagerly and joyously I pursued it! For I knew his life was saved, and that our little community was also saved from the commission of a great crime."

Astounded and mystified by his words, I exclaimed: "I am not sure that I understand you right, Uncle Cy; was it not all true that you told us of him?"

"All true?" he replied, looking at me earnestly, as though not comprehending my question. "All true? I was sure you knew my secret. That poor hunted creature was a perfect stranger to me. I never saw or heard of him before tonight."

I was too completely surprised to make any reply to him, and he quickly continued:

"I understand your thoughts perfectly; you are wondering how I can reconcile my course tonight with my teachings. I shall make no attempt to do so. I do not understand myself. My conscience does not reprove me in the least for what I have done; on the contrary, I never felt more perfect rest and peace than I do at this moment. It is a great, a wondrous mystery to me. Can it be possible that the old poetic fancy, that the recording angel does sometimes blot out with a tear the entry he has just made on the wrong side of our account, may be a heavenly truth?"

Far away in the east the first faint glimmer of the new day was appearing, and thither the old man was intently gazing, as though searching there for the inward light his soul so earnestly craved. I saw he had lapsed into a kind of waking trance to which he was at times subject. He was waiting patiently for an answer to his question, but not from me. He had become entirely oblivious of my presence, so I silently slipped away, and left him in the full enjoyment of his pleasant thoughts.

W. S. H.

RUSKIN.

And is he dying; he, whose silver tone
Has long resounded in the solemn place,
Where beauty shows unveiled her holy face,
As he has led the reverent to her throne?

How shall she fitly canonize her priest,
Thus to repay the loving zeal of years?
Vain thought! For in that life of zeal appears
A sainthood now that cannot be increased.

Charles S. Greene.

THE DOCTOR OF LEIDESDORFF STREET.

I.

Leidesdorff Street, San Francisco, in 1863, presented an appearance very different from that which it presents now. At the earlier date the narrow thoroughfare displayed many of the characteristics of the San Francisco of pioneer days. Many of the houses were low, wooden structures, dingy in appearance, and of fragile construction; their unsubstantial character recalling unpleasantly to the mind of the observer the numerous devastating fires which swept over the city in the first years of its existence. Possibly some of these primitive dwellings still remain at the northern end of the street. The early conflagrations were still more forcibly called to mind by one or two of those peculiar buildings erected by harassed property owners in the fond but delusive hope that they would withstand future visitations of flame; these were ugly structures of considerable size, entirely covered with corrugated plates of thin sheet-iron.

The straggling, irregular houses were occupied by carpenters, tailors, shoemakers, barbers, keepers of lodgings, and the inevitable saloon-keepers and Chinese laundrymen. In the upper stories dwelt families, who found inducements in moderate rent and proximity to the then chief business portion of the city to take up their abode there. A noisy tribe of children made the street their playground, and swarmed out in surprising numbers at the sound of drums or martial music on the larger streets of the vicinity; for marching regiments were not an infrequent sight even at this extreme end of the Union in the days of the civil war. The ponderous wheels of drays had, in places, cut through the planking of the street, and worn chasms in the soft sand of the "made ground"; for Leidesdorff Street existed where the first Argonauts had seen nothing but the shallow water near the beach of Yerba Buena Cove. In spite of the provincial aspect of the street, modern improvement asserted its coming sway with here and there a lofty building of brick, which cast upon its humbler neighbors a shade like a frown.

One day, in the Spring of 1863, the inhabitants of a portion of Leidesdorff Street were attracted to their doors by the appearance of an express wagon with a load of modest furniture, pausing at the door of Number 111. A family was evidently about to take possession of the rooms over Fisher's carpenter shop. A slender young man, with a very pleasant face and manner, superintended the removal of the furniture into the building; though Mr. Taack, the shoemaker, remarked to his friend, the barber, that the young fellow did not seem inclined to render much physical assistance. During the day two more loads arrived; and the interest of the people was intensified by observing a great number of books and several strange packages carried in with great care. Mr. Taack managed to speak to the young man in the course of the day, and was answered very politely, though he did not succeed in acquiring much information. The young man had a slight infirmity in his speech, which added a peculiar charm to whatever he said. His language proved him to be a person of education, and his white hands indicated a total unacquaintance with manual labor—as Mr. Taack assured a number of curious persons.

Late in the afternoon, a hack drove into the street and stopped at Number 111, from the door of which the young man hastily emerged to meet the new-comers. Leidesdorff Street was on tiptoe at this crowning moment, and curious eyes peered from doors and windows. A small man in well worn black stepped from the hack. His face was thin and sallow; his mustache, and thin beard, and his long black hair, were thickly streaked with gray; his eyes were deep-sunken and feverishly bright. A graceful and pretty young lady with dark eyes and hair followed him, and the three almost lifted from the carriage a sick lady, whose emaciated form and pallid features plainly told that her hold on life was but feeble. The new-comers disappeared within the doors of their new home, the hack drove away, and the little world of Leidesdorff Street bestirred itself to discuss the remarkable event.

In a few days a dingy tin sign appeared at one of the upper windows of the house. It bore the simple announcement:

"DOCTOR GODSMARK."

Time did not much lessen the mystery surrounding the new arrivals. The physician's sign—at first regarded as a clearing away of all doubts and surmises — only served to increase the wonderment; for it was observed that Doctor Godsmark seldom left his house, and but few persons were seen to enter it. He was evidently a doctor without patients. At one of his windows a light was seen every night until a late hour. These things conspired to awaken a feeling of awe in the minds of the dwellers in Leidesdorff Street, and Doctor Godsmark soon came to be regarded as a sort of wizard, deeply suspected of being in league with unholy powers.

"Yet," said Mr. Taack to Mrs. Keagan, the tailor's wife, as he critically inspected a shoe which he was restoring, "Yet, an individual cannot be wholly depraved who possesses such estimable children. That young man, now, is really *neeper sultry*" (he may have meant *ne plus ultra*).

"Yes," replied Mrs. Keagan, in her quick, eager way, "but the young man's gone away, nobody knows where — been gone a long time."

"Indeed, said Mr. Taack with interest. The Keagans were good customers, and it was policy to let her tell news.

"Yes; 'n' have you heard about the daughter?"

"No."

"She's an actress — didn't you know't; Plays at the American theater."

"Indeed," said Mr. Taack, this time with real surprise.

"Yes; my Billy see her go into th' stage door twice. Her name's on the bills today. I seen it: Irene Godsmark."

"Well, this—is—astonishing," said Mr. Taack, half sincerely, and half politically.

"But who knows who they air?" continued Mrs. Keagan in a suppressed voice. "What does the fairther keep s' close for? He may be an ould r-r-rebel for all we know —a c'missioner p'raps." At this moment a shriek from some of the young Keagans across the way recalled the good woman from her pleasant bit of gossip.

II.

THE old American theater was crowded on the night of one of the most brilliant performances of the season. The entertainment consisted of the comedy of "*Mon Etoile*," with an afterpiece. In one of the proscenium boxes two young men were lounging. One of them, whose existence is closely linked with this story, was especially noticeable. He was languidly, effeminately handsome, graceful, and elegant. He was richly dressed, and his white fingers sparkled with gems. He lay back on the luxurious cushions with an indolence which became him perfectly; not even a movement of his fine hands disturbed the careless grace of his reclining attitude. This was Charles X. Vallier, familiarly known throughout the city as Charley Vallier, a young man whose possessions in lands and money were known to be almost boundless. He was just of age, and had lately obtained possession of his vast fortune. He was generally surrounded by a crowd of gay companions, who were exceedingly willing to help him in spending his abundant income. They were not disappointed in their expectations, for young Vallier was a veritable Sybarite, devoted to pleasure and luxury—one upon whom the wind had never blown rudely.

The brilliant strains of the orchestra died away, and the curtain flew aloft. Vallier and his companion carelessly observed the play, the former too indolent to raise his jeweled lorgnette to his eyes. Suddenly, however, his languid attention was caught by the figure of one of the actresses, and his unusually quick movement attracted the attention of his companion.

"By—" he said, with his glass to his eyes; but he gazed intently without finishing his mild and classic oath. "Who is that new face, Kulcannon?" he asked at last, gently sinking back.

"That is Irene Godsmark, the one whom I spoke to you about," said his companion. "I was simply waiting to see whether you would be struck."

"She is graceful and pretty," said Vallier, with gentle serenity. "I shall make her acquaintance as soon as convenient."

"Trust you for that," said Kulcannon; but Vallier did not smile at the flattering remark, nor did he seem to hear it. He was gazing with calm enjoyment at the girl whose beauty pleased him. He was very young, and the gentlest of Sybarites.

"Say, Charley," said Kulcannon, presently, when the curtain had fallen, "I will warn you that there may be a slight difficulty. It is said that she is engaged to a young lawyer on Montgomery Street. He accompanied her from the theater last night. His name is Urquhart."

"Well," said Vallier, with slight impatience.

"He is here tonight," continued Kulcannon. "Move this way a little, and you can see him over there in the gallery."

"I do not care to see him at present," said Vallier, serenely dismissing the troublesome circumstance from his mind.

Contrary to his usual custom, Vallier, sat out the performance on this particular evening. When the curtain fell on the closing scene, he and Kulcannon strolled out, and after a pause of a few moments entered his elegant close carriage, which stood near the entrance. Vallier simply desired the coachman to wait a few minutes, then lighted a fragrant cigar, offered one to his companion, and comfortably wrapped himself in his warm cloak. They sat silently while the crowd dispersed. Presently two persons came out of the narrow street on which the stage entrance of the theater was situated. They were Urquhart and Irene Godsmark. Kulcannon touched his companion's foot; Vallier leaned forward in the darkness of the carriage, and gazed at them until they disappeared.

"What did you say was the number?" he asked.

"111 Leidesdorff Street," answered Kulcannon; and presently he added, "She is too pretty for a lawyer."

Vallier did not answer. His cigar gleamed brightly; he was wrapped in a calm reverie.

"Shall we drive on?" asked Kulcannon.

The lighted cigar made a slight downward movement. "Drive on," said Kulcannon to the coachman.

As Urquhart stood at the door of the theater waiting for Irene, an observer would have considered him a very fine specimen of a man. He was tall and erect, his features massive, rather than handsome, his eyes showing evidences of fire easily blown. His face testified to his Scotch ancestry. But however pleasant an impression he might have created in the mind of an observer, his own mind was far from being satisfied and composed. Several things conspired to disturb him. His jealous eyes had been fixed upon Vallier and Kulcannon in their box, and he had wished that Irene's acting was not so vivacious and pretty. Vallier's waiting carriage had not escaped his notice. He knew it well, although he was not personally acquainted with the owner. Again, his law business was not in a satisfactory condition, for although he was far from being without clients, yet his income was not at all sufficient to marry on, and set up an establishment such as he conceived to be suitable for Irene Godsmark.

"Let us go by way of California Street," he said, when Irene appeared, drawing on her glove; "the other way is too short." His voice was deep, and there was a slight burr in his speech.

"Very well," said Irene, brightly.

"They are there yet," he said in his impulsive way, as he saw the carriage still standing at the corner.

"Who?" asked Irene.

"Never mind—some idlers. Let us cross here. I feel melancholy, Irene; I've got to go to San José this week to conduct a case there. I may be gone a week."

"My dear child," said Irene, with mock dignity, "a week will soon pass away. Besides, there is a blessed institution called the United States mail, which can be called into service."

"That is so—but—"

"I consider it a dispensation of Providence that you have to go down there," continued Irene, "for you can go and see Arthur at the college, and find out how the poor boy is getting on."

"Yes, I can," said Urquhart, heartily; "that, at any rate, is a comforting thought."

They walked a little way in silence. Urquhart was frowning meditatively. Suddenly he said: "You are a true heroine, Irene, holding your family together with your own slender hands—paying your brother's way through college, supporting your sick mother, and even furnishing your father money for his mad schemes. You make me feel inferior beside you."

"No heroine, I assure you," answered Irene, laughingly, yet with a thrill of feeling in her voice. "I simply do what common sense, and perhaps a little ambition, compel me to do. My heart is set on Arthur's success. I want him to succeed in law—you know what a deep regard I have for the law. If I can see him a judge sometime in the future I shall be satisfied."

"Arthur is a fine fellow," said Urquhart, "and there is no reason why he should not succeed. There is one point, however, on which you should endeavor to influence him. Try to keep his mind on practical things. He is inclined to be a little visionary in his mode of thought. For instance, on the question of the war, he ardently advocates the cause of the South, not logically and practically, but on fanciful notions of chivalry, aristocracy, and so forth.

"I think I shall have no difficulty in keeping him at his work," said Irene. "As for the South, I myself think that they are heroic soldiers."

"Heroic madmen!" said Urquhart, vehemently, his quick temper flashing up like fire.

"There is method in their madness," said Irene, with energy.

"Is it possible you are so blind and foolish as to uphold treason?" cried Urquhart.

Irene passionately dropped his arm.

"I was so blind and foolish as to think that I could walk home with you without being insulted. I love the South. I love heroes and gentlemen."

At that moment Vallier's elegant carriage rolled swiftly by them.

"I have been hasty, Irene," said Urquhart, his sense of honor and right overcoming his quick anger. He took her hand in his firm grasp. "Do you not know that I say many things in anger that I am afterwards sorry for? Forgive me; I, too, love heroes and gentlemen."

They walked on silently until they reached Dr. Godsmark's door.

"Will you come in?" asked Irene, gently.

"Not tonight, I think," replied Urquhart, with a curious accent of contrition. "It is late, and I must go on the early steamer. How is your mother tonight?"

"She is better," said Irene, sadly. It was her usual answer, though she knew that her mother was fast sinking in death.

"Irene," said Urquhart, impulsively, "let us be married at once. Let me help you support your burden. My income is not what I could wish, but it will serve. Further delay is useless. Say yes, and make me happy."

"No, no," answered Irene, laying her hand on his arm. "I cannot consent yet. Wait till Arthur graduates. You are kind and thoughtful, but, really, my task is not above my strength. I have a good position in the theater, and can manage very well."

Urquhart made a thrust at the door-knob with his cane.

"Good night," continued Irene, entering; "do not forget me at San José."

"Forget you!" said Urquhart, indignantly. He caught her hand and kissed it. The door closed behind her, and he turned away slowly. He had not gone three yards when the door reopened.

"Edward," said Irene, softly, "I don't love the South *very* much."

He turned back hastily, but she had vanished.

Irene ran up the stairs smiling to herself. On entering the plainly furnished parlor, she heard her mother coughing in her room, and immediately went to her bedside. She sat down on a low chair by the bed, and took her mother's hand, and kissed her. "Back again, mother," she said tenderly.

"I was—so glad—when—I heard you," said the invalid; but the effort made her cough severely.

"Was there—a—full house," she whispered presently.

"Yes, mother—a splendid house. Dress circle, parquet, and galleries all crowded."

"And the boxes?"

"All but one were occupied. They were rich and elegant people."

"Did they applaud you, 'Rene?"

"Yes, they were very kind."

"Ah—Good night, then; you are tired. Kiss me, 'Rene."

Irene kissed her mother, smoothed her pillow, and softly went out, after placing the night-lamp behind the screen. She stood in the little parlor, gazing wistfully across at the door of her father's study. She knew that he was there, deeply engaged on some wonderful apparatus, which was to revolutionize the world when completed, and that he was very impatient of any interruption. Yet she wished that she could speak to him before retiring.

Suddenly the study door opened, and Doctor Godsmark stepped nervously out. His hair was thrust back from his forehead, wild and disorderly, and he looked more haggard than usual. Irene knew at once what this unexpected appearance meant. Her father wanted more money to carry on his visionary projects, and was about to apply to her as usual. Her quick mind instantly ran over her resources, and settled the amount which she could spare. Godsmark came forward with a look of sincere affection, and Irene put her arms about his neck and kissed his sallow cheek.

"Ah, you naughty papa, how late you work," she said, chidingly. "No fresh air, no exercise—you must really reform."

"Ah, 'Rene, what could I do without you?" sighed Godsmark, and a tear was in his eye. "But the work progresses," he said, with a flash of triumph. "Soon it will be completed, and then fame will be ours. And we shall have abundance of money, too, and my little 'Rene can leave the theatre. Would you not like to leave the theatre and live in a beautiful house, 'Rene?"

"Yes, indeed, father," said Irene with affected delight. "But do you not need more money to finish the work?" she asked. She had not the slightest confidence in her father's new invention, but she knew that his life was bound up in his work, and that the prospect of fame and fortune at the close was a certainty to him. Therefore she concluded, with patient resignation, that since he was living in a dream-world it was best to give him what money she could spare, and to secure his happiness, even though the burden was great upon her. "I can let you have fifty dollars tomorrow, if you wish it," she continued, for she knew that it was a severe task for him to ask her for money.

"You are thoughtful and generous, 'Rene," said Godsmark, gratefully. "I will accept the loan freely as it is offered; but you shall soon be repaid with interest, dear daughter. We will all leave this dark, cold dwelling and go away to a beautiful country—the most beautiful country in the world, 'Rene." As he spoke, he moved slowly back toward his study. Irene saw that he was longing to be at his work again, so she said:

"I am tired, and must say good night, father," and, kissing him again, she went to her room. She had hardly entered when she heard the door of the study close.

The next evening at the theater, Irene received a beautifully delicate bouquet, in the depths of which a small card reposed. On the card, written in a pencil, were the words: "Compliments of Vallier." Irene felt a curious little flutter of gratification, for she knew young Vallier well by sight, and had not been insensible to the admiring glances he had cast at her from his box. She had heard many stories of his great wealth and generous deeds; and mysterious hints of certain wild escapades in which he had been engaged only added a romantic flavor to his character. She glanced at his box later in the evening, and saw him sitting there alone in his usual position of easy indolence. She was wise enough to suspect that he would seek an introduction, but he did not do so that evening. The next night he was in the box again with two brilliant and beautiful ladies, and Irene thought the stage had but few attractions for him. However, she received an exquisite design in flowers, arranged in the most perfect taste, and accompanied with a card as before.

The next evening one of the leading actors approached her and said that Mr. Vallier begged the honor of an introduction. Irene, after a moment's thought, consented with gratified pleasure, which she carefully concealed. She could not resist a feeling of innocent delight at being sought by a rich, handsome, and elegant young gentleman of whom she had heard nothing wrong. Vallier came forward and was introduced. He was graceful and fair, almost boyish, and the rich color came to his cheek as he bowed.

"Miss Godsmark," he said, frankly, "I feel under such obligations for the pleasure you have given me, with many others, that I mustered boldness enough to thank you in person, even at the risk of being thought impertinent."

"The fear was needless," replied Irene. It is gratifying to afford pleasure to any one."

"Then you should be happy, certainly," said Vallier, sincerely. "You have achieved a great success."

"At least, I have been delightfully rewarded by receiving some most exquisite flowers," said Irene, smiling. "Your card informed me who was the donor of some of the most beautiful."

"I am glad they pleased you," said Vallier; "I arranged them myself."

"I must compliment your artistic taste; they were finely arranged."

"Thank you. I have sometimes half determined to turn florist, and such commendation almost decides the matter."

"I am not the only one who has received pleasure from your skill on this occasion," said Irene. "I sent the flowers to the hospitals, after permitting my friends to admire them; but the most beautiful I could not resist keeping for my mother's table. She is an invalid, and loves flowers very much."

"Whatever disposition you made of the trifles is fitting and right," said Vallier with a mixture of wonder, indignation, and admiration. Then he said with apparent sincerity: "One cannot but feel that only tender and beautiful acts could harmonize with a person so lovely."

"You are a little extravagant, I think," said Irene.

"No, indeed, I am not," said Vallier in a tone of contrition. "But I assure you that often it is such a simple, angelic deed performed by a gentle, pitying spirit that exhibits to one like me his blind selfishness. With abundant means of doing good at my hand, I assure you that I never thought of sending flowers to hospitals. I shall claim the privilege hereafter of supplying you with flowers for that purpose, as you know so much better how to bestow them, and from your hands they will be trebly sweet and beautiful."

"I thank you very much—but—"

"I will hear of no objection. I fear I detain you too long. I thank you for consenting to see me, and for the kind and Christian lesson you have taught me." He bowed low and hurried away, leaving Irene greatly surprised and somewhat vexed at the turn affairs had taken. She had sent Vallier's flowers to the hospitals, and informed him of it merely to prevent him from sending more; and instead, here she was engaged in a sort of charitable compact with him, which had been brought about, she felt, with palpable flattery; but the flattery had some effect, after all.

Vallier retired influenced by a variety of emotions, all of a gentle character, as befitted a Sybarite. Irene Godsmark was a novel character in his experience. To send choice and beautiful flowers to an actress, and afterwards learn from her own lips that she had admired them, and sent them to the hospitals, was a little surprising. His unwounded self-esteem did not permit him to think for a moment that she was making sport of him. He was interested, and felt that this new attraction would dispel *ennui* for a time. He thanked his good luck, and the episode, so to speak, of the hospitals, that enabled him to make so auspicious a beginning. Every day afterwards he made beautiful purchases at the florist's, which he sent to Irene; but he arranged no more bouquets with his own hands.

A few evenings afterwards, Vallier came behind the scenes after the play, and awaited Irene's appearance. He was "more royal than the king," as usual.

"Good evening, Miss Godsmark," he said in his soft, indolent tone. "I have come to inform you that the sky is overcast, and the floods are descending. I beg that you will take my carriage to return home; it is here at the door. My coachman will take you to your address quickly and safely."

"You are very kind," replied Irene, "but I could not think of doing so. My little escort and I do not fear a shower."

Vallier looked around, and saw one of the little Keagan boys nodding on a bench near the door, and sleepily grasping a bundle of wraps.

"The little chap will not object to a ride," he said. "I insist that you take the carriage."

"I feel obliged to decline your kindness, Mr. Vallier."

Vallier felt a little ruffled. Who would have supposed that the actress would refuse the offer of his elegant carriage on a rainy night. It was ridiculous.

"Miss Godsmark," he said, "do you not see that it is just the same as if I saw a lady walking unprotected in the rain, and offered her my umbrella?"

"Do you not see, Mr. Vallier," replied Irene, "that it is just the same as if the lady walking in the rain politely declined your umbrella, knowing that it was unnecessary to deprive you of it."

Vallier smiled rather faintly. "I fear you aspire to heroism," he said. "Let me beg you to relinquish that sort of thing. It is always troublesome, and sometimes dangerous." After a few casual or witty remarks, he strolled out, giving the little Keagan boy a bright half-dollar as he passed.

III.

URQUHART spent a very dull, unsatisfactory week at San José. The case which he conducted was decided adversely to his client, and he himself had been fined for contempt of court; but two letters from Irene, bright, witty, and affectionate, took away the sting of these disasters. He gladly welcomed the day of his return to San Francisco. He had seen Arthur, who was in good health and spirits, and ardently anticipating the coming vacation. Arthur was inclined to be a little fast, and rather regarded studies as a bore.

On reaching the city, early in the evening, Urquhart went at once to his lodgings, where he made a careful toilet, and then set out for the theater, anxious to see Irene as soon as possible. He heard the orchestra playing the interlude, and hastened to the stage door before the curtain should rise. As he emerged from behind a mass of scenery, a sight met his eyes that first seemed to turn him to stone, and then sent his fiery blood flying in fury through his veins. Vallier and Irene stood at the wings, where the bright light from above poured down on them. She was in the elegant dress of the character she was representing that evening, and her beauty was dazzling. He held her hand, and was saying something, at which she smiled brightly. Irene was facing Urquhart, and saw him at once. She started in surprise, blushed, and at once came eagerly forward, calling him by name. Urquhart, quivering with fierce anger, merely made a low bow, turned on his heel, and hastily left the theater; but not before he had seen the expression of grieved astonishment on her face.

He hurried along the dusky streets, scarcely knowing where he went, and at last began to ascend rapidly the California Street hill, now known as Nob Hill, and famous for the vast and magnificent palaces of octomillionaires. He hastened up the steep incline, as if by that vigorous exertion to give vent to the fiery passions that filled his heart, and reached the top, panting. Muttering a malediction at his own folly, he threw himself down on a sand-bank, and bared his forehead to the cold ocean breeze. He sat there a long time, his angry feelings breaking out in curses and disjointed sentences, till at last he found himself shivering, and heard the clock in a church tower below him strike eleven. He arose, and slowly descended, with his hat slouched over his eyes, and his hands in his pockets, and as he reached Kearney street, Vallier's carriage glided smoothly by on the street railroad track. Urquhart, beneath the gas lamps, glared after it with the eyes of a basilisk.

His anger was as foolish as it was fierce. Trifles influence our destinies. Vallier was disappointed at the slow progress of his acquaintance with Irene. While treating him politely, she never permitted the slightest approach to intimacy. She received his exquisite bouquets, and gladly sent them to the hospitals, where the dim and wistful eyes of the sick gazed on them as almost heavenly things. Though this gave her much pleasure, she felt many misgivings in regard to it, for she knew, and secretly feared, Urquhart's jealous, passionate nature. She resolved to tell him everything as soon as he returned. Vallier was drowsily disappointed, for he saw that to win special marks of favor from the pretty young actress would call for exertions that he hardly cared to make, and even then the result would be doubtful. On the evening of Urquhart's return he had made Irene a more beautiful floral present than usual, and, with rather amusing seriousness, had begged her to keep it herself. He then remarked that he intended going to Sacramento next day, but only because he felt it to be a duty—his friends were importunate—and so forth. He added, with a sentimental look, that he hardly knew how to endure absence from San Francisco.

Irene made a laughing reply, and at his melancholy request, took his hand and bade him good bye. It was at that moment that Urquhart entered, and interrupted what he imagined to be a tender scene between Irene and Vallier. When Vallier turned and saw the pale and furious look on Urquhart's face, he instantly divined his jealous thoughts. From that moment the Sybarite began to plot, and from an indolent admirer became a calm, yet subtle and determined, contestant for the prize he coveted.

The next morning Vallier sat in his carriage on California Street, near the entrance of Leidesdorff. His friends in Sacramento were not destined to see him that day. About a block away his coachman, in plain clothes, stood gazing intently up Montgomery street, in the direction of Urquhart's office and lodgings. Presently he came hurrying back to the carriage. "He's coming," he said.

"Very well," replied Vallier. "Drive in quickly." And then, very curious to relate, he threw away his cigar, and sank down to the bottom of the vehicle, so that he was completely concealed from any one outside. The coachman leaped to his seat, and drove rapidly into Leidesdorff street, and drew up directly in front of Number 111. He remained sitting with an air of calm indifference. In a few minutes Urquhart turned the corner and came hurriedly along, looking pale and tired, as if he had not slept. He had not gone far along the street when he perceived the carriage at Doctor Godsmark's door. An expression of rage and despair came over his face. He remained standing irresolutely, and once turned back; then he came along slowly, and paused beside the carriage. Vallier hardly breathed.

"Is Mr. Vallier in this house?" asked Urquhart grimly.

"He is, sir," answered the imperturbable coachman.

"Will he—remain long?"

"I'm afraid he will, said the coachman, with a grin. "It's one of the special attraction places. I generally get tired waitin'."

Urquhart turned on his heel, ashamed that he had questioned the coachman.

"Shall I tell 'im you wanted to see 'im?" drawled the latter.

"No, never mind, it's of no consequence," said Urquhart, hurriedly, and he walked away with his head bent down.

Fifteen minutes passed—twenty minutes. The coachman seemed to become uneasy, and glanced around once or twice. At last he got down from his seat as if to stretch his limbs. He glanced into the carriage door. Vallier was asleep with a cushion under his head. He had "made a night of it" the night before.

Later in the day Urquhart again appeared in Leidesdorff Street, and entered the door of Number 111. He ascended the dark stairway, and paused on the landing. A constant, distressing cough was heard inside. He knocked, and a faint voice said, "Come in." He entered the little parlor, and found Madame Godsmark seated in a low chair by the stove. She looked still more pallid, still more emaciated than when he saw her last, but her face lighted up as she saw him.

"Home again," she said gladly, holding out her thin hand. He took it gratefully.

"Yes," he said, with much emotion in his voice. He could say nothing more, and looked about uneasily. The invalid felt that something was the matter, but thought that he was merely anxious to see Irene.

"'Rene is—out there," she said, pointing to a door. Urquhart knew that it led to a small, open platform at the back of the house, hemmed in by tall buildings, whose rear yards formed a dingy, dark abyss lower than the street, and very much lower than the elevated platform. At close of day, men appeared in these deep yards from the dusky doors of assay works, black and grimy as demons of the pit, but really honest laborers released from toil, who gladly emerged into the cool air to wash from their brawny arms and heated faces the soot of the furnaces.

Irene was in the habit of resorting to this platform to rehearse, so as not to disturb her father's studies, and as Urquhart opened the door, he heard her voice in pleading entreaty, and paused a moment to listen:

"'That death's unnatural that kills for loving—
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope
They do not point on me.'"

He closed the door with a slight noise, and stepped out on the platform. She turned nervously, and saw him.

"Oh, Edward," she said faintly, coming towards him with outstretched hands, and with a look on her face that haunted him to the day of his death: it was appealing, loving, angelic; but he hardened his heart. She stopped with a piteous look, as she noted his pale face and set lips.

"I am not come," he said coldly, "to be cajoled with honeyed words, but to receive the thorough explanation of your conduct which I think is my right."

The words stung her.

"If you have come to quarrel," she replied haughtily, "I will say at once that I have neither time nor inclination for anything of the sort."

"A quarrel is not necessary; but an explanation is," said Urquhart, trembling with suppressed anger.

"I can accuse myself of nothing," said Irene. "Will you have the kindness to say what you wish explained?"

"I had thought," cried Urquhart vehemently, all his jealous anger bursting forth, "I had thought that a woman's constancy could endure for a week in spite of absence; it is maddening to find I was mistaken. I shall never believe again."

"This is very dramatic," said Irene, "but it would be more satisfactory if one could understand what you mean by it."

"If you have any explanation to offer, I want to hear it" said Urquhart, with a strong effort at self-control.

"Explanation of what?" asked Irene, indifferently, half turning away, and tapping the toe of her boot on the boards.

"Explanation of what?" gasped Urquhart, still more pallid. "Of this: I go to San José for a week on business, contenting myself as well as possible with your falsely affectionate letters. I hasten my business, as you might have supposed, knowing my fond devotion to you, and return home a little earlier than I expected. I enter the theater, impatient to see you, and—find you—with another man holding your hand, and—and—you—smiling on him."

Irene laughed scornfully. "Your jealousy is quite unendurable," she said. "I ought to make you apologize humbly for your rudeness, before I dispel your silly fears. Mr. Vallier sought an introduction to me a few days ago, and I have found him an amusing young gentleman."

"A libertine! a profligate!" ejaculated Urquhart.

"You are a prejudiced accuser. At different times I exchanged a few friendly words with him, and last evening, when you so suddenly entered and so foolishly departed, he had just told me that he intended going to Sacramento today, and I was bidding him good bye in a very mocking spirit, I assure you. My dear Mr. Jealousy, what have you to complain of?"

"He has sent you costly bouquets."

"And I have sent them to the hospitals, which he is aware of."

"A slight palliation. He has paid other attentions, I presume?"

"Let me think. Oh, he offered me his carriage one rainy night."

"Ah!"

"I walked home in the rain with Willie Keagan."

"Who?" thundered Urquhart.

"The tailor's little boy," said Irene, putting her hand over her mouth, and looking at him with merriment in her eyes.

Urquhart was not mollified; he thought that she was trifling with him.

"Irene," he said, "I am not so blind as you think. Vallier has visited you here at your house."

"Never!" cried Irene in astonishment.

"And stayed long."

"He has never entered this house."

"He has been here more than once."

"It is not true. Some one has deceived you."

"Unfortunately, I *know*."

"You do *not* know. Why do you say so? He has never been here."

"He was here this morning."

"You are mad."

"I am, nearly. You are false in words as well as in acts."

"You dare accuse me of falsehood!" cried Irene, thoroughly angry. "You are stupidly jealous and boorishly insulting. Leave me this instant. I do not wish to see you again until you can behave at least decently."

"Irene," cried Urquhart, imploringly, "promise me that you will never permit Vallier to visit you again, and I will beg your pardon for all the rash and angry words I have spoken. Only promise," he repeated, seizing her hand.

"I will not," she said, releasing it. "Mr. Vallier politely asked permission to call; I declined the honor. Another time his politeness will not be met with rudeness on my part, since my scruples are rewarded only with insults from you."

Urquhart made an inarticulate exclamation, and wildly brushed his hand across his forehead. He turned abruptly and hurried away. He wandered aimlessly about the streets for several hours. Had he met Vallier, there might have been a tragedy for the morning papers to recount. In his state of mad jealousy, he was convinced that Irene had spoken falsely regarding Vallier's visit, and this seemed to raise between them an insuperable barrier of distrust. It seemed to him that all hope and joy in life were gone, and that the future held nothing for him. The thought of suicide entered his mind, but he dismissed it with bitter contempt. He was too strong to stoop to such folly.

In this condition his eye was attracted by an object which appealed powerfully to one of his strongest passions—his patriotism, love for his country, which was then struggling in the scorching fever of civil war. This object was a large placard on a dingy building, calling for "Men for the United States Army." A staff protruded from an upper window, and the American flag streamed out on the breeze. Urquhart's eye brightened as he read the placard. A new direction was given to his thoughts, and raised them slightly from the despair into which they were plunged. He stood a few moments in deep thought, and then entered the building. In less than half an hour he had abandoned his budding practice of the law, and enlisted as a private soldier in the United States Army.

IV.

On a certain evening about two weeks after, one of the most popular billiard saloons of San Francisco was crowded with a rather noisy assemblage of young men, either actively engaged in pushing the balls or looking on at the games. Kulcannon was conspicuous as one of the noisiest players, and was evidently a little the worse for liquor. At another table near by was a young man of medium height and graceful manners, who was noticeable for a slight infirmity in his speech. He, too, had evidently drunk too much, and by his unsteadiness had lost several games, becoming more excited at each defeat. In a corner somewhat removed from the crowd, Vallier was conversing in low tones with a tall, light-haired young man, whose pleasant blue eyes were constantly glancing about the large, smoky apartment. Vallier was evidently refusing to be convinced of something, which the other was ardently though cautiously advocating.

"We do not expect you to compromise yourself personally," said the stranger; "that would not be wise for a man of your wealth and station. But money is as necessary as men for this enterprise. I address you without fear, because I am well assured of your favorable feelings toward the Southern Confederacy."

"Be careful, if you please," said Vallier indolently. "There are many ears here."

"We are safe," replied the other. "I fear only when I plot in secret; for walls have ears—near them, sometimes; but on the street or in a crowded saloon I laugh at danger. You should be willing to venture something, if only to aid the Southern cause. The chances are greatly in our favor, and we shall reap wealth as well as fame. The mail steamers will be an easy prey, and we shall sweep the broad Pacific from San Francisco to the Islands."

"You are very sanguine," drawled Vallier. "My private opinion is that in less than a month you will have a dungeon to plot in, or else dangle uncomfortably at a yard-arm."

"Bosh, my dear fellow. If we were all as indolent as you, there might be some fear; but the boys are all fiery, active fellows, and if it comes to the worst, will die at their guns. But there is scarcely a chance of that, I assure you."

"Well, I hope you will come out all right."

"There can be no doubt of that to men of energy."

"What is your vessel, Misson?" asked Vallier, rousing himself.

"The 'Chapmann' schooner," answered the other in a low voice; she is lying at the —— Street wharf."

"Now, have the kindness to tell me how you intend to get your guns and stores aboard and muster your crew, without being detected by policemen, soldiers, and spies, who are constantly about the city-front?" asked Vallier with interest.

"My dear fellow," said Misson, smiling, "it is almost the easiest thing in the world. What is more ordinary than a schooner sailing for Mazatlan, carrying mining machinery for Mexico, and also taking a limited number of passengers?"

"I must certainly commend your audacity," said Vallier coolly. "I will think it over, and let you know in a day or two what I will do."

"Very well," replied Misson, "and, see here"—he spoke in a low voice for a few minutes with great energy, until he was interrupted by the approach of Kulcannon, who had finished his game, and now swaggered noisily towards them.

"Well, gentlemen, plotting against the whites?" he said, laughing loudly. "By the way, Vallier," he continued, mouthing his cigar, "seems to me you're not getting on so well lately with the pretty little actress. What's the matter, eh? I've got some news for you. Bet you couldn't guess in a year, or two years, what it is. You know Urquhart, the fellow she was engaged to? Well, he's 'jined the army'—a high private in the rear rank, ha, ha, ha."

Vallier calmly selected another cigar and lighted it.

"Fact, my dear fellow," continued Kulcannon. "I met him on the street today, in blue, walking like a grenadier of the Old Guard." Kulcannon cast a maudlin, knowing look at Misson. "Ever seen Vallier's matchless queen of the night, Mr. Misson?" he asked. "Irene Godsmark, at the American. The sweetest little—"

"Hush!" said Misson, emphatically. "That slight young man at the table yonder is her brother. If he should overhear your remarks you might regret it."

"Her brother?" said Vallier, with a slightly startled air.

"Yes—Arthur Godsmark—college student in the country; home for vacation," said Misson, as if reading from a list.

"Begad, that's news," said Kulcannon. "I must go and see what manner of man he is," and he strolled away with his hat on the side of his head.

"Misson," said Vallier, looking straight in the other's eyes, "you know this young Godsmark?"

"Yes, I know him."

"Induce him to join your expedition, and you shall receive five thousand dollars."

Misson gazed at him for a few moments silently, his calm face giving no clue to his thoughts. Then he said:

"Done. The young man's sentiments are favorable, but I have not approached him before for three reasons, which it would perhaps be as well not to mention."

"It is unnecessary," said Vallier.

Again Misson gazed at Vallier intently. The latter bore the scrutiny calmly and carelessly.

"Vallier," said Misson at length, "what a devil you are under your gentle, lazy manners."

"You are mistaken," replied Vallier, gently, "only a man. There is at able deserted; let us have a game."

"No," said Misson, "I observe that our young friend is in a very approachable state this evening, and I must make the best of the opportunity."

That night Arthur Godsmark returned home very late, with a confused consciousness of having drank too much, of having taken terrible oaths, and of possessing an important secret.

V.

Old residents of San Francisco will remember the discovery of the "Chapmann" conspiracy, and the arrest and trial of some of the conspirators. Arthur Godsmark was arrested with others. It was almost a deathblow to Irene, but she rallied bravely to her brother's defense, and kept all knowledge of the great trouble from her parents. This was not at all hard, for her father had lately shut himself up more closely than ever in his study, and her mother hardly ever left her room, and was evidently failing fast. Irene employed skillful counsel to defend Arthur, and made the most heroic efforts to obtain his acquittal. These unusual expenses swallowed up her salary and savings, and rendered it impossible for her to pay to her father the allowance she usually set apart for him. Several times the Doctor had emerged from his study upon hearing her return at night, thus asking, in his silent way, for money, but she had none to give him. This seemed to depress him very much, and to put a stop to his mysterious work, for he took to sitting in the little parlor for hours at a time, with his chin in his hands, and his eyes gazing on vacancy.

During this sad time Vallier took many opportunities of proving to Irene what he was pleased to term his friendship for her. He displayed the deepest interest in Arthur's defense, and was a constant attendant at court during the trial. His own lawyer waited upon Irene and tendered his services, which were declined. These exhibitions of regard did not fail of producing their effect upon Irene. In her loneliness and deep trouble, she came to look upon Vallier as a friend; still, she doubted slightly, wondering if she could trust him. Thus interesting himself, and entering uncalled into Irene's service, Vallier managed to call a number of times at Doctor Godsmark's. Irene treated him with gentle kindness, and on one occasion he even thought he perceived an expression of pleasure on her face at his appearance.

He called one day and found Doctor Godsmark alone, sitting at the cold parlor stove. He looked like a mummy, and was evidently deeply depressed. From an adjoining room came at intervals a faint, hollow cough. Vallier had been warned by Irene not to utter a word to her parents about Arthur's trouble, so he merely made some polite inquiries concerning Madame Godsmark's health, before asking when Irene would return. To his surprise the Doctor presently seized his hand, and began, rather wildly, to pour out the story of his distress; something about a wonderful instrument which he was about completing, but which required an outlay that he was entirely unable to make. The poor Doctor's tale of sorrow and despair, having begun to flow, poured forth with increasing violence, until Vallier, having but a dim idea of what it all meant, but understanding that money was needed, took out his pocket-book and tossed a thousand dollars on the table. He then shook Godsmark s hand, wished him success, and hastily departed before the Doctor had recovered from his surprise; for to do the latter justice, he never thought of asking Vallier for money.

In spite of all the efforts made in Arthur's behalf, he was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for a term of years in the fort on Alcatraz Island. As Irene left the courtroom at the conclusion of the trial, accompanied by Vallier, they met a tall soldier walking rapidly, who stiffly raised his cap as he passed. Irene trembled, and became paler than before. It was Urquhart.

Arthur went to prison; but although Irene had failed in one effort to obtain his freedom, she did not despair, but at once began to lay other plans, which were destined to produce results.

About a week after Arthur's conviction, another blow fell upon her, as if fate were determined to do its worst. Upon her entering the theater one evening, the manager requested a few moments' conversation with her. When they were alone, he said:

"Miss Godsmark, it pains me to say what I am obliged to communicate to you this evening. Your acting heretofore has given perfect satisfaction; in fact, it has been a drawing card; but this unfortunate affair of your brother's,. we find, has given rise to considerable feeling of an adverse sort, and we apprehend that your remaining in the theater will seriously affect the receipts. Believe me, there is nothing personal in this on my part; but you are aware that there are certain jealousies in the profession, and that we must be guided to a certain extent by public feeling. Of course, you will remain during the term of your contract, which has nearly expired, but after that—you perceive—" and the worthy man coughed a little. "You have our best wishes," he concluded.

"Very well, sir," replied Irene. "I am not surprised."

"This is my last night at the American," said Irene, as she left the theater with Vallier on the evening that her engagement closed.

"The American will never see a more charming actress," replied Vallier, smoothly. But Irene did not notice the compliment; she was thinking of something else. "Have you made another engagement?" he asked.

"No; there is no chance for me in San Francisco."

"Not at another theater?"

"No."

"May I ask what you intend to do?"

"I intend to do my duty."

"That is rather indefinite."

"It is definite to me."

It was a beautiful evening, and at Vallier's request they extended their walk to Portsmouth Square, the old Plaza of San Francisco, which at that time had not yet fallen under the yellow shadow of Chinese invasion. A military band was playing in the vicinity as they strolled along the gravel walk. The loud, martial notes seemed to affect Vallier unusually; he felt a peculiar thrill, and wondered at it indolently. There were no promenaders near. He paused in the shade of a tree—a thick cypress, like a monument.

"Irene," he said, taking her hand, and speaking low, "you need never act again unless you wish. You shall not be dependent on selfish managers. Irene, I love you—"

"Hush," she said, withdrawing her hand, "not another word or I shall leave you."

"Irene," he said, going on volubly yet gently, "nothing can prevent me from saying these words: I love you—I always have loved you—I will love you always. No one will ever love you as I do. You cannot escape me—I shall always be near you. I would go through fire and flood for you—I would face any danger for you—I would suffer death for you — I would burn in the flames of hell for you. If you smiled, I would be repaid. Irene—" more eagerly, yet gently, "I have a splendid palace here; I have a lovely villa in Monterey; my yacht lies in the bay— the 'Cleopatra'— she flies over the water like a bird—"

Irene had stood as if in a dream; but she roused herself and said: "You would not soil your gloves for me."

"I would gladly die for you," he said, in a sentimental tone. There was a conflict of expressions in her face. She gazed at him earnestly, and seemed to make a resolve.

"Will you risk disgrace?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And imminent danger—even death."

The crash of warlike music burst forth inspiringly.

"Yes," he cried; he had never felt so earnest before.

"Then," said Irene, speaking rapidly, "meet me tomorrow night at ten o'clock on the old wharf at North Beach. Think once more: Will you venture everything?"

"I will. I shall meet you there," said Vallier eagerly.

"Good night, then," said Irene, holding out her hand. "We will part here." She pressed his hand lightly, and walked quickly away.

The next night the fog rolled in from the ocean heavily, and a cold wind blew. Irene, on the old wharf at North Beach, shivered and wrapped her cloak about her as she crouched behind an old boat. She tried to tell the time by her watch, but it was too dark to see the hands. She felt certain that Vallier was late. The water lapped eagerly among the piles; it occurred to her that the bay would be very rough that night. She became very impatient. Presently a figure appeared, muffled in a long, dark overcoat. Irene knew by the indolent, graceful walk that it was Vallier. He peered to the right and left as he came, and she rose to meet him. He hurried forward when he saw her, saying something which she did not understand.

"You are late," she said. "Do you regret your promise? Do you want to go back?"

"Command me," he replied; "nothing that you desire can be appalling."

"Then I will trust you. Listen, and I will tell you why I am here, and in what I want assistance. There is no one else I can rely on. Arthur is to make his escape from prison tonight; he has been furnished means to do so. We must row over to Alcatraz, and bring him away in the boat. Come, let us go at once; there is no time to lose."

Vallier gazed aghast over the black, stormy water. The icy breeze struck a chill through him.

"What? In this gale? Do you know how rough the bay is out there?"

"You are not afraid!" cried Irene, with doubt and astonishment mingled in her voice and manner.

"We should be upset as sure as fate," he said.

Irene remained silent.

"It would be terrible to die, Irene," he murmured, with a shiver.

"It is more terrible to live," said Irene, in a tone of indescribable pathos.

Vallier suddenly caught her in his arms.

"Irene, he said, in an agitated voice, "do not venture out there; there is no need. Arthur shall be free without that; I swear it. I have money, plenty of it. I have influence with great men; more than you think. I will spend a million dollars; Arthur shall be pardoned; I swear it. Irene, go with me tonight—now. See those lamps yonder? It is my traveling carriage. My bays go like the wind. They will take us to my white villa of the Golden Lilies, at Monterey—a beautiful house, Irene, in the midst of blooming gardens, where birds sing forever; and the blue water before it, and the white surf murmuring on the sands. And the 'Cleopatra' shall come, and we will sail away to the sweet islands of the south; and Arthur shall be free, and I will make him rich. He shall be freer than you can make him by this dangerous act. I swear it—I swear it—by heaven, the saints, the holy angels—"

"Hush!" cried Irene, in a tone of mere horror. Her head whirled dizzily. A new light, hideous and noxious, broke upon her. The poor girl's mind had been so centered upon Arthur and his dreadful trouble, that she had been blind to other things. The wagging tongues of the crowd had sneeringly connected her name with Vallier's long ago. She gave a gasp and a moan as if she had been suddenly stabbed. She saw in Vallier a trifler, who had deceived her with a perfidious friendship. She pushed him backward with all her force, ran down the steps of the landing, and sprang into a small boat lying there. Vallier followed, but she had already pushed off, and was fitting the oars in the rowlocks.

A strange emotion filled the young man's breast. He did not wonder at it, but was intensely conscious of a deep and thrilling sensibility never felt before. It was as if the coarse husk of selfishness had burst, and disclosed the existence of nobler and purer feelings. It was, perhaps, the first upspringing of genuine love. He looked with something like despair at the water which separated him from Irene, and stretched out his arm as if to stay her departure.

"Let me go with you, Irene," he called. "All I ask is to go. I will be silent; I will not say a word. Come back, I beg, I pray. Irene, I mean no wrong; I am honorable. Let me go—only let me go. Irene!"

She made a reply as she rowed away, but the wind blew strongly, and he did not understand what it was. He sprang up the steps and ran to the end of the wharf just in time to see her vanish in the rolling fog. He would have called again, but he feared to attract attention. He took off his hat and dashed it on the planks. He cursed himself, not sincerely, but because it was a natural thing to do under such circumstances of self-reproach. Never had the Sybarite been so agitated. He hurried away; then he hurried back again. He looked about for another boat. None practicable could be seen. At last, he surprised his coachman by bolting hastily into his carriage, and ordering to be driven to the city-front. Arrived at the city-front, he was again perplexed. He wished to hire a boat, but he was afraid of exciting suspicion. He became confused. He had never had to actually *think* before.

He passed an unhappy night. He remained on the street. He walked, and rode. He could decide on nothing. His coachman swore terribly under his breath. About three o'clock he concluded that he would go to Doctor Godsmark's house, and see if Irene had returned; yet he did not know whether she intended returning home or not. He knew that the Doctor often worked late into the night, and he depended on finding him up. He tried to make himself believe that his suspense would soon be ended.

He entered Leidesdorff Street, and saw that the window of the Doctor's study was lighted up. The street door was unlocked; he went in, ascended the stairs, and knocked gently upon the door. Then it occurred to him that his appearance at that hour would seem very strange to the Doctor. A ray of light shot from the keyhole, and the door was nervously opened. Doctor Godsmark appeared with a lamp in his hand. His appearance was startling. He was scarcely more than a shadow, but his sunken eyes were dilated, and shone brilliantly and triumphantly. He gazed at Vallier for a moment, and then, reaching out his nervous hand, drew him inside.

"I am glad you have come," he said, in an eager whisper. "You lent me money; I haven't forgotten that, and you shall be repaid tenfold. It is finished at last, and just in time—just in time. Come, I am all ready. You helped to complete it, and you shall share the triumph. Come." He drew Vallier, mystified and startled, into the study, and shut the door carefully. The scanty furniture was thrust back against the walls, leaving the room clear. Before the sofa, at the side of the room, stood an instrument of marvelous workmanship. It consisted of something like a camera-obscura, in conjunction with other intricate apparatus, among which could be seen receptacles of glass containing strange liquids.

This mysterious mechanism received but a glance from Vallier; his eyes were fixed on a still figure placed in a sitting position on the sofa, and entirely covered with a white sheet, which dimly showed the outlines of the human form. Vallier gazed on this awful figure, and almost dropped to the floor, so weak was he with superstitious terror.

"It is Irene," murmured the Doctor.

"Irene!" gasped Vallier, in a horror-stricken whisper.

"My wife—yes," sighed Godsmark, "she died suddenly tonight."

Vallier sank into a chair and pressed his hand on his heart.

"Before the final triumph, I must explain to you," whispered Godsmark, with gleaming eyes. "You are the first human being to hear these wonderful things. All other inventions are confined to the earth—to mortal things; but this is destined to penetrate the unknown, and reveal to our view the images of celestial or infernal beings. You have often heard of *sudden death,* have you not?"

"My God, yes," gasped Vallier.

"Of course; we all have. Now listen: When a human being is deprived of life so suddenly, I believe that, for some unknown reason, an immortal being, angel, god, or devil, appears to him or her in tangible shape, and the frail mortal existence, blasted by the awful sight, suddenly perishes. Does it not blind our eyes to gaze at the sun? Is it not written that he must die who hath looked upon a God? Mortal eyes stricken by such a sight must retain the impression of it after death; it must be stamped indelibly upon the retina. This instrument, placed before the open eyes of one who has perished suddenly by such a fearful visitation, will take from the seared retina the exact figure of the immortal visitant, and by means of these intricate arrangements and sensitive fluids will throw it with at least a slight semblance of its supernatural splendor upon that thin disk of prepared metal which you see."

Vallier could scarcely credit his senses, and almost believed himself the victim of some hideous dream.

"I am too impatient now to explain the mechanism to you," continued the Doctor, "but I will do so soon. I will light these powerful lamps. Now I will uncover—her face; and soon on yonder disk will shine the figure of that angelic being whose appearance has released her from this weary life."

Godsmark was stepping towards the still figure, when Vallier clutched his arm.

"If it—kills them," he whispered, trembling, "shall we not—also die—at the—at the—sight of it?"

"It is not likely—it is not likely," said the Doctor, impatiently. "We need not think of that. Behold!" He stepped forward, and drew the sheet from the white face of the corpse. Its eyes were open, staring and expressionless.

There was an awful hush. The very walls seemed to watch. The two men heard their hearts beat. There were other noises about the house, but they did not hear them. A minute passed by like an age. No wondrous figure flashed out upon the darkened disk. Suddenly the features of the corpse seemed to twitch—its eyes to dilate with horror. There was a movement! It rose slowly in its white garments with a low moan as of agony.

"*Irene,*" she whispered, gazing straight before her; "*the boat,—she is drowning—drowning—*" She suddenly sank downwards. Doctor Godsmark sprang forward and caught her as she fell, and both went down together.

"O God!" groaned Vallier, springing to the door. He tore it open and rushed out. Strong hands seized him. The little parlor was full of armed men, and the weird light from the study was reflected from bayonets and musket barrels. They were soldiers of the provost guard, sent to search Doctor Godsmark's house for infernal machines, which, it was reported, were being manufactured there.

Vallier leaned against the wall half fainting. He scarcely heard the officer's stern questions, and could only point feebly towards the study. The officer entered. Doctor Godsmark lay on the floor with his wife in his arms. He was quite dead; and poor Madame Godsmark, too, had passed from her strange trance to death with him.

VI.

Irene left Vallier on the wharf with feelings of anger, grief, and humiliation. She rowed with fierce energy directly out into the channel towards Alcatraz, and soon her utmost efforts were necessary to propel the light craft through the rough chop seas. After a severe struggle, which almost exhausted her strength, Alcatraz loomed grimly through the fog. She approached with great caution and landed on a shelving bank, securing the boat's painter to a projecting point of rock. This steep side of the island sloped directly up to a parapet far above, but dimly seen in the fog masses that whirled in from the sea. After gazing anxiously about for a short time, she threw herself on the ground to recover from her exhaustion before beginning the ascent. It was at this point that Arthur had arranged to make his escape.

At length she began to ascend the steep slope. Creeping close to the earth on her hands and knees, she moved slowly along, pausing now and then to watch and listen. At last she almost shrank into the ground as the dark spectral figure of a sentinel emerged from the fog and moved along the parapet above her. He disappeared in the gloom, and once more she crept a little farther up. She did not wish to risk missing Arthur in the fog. Then a great cannon appeared at her left, frowning from an embrasure, and she stopped and waited. It seemed a long time to her, but it was not very long, when a dark, moving object on the parapet caught her eye. It grew larger, and soon became the figure of a man, crouching low, and about to descend. It was Arthur! Her heart leaped with joy. She involuntarily started up to meet him. She did not see the apparently gigantic figure arise from the shadow of the cannon; she did not hear the click of the musket-lock; but the hoarse challenge smote her heart like death.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

There was a moment of frozen silence, full of despair. Then Arthur's voice answered, coolly, but its infirmity increased with excitement: "A—friend. Wi—without—the countersign, I — regret —um—to say."

Then the blood left Irene's heart, and rushed hotly to her face again; for she had recognized in the voice of the sentinel a familiar burr, sounding strangely amid those wild surroundings. She ran up the short intervening slope toward him. The soldier half turned, with his drill-like movement, to confront the new enemy. She threw herself on her knees, and said:

"Edward, it is Irene."

"Irene!" muttered Urquhart, as if stupefied; and he grounded his musket.

"It is Arthur," said Irene eagerly. "For heaven's sake let him go. I know you hate me now, but let him go for old friendship's sake."

"I do not hate you, Irene," said Urquhart, in a sorrowful voice, "but I cannot let him go."

"Edward, for God's sake let him escape."

"I cannot. Do you not know that I am no longer a free citizen, but a soldier, bound by a stern military law? Do you not know that what you ask is my dishonor?"

"Oh, no, surely not dishonor, but only generous mercy."

"I have lost you, Irene, through my own blind folly. I know it now. I have nothing left but honor. Can you ask me to sacrifice that?"

"Would it—could it—be proved against you?" asked Irene drearily.

"It would be proved, without doubt; but, worse than that, I should fall in my own respect, as one who had broken his oath and betrayed his trust."

Irene suddenly began to cry and sob wildly. Urquhart knelt down beside her, and took her hand gently.

"Don't, Irene," he said tremulously, "you'll kill me." Then he was silent, and seemed shaken with emotion. Suddenly he arose, stepped up to Arthur, and said vehemently: "Arthur, run this bayonet through me, and you can go."

"Th—thank you," replied Arthur calmly, "but I shall do nothing of the sort."

"Irene," said Urquhart, kneeling beside her once more. "I may never see you again. Can you listen to me, if I say anything against Vallier?"

"I hate him—I hate him," she answered in a woful voice.

"Thank heaven," said Urquhart solemnly. "I wanted to warn you. He is dishonorable. He deceived us contemptibly. Do you remember when we quarreled, I said he called on you?"

"He had not at that time."

"I know it. He concealed himself in his carriage at your door to make me believe he had entered. One of my comrades was in the saloon opposite and observed the maneuvre. He told me about it as a curious incident this very night; but he had no idea that I was an interested party."

"I am glad you know I spoke the truth."

"I was a scoundrel to doubt it. Can you ever care for me again, Irene?"

"I have always loved you," she replied, in tears.

At that moment a light appeared at a distance in the fort.

Urquhart started up. "Good heavens, the relief is coming," he said.

"Arthur!" cried Irene, clasping her hands.

"Take him and go," said Urquhart, hurriedly. "Hurry—there is not a moment to lose."

He tried to push them from the parapet; but Irene would not stir.

"Arthur," she said slowly, "you cannot escape tonight. Go back to your cell."

"What madness is this," ejaculated Urquhart, in his old fiery, impulsive way. "Go at once; go—go."

"He cannot go. Think of your disgrace."

"I will suffer everything. Arthur, for God's sake, take her and go."

"Just as 'Rene s—says," replied Arthur, coolly.

The tramp of the advancing guard was heard.

"Better that all should die than one be dishonored. Go back, Arthur," said Irene.

Arthur vanished in the darkness. Urquhart felt Irene's soft arms about him for an instant, and felt her lips touch his cheek; then she was gone, down the steep slope into the black fog and night.

Yes, the fog was thick, and the night was dark, and the waves clamored hoarsely, and the cold wind blew. The tide was ebbing, too, and sweeping swiftly out through the Golden Gate. It was a wild night for a little skiff to venture on the turbulent waters. When the golden spears of morning drove darkness over the distant horizon, a vessel bound in picked up, outside the heads, a small boat floating bottom up in the waves.

Vallier did not return to his butterfly life. He had truthfully disclaimed being a devil; he was only a man after all. He became melancholy; and it was true that he gave a large sum for masses for the repose of Irene's soul. He soon embarked for Washington, where he spent money freely, and invoked every influence to procure the pardon and release of Arthur Godsmark. He eventually succeeded in this. Having completed his self-imposed task, he wandered to Europe, and presently found himself amidst the seductive enticements of Homburg, in its palmy gambling days. He became so devoted an attendant at the green tables that his great fortune took to itself wings, or rather was raked in by imperturbable *croupiers.* Then, beginning to feel the cold breath of the world, no longer ameliorated by passing through a medium of wealth, he quaffed a Lethean draught, and luxuriously slept his life away on a velvet couch in one of the magnificent saloons of the Kursaal.

Arthur emerged from prison a grave and saddened youth. Remembering tenderly poor Irene's ambition for him, he devoted himself to his studies, and is now a prominent judge in an eastern city.

Urquhart distinguished himself in the army. He went to the seat of war in the East, and became a captain of volunteers. Both as a soldier and an officer he was renowned for the most splendid bravery, and for his utter contempt of danger and death. He was torn to pieces by the explosion of a shell in almost the last battle of the war, and every one who knew him grieved deeply for him.

C. E. B.

MODERN EGYPT.

If there is anything more puzzling to the student than ancient Egypt, it is certainly modern Egypt. The mysteries which cling about ancient Egypt are, it is true, absent from modern; yet the emotions it excites are so varied and contradictory, the change from its busy cities to the silence of its deserts so sudden and appalling, that it seems as difficult to give a consistent account of the Egypt of today, as to reconcile all the conflicting theories concerning the worship of Osiris, or the government of the Pharaohs. Indeed, south of Cairo there is no such thing as modern Egypt, for there the past creeps out from between ruined portals, and engulfs all the little present in its colossal shadow. It is in Cairo and Alexandria that the life of today must be studied—a life so prodigal of riches and of squalor, of picturesqueness and of filth, a character so composed of sullen patience and childish light-heartedness, that it is impossible to write of either without seeming contradiction.

The written history of Egypt begins when her freedom as a nation was first irrevocably crushed under a conquering foot. The annals of the world contain no sadder story than this, of the downfall of the earliest among civilized nations. Persians, Assyrians, Greeks, and Romans, succeeded each other in the work of destruction; but the land retained something of its Pharaonic splendor, until the Saracens set foot upon its soil. While the Byzantine Emperors were striving to forcibly Christianize Egypt; while the last followers of the old faith were seeking shelter in the sacred groves of Philæ; when the glory of Alexandria was beginning to wane, and the ruins of the Serapeum were already moss-grown—there was born at Mecca a child whose future was to change the fate of half the known world. He was the descendant of a rich and powerful family, to whom belonged the honorable office of Keepers of the Caäba. His father, Abdallah, was so remarkably handsome, that it is said that at his marriage two hundred maidens died of broken hearts. Many miracles are related concerning the birth of his son Mahomet; but it was not until he reached the age of forty, that he proclaimed his mission as a prophet. There is no life or character in history stranger than that of Mahomet. Shrewd, yet passionate; brave and determined, yet subject to terrible mental depression; a bitter enemy of idols, yet born an idolator; superstitious, sensuous, proud and cruel, this man gathered about him, first a little band of half-doubting believers, then an army which by the sword was to force the Prophet's creed upon half the world. Yet this cruel man, who could neither read nor write, has left recorded in his Koran precepts of such justice and beauty as to astonish the Christian reader. So firmly did Mahomet establish his faith, that it did not die with him, but under his successors spread far and wide. He had but lately ceased to live, when his followers under Amron conquered Persia, Syria, and Egypt. To the greatest stronghold of idolatry came these destroyers of idols, and found that Christian hands had already laid waste the shrines of Isis and Osiris. Once more the religion of the land was changed by force, and its seed watered with blood.

Here it may be said that the history of modern Egypt begins. When the Saracen army under Amron entered Alexandria, on Dec. 22d, 640, the captor wrote to the Caliph:

> "I have taken the great city of the West. It is impossible for me to enumerate the variety of its riches and beauty, and I shall content myself with observing that it contains four thousand palaces, four thousand baths, four hundred theaters, or places of amusement, twelve thousand shops for the sale of vegetable food, and forty thousand tributary Jews."

Later, the conqueror sent the Caliph the following graphic account of the land he had been at such pains to gain possession of:

> "Egypt is a compound of black earth and green plants, between a pulverized mountain and a red sand. The distance from Tyene to the sea is a month's journey for a horseman. Along the valley descends a river, upon which the blessing of the Most High reposes both morning and evening, and which rises and falls with the revolutions of the sun and moon. When the annual dispensation of Providence unlocks the springs and fountains that nourish the earth, the Nile rolls his swelling and sounding waters through the realm of Egypt; the fields are overspread by the salutary flood, and the villages communicate with each other in their painted barks. . . . According to the changes of the season, the face of the country is adorned with a silver wave, a verdant emerald, and the deep yellow of a golden harvest."

This apt and concise description is as applicable to Egypt today as when the triumphant Amron penned it.

Not content to occupy the glories of Alexandria, he moved his army above the Delta, and founded the new capital of El Cahireh, "the victorious." The Saracens had no respect for the civilizations which preceded them. Iconoclasts by religion, they considered the art of sculpture a crime; intolerant of all beliefs but their own, they found heathen temples an abomination in their sight; profoundly ignorant of literature, they held books in no regard. When Amron appealed to the Caliph Omar, to know what should be done with the magnificent library in Alexandria, he received, according to the well-known story, the following reply: "The books you mention are either in conformity with the Book of God, or they are not. If they are, the Koran is sufficient without them; if they are not, they ought to be destroyed." It is said that the zealous Amron distributed them to the keepers of the baths, to whom they served as fuel for six months.

Nowhere can the fable of the phœnix be more aptly applied than to Cairo, for it literally rose out of the ashes of the ancient kingdom. The palaces of Alexandria were robbed of all their treasures to deck its walls; the temples were torn stone from stone to pave its streets and build its flat-roofed houses. Four hundred Greek columns adorn a single mosque; another has a slab, carved over with the praises of Tutmes, sawn in two to form a door-step. The remains of Memphis were so entirely absorbed into the new city, that a single colossal statue is alone left to mark the ancient city's site. Scarcely a house, or wall, or street, in the older Cairo, but bears witness to the ruthless depredations of the Saracen invaders. The architecture which rose from these fragments was, like the people whose will called it to life, a sort of adaptation of the material at hand. The Saracens, as a nation, seem a strange accident of history. Rising as suddenly and mysteriously as a summer flood, they swept over nation after nation, taking to themselves the customs of one, the industries of another, the arts of a third, modifying and adapting them to their needs, only stamping upon each their own characteristic. They went forth with nothing their own except a creed. By conquest and absorption they became the ruling nation of the world. They may be said to have had no art except architecture; for Mohammed in the Koran forbade the making of pictures and statues, declaring that whoso in this world makes anything in human form, shall in the next be condemned to find a soul to fit it. An early Arab historian attributes the origin of their architecture to the Persians. That the Byzantine style had also its influence is evident. It is a significant fact that a Copt (native Egyptian) was employed to roof the Caäba, when it was rebuilt during the prophet's boyhood. When the Saracens entered Egypt they found numbers of Christian churches which could be converted into mosques, and which doubtless had an influence in forming their architecture. The Coptic artificers and workmen were called in to build new mosques, for the Arabs were skillful in no branch of mechanics. The two hundred and fifty years which followed the conquest of Egypt left no monuments by which can be traced the gradual development of art.

The mosque of Ibn-Tooloon is the most ancient Muslim edifice of known date. It is also remarkable as being the earliest instance of the pointed arch being used throughout a building. Indeed, Arab architecture seems in many particulars the precursor of the Gothic. In the mosque of Tooloon the geometrical and scroll ornament is first found—the most fascinating characteristic of Arabian art. The infinite variety and labyrinthine elaborateness of this work is a constant wonder to the visitor to Cairo. To follow its intricacies is bewildering to the brain. The mosques abound with these arabesques, which are as gracefully fantastic as the patterns the frost traces upon a window pane. Though dust-laden and falling to decay, they are still a complete exponent of grace of outline.

One of the noblest mosques in Cairo is that of Sultan Hassan. Its entrance way is roofed with stalactites of plaster, which give it the appearance of a vast cave. The change from the noisy streets without to its cool twilight is delightful. The center of the mosque is occupied by an immense court, on the four sides of which are semi-circular domed spaces, left entirely open towards him who enters. In the middle of the court is a fountain, at which the faithful bathe before going to prayers. In the eastern wall a niche marks the direction of Mecca. To one side of this a flight of steps leads to a sort of pulpit, from which the Koran is read. The quadrangle is over one hundred feet square; the walls are one hundred feet high, and covered with arabesque and mosaic inscriptions. Slender columns uphold the domes; the sunshine lies warm and yellow in the court; the sparrows twitter in nooks in the crumbling walls; above, the azure sky is seen, pierced by the needle-like minarets, from whose summit an echoing voice comes floating down, "Prayer is better than sleep; come to prayer"; and at the sound, the people drop upon their knees, and bow their turbaned heads to the ground.

There is something very beautiful in this semi-pagan custom of leaving a place of worship in part unroofed. The ancient Romans realized it, when they left the eye of the Pantheon open toward heaven. In Mohammedan mosques the rain and sunshine have free entrance, and the little birds build their nests among the carvings and come and go at will, tuning the prayers of those below to the unceasing twitter of their voices.

A mosque is to a Muslim not merely a place of prayer; it is a home to the homeless, a retreat for the idle, and a center of trade for the industrious. In the porticoes barbers ply their razors. Under the arches beggars sleep and eat; yet the inner place of prayer is always cool and still. The Mosque of El Azhar is the great university of Cairo, with 11,000 students registered yearly on its roll. Its interior presents a scene which would drive to insanity the entire faculty of an American college. Cross-legged upon the floor of its immense court are seated the students—gray-bearded men, gaily-dressed youths, ragged boys. All who are studying at all do so out loud, rocking rapidly back and forth; a few lie full length on their faces and write. Some have not yet awakened, and lie rolled in their mantles; others are breakfasting. The water-seller walks about, jingling his brass cups, and crying, "*Moyá, moyá*" in shrill tones; fruit venders find eager customers; some sly truants play "tag" among the further columns. Law, jurisprudence, theology, and medicine are being acquired by these turbulent students, yet the single text book is the Koran.

Much of the exterior beauty of a Saracen building is due to the extreme contrast of curved and perpendicular lines. The broad swell of the shallow domes, out of whose midst rise the slender minarets, with their curved balustrades and lance-like tops all outlined sharply against the glowing sky, is graceful beyond comparison. Byzantine architecture has this charm, but scarcely in the perfection to be found in Cairo. The Mosque of the Citadel, although marred by some elements strangely foreign to the architecture, is a fine example of this. Dome rises upon dome, a pyramid of swelling curves. The walls are of deeply-veined Oriental alabaster; the light within is lustrous with the glow of painted glass, losing itself in the somber richness of Turkish carpets. Beautiful as is, it reminds one too forcibly of the luxurious sensuality of later Mohammedanism, to be altogether pleasing. The view from this mosque is one of the loveliest sights in Cairo. The city lies below, the towers of its three hundred and fifty mosques piercing the misty air like a fairy forest; on one side, green grain fields cleft by the sinuous course of the muddy Nile, and beyond, the golden waste of desert, broken only by the gigantic triangles of the Pyramids. To see the sunset from this spot is to see the gates of Paradise flung wide for one delicious minute.

There is one monument in Cairo which antedates by sixteen years the Mosque of Tooloon. It is a Nilometer, an instrument for measuring the rise and fall of the river. It is a well eighteen feet square, having in its center a pillar marked off into cubits. On each side are arched recesses surmounted by an inscription relating to the "water sent by God from Heaven." It stands in the garden of a deserted palace, whose marble courts and crumbling frescoes seem worthy to have been the dwelling-place of the Sleeping Princess. The garden is overrun with roses, geraniums, and sweet-peas. Arbors covered with grape vines protect marble-paved walks from the sun, and carved balustrades overhang the slow-flowing river. The place is so mysteriously silent, so odorously sweet, that it at once recalls fables of wicked genii and enchanted beauties. A white-robed, iris-winged fairy might rise out of the stillness, and seem quite in place; or the handsome prince, all bedight in satins and feathers, might walk up the shady avenue on his way to waken with a caress the princess in the palace beyond, and surprise no one but the echoes which sleep lightly among the decaying marbles.

The best specimen of domestic architecture to which a visitor to Cairo has access, is the Ghezireh Palace. It is entered by a marble-paved court, whose paneled ceiling is upheld by airy columns, whose arches resound to the cool splash of a sparkling fountain. Within the palace the walls are hung with satin of varying tints, and Persian carpets deaden the fall of footsteps. The bath room is fit for Haroun al Raschid himself, with its marble floor sloping slowly down to a vast basin, in which the water plays with a musical trickle. Slender columns uphold a white-domed ceiling, into which panels of painted glass are sunk, shedding a glowing radiance over the cool whiteness of the place. In the palace garden is a lake, surrounded with a Moorish portico, which, if illuminated by colored lanterns, would seem a fitting illustration for Moore's "Feast of the Roses."

One of the most marked characteristics of Cairene architecture is the bazar. Each trade has one devoted to itself—as, for instance, the jewelers' bazar, the shoemakers' bazar, the dry goods bazar. They are entered by equestrians and pedestrians alike — indeed, the favorite mode of shopping in Cairo is on donkey-back, for this seat brings the purchaser on a level with the merchant, siting cross-legged on the floor of his stall. Passageways or streets three or four feet wide intersect each other at right angles. The light is admitted through the roof, which covers the whole. The place is dingy, noisy, and contains smells unutterable.

One of the most interesting portions of old Cairo is what is known as the Coptic quarter. Passing through a low postern in an old Roman wall, we enter streets so narrow that two cannot ride abreast—eccentric streets, which jump ditches, dodge through gateways, and walk up steps, disappearing at last around a corner or through a door. Hanging windows meet over the street, and are filled with carved lattices so delicate and beautiful as to shame their dingy surroundings, and occasionally there is an arched doorway fit to be the entrance to a prince's palace. It is a place of immense possibilities in the line of dirt and romance ; a suitable *mise en scene* for the tales poor Scheherezade wove at the price of her life. Watch long enough at that house with the carved door and finely wrought lattices, and you will surely see enter the three one-eyed mendicants, and catch echoes of merriment within. From yonder window the fair, false lady must have bewitched the tailor; and that is certainly the door at which the jeweler's wife laid poor dead Hunchback.

But all these pleasant fancies fade when we turn a sudden corner, and find ourselves in front of the little Coptic church. Services are in progress as we enter, but one of the choir boys promptly lights a taper, and, still chanting his part, shows us quaint and rich inlayings in wood and ivory, some awkward old Byzantine paintings, and finally three little niches in which, it is claimed, sat Mary and Joseph and Jesus during the flight into Egypt. As we turn to leave the church the priest and the rest of the choir desert the altar and gather around us, begging alms.

And these are the people who claim a lineal descent from the men who built Karnak, and whose language gave the key to the translation of the Rosetta Stone. How, indeed, are the mighty fallen ! How poor a successor is this dingy little church, with its niches and relics, to the solemn halls in which old Egypt worshiped its gods ! Egypt presents today the phenomenon of a land whose inhabitants, religion, government, and arts are all foreign. And even that imported art is a thing of the past ; for it is said that the only people in Cairo who can now trace a genuine scroll or arabesque are the Greek tailors, who embroider them on the dainty jackets of Turkish grandees or Circassian sultanas. The land has absolutely nothing of its own save its ruins and its river ; yet is not that as much as any other land can boast ?

The nearer one approaches the majesty of the past in Egypt, the more the present seems to shrivel into worthlessness. The villages south of Cairo are mere collections of mud huts, roofed in with palm branches. Sometimes a whole town will be built upon the roof of an ancient temple, and cumber it as little as a group of wasps' nests. At Minyea, the Khedive has several fine palaces, and an occasional sugar mill crouches by the Nile like an emblematic monster of the nineteenth century ; but these detract nothing from the universal squalor and degradation. The Khedive owns everything worth owning in the land, and the people hope only for a meager subsistence. The men are scrawny and high shouldered, reminding one not infrequently of the square figures upon the temple walls. The old women seem a company of resuscitated mummies from the caves of the Lybyan hills. But to see the young women at sunset filing down the river bank, with their water jars poised lightly upon their heads, is to see how Rebecca looked when she watered her flocks, or how Pharaoh's daughter bent over the wave-cradled Moses. The grace and beauty of these women do not bear close inspection, but they add to the picturesqueness of many a scene.

The most active western mind is led to generalize and dream in Egypt. The "why and wherefore," which haunt perpetually our busy life, die of inertia there. Who cares to listen to statistics of pauperism and degradation, while the people are only graceful groups in a glowing landscape ? Who asks how many cubits the river rises, while its muddy waters have strength to float the delighted traveler through scenes so enchanting ? Indeed, poverty is scarcely painful in a country where a single garment and unlimited leisure for sleep are enough to constitute happiness. The crystalline clearness of the sky, the intense yellow of desert and sunlight, make Egyptian days a perpetual idyl, painted in sapphire and gold. The traveler's luxurious pleasure boat floats upon a mystic river, whose lapping waters are a spell to tempt him into dreamland. The past and future are dead to him; he lives but in the delicious, unreal present. The air is molten sunshine; he can feel it glow in his lungs and intoxicate every sense, as he lies on his satin divan and drinks in the beauty of this dream. The idle days are singularly alike, yet never monotonous. Hazy sunrises, when the light creeps coyly over the awakening earth, and the cool breath of the night still fans the hills; hot noon days, when the stare of the sun has hushed all the land to glowing silence and the desert burns in a yellow blaze; sunsets, whose crimson and purple mock the pen which would picture them, and nights whose shadows are but the antitype of day and know only a silver gloaming which is but a step-child to darkness.

Sometimes the placid slopes which fondle the river rise into wild lime cliffs, mummy-pitted and wind-haunted. Sometimes the green fields sweep away to meet the mountains, which snatch the red and gold from the palpitating air, and weave for themselves a thousand varying mantles with which to clothe their nakedness. Sometimes the horizontal lines, which go ever varying through this landscape, are broken by the sharp uprising of carved columns and massive walls. This is the climax of this living dream; a phantom which comes and goes upon the bosom of this waking sleep. Old Egypt is never dead by moonlight. Then her ruins are silvered into life and repeopled with the subjects of her Pharaohs. It needs then but a slow imagination to see the white-robed procession of priests wind up the sphinx-lined avenue of Karnak. A solemn music floats upon the air; the weird figures, so long petrified upon the walls, step slowly down and join the kindred throng. Pennons float before the gateways, the moonlight kisses softly the red and blue of the columns, and toys with the gleaming whiteness of lotus blossoms. The star-full vastness of the sky bends low above the echoing courts, where Osiris lends a listening ear to his stately worshipers.

The sharp yelp of a jackal shivers the silence, and the gorgeous vision fades. The traveler raises his dazed eyes, and sees grouped about him in patient dumbness a range of Osiride columns. Their hands are crossed upon their breasts, their faces have a waiting look which is a foretaste of despair; the walls about are crumbling; beyond, a single upright column pierces the sky, and wears a coronal of stars about its head. Dead, but unsepulchred, Egypt faces the day, while her untombed kings lie sceptreless in every museum of the earth. Better, indeed, were annihilation than this undying death.

Franklina Gray Bartlett.

MUSICAL TASTE.

That we are a musical people is a claim our national egotism has not yet set up; but were such a claim made, there would be no want of argument in support of it. It could be urged that among us, musicians' (especially vocalists') notes are cashed with a readiness truly astonishing; that a piano is an indispensable article of household furniture, and that few families are without some one to play it; that even in those remote and less wealthy districts spoken of as the "Backwoods," the abundance of musical instruments shows that musical interest is not a mere outgrowth of the culture of large cities; that the manufacture of pianos, etc., is an important branch of industry, giving employment to thousands of people, and reaching an excellence recognized all over the world. And further, that our amateurs include many excellent performers, and though they sometimes afflict us with the worst composers, yet are they not without acquaintance with, and even love for, the best, and now and then, like August Mignon, blossom out into composers of real ability themselves; that our professionals are a numerous and prosperous body, with a good average of enlightenment, frequently with high executive capacity, not unfrequently with great technical learning, and occasionally manifesting a creative talent so pronounced that only the want of opportunity prevents the recognition of its possessors among the world's great.

And yet, though all this and much more is undeniable, the stubborn fact remains with which we started, that we are not a musical people, in the sense in which the Germans and probably some other nationalities are; and considering the important place music holds, both in our social and educational systems, the question what it is that a musical people possess and we lack, can not be dismissed as wanting either in interest or importance.

We will hardly claim that this question can be answered in a single word, and yet it is scarcely too much to say that were our three most conspicuous faults corrected, the others would correct themselves. These faults are: want of musical taste, a degraded view of music, and an unworthy motive for its study.

Concerning the first of these, musical taste is the faculty which chooses the best and most suitable, and rejects alike the bad and the inappropriate; and no estimate of artistic values which disregards either of these considerations is worthy to be dignified by the name of taste. To illustrate: much, perhaps most, of the music heard in churches is bad, because its composers had not the ability to write anything better; and of the remainder most is bad, because suitability is disregarded both by those who select and those who hear it.

But we will use the word taste in its more limited sense, as the faculty which chooses the good. It must be obvious that the trite and commonplace occupy no higher place in music than in any other art, and yet these are the very qualities which commend much music to many hearers, and the want of which, in the opinion of many, constitutes a fault which they call ugly. Indeed, there are many who believe themselves specially appreciative, simply on account of the delight afforded them by trivial progressions of thirds and sixths, for instance, and these they call "pretty"—and here we may offer a very practical suggestion: When all the impressions derived from a musical composition are naturally and completely expressed by the word "pretty," we may generally suspect either ourselves of want of discernment, or the music of want of merit. Children often manifest great pleasure in rhyme and meter before they comprehend the sense of the words so arranged, and much of the delight in music which finds expression in the word "pretty" is of precisely the same order. But the child soon learns to seek for more in poetry than a mere jingle, owing to the example of friends and companions, and the direct influence of teachers. But in music these causes operate less beneficently: friends and companions generally have done nothing to correct their own taste, and the efforts of teachers are for the most part directed, not to the education of taste, but the development of executive skill.

That the teachers' endeavor should stop here is, of course, unfortunate; and we would suggest to them that in this direction their work admits of, and even calls for, great improvement. And we would remind students, that although taste and knowledge are not so wedded as never to be found apart, yet that they have a natural affinity for each other, and that to add to musical skill musical knowledge, is a means, and one of the best means, of acquiring musical taste. In this connection the study of harmony, and practice in at least the simpler kinds of musical composition, cannot be too strongly recommended. Schumann's "Advice to Young Musicians" should be in the hands, heads and hearts of all who play or sing, instead of as now being unknown to most of them.

Teachers would do well to take their pupils in classes through such a book as W. S. C. Matthews's "The Content of Music." In former days, the mode of transmitting music to paper rendered the acquisition of knowledge compulsory to an extent of which we can now form no idea. When, for instance, accompaniments consisted only of a bass with figures, the study of thorough-bass was indispensable to their performance; and in later days, when a piano-forte piece was written with no indications as to phrasing (the punctuation of musical thought), a thorough comprehension of a composer's intention was demanded of any who would play his music; and this comprehension was acquired in many cases only by laborious thought; and they played best whose insight was most keen. Are we not, then, grossly misusing the facilities of the present day, when, by their aid, we make shift to interpret a composer's work with no knowledge either of the grammar that governed, or the design that inspired him?

But besides the bad taste of ignorance, there is the bad taste of partial information. "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing," but only when we imagine it greater than it is, or overestimate that part of a truth which we happen to have apprehended. In the first case, we exaggerate the extent of our knowledge, and in the second case, its importance. This last is the condition which creates what we have called the bad taste of incomplete information. A musician, for instance, who has made one composer a special study, will sometimes be so dazzled by his favorite luminary, that he makes his merits, or even his mannerisms, the touchstone by which he tries all music; while others who escape this fault fall into another very like it, namely, that of making suitability to their special instrument their standard of musical beauty. And again, those—and the class is a very large one—whose studies have been confined to modern music, are often rendered incapable of appreciating many of the beautiful productions of the last century. The fact is, that musical taste should recognize different kinds, as well as different degrees, of musical excellence; and though but to few, indeed, is it given to be equally susceptible to the charm of all kinds of music, yet no one should quarrel with Milton because he fails to find in him the humor of Lamb, the tenderness of Wordsworth, or the chivalry of Scott, nor with either of these, because they lack the stately grandeur of "Paradise Lost."

Our next great fault is the degraded view we entertain of music and its mission in the world. According to popular misjudgment, it belongs neither to poetry nor science, and is only recognized as an art on account of the difficulty in acquiring the skill of a performer. It is regarded merely as an amusement, and its mission, it is believed, is to furnish only a sensuous gratification. This view of the case is unfortunate, in that a student holding it can never obtain results commensurate to the time expended in study, while the simple listener loses more than half the pleasure within his reach.

The fact is, that music is the most complete of all the means of expressing mental impressions that Babel left unconfounded. True, its language is not always translatable —not because of its poverty, but of its exceeding richness, there being in spoken tongues no words strong enough or broad enough to express the intensity of its utterances. True, again, that many of its meanings are lost on many hearers; but the same is true of English, or any other spoken tongue, and they are languages notwithstanding, understood best by those who have studied them most. And now, O skeptical reader, having followed your arguments thus far, be kind enough to follow ours a step farther. Go where some vast cathedral stands pointing heavenward with a finger of solid masonry, and where within the garish light of day is softened and mellowed through stained glass, and with heart softened and mellowed from its worldliness sit beneath those grand old arches, and listen to a real organist discourse such music as he associates with the place, and there will come into your soul an impression more distinctively religious than has been there at the conclusion of many a pulpit oration.

Fiction in an age now happily past had no higher object in view than to amuse its readers, and the only duty besides recognized by its authors was that of portraying faithfully the manners (and very bad manners they were) of the age of which they wrote; and their books are fast passing into well-merited oblivion. But under the influence of such men as Dickens and Kingsley, fiction has wakened to a far higher mission than that of an entertainer, and has produced works apparently immortal. And so with music; the more we make it an intellectual study, as distinct from a sensuous amusement, the higher in kind and greater in amount will be the pleasure it will afford us.

The last of our great faults which we shall discuss, is the unworthiness of the motives which prompt so much of our musical study. These are, first, obedience to a demand of fashion; and, secondly, a vulgar desire for personal distinction. Those whose studies are inspired by the first of these motives will do just as little as will satisfy the idol they serve, and would deem it a great misfortune should their studies (as they never do) raise their taste any higher than the fashionable standard. The second of these motives no one will defend, and yet the thirst for personal glory and a certain backwardness in recognizing the merits of others are all but universal.

To mitigate these faults where we cannot entirely overcome them, is a task worthy our best endeavors; as success will not only develop our moral nature, but will make more acceptable whatever of artistic merit we may happen to possess; and if we must use a microscope in viewing our own attainments, let us at least be equally ready to apply the same instrument to those of others. But let those in whom this fault is unrestrained take warning, for by whatever name they may choose to beautify it, it will be, in all eyes but their own, nothing better than a phase of human selfishness belittling the great, and making all others truly contemptible.

Music is a bounteous goddess, but just withal, and her gifts vary according to the spirit in which they are sought. Those who enter her temple in search of amusement will find the amusement they seek in the outer court, and going no farther, will never see her face. Those whose impious feet tread her courts with no more hallowed motive than a mere vulgar desire for display, see but her veiled countenance; and veiled though it be, all but themselves can mark the frown of supreme scorn with which she regards them. Their punishment, though not always swift, is certain, and the most terrible they can conceive; namely, that they be themselves outshone.

But to those who, with earnest and teachable hearts, enter her temple to worship, she shows her face wearing a smile of ineffable sweetness; to them is held out the golden scepter, theirs are the places near the throne; she soothes their sorrows and enhances their joys, gilding their lives with everlasting sunshine, bright enough to warm even the chill airs of privation and poverty; and to them is given to appreciate what the poet meant when he said:

> "There are a few of us whom God
> Whispers in the ear,
> The rest may reason and welcome,
> We musicians *know*."

And to the priests and priestesses of the temple, who, having devoted your lives to the service of the goddess, expect therefrom the supply of life's necessities, to you one word. Remember that if no one else, the belted knight should possess the soul of chivalry; and the only right you can have to live of this gospel is derived from your faithfully, fearlessly, and unreservedly preaching it.

Richard J. Wilmot.

BYWAYS AND BYGONES.

Summering in Wisconsin, and driving along one of its many romantic byways, I found my eye caught by an old, time-and-weather-worn house, hung above a deep ravine, and half hidden amidst trees, and heavy, tangled vines. To return ere long and add a sketch of its picturesque, spook-like aspect to the many like souvenirs of my summer idlings, was a resolve of the moment. But time slipped fast away, one day proving too wet for my purpose, another too warm, one too dusty, another too fitful in sunlight and cloud, to say nothing of a multitude of intervening pleasures which well-nigh effaced my purpose from memory, until another drive brought me, unexpectedly, once more to this same haunted, deserted-looking spot, and awoke anew my determination to secure a sketch of it. As my new resolve also included no further dallying with time and weather, on the following morning I arose betimes, donned my walking boots and suit, strapped shawl and sketching materials together, breakfasted alone, and, while the rest of the family still slept, betook myself over the hills, and turned tramp for one midsummer day.

The morning was breezy, and, for mid-August, decidedly cool, and the air moist and clear, making more palpable every latent atom of perfume in Nature's great laboratory. Up to my knees reached tall grasses of every tint of green and silver, every shade of brown, caressing my down-reaching fingers with their feathery bloom or russet spires.

Each corner of rail fence, shutting off fields and woods beyond, held a new delight to the eye; miniature forests of golden-rod, of radiant coreopsis, of helianthus, crowds of saponaria or bouncing-bets, ragged but fragrant and lovely in their gowns of delicate pink; while peeping through the rails and over them in stately decorum of attitude and purple array, at these their rollicking *vis-a-vis*, stood the prim vervains, exclusive and apart. But not so the mauve tassels of balm, which nodded coquettishly and caressed each other, impelled thereto by every passing zephyr; nor yet the sturdy wild thyme, nor the linarias, so lovely in their gypsy hats of pale straw, orange-bedecked, and their pale green, silver-shaded robes. All of which latter bloomed and rioted in mob-like confusion, in the grassy ditch beside the road —the road which Thoreau proclaimed, "belongs to horses and men of business"; wherefore, being only a tramp *pro tem.*, as well as an admirer of the sayings of the Concord naturalist, I hugged the hedges and fences, or, occasionally, as boundary lines changed ownership, an irregular stone wall, across the breast of which the wild grape or blackberry had flung itself with graceful abandon, its trailing festoons sweeping even across my pathway.

And wherever the careless husbandman had allowed a gap to intervene in these his landmarks, I was pleased to note that thrifty nature had supplied a thicket of sumach, already decked out with patches of the brilliant scarlet tint of its autumnal robe, which fluttered amidst its deep green like the gay ribbons of some rustic coquette.

Presently, weary with climbing, for I found that my walk had thus far been, for the most part, up hill, I seated myself upon a low wall, both to rest awhile and to take a leisurely look at the old farm-house beyond it, standing amidst a far-reaching orchard, knee-deep with red clover.

The building was old, and unacquainted with blinds, porches, paint, or ornaments of any kind, and the doorways and paths leading thereto were unkempt. Tall bunches of regal tiger-lilies, and monotonous domes of red and white phlox, struggled hopelessly against the lusty weeds, the burdock and rank grass, to maintain the pathway once entrusted to their demarcation, leading from the front doorway down to the unhinged, wide-open gate. Ranged along benches placed against the east side of the house, glittering and reflecting the sunlight, were stacks of bright pans and pails, while through the trees I caught glimpses of the kine which that shining array indicated were to be found thereabouts. Pompous gobblers strutted amidst the orchard grass, and troops of hens on the outskirts thereof clucked to each other their discontent at the scarcity of insects and bugs in general, but specially at the phenomenal dearth of flies on Shadow Farm that current August; or, headed by the clumsiest of Shanghai cocks, rushed with greedy haste pell-mell towards some point of common interest. Probably some luckless worm, ignorant of the universal fact that the weaker is ever the prey of the rapacious strong, had wriggled itself into sight; but whatever the tid-bit, the lord of the roost ungallantly gobbled it up himself, and strutted off with a chuckle which my ear translated: "Uncommonly fine, fat worm, my dears! Sorry there wasn't enough for a bite all around. Ate it all myself, to save trouble in the family, don't you know!"

But, while thus taking an outward survey of this wayside home, I discovered that I was being quite as curiously scanned myself from an upper window of the house; whereupon, still retaining my position upon the wall, where a most comfortable seat had been made by the displacement of a few of the stones, I turned my face toward the road, and found myself confronting, through a gap in the heavy shade of the trees across the way, a view which alone would have repaid me for all my wearisome climbing. A stretch of level fields in the immediate foreground rolled backward and graduallyskyward, forming in the distance a line of low foot-hills, crowned by dark green forests, which took on hazy blue and purple tints as they stretched afar on either hand. On the brow of the hill directly fronting me the forest line was broken, and through this opening, as through a celestial gateway, one looked afar into the blue depths of infinitude. And there, heavenward lifted, lay the sacred spot we call "God's Acre." Groups of dark pines defined themselves against the blue beyond like tall cathedral spires, and gave to the spot a suggestion of consecrated ground, affirmed by the emblems of polished marble that gleamed against their somber hue. But most beautiful and emblematic was the harvested field, which, like a carpet of ruddy gold, unrolled itself from this human garner, downward, in one unbroken sweep, to the very roadside, bearing on its surface, in seriate ranks, its ripened sheaves, bound and awaiting their ingathering. On the right a wind-swept sea of vigorous corn; on the left a luxuriant growth of clover, rich in bloom and far-reaching fragrance, stretched away up the hill to the edge of the dark woods beyond, embracing on either side the golden field of sheaves, and its terminus, the field of garnered human life. All this without line of demarcation, save that of color, harmoniously contrasted and blended.

But the morning hours were fast passing; so, reluctantly, I dropped down from my niche in the wall, after making a few hurried outlines in my sketch book, and trudged onward; first, creeping through a gap in the wall into an adjoining field of blossomed buckwheat, the honey-sweet perfume of which I had all this time been inhaling with each breath. There I gathered a large mass of the delicate pink and white bloom, that I might, from time to time, as I continued my wayfaring, bury my face in it, and thus carry with me to the end of my pilgrimage its delicious, sense-intoxicating odor.

A little farther on occurred a sudden dip in the ground, and, over a foot plank, I crossed a skurrying little brook, with a sigh for the days when, with shoes and stockings in hand, I should have made a far less decorous crossing. Was there no temptation to repeat past experiences? Frankly, yes; but just before me, a boy, trundling a wheelbarrow load of newly cut hay, had come to a sudden and unaccountable halt, faced about, and seated himself on his barrow, and with elbows planted on his knees and chin on his hands, was fixedly watching me. Did the saucy little yeoman suspect my gypsy-like impulse—born within me, perchance, of a sight of his own bare, brown ankles and feet, glistening with wet from his recent splashing ford? However this may be, if ever a boy's face and attitude seemed to say: "I dare you! Come, now, will you take a dare?" such was the interpretation of that urchin's.

Meanwhile, I was beginning to have some misgivings as to whether I had not gone astray, so much farther had I come than seemed to me reasonable, before reaching my destination. By way of solving my doubts, as I reached the little knight of the barrow before me, I addressed a few inquiries to him.

"Dunno," he replied, "'thout it's the old Slawson rookery you're looking for. That ain't fur from here; you'll see it when you get to the top of that rise of ground just ahead. I'm going most thar myself"; whereupon the little knight again trundled his load on before until the ascent was made, when, nodding towards the right, he said: "In the hollow just over yonder, this road joins another one, and there, at the fork, you'll come across the old place I reckon you're hunting for." Then, with a sudden, dextrous turn, he trundled his barrow through an opening by the way into an adjoining field, where he left his burden, and made his way towards a little cottage at the far side, whistling and disporting himself as merrily as a grig.

As I arrived at the fork in the hollow, my eye was instantly caught by an old well beside the way, with a bright tin dipper hanging from a projecting corner of its curb. Though not conscious of thirst before, I immediately felt an imperative call to drink of the waters of that wayside spring; and dropping my "traps" upon the grass, began forthwith to lower "the iron-bound bucket, the moss-covered bucket," hoping fervently it might likewise prove to be a leaky bucket—which was, indeed, soon revealed to be the case by the dripping and trickling that greeted my ear as it swung against the stony walls within, and at last came to the surface, wet, glistening, and filled with clear, cold water.

And just this point I found, after a slight survey, to be my best view of the old house and its surroundings. Accordingly, I spread my shawl upon the shaded side of the little grassy knoll surrounding the well, and seating myself thereon, leaned back against the old curb for a quiet rest and outlook, quite sheltered from the roadway and the sun.

The face of the spot had somewhat changed since my first glimpse of it two months before. The great trees had multiplied their foliage and deepened their tints, casting broader and heavier shadows around and over the old gray house, encircling it closer with their great waving arms, now tossed upward by a swift breeze, letting a flood of sunshine in upon its fast decaying frame; again, drooping low, and softly sweeping its old gables and front, hiding it almost from view in the all-embracing shadow and leafy luxuriance of their vigorous life. The southern steep of the hollow at the head of which was perched the house, with wings stretching away at either side, likening it to a great, gray bird poised above its nest, was a mass of golden and purple bloom and trailing vines. At its base a little rill stole noiselessly along, hidden by overlapping grasses, save here and there a gleam, like a bit of entangled silver ribbon.

Scarcely was I settled at my work, when I became conscious that two pairs of very bright eyes were regarding me from betwixt the rails of a fence near by: and soon two barefooted children, a girl and a boy, crept through the bars, and shyly and cautiously stole along under cover of the fence to a point where their curiosity as to my proceedings might be gratified. There they crouched down, silent as two hares, turning curious looks upon me, followed by looks at each other equally full of wonderment. I dared not speak to them lest they should take flight; which, indeed, they shortly did, after taking a drink from the rapidly diminishing contents of the bucket in the well, the water from which still kept up a musical drip, drip, as it escaped from every possible crevice back to its home below.

Later on, when I had made considerable progress with my sketch, and become quite absorbed therewith, the sound of a human voice close at my ear, from an unknown, unseen source, sent my pencil in a ruinous, zigzag course across the entire face of it, as, with a nervous start, I turned about and encountered a woman's face peering, not only around the corner of the well, but over my shoulder, and even under the wide brim of my hat, which I had drawn low over my eyes to shade both them and the page over which I was bending.

"Oh, sketching, be ye? Well, now, ma and I didn't think of that. We allowed ye must hev turned your ankle on that ther hill, it's so 'mazing rough, and that ye couldn't go no furder. You kept so quiet and sat so long that ma said she reckoned I'd better fetch the pail along to the well and find out about ye. Of late years so many transients come up here to the lake, and go straggling about the country all summer, thet we don't, as a rule, pay much attention to their doin's. I s'pose you're one of 'em—one of the resorters—ain't ye?"

The face was so irresistibly fresh and pretty, the lips so full and red, the smile so frank and sweet, which showed the beautiful white teeth, that I instantly forgot my first sense of annoyance, and smiling in return, handed up my sketch-book for inspection.

"Law! how natural them old trees do look! I wouldn't hev thought they'd make such a pretty picter. Reckon you must love trees—I do, myself." Then, handing back the book, with an apology for the defacement she had caused by her unconventional introduction of herself, she proceeded to draw her pail of water, I, meantime, remarking:

"Folks around here seem to have a fashion of springing into view, like rabbits, from all manner of unexpected places; the fence-corners, the bushes, and even the well-curbs, all seem peopled—and see! there comes some one now, from around the corner of the old house, yonder! the spirit of the place, I should judge from his gray locks, his withered little figure, and the scythe he carries."

"Oh, that's only old farmer Slawson—cur'us, I s'pose, like the rest of us, 'bout you—but that scythe is only just an excuse."

"Like your water-pail," I suggested.

"Just so," she returned with a pleasant laugh. "But I never know'd farmer Slawson to mow down the weeds on that ledge and side-hill afore in my time."

However true this assertion may have been—and certainly the general appearance of things attested its truth—the farmer industriously plied his scythe, the maiden departed, and I resumed my work. And thus another half hour sped away, during which the farmer gradually worked his way along the opposite ledge of the ravine to a point within speaking range; then abruptly, and without even the premonitory "ahem!" came across the challenge:

"What are ye doin' of thar, I'd like to know? Blest if I can make it eout fer myself."

"Getting a picture of that old deserted house and its surroundings," I replied.

"A picter of my old haouse!" he exclaimed, as with a face and mien full of wonderment and incredulity, he turned upon it a prolonged, speculative look, followed by an amused chuckle, and the exclamation: "Heavens and Betsey! yeou must be possessed to think of picterin' that old thing! But 'taint deserted by no means; as I said afore, it's my haouse, an' I live thar myself." Then half apologetically: "I hain't never fixed it up none sence I fust built it, nigh onto forty year ago. 'Tain't never had so much as a coat of paint on't, and, fer the life of me, I can't see whar ye find any beauty 'bout it wuth makin' a picter on't." And again he turned an inquisitive look toward the old rook.

"People, gen'lly, round here, take me to task for lettin' the old place go to ruin in this 'ere way," he continued, "but I reckon haouses mostly does, whar thar ain't no wimmen folks 'round that takes an interest in 'em. I hain't never had no wife an' children 'bout here to care how things went, nor to help keep 'em in shape; not but what I 'lotted on having both when I built my haouse thar—the best haouse in the country them times. But wimmen are resky cattle, and—and—well, I don't mind tellin' on't now, though at fust I was mighty sore over it—the gal I had sot my heart on run off with a durned Yankee tin-peddler, who hadn't nary recommend but a red cart, a span of break-neck horses, and a palaverin' tongue. Gals was scurce in these parts them days; the market was as lively for homely faces as pretty ones; but hard work was plenty, and I had as pretty a lay of land waitin' for the plow and harrow as any man ever saw, and at it I went, and by degrees sorter worked off my disappointment. And now, perhaps, you kin understand why 'tis I hain't never tuk no pride in that thar haouse, and can't see no beauty in it, and never wanted to fix it up none, but just to let it last eout my time."

"But this fixing up of which you speak," I remarked, interrupting his garrulity, "would have made quite an uninteresting object of it; and the bare thought of the pruning knife at work upon those magnificent trees or those gnarled old oaks, makes me shiver. They owe their glory to your neglect, as does the house its picturesqueness."

"Well, mebbe you're right; but, as I told you, 'twan't beauty nor interestingness that I had in view in neglecting 'em. I s'pose some folks would call it spite; but I don't believe you would? No, I thought you wouldn't. But I don't go in for beauty nor fashion, nohow; healthiness is my prime idee. Healthy hereabouts, did you ask? Land sakes, yes: 'tain't the doctors that 's gettin' rich 'round here. 'Twan't allus so, though. Years ago, when the country was new, 'twas fever and ager the year 'round. Thar was sech a slew of water and grass everywhars, you couldn't skip the shakes, nohow. And when folks fust begun to settle pretty numerous 'round here, the typhoid fever came, and made mighty nigh a clean sweep of 'em all. Some said 'twas long of turning up so much new soil that pizened the air—but ag'in, I've heard them that said the smell of fresh airth was healthy."

I suggested the difference between freshly turned soil that has been long tilled, and virgin soil, which is always more or less full of noxious vegetable effluvia.

"Mebbe so; I never thought on't afore, but I reckon you're right, for I don't believe you can find any healthfuller spot of country anywhars than right here in Rock County, as it is today."

"It certainly is the most romantic and picturesque farming country I ever beheld," I returned, "and apparently the most prosperous. Years ago, I am told, when it was in a wild state, its face was covered with beautiful oak-openings, rich with pasturage, over the roadless surface of which one might drive miles upon miles at will, all unimpeded by undergrowth, while these same forests crowned the hills, even as at present."

"All true as preachin'. What! ye hain't packin' up your traps to go, be ye? Now I *am* sorry. P'raps you'll be comin' agin?"

"Quite likely; that view from the road, and that fence of gnarled limbs and roots and wild grape draperies, are irresistible. But, now, if you will tell me whether this road to the left leads back to the village, and if it be as shady and quiet as the other one, by which I came, I shall be obliged to you."

"Well, if you must go, I reckon you'll find the left hand road quite as shady as the other one, and mebbe a *leetle* leveler walkin'—they both lead to town."

"Thanks! Good morning!"

"Good morning, ma'am, and may all your roads be to your liking!"

Which ejaculation, coming from so prosaic a personage, caused me to turn about for another look at the speaker, who had swung his scythe over his shoulder, and turned his steps in the direction whence he had come into view, leaving his swath unfinished; and thus it still remained, when, later in the season, I again passed the place.

But space fails me wherein to detail the many pleasures that awaited me on that homeward walk; the bosky places into which I penetrated to examine and gather the flora; and amidst the secluded, shaded depths of which I found a moss-bedecked, rocky tablet, whereon I set forth the luncheon which Nora had deftly packed and insisted on my bringing with me; or the enchanted slumber which afterwards stole over me, as, with the help of my soft shawl, I turned my stony table into a most comfortable pillow, and lay listening to the wild bird music of happy song and busy twitter and call, and to the myriad of lesser sounds with which nature seemed to be unusually rife on that day.

Nor can I now more than hint at the half-mile stretch of old maples, through the dense foliage of which not a sunbeam reached me, as I walked beneath, over turf as soft to the footfall as Royal Wilton itself; or leaned against the old rail-fence, and listened to the sea-like murmurings of the wind-swept field of corn beyond; also to the serio-comic narrative of an antiquated negro at work therein —a recital of his escape from bondage, together with his wife, during the early days of the war, and of the many shifts by which they at last reached so fair and safe a haven where, by kind and sympathetic hearts, they were cared for, and helped to become self-supporting, until, at last, they had come to own a few acres of land; not of the best, else could they not have become possessed of it, but such as sufficed to grow a fair, though small crop of tobacco, likewise of corn, on the proceeds of which they lived comfortably, self-respecting, and respected by others, self-helpful, happy, and contented.

Suffice it to say, that at the close of the day, though I drew the latch-string wearily, it was also with a sigh that despite the day's many golden hours there remained not yet another wherein I might conquer yet one more hill, explore yet one more fragrant hedge-row.

Sara D. Halsted.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH AND THIRTY-SIXTH CONGRESSES.[1]

Notwithstanding a quarter of a century has passed since the writer first entered the Capitol to take a part in the making of laws, the fascination and exaltation in sympathy with the young member never fails to be aroused again, when he looks down from the gallery upon the representatives of so many diverse interests and so many millions of people. It was his fortune to be a member when the lower House of Congress sat in the old hall. The associations of a thousand debates gave voice to its arches and pillars. Every stone and tablet echoed the elder, and, as it was said, the better day of oratory and patriotism. In 1864, each State of the Union was invited by Congress to erect in this hall the statues of two of its most illustrious civic or martial heroes. Rhode Island was the first to respond to the invitation. She sent, in 1871, two life-size marble statues; one of Major-Gen. Nathaniel Greene, in the Continental uniform, the other of Roger Williams. The latter is the artist's ideal of her civic hero, and not an effigy of the man. Connecticut followed, in 1872, with heroic statues, in marble, of Jonathan Trumbull, the original "Brother Jonathan," and Roger Sherman. New York gave, in 1873, life-size statues, in bronze, of Gen. George Clinton, a Democrat *par excellence*, and Robert R. Livingston, in his chancellor's robes. In 1876, Massachusetts gave semi-heroic statues, in marble, of John Winthrop, her first governor, and Samuel Adams. Winthrop is represented as landing with the charter of 1630, and Adams as making his famous protest. Vermont gave, the same year, a marble heroic statue of Ethan Allan, in the Continental uniform, representing that fiery soldier when demanding the surrender of Ticonderoga "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Her civic effigy, contributed in 1880, represents—in marble, semi-heroic—Jacob Collamer, as addressing the Senate on Constitutional law. Maine set up, the same year, a semi-heroic statue, in marble, of her first governor, William King. The other States will soon fill the vacant niches; and here, while this Union shall endure, will stand the mute but eloquent senate of American worthies. Passing through this shrine to the present halls of legislation, what senator or representative can fail to breathe in some inspiration of the devotion to liberty and justice that is here commemorated! This historic hall, whose vaulted roof still whispers the eloquence of the past, has long been silent to the lofty flights of forensic discussion and debate for which the days of Clay and Webster and Calhoun were famous. It was abandoned twenty-eight years ago by the House of Representatives, for the more commodious chamber now occupied by that body.

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The 16th of December, 1857, is memorable in the annals of Congress. Looking back to that day, the writer can see the members of the House of Representatives take up the line of march out of the old shadowy and murmurous chamber into the new hall, with its ornate and gilded interior. The scene is intense in a rare dramatic quality. Above shine, in varicolored light, the escutcheons of thirty States; around sit the members upon richly carved oaken chairs. Already arrayed upon either side are the sections in mutual animosity. The Republicans take the left of the Speaker, the Democrats the right. James C. Orr, of South Carolina, a full, roseate-faced gentleman of large build and ringing metallic voice, is in the chair. James C. Allen, of Illinois, sits below him, in the clerk's seat. The Rev. Mr. Carothers offers an appropriate and inspiring prayer. He asks the divine favor upon those in authority; and then, with trembling tones, he implores that the hall just dedicated as the place wherein the political and constitutional rights of our countrymen shall ever be maintained and defended, may be a temple of honor and glory to this land. "May the deliberations therein make our nation the praise of the whole earth, for Christ's sake." A solemn hush succeeds this invocation. The routine of journal reading, a reference of the Agricultural College bill, upon the request of the then member, now senator, from Vermont, Justin S. Morrill, and the presentation of a communication regarding the chaplaincy from the clergy of Washington, are followed by the drawing of seats for the members, who retire to the open space in the hall. A page with bandaged eyes makes the award, and one by one the members are seated.

Then, by the courtesy of the chairman of the Printing Committee—Mr. Smith, of Tennesee—a young member from Ohio is allowed to take the floor. He addresses the Speaker with timidity and modesty, amid many interruptions by Humphrey Marshall, of Kentucky, Mr. Bocock, of Virginia, Judge Hughes, of Indiana, George W. Jones, of Tennessee, and General Quitman, of Mississippi, each of whom bristles with points of order against the points of the orator. But that young member is soon observed by a quiet house. Many listen to him—perhaps to judge of the acoustic property of the hall, some because of the nature of the debate; and then, after a few moments, all become excited! Again and again the shrill and high tones of Mr. Speaker Orr are heard above the uproar. He exclaims: "This is a motion to print extra copies of the President's message. Debate on the subject of the message is, therefore, in order—upon which the gentlemen from Ohio has the floor!" That gentleman is now the writer. His theme was the Lecompton Constitution. As the questions discussed involved the great issues leading to war or peace, his interest in the *mise en scène* became less; but his maiden speech—the maiden speech in the new chamber—began under influences anything but composing.

This preliminary etching of the capitol is intended only to limn the circumstances as they affected the young and ambitious legislator; or, as a prologue to the stirring scenes which greeted his first appearance in the *rôle* of orator under such grave conditions.

The times were then sadly out of joint. The author had a keen anticipation of the consequences of sectionalism. His first debate intensified this anticipation. He had warned and worked, from his first entrance into public life, against the passionate zealotry of both sections. He denounced as equally perilous the policy and theory of secession, and the provocations and conduct of the other extreme. He voted to avert the impending struggle by every measure of adjustment. He was secretary of the border States' convention of congressmen which sought to avoid trouble and reconcile the sections. Along with such men as Stephen A. Douglas, Thomas Corwin, Charles Francis Adams, John J. Crittenden, and the giants of those days, he was content to be an humble advocate of every proposition tending to allay the excitement growing out of the fugitive slave law, the extension of slavery into the territories, and kindred questions. When the war came, he aided the Administration, by his votes for money and men, to maintain the Federal authority.

The author believed then, as he believes now, that in all representative governments a constitutional opposition is one of the safeguards of liberty; and that it is a legislator's duty to challenge freely the conduct of the administration, in regard to the use of the means committed to it by the people. Because the time of war is the time of danger, it does not follow that criticism by the opposition at such a period may not be consistent with patriotism. England was saved from disgrace in the Crimean war by a defiant opposition, which was led by the London "Times." A government may be magnified by opposing the weakness of its administration. It may be saved and strengthened by a vigorous criticism upon an imbecile party or corrupt policy; otherwise, the very function of government might be palsied by the incapacity or corruption of the functionary. And should we be less heedful how we undignify the office by an undue contempt of the officer, than how we unduly dignify the officer at the expense of the office? It is a wise saying, that "the best men are not always the best in regard to society."

In all free countries an opposition is an element of the government. It is as indispensable to the safety of the realm as a free press or a free pulpit. To dispense with it is to endanger, if not to dispense with, liberty. The valiant arm of the soldier owes much of its strength to those who, regardless of the frowns of power or the allurements of patronage, maintain a steadfast front against the corruption, insolence, and tyranny which are always incident to war. A distinguished Southern statesman, James Guthrie, of Kentucky, said to the writer in 1865: "The Revolution has left deep scars on the Constitution of the United States, and of the States. But as they were made on the road to restoration and peace, we begin the race of progress with renewed confidence in freedom and justice." The apology for many a political and social scar must be left to the evils and necessities of the time when the cicatrice was formed. But can this justify a representative of the people in remaining an indifferent spectator while the wounds are being inflicted?

To understand the immediate cause of the war requires a special discussion of the conduct of the Thirty-fifth Congress. Its Speaker was a liberal South Carolinian, James C. Orr. He afterwards took a large part in the resurrection of his State after the war. The consequences of congressional action as herein detailed bring us very close to the great struggle which threatened the Union with disseverance, and seemed to set back the hands on the dial-plate of time in our Western Continent.

Had the Democratic party which came into power with Mr. Buchanan and the Thirty-fifth Congress united in wisdom to thrust aside the Lecompton Constitution, there would have been no distraction in its ranks as early as 1860. But it is not so sure that the slavery question would not have come in some other form to have kept up the irrepressible conflict. Had they thus united, perhaps the Charleston Convention of 1860 would have agreed.

In inquiring into the real, if not the proximate, causes of the war and the alienation of the sections, we cannot ignore the questions as to Kansas.

To be sure, Kansas was the occasion, rather than the cause, of conflict. The slavery agitation was the paramount cause. There is something ineffably repugnant to the human heart in the relation of master and slave. The idea of one human being owning another human being would thrust itself forward in all these struggles, irrepressibly foremost. Whether in resistance to the constitutional authorities—as in the case of fugitives from justice and labor—or in the admission of new States, or in the organization of territories, the anti-slavery zealot, whether sincere or not, handled a weapon so tempered with seeming justice, so flashing, as it were, in défense of a higher than human law, and wreathed as with the "beauty of the lilies" by the lyric poetry of the time, that the sanctions of authority were as mere houses of cards before his blows. No wonder that with such an impulse the devotees of anti-slavery, in the language of one of their eloquent champions, "would rend the Union to destroy slavery, though hedged round by the triple bars of the national compact, and though thirty-three crowned sovereigns, with arms in their hands, stood around it." The pro-slavery men of 1856–'7 forgot the growing power of this sentiment, and the increasing power of the North to enforce it. They desperately struggled to force Kansas into the Union as a slave State by a stupendous fraud. In the reaction against its perpetration, a fresh agitation was aroused. This new agitation outlasted the interest in the case of Kansas. It absorbed all the energies of debate. The whole country became a Kansas. The first elaborate speech made by the author in Congress, and, as already noted, the first made in the new hall of the House, on the 16th of December, 1857, was also the first delivered against Lecompton by any one in the lower branch of Congress. It was taken to Judge Douglas on the Sunday preceding the discussion, to read him parts of it in manuscript. The "Globe" of that time will show the debate, and the attempt by Southern statesmen, Messrs. Bocock, Quitman, Jones, and others, to cut it off. As a consequence of this speech, the writer lost caste with the Administration.

The excitement accompanying that discussion has long since subsided. The points of the argument will appear from this extract:

"I propose now to nail against the door, at the threshold of this Congress, my theses. When the proper time comes I will defend them, whether from the assaults of political friend or foe. I would fain be silent, sir, here and now. But silence, which is said to be as 'harmless as a rose's breath,' may be as perilous as the pestilence. This peril comes from the attempt to forego the capital principle of Democratic policy, which I think has been done by the constitutional convention of Kansas. I maintain: 1. That the highest refinement and greatest utility of Democratic policy—the genius of our institutions—is the right of self-government. 2. That this self-government means the will of the majority, legally expressed. 3. That this self-government by majority rule was sacredly guaranteed in the organic act of Kansas. 4. That it was guaranteed upon the question of slavery in terms, and generally with respect to all the domestic institutions of the people. 5. The domestic institutions include all which are local, not national—State, not Federal. The phrase means that, and that only—that always. 6. That the people were to be left perfectly free to establish or abolish slavery, as well as to form and regulate their own institutions. 7. That this doctrine was recognized in every part of the Confederacy by the Democracy, fixed in their national platform, asserted by their speakers and presses, reiterated by their candidates, incorporated in messages and instructions, and formed the feature which distinguished the Democracy from the opposition, who maintained the doctrine of congressional intervention. 8. The Lecompton Constitution, while it is asserted that it is submitted to the people in the essential point, thus recognizing an obligation to submit it in some mode, cannot, in any event, be rejected by the people of Kansas. The vote must be for its approval, whether the elector votes one way or another. The people may be unwilling to take either of the propositions, and yet they must vote one or the other of them. They have to vote 'constitution with slavery,' or 'constitution with no slavery'; but the constitution they must take."

These were the points elaborated in that discussion. Differing with Mr. Buchanan, the author was constrained afterwards to differwith Judge Douglas, on the Compromise. Bill reported by a Committee of Conference. He voted for the latter, on the ground that it returned for a fair election the fraudulent constitution to the people, and because there were people enough for a State in Kansas. This action was fully justified by the subsequent action of the people under that bill. Subsequently, the writer voted to receive the free State of Kansas; and after justifying its former vote, scarcely exaggerated the rancor of the campaign when he said in the House that

"For voting for this Conference Bill, even after I was justified by the popular vote of Kansas in the summer of 1858, I was compelled to meet from Republicans of Ohio a campaign unexampled for its unprovoked fierceness, its base and baseless charges of personal corruption, its conceit, its ignorance, its impudence, its poltroonery, its billingsgate, its brutality, its moneyed corruption, its fanatical folly, its unflagging slang, its drunken saturnalia, and its unblushing libels and pious hypocrisy! [The writer had not then learned meekness.] At the capital of Ohio, in its most noble and intelligent precincts, the people, ashamed of and indignant at the audacious falsehood and brazen clamor from the presses of the State, and from the little penny-a-liners and pettifoggers, who echoed the libels of members fresh from this floor—in spite of all this, the peopled doubled my majority of 1856. I had the satisfaction—prouder than a temporary victory—of seeing the policy I had voted for with the earnest conviction of duty, and with the sustaining advice of such a statesman as Robert J. Walker, vindicated by time, and sustained by its practical operation. As the crowning act of this triumph, I shall vote for the admission of Kansas under this constitution. In doing this, I court all criticism, defy all menace, and truly represent almost every man, woman, and child in my district."

Inasmuch as that vote for the Conference bill was greatly impugned, and as it seemed to be a departure from the original position of Judge Douglas, the writer was solicitous to have the Judge explain their mutual relations to this question. This he did during the campaign of 1860. On the 20th of September he spoke to an immense meeting at Columbus, Ohio, in which he thus explained the differences between himself and other Democrats:

"I made the first speech in the Senate against the Lecompton Constitution, and without consulting Mr. Cox or any one else, and Mr. Cox made the first speech against it in the House, without consultation or dictation from me. We fought it through on our own responsibility until Lecompton was dead; and when Lecompton was defeated, its friends got up the English bill to cover its retreat. The Honorable Robert J. Walker, then Governor of Kansas, advised Mr. Cox and myself to go for it, giving assurance that when presented to the people of Kansas they would kill it, ten to one. Under these circumstances, some of our men felt it their duty to go for the bill. I did not think it a fair submission to the will of the people, and determined to fight it, too. Mr. Cox said he had consulted the members of the Ohio delegation, that they all agreed to vote for it, and that under the circumstances he should vote with them. I told him I had no quarrel with those of my friends who differed with me honestly on that point, and afterwards I wrote letters in favor of the election of some of those who had voted for the English bill." The Judge concluded by urging his friends in the district to "nail the slander by reëlecting Mr. Cox."

Had Judge Douglas yielded his resolution on this subject, and voted for the Conference bill, the territorial question would not have been mooted at the Charleston Convention with so marked a personal application. His nomination would have been made without division. For a time, at least, secession would have been prevented, and war averted. The contests of that time were much embittered by the Dred Scott case. The decision of the Supreme Court in that case was calculated to divide and disintegrate the old parties, and to build up the Republicans. Mr. Douglas and the Northern Democrats sustained that decision; but they could not venture to sustain the Lecompton Constitution, without inviting certain ruin to the party and defeating his personal aspirations. It was on this question that he finally broke with the Southern Democracy. Henceforward they regarded him and his followers as little better than "Black Republicans."

It is a common practice, since the great success of the Federal arms in putting down the insurgent States, to look upon the "Lost Cause" as having been altogether in the wrong; but unless there was great and general provocation to revolt, no such harmonious action in favor of secession could have been taken by the Southern States. It will not be forgotten by those who participated in the discussions of the Thirty-sixth Congress, which preceded and presaged the war, that great attempts were then made by eminent statesmen to stay the progress of secession. Nor were these attempts confined to the Senate and the House. They were made in "Peace Conventions," and in other bodies which had great influence with business boards and State legislatures. Those who thus acted must have had hopeful reason for their attempts to reconcile the sections. The faults were not all on one side. The greatest grievance of the South was not, perhaps, as openly expressed as it might have been. The moral sense of mankind did not sustain the institution of slavery. The breaches of the Constitution, in respect to the fugitive-slave law, had been frequent and aggravating. That law had been maintained by the decision of the Supreme Court. Its violation was a pregnant cause of complaint. On constitutional grounds, that law should have been sustained. The action of certain States of the North in obstructing its execution, notably in Wisconsin and Ohio, was defended in and out of Congress on moral, constitutional, and legal grounds. Even such eminent men as Salmon P. Chase, then Governor of Ohio, when the famous Oberlin case of Plumb, Peck, *et. al.* was before the State Court upon the writ of *habeas corpus*, did not hesitate to affirm that personal liberty was of greater moment than the Constitution; that State rights were superior to Federal decrees; and that no mandate of the Federal government should be obeyed for the return of human beings to bondage.

It is well known that Mr. Chase advised Mr. Lincoln to let the seceding States go, rather than resort to armed coercion. Indeed, Mr. Chase had preached the State rights theory all his life, in justification of State resistance to the enforcement of the fugitive-slave law. From the case of Jones *vs.* Van Zant, in 1842, to the celebrated Oberlin fugitive-slave rescue cases, *Ex parte* Langston and *Ex parte* Bushnell, in 1859, reported in the Ninth Ohio State Reports, the Ohio friends of Chase did not hesitate to express, in the most unqualified manner, their determination to nullify any Federal law or act of which they did not approve, in connection with the slavery question.

The cases of Langston and Bushnell were prosecuted on a writ of *habeas corpus*, by the State Attorney-General, C. P. Wolcott, under the direction of Governor Chase, for the release of those parties who had been convicted under the Federal statute, and in a Federal Court, for violating the fugitive-slave law. On that occasion Governor Chase openly declared that he would sustain by force, if necessary, the decision of the Supreme Court of Ohio against the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, even if it should result in a collision between the State and the General Government. Not at any time in South Carolina, among the most ardent of the Calhoun school, was "nullification" more rife or aggressive than among the Ohio abolitionists. What cared either of these factionists for argument? They believed they were right; and if the Constitution disagreed with their theories, the Constitution must go—not their theories.

The territorial question, already referred to, had no less magnitude in the minds of the Southern people. That grievance took the form of a complaint that the Constitution was violated by the popular sovereignty, in declaring against slavery in organic laws for the Territories, preliminary to their admission as States. When the Thirty-sixth Congress assembled, the members who stood between the factional sections, under the leadership of Judge Douglas, George E. Pugh, Senator Stewart, of Michigan, and others in the Senate, and of William A. Richardson, Thomas L. Harris, and others in the House, found themselves in a small minority. They were between the two fires of implacable opponents. In attempting to emulate the Christian philosophy of reconciling enmities, many of these peacemakers found themselves driven from their party associations; and others were quick to respond to the allurements of the vigorous party which was then approaching power. Whatever justification there may have been for the complaints of the Southern statesmen and States against the maladministration of Federal laws by Northern people and States, there was no such grievance as would justify secession and the dispartment of the country. There was no difference that would justify either secession or revolution. No revolutions, according to Sir James Macintosh, are justifiable, however well grounded upon grievances, without a reasonable probability of a successful termination. True, there was in that Congress an exaltation on the part of Southern men, which led them to hope, even before Sumpter was fired upon, that the separation which they sought would be accomplished. Had they, even *a priori*, considered the mechanical forces of the North, which are now so manifest in the results of the war, they might well have halted upon the dogma of Sir James Mackintosh. But among the many fine traits of Southern men was that impetuosity and ardor of sentiment and heart which does not look to consequences when there is conviction in a justifiable cause. In the light of historical philosophy, an unbiased mind can apprehend what a tremendous hold the mere abstract doctrine of secession had upon these men, who anticipated a still larger curtailment of their constitutional rights. When it is remembered that there were real grounds for this apprehension, and when it was argued with so much logic and brilliancy, that the rights of the States could be preserved only in a new confederacy, it is not marvelous that the call for secession fired the Southern heart.

When the time for final action came, the movements in favor of secession were made with great formality and solemnity. Ordinances came with all the precision and regularity of legislative order. States withdrew in the presence of excited and awe-struck audiences, after the most dramatic and apparently authorized sanction. The great body of the oratory of that time came from such men as Benjamin, Davis, Curry, Lamar, Pugh of Alabama, Garnet, and Bocock. It developed all the graces of eloquence. Fair women from the galleries, warm with Southern blood, gave applause more precious than coronets of gold and jewels to the oratory of their impassioned champions. As one by one the States became unrepresented, not a word was heard, except, perhaps, in debate of the abstract right to secede. There seemed to be a tacit acknowledgment that secession at present was the best course. No attempt was made to arrest any one. Prominent Republicans, like Lieutenant-Governor Stanton, of Ohio, —not to mention his namesake, the Secretary of war—Mr. Greeley, and Mr. Chase, abetted the movement of secession by opposing any constraint upon the departing sisters. These facts, forerunners of the mighty conflict, seem now inexplicable to many persons, because it is forgotten that from December, 1860, until March, 1861, there was hope of reconciliation. Douglas and Crittenden were still sanguine when they telegraphed to Georgia that the rights of the South and of every State and section would be protected in the Union.

The first efforts at compromise were by no means confined to the Democratic Senators and members. Governor Corwin, Charles Francis Adams, Edward Joy Morris, and others in the House; Senators Cameron, Baker, Dixon, Foster, Collamer, and others in the Senate, were, at the beginning of the session, and for some time afterwards, regarded as not indifferent to the compromise which would at least retain the border States, if it did not stop the movement of the Gulf States. The most experienced and able Southern men believed that the step they were about to take would be bloodless; that their array in strength and mien of resistance would prevent coercion by arms. Some of them looked upon secession as a mere temporary alienation. Even so late as the secession of Texas, Judge Reagan, one of its Representatives, after he had left his seat in Congress, took pains to inform the author that he thought the South would be out only for a season. When the excitement subsided, and especially if any guarantees were given for the protection of their rights, he believed the States would return. In this, how signally ability and experience failed to discern the future! Mankind generally reckon the greatness of men by success. If this be the touchstone, the vaunted statesmanship of the South vanishes. But what a company of conspicuous men answered to the roll-call on the 6th of December, 1860, in the Thirty-sixth Congress.

At the head of the Senate stands John C. Breckenridge, offering his name, so proudly connected with the history of Kentucky, to the task of dismemberment. He was among the last to leave his home to take the sword for the South. He was, after the war, a fugitive upon English soil, pleading with his stricken confederates to do the best by submission to Federal rule. His health had been impaired by his exertions in the field. The writer saw him some time before his decease. He was sojourning at the Thousand Isles, in New York. His spirit was peaceful, calm, and exalted—fit companion of a form upon which God had set his seal. He lives not only in the spirit of those whose admiration he engrossed, but in his sons, one of whom is in the present Congress from Arkansas.

Another son of that great commonwealth is there, John J. Crittenden. How nobly he stands for the Union! Mr. Crittenden was not demonstrative, unless, perhaps, among intimate friends or in the family circle. He was a man of great simplicity of character and nobility of soul. He had vast experience in public affairs. He possessed the integrity and fervor of his Welsh and Huguenot descent. He, of all the men of his day, had the best right to be a Confederate. He was born in the old Confederacy seven days before the Constitution of this country was adopted in general convention. He was a sound scholar. His eloquence was Ciceronian. His legal intellect was profound. His patriotism was boundless and impulsive. In 1811 and 1812, when he was a member of the Kentucky Legislature, he received martial honor from Governor Shelby, who had no toleration for Great Britain. Young Crittenden was his aid-de-camp in the war of 1812–'14. He took part in the battle of the Thames. From that time onward, he must be judged as a Kentuckian who subordinated the most intense State pride to an unquenchable love of the whole Union. He did not appear in any Federal relation until he was elected to the United States Senate, in 1817. More or less associated with such men as Webster and Clay, and all the public men connected with the first half century of the country, his is a history that belongs to the conservative element. But never until sectionalism raised its front in warlike menace, did his great abilities shine forth with their full luster of rhetoric and fire of will.

In the Senate of 1860–'61, Mr. Crittenden gave voice to the Union sentiment of the country. He not only shared the sentiments of such statesmen as John A. Dix, Edward Everett, Elisha Whittlesey, Robert C. Winthrop, and others, but he represented all those patriotic men who united to adopt the Crittenden compromise on the slavery question. These resolutions were in the form of a series of constitutional amendments. They were inspired by the alarming character of the controversy between the sections. They proposed the restoration of the Missouri Compromise, and the extension of the compromise line throughout the territories of the United States to the eastern border of California. Slavery was to be recognized in all the territories south of that line, and to be prohibited in all territories north of it. When territories north or south of the line should be formed into States, they should then be at liberty to exclude or admit slavery as they pleased. In either case, there would be no objection to their admission to the Union. This was the mode proposed by the Crittenden compromise, by which to settle the great controversy. Incidentally, he proposed to amend the Constitution, so as to declare that Congress should have no power to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia while slavery existed in Maryland and Virginia. And, inasmuch as the fugitive-slave law was constitutional, he desired a declaration for its faithful execution. He proposed amendments to that end. They seem trifling now. They had reference to the fees of the Circuit Court commissioners, and to the *posse comitatus* in cases of resistance to the United States marshals in making arrests under that law. He also intended, if possible, to make the Constitution unalterable in certain matters. This, in a country subject to the laws of progress, was in flagrant violation of that which was an irrevocable law of advancement! To this inconsistency, the love of the Union led that best of patriots. This shows how earnest were the men who sought to avoid the "Irrepressible Conflict."

In the Senate of the United States, on the 18th of December, 1860, Mr. Crittenden spoke to these propositions. He regarded the Constitution as the very essence of life to the Union. He lifted himself to the great occasion in a spirit of conciliation. He did not stop to picture the direful consequences of a failure to settle the question by a division upon the line of the Missouri Compromise. We had lived prosperously and peacefully upon that line. Any sacrifice which could be made, North or South, to maintain that condition, he regarded glorious as well as just. The Union was permanent. It had been necessary after the Revolution to yield many prejudices, and much State policy, in order to secure independence with union. He recognized the hand of Providence in helping our ancestors in that trying era. He quoted from Washington, who said: "But for Providence, we could not have accomplished this thing." He spoke as if the muse of history were listening to him. The writer well remembers that speech, and the excessive emotion which it produced. The peroration still rings as a part of the memory of that critical time:

"Sir, I wish to God it was in my power to preserve this Union by recognizing and agreeing to give up every conscientious and other opinion." Then turning to the Senators from the South. "Are you bent on revolution, bent on disunion? God forbid it! I cannot believe that such madness possesses the American people. I can speak with confidence only of my own State. Old Kentucky will be satisfied with it. She will stand by the Union and die by the Union, if this satisfaction be given! Nothing shall seduce her. The clamor of no revolution, the seductions or temptations of no revolution, will tempt her to move one step. Disunion and separation would destroy our greatness. Once disunited, we are no longer great. The nations of the earth, who have looked upon you as a formidable power rising to untold and immeasurable greatness in the future, will scoff at you. Your flag, that now claims the respect of the world—what will become of it? It is gone, and with it the protection of American citizens and property, to say nothing of the national honor which it displayed to all the world. The protection of your rights, the protection of property abroad, is gone with the flag, and we are here to conjure and contrive different flags for our different republics, according to the feverish fancies of revolutionary patriots. No, sir; I want to follow no such flag. I do not despair of the republic. I cannot despond. I cannot but believe that we will find some means of reconciling and adjusting the rights of all parties by concession, if necessary, so as to preserve and give more stability to the country and to these institutions."

The failure of the compromise measures is well known. In his farewell address to the Senate, in March, 1861, Mr. Crittenden said, with genuine humility, that he had not risen with any vain ambition or purpose to play the orator. He seemed to feel that we were a failing state, and that no compromise would be acceptable. Scarcely ever has there been such an appeal as he then made to history, to the present interests, and the future prosperity and glory of the country. He returned to Kentucky, but not to retire to the ease of his home. He came to the next Congress in the first years of the war—that in which the writer served with him. In July, at the called session of 1861, Stephen A. Douglas, his greatest competitor, died. John J. Crittenden was the first man to pronounce his eulogy. The writer, in following—and feeling that there was but one left of all the great men of old who had been with Douglas in the Senate—said:

"Who is left to take the place of Stephen A. Douglas? Alas, he has no successor! His eclipse is painfully palpable, since it makes more obscure the path by which our alienated brethren may return. Many Union men, friends of Douglas, in the South heard of his death as the death-knell of their hope. Who can take his place? The great men of 1850 who were his mates in the Senate are gone, we trust, to that better union above where there are no distracting counsels—all—all gone! All? No, thank heaven! Kentucky still spares to us one of kindred patriotism, fashioned in the better mould of an earlier day, the distinguished statesman who has just spoken, Mr. Crittenden, whose praise of Douglas, living, I love to quote, and whose praise of Douglas, dead, to which we have just listened, *laudari a viro laudato*, is praise indeed. Crittenden still stands here, lifting on high his whitened head, like a pharos in the sea, to guide our storm-tossed and shattered vessel to its haven of rest. His feet tread closely upon the retreating steps of our statesman West. In the order of nature we cannot have him long. Already his hand is outstretched into the other world to grasp the hand of Douglas! While he is spared to us, let us heed his warning; let us learn from his lips the lessons of moderation and loyalty of the elder days, and do our best, and do it nobly and fearlessly, for our beloved Republic." Too real, alas! was this shadow of coming events. Worn out by the arduous labors of the Thirty-sixth Congress, the great Crittenden went home to his well-beloved State, never to return. He died in July, 1863—this great man died, while the shock of embattled armies was rocking the foundations of the Union. Who can tell how much of its strength in that day was due to John J. Crittenden?

In that Congress, foremost in influence for peace or war, for Union or disunion, is Jefferson Davis; how then unlike that Davis, who, in Maine, but a few years before, had spoken burning words for the perpetuity of the Union. He had fought gallantly in Mexico for its extension and honor. Whatever of prejudice his name may have since aroused has been incident to recalling the memories of a beaten cause. At that Congress he was far more potential in directing the fateful genius of Southern statesmanship than any other man in the Senate. His own memoirs have been published. There his character is analyzed and his motives questioned with pitiless and torturing inquisition; still the great body of his countrymen South will cherish his memory, despite all adverse criticism. Whether he ever renounced his secession doctrines, while acting as the Chieftain of the Confederacy, has not been proven. It has been surmised and inferred. The same presiding care which shielded him from a trial for treason, and gave him peaceful retiracy in a Southern home, seems still to hover over his old age. Remembering his personal courtesy, his urbane and dignified manners, his silvery oratory, his undaunted courage as a soldier and honesty as a man, the historian of this eventful epoch—in which madness ruled in the most sedate counsels—cannot fail to recall much to the credit of this leader of the Southern people. He may not have exercised the wisdom of some who acquiesced promptly and gracefully in the inevitable. Yet with many this trait of enduring consistency is a virtue. But it must be said that he was not forward in secession. His State was not among the foremost to secede. She waited until the 9th of January, 1861, before passing her ordinance, and her Senators lingered until the 21st before they withdrew. It is generally credited among those who were familiar with Mr. Davis's inclinations, that, even after the ordinance passed, he was anxious to remain. There is undubitable evidence that while in the Committee of Thirteen, he was willing to accept the compromise of Mr. Crittenden, and recede from secession. (This Committee and a House Committee of thirty-three members were then considering "the state of the Union.") The compromise failed; because, as Senator Hale said, on the 18th of December, 1860, the day it was introduced, it was determined that the controversy should not be settled in Congress. When it failed, the hero of Buena Vista became the Confederate leader.

Much as he is underrated by some Southern men who opposed him during the war, he was fitted to be the leader of just such a revolt. Every revolution has a fabulous or actual hero conformable to the local situation, manners, and character of the people who rise. To a rustic people like the Swiss, William Tell, with his cross-bow and the apple; to an aspiring race like the Americans, Washington, with his sword and the law, are, as Lamartine once said, the symbols standing erect at the cradles of these two distinct Liberties! Jefferson Davis, haughty, self-willed, and persistent, full of martial ardor and defiant eloquence, was the symbol, both in his character and his situation, of the proud, impulsive, but suppressed ardors and hopes of the Southern mind.

His colleague in the Senate, Albert G. Brown, was still more reluctant to sever his connection. He was, before the Charleston Convention, if not openly, at least covertly, a coworker with Douglas and others in striving to preserve the unity of the Democratic party and the country. Governor Brown was a member of the Confederate Congress. He was outspoken in his criticism of the conduct of the Confederate authorities. He had not much heart or faith in the secession movement. He was overshadowed as a Senator by Mr. Davis; but he was far more approachable in his relations towards other members. Time has mellowed many of the men who then, to an angry North, seemed so intensely vindictive. Governor Brown, since the war, frequently acted with those who sought reconciliation, and sometimes adversely to his own party.

But by far the most truculent Senator from the South was Louis T. Wigfall, of Texas. He was a man of scarred face and fierce aspect, but with rare gifts of oratory. He was bitter at times, as well as classical, in his denunciations. Yet much of his strong talk and eccentric conduct was more than compensated for by great and generous qualities of heart. Many years after the war he settled in Baltimore, but he did not long survive his removal north. Next to him in truculency, though not in sociality, was Alfred Iverson, of Georgia. He was outspoken and bold for the sudden disruption of the Union. Perhaps no other Senator would have used such significant language as he did in the fierce debate which took place on December 3d, 1860. He charged that the secession of Texas was clogged by the governor of that State, Houston, and said, with impetuous and vindictive utterance, that if that official did not yield to public sentiment, "some Texan Brutus will arise to rid his country of the hoary-headed incubus."

Other Senators were truculent; but most of those from the South were sad at the terrible consequences of separation. Not so Senator Iverson. He echoed the speech of the Texan Senator, Wigfall: "Seize the forts and cry, 'To your tents, O Israel!'" The colleague of the latter, Robert Toombs, was far more amenable to reason than his rough manner and boisterous logic indicated. He was a man of commanding person, reminding one of Mirabeau. Bating his broad Africanese dialect, he was fiercely eloquent in the epigrammatic force of his expression.

The Virginia Senators ranked among the foremost in the movement. Much was expected from the moderation of Robert M. T. Hunter, but he did little to stay the revolution. Little was expected of James M. Mason, and he did less. The former was a calm, phlegmatic reasoner; the latter had a defiant and autocratic demeanor, that conciliated no one. Both were imbued with the ideas of the ultra Calhoun school.

Louisiana was represented in the Senate by John Slidell and Judah P. Benjamin. Mr. Slidell was a man of social prominence and wealth. He was as cunning in his methods as he was inveterate in his prejudices. He combined the fox with some other strange elements. The writer heard his savage and sneering threat to destroy the commerce of the North by privateers. As he delivered it, his manner was that of Mephistopheles, in one of his humors over some choice anticipated deviltry. But who shall picture the bland, plausible, and silver-tongued Judah P. Benjamin? His farewell speech was as full of historic reference as of musical and regretful cadences. As he bade adieu to the old Union, he drew from the spectators many plaudits for his rhetoric, which he could not evoke for his logic.

Next to him in the suavity of his manner, if not in the cogency of his speech, was Clement C. Clay, of Alabama. He voluntarily surrendered after the war, and is now dead. He had a graceful bearing; and although never very hale in health, was ever ready to assume his *rôle* in the daring drama. The other Senator from Alabama, Benjamin Fitzpatrick, was a model of senatorial frankness. His name is seldom mentioned since the war. He was nominated in 1860 on the ticket with Douglas at Baltimore. But for the incessant importunity, if not threats, of Southern men who thronged his room to shake his determination, he would have stood by the Northern Democracy in its struggle.

The other Senators from the South did not then play very prominent parts on the congressional stage. Thomas L. Clingman, of North Carolina, was expected to fight the Union battle, but he failed at the critical time. He had large experience in congressional life, but just elevated to the Senate, he rather pursued what he believed was the popular doctrine. The Senators from Delaware, the elder Bayard and Willard Saulsbury, were able men. The former was a logical thinker, accomplished in constitutional law. He was a believer in the unforced association of the States. He retired from his place disgusted with that public opinion which would not allow free speech as a means to restrain usurpation and conclude the war. He was succeeded by his son, than whom no abler Senator has appeared to contend for public or personal honesty and liberty. The Senators from South Carolina did not appear at the last session of that Congress. Although that State did not pass her ordinance until the 17th of December, her Senators resigned on the preceding 10th.

Alfred O. P. Nicholson, Senator from Tennessee, was no speaker; he did not make his mark; he had been, however, a successful editor. The other Senator, Andrew Johnson, made his mark. Although he had fought the battle in Tennessee for Breckenridge against both Bell and Douglas, he came to the closing session as if he were *novus homo.* He had great will and tenacity of purpose; his efforts were vigorous and effective in repelling, from a Southern standpoint, the aggressive debate of the secessionists of the Senate. His elocution was more forcible than fine—more discursive than elegant. He hammered away with stalwart strength upon his thought, until he brought it into shape. He rarely failed to produce the impression he intended. It was seen, then, that he was destined to act a great part in the future. Douglas frequently expressed his regret that Mr. Johnson had not made his blows tell earlier in the hot conflict of 1860, when Crittenden and himself were championing the interests of all sections, and striving to avert in time the calamities which were pressed by extremists, North and South.

The Senators from Maryland, as from Kentucky, like their States, occupied middle ground, and were ever ready and eager to mediate. The same cannot be said for Arkansas. One of her Senators, Mr. Sebastian, was reluctant to follow South Carolina. He did not follow his own State, yet he would not go against her. He stayed at home quietly during the war. He was expelled from the Senate. He died in 1865. The expulsion was revoked, and his full salary up to that time was paid to his family. The other Senator from Arkansas, Mr. Johnson, was nothing loath to secede. He offered himself, after the war, to the authorities, in a characteristic letter, frank and manly. Of the Missouri Senators, Mr. Polk went South, where his friends did not expect him to go; and Mr. Green, unexpectedly, remained North in the seclusion of private life. The former had been governor of his State, but was not otherwise greatly distinguished. The latter was a worthy foeman of Douglas in the fierce struggle on the Lecompton question.

It was not out of any regard for slavery as an institution, that the friends of peace and Union offered to amend the Constitution in the mode proposed by Mr. Crittenden. The purpose of those who favored such an amendment was to eliminate from national discussion all questions relating to slavery. They desired to leave that decaying institution to exhaust its vitality in a natural death. They were content, as a famous Ohio platform said, to live in the hope of its ultimate extinction. Being incompatible with the enlightening influences of a progressive age, it could not long survive. Its death being a question of a few years, or at most a generation, was it not wise statesmanship to seek to avoid a conflict that might dismember the Union? Such a conflict must imbrue the whole land in blood, and certainly maintain, if not generate, sectional animosities both bitter and lasting.

The conflict of arms was far from being irrepressible, whatever might be the character of the moral conflict between the spirit of liberty and slavery. And even after the conflict had commenced, its continuance was not, at any time, an absolute necessity for accomplishing a peace with union—if slavery would be left where for seventy-five years of constitutional government it had existed, namely, as a State institution—a domestic relation. These are the views which actuated the Democracy of the North in accepting the Crittenden proposition. They sought, above all things, to avert a war of sections. It became a capital tenet of Democratic faith that war could be avoided, and, after the war came, that peace and union were at all times within reach, on terms of compromise honorable and equitable to both sections. It is in this light that the course of the Northern Democrats is to be judged, preceding and during the secession war. They would shed no blood, either to maintain or to destroy the institution of slavery; but all that they had would be freely given to maintain the Union, and the supremacy of the constitution of their fathers. They ask no special credit for destroying slavery—the war effectually did that; and they were not aloof from its perils. They scorn the charge that they desired to maintain it as an institution. They wanted slavery to die in peace, rather than in war. The idea of a temporary sacrifice to slavery, with a view of maintaining the Union, was always paramount in the Democratic councils. It would be waste and excess to detail the acts of the factions which precipitated the whole people into a state of war. It is sufficient to say that war was forced upon the country, while the great mass of the people desired peace. Is evidence required on this point? Let the letter of General Grant—just published—dated Galena, April 19th, 1861, speak the sentiments of the party of which he was then a member. After referring to the reprehensible conduct of the States in so prematurely seceding, he says: "In all this I can but see the doom of slavery. The North does not want, nor will they want, to interfere with the institution, but they will refuse for all time to give it protection, unless the South shall return soon to their allegiance." The Democratic party felt that each age would work out its own reforms; and that those which come according to general desire are the best and most enduring.

S. S. Cox.

THAT SECOND MATE.

Out from the mouth of Fuca's strait,
Into the dark and stormy night—
Deck in charge of the second mate—
We bade good-by to Flattery Light.

Mate in "brief authority" dressed,
Hark! do you hear him haze the crew?
Angels' tears would suit him best;
Cowardly cur, I warrant you.

Grim and stark, with the hoarsest voice;
Curse or blow for the merest thing;
I wonder that our Captain's choice
Gave such a brute his petty swing.

Captain Morse, of the kindest face,
Coolest head, and the warmest heart,
Highest type of the sailor race—
How can he take that bully's part?

Musing thus as I pace the deck,
Plunged the boat in the rising sea—
Crash! and we lie a helpless wreck
Decks wave-swept and the rocks alee.

Shaft has snapped in the starboard-box!
Wheel still hangs by the broken end!
God! do you feel those dreadful shocks?
That mass of iron the bilge will rend.

Above the roar of wind and wave,
O'er the cries of the frightened throng,
Rings the voice of the Captain brave,
All cool and steady, clear and strong:

"Fill with water the starboard boats—
She won't capsize if the great wheel drops.
Don't give up while the old ship floats;
Fetch a scope of chain, and good, stout stops.

"Cut a hole in the paddle-box;
Bend a line to that cable ring;
Quick! with your strongest tackle-blocks
Which of you dares secure that thing?"

"Whoever wants to go to hell,
Follow me!" cries that brutal mate.
Just as sure as I'm here to tell,
There was not one to hesitate!

"Two are enough!" the Captain cries—
All of the crew would follow him;
This ship is saved, or a hero dies—
Christ! what a sea she wallows in.

Into that plunging wheel they go,
Climbing over the slippery arms;
Churned by the surges to and fro,
Threatened each step with direst harms.

Instant death if the great wheel drops!
Certain death if they lose their hold!
Death is the only thing can stop
The way of men thus truly bold.

Ages, it seems, with choking throats,
We stand and watch the seething brine.
Hurrah! o'er the mossy paddle-floats
Stagger the men; they've passed the line!

"Reeve the chain, and snug and taut;
Lash the wheel to the steamer's side.
Cheer my hearties! the fight is fought;
Under sail she will safely ride."

Wonderful how that mate can change,
Seen from a different point of view!
Captain's choice doesn't seem so strange;
Judge of men! and a good one, too!

Second mate was born to command,
Regular sailor, truck to keel;
Rough of speech, and of heavy hand,
But heart as true as the finest steel.

George Chismore.

YOU BET.

How still it is; how little stir; how devoid of life these crater-like basins, with their rocky bottoms and their steep walls of red earth, where once stood the busy town of You Bet. We know it was You Bet, because the name still adheres to the few buildings left on the bluff that divides these basins, and because there are traditions of its having once stood here. It is, or rather was, one of a series of hamlets standing over the "Dead Rivers" that traverse the several divides between the North Fork, Bear River, Steep Hollow, and Greenhorn Cañon, being the central one of the group. Looking south, it has Little York and Gold Run on that side, with Red Dog and Gouge Eye, now Hunt's Hill, on the other; the most widely separated of these places, measuring in a straight line, being not over six miles apart. Following the wagon road, however, in its windings along the sides of the intervening cañons, the distance is more than twice that much. As has You Bet, so have its neighbors nearly all disappeared, some of them having suffered total extinction, and this at the hands of the very men who built and named, and who once occupied and owned them. As the miners founded, so did the miners destroy, these ancient towns — the drinking saloon, in obedience to the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest," having almost always been the last to succumb.

From the Central Pacific railroad, a little below Dutch Flat, looking east, three or four buildings can be seen two miles off that way, strongly outlined, being perched on the crest of a high ridge, with a precipitous face on the west. This is all that remains of You Bet. The buildings here left consist of a store, a lodging house, a butcher's shop, and a drinking saloon, all modern structures, the old town having stood where now yawns a great hydraulic pit more than two hundred feet deep. The house that hangs half way over the abyss, liable to tumble into it at any moment, is not occupied at present, because the last habitation so situated, when it went over the bank, was badly damaged by the descent; moreover, one of the occupants was killed.

Now, while You Bet has been thus reduced to four buildings (or, not to wound the pride of the inhabitants, let us call it five), Little York, its next neighbor on the south, can boast of no more than three. When it is stated that two of these are private residences, it is inferentially known that the third is not devoted to use of that kind. Red Dog, on the other side, is represented by a single smoke-begrimed brick structure, once a store, which, being fire-proof, withstood the conflagration that licked up the rest of the town—the "sample room," in this particular case, included. Going on two miles further north brings us to the last of these hamlets in that direction. But here there is so little left, that we may as well write "Gouge Eye *fuit*," and go back. As for Hunt's Hill, the hill is there, but it would take a very close *hunt* indeed to find any town, or even the semblance of a town, there or thereabouts. At the south end of this string of settlements, close to the railroad, stands the better preserved, but almost equally deserted town of Gold Run, looking sixteen hundred feet down on the North Fork of the American River, which here rolls a "silver thread" of a copper color, its waters kept ever turbid by the slums from the drift mines and the river-bed workings further up, no hydraulic operations being now in progress along this stream. With the stoppage of hydraulic mining, of which a great deal was formerly carried on near by, the business of Gold Run has waned almost to the vanishing point; and unless this style of mining shall soon be resumed, the place must eventually become the home of a complete and permanent desolation.

Besides the five towns named and standing thus in a row, there are several others scattered about in the vicinity. A walk of ten minutes to the northwest, through the chemisal and the manzanita chaparral, would take us to a half score windowless, doorless cabins, with two or three more pretentious but equally well ventilated tenements, the which comprise what is left of the ancient hamlet of Wallupe—this being the American, and of course, the improved, spelling of the Spanish name Guadalupe. But, whether an improvement or not, there is, for this departure from Spanish orthography, such warrant as precedent affords; as witness the popular mode of spelling and pronouncing the words Cosumnes and Mokelumnes, so different from the original and correct method.

But this misspelling and mispronouncing of Spanish words, though bad enough, is not so reprehensible as the displacing of a geographical name altogether, and substituting therefor another less euphonious and appropriate, as has been too much the practice with our people. Surely, Feather River was no improvement on the Rio de los Plumas, nor yet Goat Island on the Yerba Buena of the Spaniards. Fortunate was it, however, that the animals found feeding on this insular rock were wild goats, and not wild asses, else there might have been presented in the beautiful Bay of San Francisco the incongruity of the Island of Donkeys and the Island of Angels standing in close proximity to each other.

But the town of Wallupe having so departed, and left only its ghost behind, we need not trouble ourselves about the name, which, the reality being gone, must soon come to be dropped from the map, as it has already been so nearly dropped from the memory of mankind. That so much of Wallupe has been left, is due to the fact that the mines here consisted mostly of ravine and gulch diggings. Had the place stood on a hydraulic bank, it would have shared the fate of You Bet, Little York, and other of its neighbors.

Two miles to the south, situated on a commanding eminence, surrounded by fruit trees and overshadowed by great pines, stands the hamlet of Chalk Bluffs. It was once a prosperous camp, but the mines in the vicinity having been worked out, the people left—just got up and walked away, leaving their flower beds and orchards, their cottages and cabins, as they were. The flowers continue to bloom and the vines cluster with grapes: the apple, the pear, and the peach trees bear abundantly, though few there are to care for them or gather their fruits, the half dozen inhabitants left having no use for more than a small portion of them. Though the houses are mostly vacant, the fences about them have been kept up, so the fruit trees here have been protected, and do not, as at Little York and other of these abandoned camps, stand out on the common. Should the Pliocene deposits known to exist under the high ridge above Chalk Bluff, or the hydraulic gravel banks near by, ever come to be worked, the hamlet would be resurrected and become probably a more important mining center than ever before. The lower end of this ridge, having been washed away by the hydraulic process, presents a high bank composed in part of pipe clay, a material that usually forms a portion of the contents of the Dead River channels. This body of clay has through exposure to the atmosphere been bleached nearly white, hence the name Chalk Bluff, applied to it by the miners.

Southwest of You Bet, five miles as the road runs, and two as the crow flies, is located the still populous, and until recently, rather prosperous town of Dutch Flat. "Naveled in the woody hills," adorned with flowers and embowered in fruit and ornamental trees of many kinds, this is one of the most pleasant and comfortable places to be found in the foothills of the Sierra. It is the abode of schools and fraternal brotherhoods, of delightful homes and a genial people. But there seems a danger that this town, so beautified and enriched, may be destined to undergo a process of slow decay, possibly to suffer early extinction. There hovers over it the shadow of a great disaster. There is little to support the considerable population here, except the hydraulic mines in the vicinity, and since these have been enjoined from running, the prospect for the inhabitants is gloomy enough. As a last desperate resort, there has been some talk of digging up and washing the gravel left in the main street, and under the houses all along it, for the much gold it is thought to contain. While this ground would, no doubt, pay well for handling it, it would be a pity to disembowel the place in this ruthless manner; wherefore such procedure is stoutly opposed by most of the citizens. Just what fortunes may be in reserve for Dutch Flat, it would, under the circumstances, be hard to divine.

And now, after moralizing a little, there will be an end of this chapter on the dead and dying hamlets that do so abound along this portion of the gold belt of California. Not at all pleasant is it to sit as I do, in this grove of young pines, and look out over the field of desolation so spread out around me; the less so that it was my lot to have been one of the great army of diggers, who, many years ago, toiled and suffered in the placers here, than which few richer were ever found in the State. Then and now! How hardly can one realize that such changes could have taken place in the comparatively short period of thirty years! From a solitude to a hive of roaring industry, and back again to a solitude, with only the far-off blue mountains, the beautiful wilderness around, and the rivers rolling as they did of yore. And that active, energetic army of toilers—where are they? For, of a certainty, very few of them are to be seen here or hereabouts any more. I declare to you, Mr. Editor, that, looking out from this eminence, out over these basins, with their billowy heaps of bowlders glistening in the sun, and the whole vast panorama in view, I cannot now discern a single human being. It is a strange disappearance! But I know where some of them are, and will tell you a little further on; for, anticipating what thought is uppermost in the mind of the reader, I may as well stop here, and make for these uncouth names such apology as best as I can, since it must be admitted that some of them are decidedly odd, and, in a few instances, even carry about them an odor of vulgarity.

In the first place, then, it may be observed that the naming of towns and other localities was in these early days generally the result of some unimportant incident or mere chance, and, being often the work of an individual or company, did not represent the views or wishes of the community at large, who were not at all likely to be consulted in the premises. Some miner, perhaps a rough fellow, would, by reason of some trivial event, or freak of fancy, give a name to a place; and, no one taking any interest in the matter, it would be suffered to stand, even though without significance, propriety, or even decency; for it may be observed that the names of the towns above mentioned are respectable and even classical compared with some that could once be found on the map of California—if, to be sure, that would help our case any. As will be seen, too, some amendment in this particular is going on, Hunt's Hill having supplanted Gouge Eye, as some better names might also come to supplant Red Dog and You Bet, were not these towns already so near death's door.

Though of unpolished exterior, and sometimes a little boisterous in their convivialities, these pioneer miners were not, as a class, men of depraved tastes or vicious habits. This would, in fact, be inferred from what Bret Harte has told us about them, in his story of "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." We have it on the authority of the great humorist, that the inhabitants of that camp arose as one man and drove the gamblers and other ungodly characters out of the place, threatening them with dire punishment should they dare to return. What more could the most puritanic church-goer, or even the witch-burners, in their day, have done than this? And is it to be supposed that the denizens of Red Dog, You Bet, and Gouge Eye were less zealous in the cause of evangelical religion and good morals than these Poker-Flatters? We should say not; and, although the writer cannot vouch for the fact, it is to be presumed that these good people, in the absence of theaters, prize fights, and horse races, and having no facilities for picnics and balls, did every Sabbath attend regular preaching, and encourage by their presence the edifying Sunday school and prayer-meeting. If the writer cannot recall these precious occasions, it does not follow that they did not occur; and if the days of such unregenerate person have been extended beyond those vouchsafed these devout people, such preservation is not to be attributed to his superior piety, but rather, perhaps, to the antiseptic properties of sin.

But dismissing this question of religion and morals, let me redeem now my promise to tell you where some of the men who took part in the stirring scenes here once enacted are now to be found. Over against the knoll where I sit is another, of gentle acclivity, and, like this, covered with a growth of thrifty young pines. There on that knoll is the ancient necropolis of You Bet and the camps around, and there within its precincts have been gathered many of the early inhabitants of these pioneer towns. Though the hues of ruin have crept over the place, the ground itself, as is almost everywhere the case with these old graveyards, remains intact. You will say it is to the credit of the miners that these homes of the dead have been so generally respected. Not especially so. In looking for a spot for sepulture, the early miner was apt to select some rocky ridge or knoll which stood apart from the diggings, and which, being supposed to contain little or no gold, he had reason to think would never be disturbed. Had it ever been found that they contained pay dirt, these consecrated grounds would have been attacked and run off to bed-rock long ago.

But, while the land has been so spared by the remorseless gold-seeker, time has not been equally lenient with the tombs themselves, which, with no one to care for them, have, during these long years, been slowly yielding to decay. The place presents, in fact, a sadly neglected appearance. The most of the low mounds have been leveled with the earth; the palings about them have fallen off, and the exterior inclosure is nearly all gone. The head-boards, where any are left, lean at all angles, or have tumbled to the ground, so bleached and weathered that the inscriptions upon them can no longer be deciphered; but it matters not, for few will ever come seeking to read or replace them. Nor does it matter that the wild vines and the brambles grow thick over these graves. They who tenant them are mostly forgotten now. There were those who, years agone, thought of them perpetually, and longed for their presence in their old homes. But they wished and waited in vain, for neither the lost ones nor note nor tidings of them came, or ever will come, any more. The names of more than a few who sleep in this field of graves we do not know, nor whence they came, nor how they died. There are representatives here of every country on the face of the earth: the households that have been desolated by their absence are in all lands. As they were mostly young men, none of them very old, their loss was the more keenly felt. They were husbands and fathers, leaving wives and children behind; they were sons, who could not well be spared from home; they were tenderly reared youth, who should never have been suffered to go out on this rough and perilous life; and some there were who had other ties than those of kindred—the betrothed left behind suffering often most of all.

As I stood once, years ago, on the vacant site of Sutter's Mill, filled with the thoughts and emotions such locality was calculated to inspire, there came along a man of venerable appearance, who, accosting, entered into conversation with me. After talking a little, and alluding to the great gold discovery at that place, I went on to say something about the propriety of having erected on the spot a monument to perpetuate that memorable event. "Yes," said the old man, after listening for a time to my talk, "by all means let a monument be erected here; let its foundations be laid broad and deep, that it may last for all time, and let the superstructure be built of death-heads and cross-bones gathered from the nameless graves of the innumerable victims who have perished far from their homes, miserable and alone, in these accursed gold fields of California": and the old man's speech took much of the frothy sentiment out of me.

Very aptly, O California, has the artist pictured thee as a comely maiden, presenting rich gifts with one hand, and grasping a scourge of thorns with the other.

Henry DeGroot.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

("H. H.")

WHAT songs found voice upon those lips,
What magic dwelt within the pen,
Whose music into silence slips—
Whose spell lives not again!

For her the clamorous today
The dreamful yesterday became;
The brands upon dead hearths that lay
Leaped into living flame. . . .

Clear ring the silvery Mission bells
Their calls to vesper and to mass;
O'er vineyard slopes, thro' fruited dells,
The long processions pass;

The pale Franciscan lifts in air
The Cross, above the kneeling throng;
Their simple world how sweet with pray'r,
With chant and matin-song!

There, with her dimpled, lifted hands,
Parting the mustard's golden plumes,
The dusky maid, Ramona, stands
Amid the sea of blooms.

And Alessandro, type of all
His broken tribe, forevermore
An exile, hears the stranger call
Within his father's door.

The visions vanish and are not,
Still are the sounds of peace and strife,
Passed with the earnest heart and thought
Which lured them back to life.

O, sunset land! O, land of vine,
And rose, and bay! in silence here
Let fall one little leaf of thine,
With love, upon her bier.

Ina D. Coolbrith.

LAST DAYS OF MRS. HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

In view of the wide-spread interest in Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, and the affectionate regard in which she is held throughout the country, it seems fitting that some message of sympathy and of consolation should be sent out from the place which saw the last of her loyal, self-abnegating life.

I had first known "H. H." through the medium of her early books, conceiving a girl's enthusiastic admiration for the bright, womanly character I saw revealed, and afterwards, in Colorado, had been pleasantly surprised by meeting her during the early days of her sojourn at Colorado Springs, and forming her personal acquaintance. I remember her at that time as a charming, brown-haired woman, with thoughtful blue eyes, frank of speech, with a merry laugh, and a warm heart for those she liked. I learned then something of the circumstances of her life: that she was a daughter of Professor Fiske, of Amherst, and the widow of a brother of ex-Governor Hunt, of Colorado; and that her literary work had been an afterthought in life, taken up to occupy and distract her mind after the loss of her husband and two little children. Having been reared in the literary atmosphere of an Eastern college town, receiving a thorough education, and being familiar with books from her early childhood, beginning to write only after she had reached mature years, the first productions associated with her name show none of the crudity usual to young writers. She took her stand in the field of letters full-grown, like a literary Minerva, and her subsequent history in her chosen field has been a continuous record of success.

A year or more after our first meeting she became the wife of Wm. S. Jackson, of Colorado, a refined and noble-hearted gentleman. Our paths separated, and several years intervened before I saw her again. Our next meeting was in Los Angeles, and I was impressed by the change that had taken place in her appearance. The winsome, blue-eyed woman was gone. Years of high thought, of deep study, and earnest purpose had dignified and ennobled her face, and the whitening hair which crowned her broad forehead invested her with a regal air, which was borne out by her perfect self-poise and commanding decision. This was at the time of her greatest activity, when she prosecuted her work with unresting energy; when every number of the "Century" revealed some new token of her industry and zeal, and she was garnering richer material, to be afterwards resolved into the novel of "Ramona," which may be regarded as the crowning success of her life.

Again, several months ago, after another lapse of years, I was summoned to her side, and again the first thing I remarked was the subtle change that had passed over her. The dignity and nobility were still there, but my gentle blue-eyed woman, with her merry laugh, had come back, and over all brooded another ineffable look, the gentle solemnity of a soul approaching the throne of its Maker.

From that time to the last, I was with her as frequently as circumstances would permit, and it is a pleasure to recall the most minute details of our intercourse. My only difficulty in giving this little account is to determine the line which separates the confidences which were purely personal, from those which may properly be given to the public.

The house in which she spent the last days of her life has a peculiar and attractive site. It stands on the southeastern slope of Russian Hill, at the corner of Broadway and Taylor Streets, and the ground falls away behind it, so that — as she herself expressed it—she was "on the ground floor, and yet in the second story"; for there is a high basement beneath the house in the rear. The large parlors on the first floor, with comfortable adjuncts of dressing rooms, bath etc., were appropriated for her use. They were tastefully furnished, with a carpeting of light olive tones, which the sunshine transformed to a dull gold. The paper on the wall repeated the same tones with a flash of gilt; there were dark wine-colored hangings above the windows, and the furniture in the back parlor, where she lay, was of massive rosewood. Tall windows face to the south and east, and the eastern ones, which open upon a narrow balcony, command a superb prospect, by reason of the abrupt descent of the ground beyond, looking off across Telegraph Hill and the water-front, over the broad and beautiful bay, past Goat Island, with its rocky outlines, to where Oakland and Berkeley nestle at the base of the purple Contra Costa hills.

Mrs. Jackson entered the room for the first time with the preconceived disfavor of an invalid, to whom any change is unwelcome. Her first remark—"I did not imagine it was so pleasant!"—was quickly followed by the outspoken reflection: "What a beautiful place to die in!"

Although far removed from many whose presence would have been dear, she was tenderly cared for to the last by friends who reckoned no sacrifice too great to gratify her slightest wish.

Her illness was a painless one, a gradual prostration of all the vital energies, under the influence of a powerful and irresistible disease. Throughout the long and trying ordeal, neither her patience nor her courage ever failed.

Whenever the conversation turned upon her ailment, with its mysterious symptoms and steady disorganization of the system, baffling the physicians' skill and thwarting the well-meant efforts of her friends, she was always first to turn the subject, saying with a reassuring little smile, token of the brave spirit's triumph over the failing body: "Now let us talk of something more pleasant!"

And she would so completely ignore her weak bodily condition, and enter into conversation with such spirit and zest, that one forgot she was an invalid, and was conscious only of the clear, analytical mind, with its flashes of humor, and of the great, generous heart. Each effort her friends put forth to serve her met with the most tender appreciation, even though it proved of no avail. A young lady, a stranger to Mrs. Jackson, who understood her condition, had experience in ministering to the wants of an invalid mother, and fancied she could tempt the invalid's capricious appetite. The tray of dainty food she prepared with her own hands, and arranged with exquisite taste, was sent up, and returned almost untouched, but a cordial message of thanks was sent to the young nurse.

"Tell her it did me ever so much good," dictated the invalid to the messenger. "It was beautiful of her to do it. When the tray was brought in and put before me, it was like a charming picture. I never saw anything so pretty."

It was next to impossible to betray Mrs. Jackson into any discussion of her own work, although she conversed freely on the principles and topics with which she dealt. I think it is no exaggeration to say that she not only separated her individuality from her literary productions, but she even tried to ignore her instrumentality. Her work was an impersonal matter, prosecuted for the fulfilment of impersonal ends and aims.

"The Prince's Little Sweetheart," one of the last sketches from her pen, published in the May number of the "Century," was a fanciful little tale which provoked widespread comment and discussion. Oddly enough, its readers were everywhere divided into two distinct classes—one regarding it as an absurd and unmeaning fable, the other reading a deep meaning in the quaint story, whose simple pathos went to their hearts.

As I started to leave her after a little afternoon call one day early in July, the story somehow came into my mind, and I said, a little awkwardly:

"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Jackson! That story of yours in the May 'Century.' I wanted to tell you that I understood it, and liked it. It seems to me to voice the concentrated tragedy of young wifehood."

"It is the oddest thing in the world—

about that story," she earnestly rejoined. "I believe I have never in my life written anything of which I have heard so much. Letters have been pouring in upon me ever since. Some beg me to explain its meaning, and others thank me for it. I have just received a letter from Miss ——"—mentioning a famous writer in the East—"and she declares that it is the best thing I have ever written. Now the truth of the whole matter is, that story was a dream."

"A dream?"

"Yes, a dream. It occurred after my accident last year, and in my own house at Colorado Springs. I dreamed it all out, every detail, just as I afterwards wrote it. And the strange part of it was, that when I woke up I saw the little sweetheart standing before me in her homely brown gown and with her pitiful little face, as plainly as I see you at this moment. But while I looked at her, she faded away and was gone. It was the most singular experience I ever had in my life."

"Nevertheless, I shall never see a neglected wife as long as I live, without thinking of the Prince's little sweetheart, in her coarse brown dress and with her odd slipper—"

"Sweeping spiders!" supplied Mrs. Jackson, with a merry little laugh at my serious face.

"Yes, sweeping spiders."

Words which are lightly spoken sometimes attain a deep significance when the lips which have uttered them are stilled; and the feeling grows upon me that this dear friend has charged me with a message to my co-workers in this State.

In our conversations together, she repeatedly reverted to the careless methods prevailing among California writers, deploring the fault, where it was the result of necessity, and giving it her unmeasured condemnation, wherever it was born of indolence or indifference.

"The trouble is, that you have no standard," she was accustomed to assert. "With a few exceptions, California writers do their work in a careless, slovenly fashion, which is a disgrace to literature. They are provincial, and will remain so until they lift themselves above the level of local work, and try to meet the highest exactions of the best standards elsewhere. Have you ever tested the advantages of an analytical reading of some writer of finished style?" she asked abruptly.

I told her that I had made random studies of Thoreau and Richard Grant White, and occasionally of Howells, Aldrich, and other leading authors, whose work impressed me as characterized by particular refinement and good taste—among whom I might have included "H. H." herself. In short, that whenever I had been in doubt as to the propriety of an expression, the construction of a sentence, or a question of punctuation, and had the time to spare, I was in the habit of taking up the "Atlantic," and studying page after page, until my own judgment was confirmed or reversed.

"That is a good plan," she earnestly replied, "but I will tell you of something that is better. There is a little book, called 'Outdoor Papers,' by Wentworth Higginson—I think it is out of print—that is one of the most perfect specimens of literary composition in the English language. It has been my model for years. I go to it as a text-book, and have actually spent hours at a time, taking one sentence after another, and experimenting upon them, trying to see if I could take out a word, or transpose a clause, and not destroy their perfection."

Her words caused me to reflect that if she, whose reputation for literary excellence and finish is scarcely surpassed by any contemporary writer, was still so anxious to improve her style as to devote so much time and labor to hard study and self criticism, how much better might we, of limited reputation and small experience in the field of letters, take kindly to the elementary training of which we stand in need.

"Never use an obscure phrase or an unusual word when direct language or a simple term will express your meaning," is a principle I have often heard her enjoin.

Mercilessly as she could condemn in generalizations, she showed the most delicate consideration when she made a personal application. She often prefaced some little criticism of my work with the remark:

"Now, you won't mind if I call your attention to an expression here that I don't like? I don't find fault with the thought, but here is a word that must be changed. You understand that this is all a mere mechanical matter—just like any other trade. I have had a little more experience than you, and am a little better artisan; that is all. It is nothing but artisanship."

"Oh, Mrs. Jackson! Drop those three extra syllables, and call it art."

"No, artisanship!" she would insist with emphasis.

Notwithstanding her open disapproval of the average productions of California writers, she took a hearty interest in local literature. Toward THE OVERLAND, especially, she displayed the most kindly feeling, manifested in practical suggestions as well as contributions from her pen, for she regarded the magazine as an assertion of the higher standard she so earnestly advocated.

Toward the last she often spoke of the approaching change, and always with the utmost confidence and cheer. Death had no terror for her bright spirit.

"It is only just passing from one country to another!" she sometimes said; and once she smilingly reproached me because I tried to disprove her conviction that certain indications pointed to a sure release within a certain definite space of time.

"I had decided that it would last just so many days longer, but you have upset all my calculations!" she said pleasantly. "It is very unkind of you. Now, I shall have to go back and figure it all over again."

She never said it in so many words, but I knew that the losses we had both suffered formed a strong unspoken bond between us; that in the land where she was going there were beautiful young faces that her mother heart yearned after, and the promise of reunion robbed death of its sting.

The "Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye!" always thrice repeated, which rang out after me every time I left her this summer, told its own story. There was no time after the first of June when she did not feel a secret conviction that the end might come at any time, and that each parting might be the last. The words sounded again, more feebly, but with the same sweet message of affectionate regard and cheer, on Saturday, the 8th of August, when we knew the end was at hand. That night, after saying farewell to all about her, placing her hand in her husband's, she passed into a painless slumber, and four days later, on the 12th of August, as the day waned here upon earth, the bright day of immortality dawned for her.

Her last conscious acts were tender deeds of helpfulness for others; her last thoughts, of self-forgetful sympathy for those she left. One little incident will serve to illustrate this beautiful and tender phase of character:

Among the numerous pathetic instances of misfortune continually brought to light in our city, the beginning of the summer revealed the needs of a young woman, of humble station, but with singular nobility and purity of character, who was not only in extreme destitution, abandoned by her husband, but had before her the sore trial of maternity. The case chanced to come to Mrs. Jackson's notice, and her ready sympathies were at once enlisted. Unsolicited, she made a substantial contribution toward relieving the wants of the young mother, and followed her fortunes during succeeding weeks with the liveliest interest and solicitude. An utterance of the poor woman's, wrung from her in a moment of despairing anguish, was repeated to Mrs. Jackson, and made a deep impression upon her mind; for she hoarded it in her memory, dwelling upon it again and again, and applauding the loyal spirit of motherhood which had prompted it. A beautiful little girl was born to the poor woman, and in her love and gratitude to the invalid, the mother bestowed upon the child the name of her benefactress. This circumstance never came to Mrs. Jackson's knowledge. She grew so feeble that those about her tried to confine the conversation to light and pleasant topics; but she never forgot. I rarely saw her, when she did not ask:

"Well, how is our poor woman now?" and her face would light up when I gave her cheerful news, always endeavoring to keep her from thinking, as far as possible, of the perplexities which loomed up in the future. The thought of the baby, the helpless little creature who had come into the world so inauspiciously, handicapped by her sex, seemed at times to absorb the mind of the dying woman; and on more than one occasion she said to me, with a troubled look:

"I cannot understand it; and oh! I wonder, I wonder what her life will be. How can we tell, Mrs. Apponyi, that it might not have been better if the little thing had never seen the light? I hope, I do hope, that her life may be a blessing."

And now I come to a little incident which I hesitate to relate, for it deals with that shadowy borderland between this life and eternity, which many seek to penetrate, but whose mysteries none have solved.

One of Mrs. Jackson's last acts was to designate various articles of wearing apparel to be sent to her needy protége. No one in San Francisco mourned her loss more sincerely than this poor woman, who had never seen her face. When she learned, several days later, of the thoughtful provision made for her by the dying, she was touched and pained beyond expression. Crossing the room to where her little girl was lying upon the bed, she lay down beside her, calling her by the name which had become invested with sacred associations, saying:

"My poor little daughter! and that dear lady will never know that you bear her name. If she could only have known how grateful I felt! Why didn't I take you to the house and let them carry you to her? I am sure that the sight of your sweet face would have done her heart good, and made her feel that her kindness had not been lost. Now she is dead, and can never know."

This little woman, who is honest and conscientious as well as true-hearted, and who is quite willing to attribute the whole experience to some unconscious day-dream, tells me that at that moment she felt the warm, firm pressure of another hand upon her own, and looking up saw a bright, womanly face bent over her and her child, which seemed to say, with a cheery, reassuring smile:

"See! I am not dead; I am here!" and then the vision faded from her sight, and she was alone again with her child. She had never seen Mrs. Jackson, or heard any one describe her, but her description of face, manner, and intonation formed a perfect portrait. The story is given without comment, for nothing in my own experience has ever led me to place faith in supernatural visitations; but if spirits are gifted with free volition, or could hover, for a time, over the arena of life's action, I like to think that one of her first desires would have been to look upon the face of the innocent child, before whom stretches an unknown future, and the preservation of whose life, for good or ill, was partly due to her intervention.

Some misconception has arisen in regard to the attitude of the people of San Francisco towards this gifted writer, who labored, faltered, and passed away in their midst. No throng of visitors besieged her door, no daily bulletins of her condition were published by the press; and when the long waiting was over, and her weary spirit found the rest it craved, little outward demonstration was made. The newspapers, while showing her all proper respect, observed so noticeable a reticence as to provoke the comment of Eastern visitors, who asked if "H. H." was so little known upon this coast that Californians felt no realizing sense of the loss the world and literature had sustained.

While apparently indifferent to her presence, the people and the press of San Francisco were paying her the highest tribute in their power—that of faithful observance of the wish she had expressed. When she came to our city in feeble health last November, she quietly made known her desire to be left as far as possible undisturbed, and to receive no visits, save from the friends she herself called about her. This request was universally respected. Many little gifts of flowers and fruit, with other unobtrusive courtesies, bore witness that she was held in tender remembrance, and the few who were admitted to the sick-room were besieged with anxious inquiries regarding her condition from people who would have considered a call at her residence an unwarrantable intrusion. Local journalists, who were aware of her condition, knowing her wish to keep it from the knowledge of the public, refrained from any published comment; and so it happened that the first notice of her illness appeared in an Eastern paper sometime in midsummer, a fact which she communicated to me with a sigh of resignation, and the remark, "They have got hold of it at last!" With the exception of one short account of her illness, published by a morning paper in a spirit of mistaken sympathy, and in ignorance of her preferences, the sacredness of the sick room, with its painful record of the gradual encroachments of a wasting disease, was never invaded by the spirit of journalistic enterprise—in happy contrast to the spectacle the country has just witnessed at the East, where a host of ambitious reporters counted the speeding pulse-beats of a dying hero, and regaled him with their speculations as to the length of days allotted him.

It was Mrs. Jackson's dying request that no unnecessary parade should be made over her death, and that the press should abstain from giving circulation to any reports which might add to the pain the news would convey to friends dwelling at a distance. This wish was observed by local newspapers, with the same fidelity they had shown in complying with her former requests.

As an instance of the tender and reverent sentiment prevailing throughout the community, I may be excused for giving the following extract from a letter written a few days later by a young San Francisco girl to a friend in another State:

> "One week ago today a bright star ceased to shine on the vision of mortality. Her glory is not dimmed because she has entered heaven. No one who believes in the continuity of love can fail to feel that. Of course you know of whom I speak—Helen Hunt Jackson. I did not know her except as all must—through her writings—but she was a warm friend of Mrs. ———'s, and I saw her in her last sleep — a lovely, refined, majestic face, with a regal brow. Isn't it wonderfully beautiful, that whatever death may destroy, the brow, the throne of intellect, is always preserved in its pristine beauty. It is almost as if it said, 'Thought cannot die.'
>
> "On her coffin there were laid a few clover blossoms—simple meadow flowers that she loved in life. And Dr. Stebbins in his address, which was tender and appropriate, said that she desired her friends not to grieve, but simply to 'remember how she loved them.' The world will cherish and be proud of her fame as a writer, but I like best to think of her as a noble, grand, loving woman who went out of this life cheerfully, and with tender thoughts for others. One of her last acts was to lay aside some garments of her own for the use of a poor woman whom she knew only through Mrs. ———.
>
> "Such a life can be well called a truly successful one."

A beautiful allusion to the scene at her death-bed was made by a morning paper, which compared the occasional gleams of consciousness during the four days' lethargy which preceded her death to a passage in one of her own poems:

> "I am looking backward as I go,
> And lingering while I haste, and in this rain
> Of tears of joy, am mingling tears of pain."

Flora Haines Apponyi.

THE VERSE AND PROSE OF "H. H."

I.

It has seemed better that some hasty and inadequate critical comment upon the writings of "H. H." should find place in THE OVERLAND just now, while the recent death of their author in our city is causing an impulse of interest in them that keeps them out of the libraries and bookstores, and in readers' hands, than that we should wait for more deliberate ones. "H. H." has not been, until the publication of "Ramona," an author greatly read in California. Every one here who reads at all knew her more or less through the magazines, and several of her older poems were household words, here as elsewhere; but it is probable that many people in California are today reading her books who scarcely knew before that she had published anything but magazine poems and sketches. These books consist in part of collections of the previous magazine contributions, but not entirely. They are as follows: "Bits of Talk about Home Matters," 1873; "Verses," 1873; "The Story of Boon," 1874, 1878; "Bits of Travel," 1875; "Bits of Talk in Verse and Prose for Young People," 1876; "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," 1876; "Hetty's Strange History," 1877; "Bits of Travel at Home," 1878; "Nelly's Silver Mine," 1878; "Letters from a Cat," 1879; "Verses," 1879; "Mammy Tittleback," 1881; "A Century of Dishonor," 1881; "The Training of Children," 1882; "Ramona," 1884. All these are published by Roberts Brothers, except "A Century of Dishonor," which is from Harper & Bros., and "The Training of Children," which the "Christian Union" published.

This list of only fifteen books covers the whole field of possible literary activity: poetry, fiction, pure essay, sketch, research and controversy, writing for children — everything except technical scholarship. And all these different things are done well. So much for the trained mind—for it was not by natural versatility that this universal ability came. Such variety of achievement is not uncommon where a wide mental training is added to some special natural gift—in spite of the popular impression that a special ability dwarfs its possessor in other directions. Neither Matthew Arnold, Mr. Lowell, nor Dr. Holmes, suffered anything as essayists or critics for being poets, and few editors in the country were more efficient political writers than Mr. Bryant. So far as "H. H." is anything spontaneously, it is a poet. Outside of poetry, all that she did any one may do who begins with as much intelligence, receives as much help from surroundings, and trains himself with as much care and as high a standard. Poet, unquestionably, "H. H." is first of all, and as poet chiefly will live in literature.

To criticise adequately her writings, one should consider separately, and in full, her poetry; her sketches and essays; her writings as a student of the Indian question; her fiction; her children's stories and talks. A few suggestions towards such critcism are all that I can here offer.

II.

In 1869, a poem called "Coronation," and signed "Mrs. H. H. Hunt," appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly." I believe that others had already made their appearance in weeklies and dailies; but this was the earliest magazine poem, and that it was very early in the author's membership in the literary corps is evident from the signature to this, and again the signature "Mrs. Helen Hunt" to "The Way to Sing," a year later. In the fall of 1870, the signature "H. H." seems to have been settled upon, and signed consistently to all such verse and prose as Mrs. Hunt desired to acknowledge her own. It seems strange that the literary life of "H. H." should have covered a period of only fifteen years, so long is it since we have been accustomed to think of her as occupying an assured position in the front rank of magazine writers. But, in fact, she occupied this rank almost from the first; she wasted no time in apprenticeship. This poem "Coronation" was, in its way, a classic almost from the time it was printed. It takes its place in collections from the time of its publication on. So, too, other early poems, "Tides," or "Spinning"—

"Like a blind spinner in the sun —"

Such poems as these were adopted into literature at once.

What, then, are the qualities, and what is the rank of these poems? It is a little too early yet to say with much decision what rank they will finally hold. Although upon an author's death, his whole work lies before us, forever unchangeable, not to be added to nor subtracted from, if he has died in his prime it needs some years of varying tastes and schools of letters to enable us really to take his measure. Yet it seems clear that the poems of "H. H." have the elements of permanency more than of popularity. There seems no reason why the most of them should not stand always on record, even as they stand now, to be read and valued by those who love beauty enough to seek it, but not to catch the attention of those who do not. For, with all their tenderness, most of her poems are somewhat cold. It is hard to say wherein this coldness consists: not in their perfect dignity and restraint, for no poet by forgetting these virtues has ever come nearer, in the long run, to the heart of the people. Longfellow, who is, of all American poets, most generally dear, is in a high degree personally reticent in verse. Nor is it, as we have have just said, for lack of feeling; for they are full of feeling, a sort of under-thrill of deep sensitiveness and tenderness breaking through the fine precision, the faultless finish, of the verse. I should say, however, that "H. H." rarely wrote on broad lines of common human experience and feeling, but usually expressed the moods, the perceptions, of exceptional and sensitive spirits. It is easier to illustrate this trait of her poetry than to define it. Take, for instance,

Semitones.

Ah me, the subtle boundary between
What pleases and what pains! The difference
Between the word that thrills our every sense
With joy, and one which hurts, although it mean
No hurt! It is the things that are unseen,
Invisible, not things of violence,
For which the mightiest are without defense.
On kine most fair to see one may grow lean
With hunger. Many a snowy bread is doled,
Which is far harder than the hardest stones.
'Tis but a narrow line divides the zones,
Where suns are warm from those where suns are cold.
'Twixt harmonies divine as chords can hold,
And torturing discords, lie but semitones.

Now this is truth, and it is poetry; — truth to a very frequent and a very keen human feeling, and poetry of a high dignity, simplicity, and precision of expression. But it is not truth which recommends itself as such to the busy man, though he be a man of feeling and a lover of poetry. Possibly he has had at least some inkling of the experience the sonnet speaks of; but he has not recognized that he had it, nor attaches any importance in his memory to such flutters of sensibility. In short, much of this poetry is concerned with subtleties of emotional experience, such as only many sensitive women and a few sensitive men care about.

Again, there is little of the "lyric cry" about it. This may be seen by comparing "H. H." with Mrs. Browning or Miss Ingelow. Both of these poets can be well compared with her, because they have tones in common with her; that grave, finished beauty of expression which is so uniformly a trait of her poetry, appears occasionally in theirs; but they soar upward from it into a lyric intensity (and often in Mrs. Browning's case, without due regard for preserving dignity and reticence) while she remains always near the same level. For instance:

"my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show
That sees through tears the mummers leap,"

or again

"Though all great deeds were proved but fables fine;
Though earth's old story could be told anew;
Though the sweet fashions loved of them that sue
Were empty as the ruined Delphian shrine;
Though God did never man in words benign
With sense of His great fatherhood endue;
Though life immortal were a dream untrue
And He that promised it were not divine;
Though soul, though spirit were not, and all hope
Reaching beyond the bourne, melted away;
Though virtue had no goal and good no scope,
But both were doomed to end with this our clay;—
Though all these were not,—to the ungraced heir
Would this remain—to live as though they were,"

might be presented to us as extracts from the poems of "H. H.," and if we did not already know them to be Mrs. Browning's and Miss Ingelow's, we should see nothing incredible in even the first one being written by the same hand as

"Like a blind spinner in the sun,
I tread my days;
I know that all the threads will run
Appointed ways;
I know each day will bring its task,
And, being blind, no more I ask."

But even if we had never heard of

"God be with thee, my beloved, God be with thee,
Else alone thou goest forth,
Thy face unto the north,
Moor and pleasance all about thee, and beneath thee,
Looking equal in one snow,
While I, who strive to reach thee,
Vainly follow, vainly follow,
With the farewell and the hollo,
And cannot reach thee so.
Alas, I can but teach thee:
God be with thee, my beloved, God be with thee,"

or of

"While, O, my heart, as white sails shiver,
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch wide,
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
That moving speck on the far-off side.

"Farther, farther,—I see it,—know it,
My eyes brim over, it melts away;
Only my heart to my heart shall show it,
As I walk desolate day by day,"

we should still know better than to believe for a moment that they could be found in any strayed poems by "H. H."

Yet in speaking of the absence from her poems of the simple "lyric cry" in broad and common lines of human feeling, I have been careful to say "in *most* of her poems." Undoubtedly she touches the common nerve sometimes—oftener in earlier than in later poems. For instance:

When the Tide comes In.

When the tide comes in,
At once the shore and sea begin
Together to be glad.
What the tide has brought
No man has asked, no man has sought:
What other tides have had
The deep sand hides away;
The last bit of the wrecks they wrought
Was burned up yesterday.

When the tide goes out,
The shore looks dark and sad with doubt.
The landmarks are all lost.
For the tide to turn
Men patient wait, men restless yearn.
Sweet channels they have crossed
In boats that rocked with glee,
Stretch now bare, stony roads that burn
And lead away from sea.

When the tide comes in
In hearts, at once the hearts begin
Together to be glad.
What the tide has brought
They do not care, they have not sought.
All joy they ever had
The new joy multiplies;
All pain by which it may be bought
Seems paltry sacrifice.

When the tide goes out,
The hearts are wrung with fear and doubt:
All trace of joy seems lost.
Will the tide return?
In restless questioning they yearn;
With hands unclasped, uncrossed,
They weep on separate ways.—
Ah! darling, shall we ever learn
Love's tidal hours and days?

But it is not necessary to compare "H. H." more at length with Mrs. Browning or Miss Ingelow. They both have committed faults and crudities that "H. H." knew better than to commit; probably neither of them had nearly the well-balanced mental training that she had: yet to compare is only to show that though the arc of her verse touched theirs, theirs swept on and away, completely beyond hers; they are major poets, and "H. H."—in spite of the remark attributed to Emerson—is only the most accomplished of American minor poets; and that is saying of *all* minor poets, for though England has the advantage of us in great poets, our minor ones have always been more accomplished. The story of Emerson's remark, by the way, if any reader has not seen it, is, that some one asked him if he did not consider "H. H." the first among the women poets of America; to which he replied meditatively, "You might leave out the 'women.'" The story is not impossibly true, for in his private scrap-book of verse, "Parnassus," published in 1874, when "H. H." had been on the field only a very few years, he inserts five poems out of the few she had then published, to only seven or eight out of the many of the leading American poets—Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, Bryant; and she is one of the only three American poets whom he specially mentions in his preface, and the one most praised of the three: "The poems of a lady who contents herself with the initials 'H. H.,' in her book published in Boston (1874), have rare merit of thought and expression, and will reward the reader for the careful attention which they require." If Emerson did rate her first of American poets, he is probably the only critic who did; his questioner, who placed her first of American women poets, was, I should say, more nearly right. For while Celia Thaxter, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, and Louise Chandler Moulton have done some things that she could not possibly have done, she has done much that they could not. If the lyric quality were the only standard, they might be compared with her, the superiority of one in freshness and nearness to nature, of another in feeling and force, and of the third in sweetness, being weighed against her more perfect art. But it would even then be a question which was the greatest; and when she enters the field of contemplative poetry, she stands alone.

And though people will more generally cherish such a poem as "Best," it will be chiefly as a most admirable writer of contemplative poems that she must live in literature. It was this class of her writings that so pleased Emerson, as is evident from his selections. One of these will illustrate well the beauty of her poems of this sort: the wisdom, the unobtrusive perfection, somewhat in the manner of the older poets—for "H. H." never fell into tricks or mannerisms, either individual or fashionable.

Joy.

O Joy, hast thou a shape?
Hast thou a breath?
How fillest thou the soundless air?
Tell me the pillars of thy house!
What rest they on? Do they escape
The victory of Death?
And are they fair
Eternally who enter in thy house?
O Joy, thou viewless spirit, canst thou dare
To tell the pillars of thy house?

On adamant of pain
Before the earth
Was born of sea, before the sea,
Yea, before the light, my house
Was built. None knew what loss, what gain,
Attends each travail birth.
No soul could be at peace when it had entered in my house,
If the foundations it could touch or see,
Which stay the pillars of my house.

I should like to pause a moment, to ask the reader to note especially in this, as in almost every poem that its author wrote, its faultlessness. Virtues may be lacking in her poems, but faults are not present. And that her passion for perfection wisely kept her somewhat limited in her poetic manner, is evident from one of the rare exceptions to the thorough good taste of her poetry. It is a "Spring Madrigal" in which she attempts a refrain which Miss Ingelow could have handled charmingly, but which she manages as follows:

"The tree-tops are writing all over the sky,
An' a heigh ho!
There's a bird now and then flitting faster by,
An' a heigh ho!
The buds are rounder and some are red
On the places where last year's leaves were dead,
An' a heigh ho, an' a heigh!"

Do but turn from this to a bit of description that *is* within her own scope—and with this I must turn to the consideration of her prose, leaving unsaid much that ought to be said in any adequate comment on her poems:

Poppies in the Wheat.

Along Ancona's hills the shimmering heat,
A tropic tide of air with ebb and flow,
Bathes all the fields of wheat until they glow
Like flashing seas of green, which toss and beat
Around the vines. The poppies, lithe and fleet,
Seem running, fiery torchmen, to and fro,
To mark the shore. The farmer does not know
That they are there. He walks with heavy feet,
Counting the bread and wine by autumn's gain;
But I—I smile and think that days remain,
Perhaps, to me in which, though bread be sweet
No more, and red wine warm my blood in vain,
I shall be glad, remembering how the fleet,
Lithe poppies ran like torchmen with the wheat.

III.

NEXT to poet, "H. H." must be considered a light sketch-writer. She has been more prolific and more generally read in this line than any other except verse. Some thirty-four sketches of travel, at home or abroad, she contributed to two magazines in fourteen years; and some were included in her "Bits of Travel," and "Bits of Travel at Home" that had not been previously in the magazines. The first of these appeared in the fall and winter of 1870, and from time to time others were published, until in 1882 they began to come out in rapid succession, sixteen in the two years 1882–'83. The accident that ended her busy life thus broke in upon an undiminished activity in this class of writing, although she had added the Indian work and story-writing to her occupations. But I cannot but feel that there had been a decline in her poetry. It is not impossible that had she lived to be old she would have given up poetry entirely for prose, as Bryant did. There had not been any corresponding decline in her prose-writing. The Southern California sketches, which are the most familiar to Californians, are not equal to others. They were perhaps written too much with a purpose. Some Colorado sketches appearing at the same time in the "Atlantic" seemed to me much better. In fact, her travel-sketches always seem to me at their best when Colorado is the subject. "A Symphony in Yellow and Red," "A Colorado Road," "The Procession of Flowers in Colorado," "Among the Sky Lines," show her best descriptive and human turn. For the excellence of all these sketches lies in her feeling for nature and her feeling for human experience. She has no turn for incident and very little humor. But she describes nature with observant appreciation, putting into her prose description exactly the same qualities as are in the sonnet, "Poppies in the Wheat," quoted above; and she has an inexhaustible human interest —an interest in human life rather than in human nature, I should say. "One half the world doesn't know how the other half lives," but it is not the fault of "H. H." that it doesn't. Penetrating the alleys and byways of Edinburgh or Chester, accepting any invitation to enter the adobe home of the poorer Mexicans in Mexico and Los Angeles, making acquaintance with emigrants on the Puget Sound boats, and intimacies with her hosts in Norwegian cottages, she gets the story of their history and present life, and repeats it, telling of their looks and ways with ever fresh interest, and with fair picturesqueness and accuracy in dialect and manner. In this respect, however, she is by no means equal to the best sketch-writers: Mr. Howells or Bret Harte, Miss Jewett or Rose Terry Cooke would have the veritable emigrant or Mexican or rustic Yankee standing before us, his very voice in our ears, in three sentences, where "H. H." in a couple of pages has only described him and told his story. She is not quick at dialect or at "taking off" any one. But, as I said above, it is not this that interests her: it is not the artist's nor the humorist's spontaneous delight in people that moves her, but the desire to know what befalls people in this sorry world; especially, what befalls the poor and the unlucky—what their misfortunes have been, what their pleasures, what they make out of life. It seems to me less the tone of a lover of men than of a well-wisher of mankind. I mean by this to distinguish between such a tendency to *love* every one, and serve people out of this spontaneous impulse of tenderness, as is personified in George Eliot's Dinah Morris, and the more common quality of wishing mankind better and happier, hating every evil that spoils their lives, finding the bettering of the world the only thing worth doing, and doing it with devotion; yet all the time very possibly regarding a large proportion of the individual objects of this benevolence and beneficence with distaste, holding far away from them one's own inmost personality, as a fastidious and sensitive person must—and fastidiousness and sensitiveness breathe instinctively from every line of this author's poems, however philanthropy dominates them intentionally.

The sketches, I said, are not really, in their human interest, as artistic nor as life-like as the best sketch-writing. But, take the whole group of them, few writers have ever covered so varied a field of travel with so good accounts of places and people. The new West, especially, owes its place in the magazines to her. Some excellent writing of this sort had been done in newspaper correspondence; and Europe has had Mr. Howells and Mr. James, Mr. Warner and Mr. Aldrich, to keep it before American readers in American magazines; but the sketch of Western America, treated as worthy literature, instead of manufactured article, belongs to "H. H."

IV.

AND now, in order to save a little space to speak of "H. H." as a novelist, it is necessary to pass somewhat rapidly over her qualities as essayist, and critic of affairs, and also as writer for children. As to the child-sketches, one need only say that they are very good, without being the very best; they are not children's classics, but they are excellently well-judged for their purpose, and full of an evident love of children. The few "bits of" essays show the same qualities as the book on Indian affairs, which is to be regarded as her real contribution to serious discussion. They dwell on the wrongs of children with the same spirit of indignation that inspires the book upon the wrongs of the government "wards." But it must not be understood that that book is a mere rhetorical protest; it is, on the contrary, a piece of careful research, based upon unanswerable government reports, and told with a good deal of restraint. In fact, there has been this same restraint in all she has written of Indian wrongs, whether scattered in bits through her travel sketches, in fiction, or even in the more emotional language of poetry. Nor is this a repression forcibly put upon violent feeling, which would fain burst out in invective and passionate eloquence, like that of the early abolitionists; its deliberate arraignment, its arrows tipped oftener with cold sarcasm than with hot indignation, indicate rather that, as one who would right wrongs and benefit mankind, she chose this particular wrong as that which most called for her labor, than that it swept her off her feet into irresistible sympathy and championship; it is a philanthropy rather of the intellect and moral sense than of the heart. Mrs. Jackson, as is well known, valued "A Century of Dishonor" above all her other books, and it would be quite away from the point to comment on this as one of the instances of an author's inability to estimate truly his own work; for Mrs. Jackson knew as well as any one that "A Century of Dishonor" has no especial place as a work of art (though, as everything from her trained hand was bound to be, it is well written). It would be audacious in any one to say that it may not yet prove to be what she considered it, a more valuable service to humanity than any of her purely literary work. It is hard to say now how far it has already wrought results. It has never been a popular book—never an appeal that to any extent reached the public mind, as a more fervid book would. Possibly its manner has been found a trifle irritating, and stirred some animosity. It contained some unjust strictures on special proceedings, in which the Secretary of the Interior seems to have acted as justly as was possible under the conditions left him by predecessors; this, at the time, prejudiced some readers against the book, but it was a mere matter of detail, and against the truth and justice of the showing as a whole, nothing can be said. Whether it has or has not proved effective in forming public sentiment directly, it has at least provided Indians' Rights societies and editors with much material and many weapons wherewith to continue the attack.

IV.

I HAVE spoken of Mrs. Jackson as "H. H.," while commenting on her poems and prose sketches. "A Century of Dishonor" was published with her full name, and the signature "H. H." was never used with her novels. "Ramona" was a direct outgrowth of the line of activity of which "A Century of Dishonor" was the first result, and was signed "Helen Jackson." Her poems and sketches of the last two years bear the same signature. Mrs. Jackson had, some time before writing "Ramona," printed two anonymous novels, "Hetty's Strange History," and "Mercy Philbrick's Choice." These were apparently mere experiments in fiction—that most alluring sort of composition, which draws poets and scholars, doctors and admirals, so irresistibly in these days of the rise of the novel and the decline of poetry. They were printed in the "No Name" series, and were very likely solicited by the publisher and anonymous more in accordance with his plan than because their author desired it; and when the authorships of the series began to be disclosed, no secret was made of her having written these two novels. A more difficult and interesting question of anonymous authorship had been for some time hovering about Mrs. Jackson's name. This was the familiar puzzle: "Did she write the Saxe Holm stories?"

It is likely that the question will soon be answered now. Yet, if she did write them, and kept their secret so closely through life, it would not be impossible that she should have arranged to have it always kept. To speculate about it as a mere matter of curiosity would be foolish. But it involves some very interesting points of criticism, which I may be pardoned for touching upon. A legitimate interest attaches to the question: If the several strong indications (given by characters and incidents in the stories) which have convinced friends of Mrs. Jackson that she wrote them, be true, how is it to be accounted for that the same person could write in two so different manners? Instances are not rare in which a writer's signed and unsigned works have been different enough: a novelist of considerable repute in the field of society studies is, with some show of evidence, credited with the manufacture of a parallel system of dime novels; and one of our best poets with a hand in the recent noticeable improvement in the quality of soap-advertising verses. But all Mrs. Jackson's acknowledged work is finished, self-controlled, very conscientious artistically: the Saxe Holm stories have marked crudities, extravagant fancies, sentimental excesses, yet certain virtues in an occasional happy portrayal of character that Mrs. Jackson's have not, and a boldness of plot which, if sometimes ill-judged, yet shows an audacity not altogether objectionable. Are such incompatible traits possible in the same writer? Again, could the same person write such a poem as "My Inheritance" and

"I cannot think but God must know
About this thing I long for so"?

The chief reason for doubting that she could, is that the simplicity of Draxy's song is a trifle strained, so as to hint at affectation; and the same hint of affectation appears sometimes in the stories, especially "My Tourmaline" and "A Four-Leaved Clover." Yet "A Four-Leaved Clover" is the one by incidents in which Mrs. Jackson is thought to have been postively identified as the writer.

It is not necessary to offer any guess, yes or no. I am moved, however, to offer two suggestions. The first is, that the reader curious on this point shall note the succession in time of the stories and of Mrs. Jackson's novels. The Saxe Holm stories began to appear quite early during her literary life, continued up to the time of the publication of "Mercy Philbrick's Choice," and "Hetty's Strange History," and then the signature disappeared from the magazines. Now it is worth while to look in these two anonymous novels for connecting links in manner and sentiment between the Saxe Holm stories and "Ramona." If I am not mistaken, they lessen the improbability of a common authorship very much.

Again: is it not a common experience that good art is sometimes inadequate to quite express one? that the cultivated taste permits its possessor some little private assortment of sentimentalities that are in very bad taste? One reads the novel, goes to see the melodrama, sings the song, that he knows to be crude and artistically bad; permitting himself this because it meets an emotional craving. At least, he permits his unspoken fancy sentimental indulgences that he would not tell his best friend, much less put his signature to in public. What if, then, one whose work was habitually dignified and carefully artistic, chanced to feel a craving for bolder, more careless, more morbid and inartistic expression? It is also, I think, true that fiction is the hardest kind of writing to gain a pure style in; and true that many people can write with almost perfect dignity in verse, who betray false taste, affectations, and a certain pervasive, impalpable crudity as soon as they touch story writing. It might be that one would wish to practice her hand, and work out any such crudities, in the dark.

Certainly, "Ramona" does not contain them. "Ramona" is a beautiful story; yet nevertheless, I should say that it does not show its author to be a novelist. It is a poet's novel; a prose Evangeline. It has proved serviceable to the end for which it was written, for it has been very generally read, and has affected opinion as much as could, perhaps, be expected. It is read, however, not primarily as a novel with a purpose, but as a sweet and mournful poetic story.

M. W. Shinn.

RECENT FICTION.

The period of the summer novel has scarcely passed, and accordingly few of the novels that come before us this month for review are to be taken very seriously—perhaps only three: namely, Mr. Crawford's *Zoroaster*,[1] Miss Howard's *Aulnay Tower*[2] and *Kamehameha*[3] by C. M. Newell. *Aulnay Tower*, though we mention it among the few written with serious intent, is still not at all ambitious, but on the light, idyllic order. Remembering Miss Howard's very considerable—and, we may add, unexpected—achievement in "Guenn," one opens *Aulnay Tower* with unusual curiosity and interest; the more that she has not hastened to take advantage of her previous success by a swift succession of books, magazine sketches, short stories, and so on, but has remained silent for many months—quite long enough to allow of the production of another well-ripened novel. In one sense, the pleasant expectation with which one begins *Aulnay Tower* is justified, for the story is excellently well done, in no wise unworthy of its predecessor. It is of much less weight and power than "Guenn," but in its own line, the idyl, it leaves little to be asked. Not that, even as an idyl, it has the elements of immortality; but it is a simple love story, simply and well told, with grace, and repose, and picturesqueness. Picturesqueness is the thing above all others that Miss Howard never fails of. Each character of the play, and each feature of the setting, stands out from the canvas with unblurred outlines—a distinct and individual whole. Her characters never degenerate into confused copies of each other or of a general type; nor, on the other hand, are they apt to be individualized by any trick of speech or behavior, after the familiar Dickens device. It indicates a remarkable vividness of life in the author's own conception of her characters, that she can draw them with such clear and consistent lines; they must move about in her brain like living acquaintances.

In the present book, however, without at all losing this distinctness of figures, the author has leaned more than before toward the trick we have just mentioned as not hers —that of labeling each character by some typical trait or behavior. The characters, too, are, in the nature of things, something of conventional types: the elegant, old Legitimist nobleman; the scheming priest; the coquettish lady's maid. Yet these old properties are made very fresh, and the nobleman, priest, and maid seem real people scarcely the less for being conventional types. The reader does not feel disposed so much to ask whether they are true copies from nature, as to be content that they are complete and pleasing pictures, as they stand in the pages of the story. We should make the exception to this, that the maid seems

[1] Zoroaster. By F. Marion Crawford. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1885.

[2] Aulnay Tower. By Blanche Willis Howard. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[3] Kamehameha, the Conquering King. A Romance of Hawaii. By C. M. Newell. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

somewhat overdrawn: it is not essential to an idyllic story of this sort that she should be exactly what a French lady's maid may really be; but it is essential that she should *seem* probable. And while in her main outlines this little maid seems highly probable, the author has utilized her as a sort of chorus, by means of which she may herself express such comments on her characters, philosophical reflections, and the like, as she does not wish to say in her own person, for fear of impeding the story. The end is well accomplished. Put very neatly into the pretty Frenchy phrase of the pretty maid, these reflections not only do not in the least impede the story, but are very entertaining; nevertheless, on a little close listening, one hears the voice of the author through the disguise.

These are, however, small faults to find in a book so pleasant, so conscientious, so well-conceived. When "Guenn" was reviewed in our pages, we said that the thing which justified very great hope of Miss Howard's future was the enormous amount of art-conscience that had evidently gone into the book, especially considering the character and the brains it showed to acquire and use this conscience, after having made a hit with a girlish summer novel. *Aulnay Tower* shows the same intention to do honestly good work, and take all the time and pains that are necessary for it. Accordingly, it cannot be called a falling-off from "Guenn," though intentionally so much slighter. Yet, one could wish that it might have been as much better than "Guenn," as that novel was than its predecessors. It was not unreasonable to hope this, considering the serious study of her art that Miss Howard evidently makes, and the union of the power to tell a story and to draw a picture with real emotional power that she has shown. It may be that *Aulnay Tower* is an aside, pending the appearance of another more elaborate work; or it may be that Miss Howard has now reached the limit of her powers, and all her conscience will be necessary to keep to her present grade of work. On one point we are curious to see her tested. Her two mature books are both European. We should like to see if she can do as well with American subjects. "A Roman Singer," "But Yet a Woman," "Guenn" and "Aulnay Tower," form a group of excellent novels, all written by Americans in a foreign manner, and on foreign subjects; they are not dissimilar, in a general way. Can this excellence be transferred to the study of American subjects? Mr. Crawford failed lamentably, absurdly, when he tried it; Professor Hardy has not tried it; Miss Howard tried it first, and it is impossible to know whether her faults in such work were due entirely to immaturity, or partly to subject. "Guenn," although French in scene, and partly in characters, yet had so much that was American, both in a leading character and in spirit, that it seemed more likely that Miss Howard would yet do good work in studying American life, than that either Mr. Crawford or Professor Hardy would. *Aulnay Tower*, however, is almost as French as "But Yet a Woman" is French, and "A Roman Singer" Italian.

It is said that "A Roman Singer" was Mr. Crawford's first book, though "Mr. Isaacs" was first published. We do not doubt that it will yet rank as his best, when the sensation of novelty that the orientalism of the other awoke has entirely passed away. Yet, for the present, it is undoubtedly more to Mr. Crawford's interest to return to Asia for his subjects. Except for the purpose of getting immediate readers, however, he has really regained little of the ground he had lost, by selecting the subject of Zoroaster for his last novel. It was a happy thought for a historical novel, for surely some one who should come to the description of ancient Persian life with some such knowledge of it as Ebers has applied to Egyptian, and with more vivacity and brevity than the learned German displays, would have a rich field. Persia is nearer to present human interest than Egypt, by virtue of its far greater share in forming the Hebrew religion; and a novel whose subject is Zoroaster ought to illuminate, most of all, the religious elements of Persian life. But Mr. Crawford has evidently come to the task with a totally inadequate historical knowledge. The reader is surprised at the outset to come upon Zoroaster as a young pupil of the aged Daniel. It is true that the Parsees place his date as late as 500 B. C., which might make the connection with Daniel possible; but there is no historical foundation for such a date. The Greek historians, on the contrary, carry him back as far as 6,000 or 7,000 years B. C.; and modern students seem disposed to place him somewhere between 1,000 and 1,500 B. C. (all the way between, in fact, as it is quite as probable that the general title Zarathustra is the personification of a school or line of religious teachers and reformers, as the title of an individual reformer). Haug considers the earliest Zend writings, the Gâthas, as the only purely Zoroastrian ones; possibly the work of the original reformer or reformers, possibly of disciples at no remote period from the formulating of the Zoroastrian religion; and these he dates between 1,200 B. C. and 900 B. C. There seems little doubt, therefore, that 1,000 B. C. is as late as the original Zoroaster can have lived, and it may have been much earlier. It is perfectly right, for the purposes of a historical novel, to assume the actual historical existence of a Zoroaster (though it would have been more accurate to call him "Spitama, the Zarathustra," or "the Zoroaster," if the more correct form be considered pedantic); but it is a pity to throw the reader's ideas into such helpless confusion as by representing him the reformer of the religion in its decadence, of which he was in fact the founder. One might as well write a historical novel upon Moses, and represent him as the one who restored the purity of the Mosaic religion, and systematized its creeds, after the return from Babylon.

But Mr. Crawford has, not only in the date, but in his whole conception of Zoroaster—and, we may add, of the structure of the universe—followed modern Parseeism much more than modern scholarship. Zoroaster, after his unfortunate love affair has broken off his life at court, takes to—not the lofty spiritual life of wise reasoning that certainly must have been his (whether Spitama or another), who thought out for himself, amid the polytheistic dualism of the primitive Iranian creeds, such doctrines as these: "Blessed are all men to whom the living, wise God, of his own command, should grant those two everlasting powers [immortality and wholesomeness]. . . I believe thee, O God, to be the best thing of all, the source of light for the world. . . Thou createst all good things by means of the power of thy good mind at any time. . . . Who was in the beginning the Father and the Creator of truth? Who showed to the sun and stars their way? Who causes the moon to wax and wane, if not thou? . . . Who is holding the earth and the skies above it? Who made the waters and the trees of the field? Who is in the winds and the storms, that they so quickly run?" Not to this, but to Oriental occultism does Mr. Crawford's Zoroaster turn, meditates three years beside a brook, and emerges into the world full-clad with the powers of a magician, and the views of the Theosophic Society. Compare a moment with the above extract from the Gâthas (Zoroaster's own version of his own faith) Mr. Crawford's version:

> "Gradually, too, as Zoroaster fixed his intuition upon the first main principle of all possible knowledge, he became aware of the chief cause—of the universal principle—of vivifying essence, which pervades all things, and in which arises motion as the original generator of transitory being. The great law of division became clear to him—the separation for a time of the universal agent into two parts, by the separation and reuniting of which comes light and heat, and the hidden force of life, and the prime rules of attractive action; all things that are accounted material. He saw the division of darkness and light, and how all things that are in the darkness are reflected in the light; and how the light which we call light is in reality darkness made visible, whereas the true light is not visible to the eyes that are darkened by the gross veil of transitory being. And, as from the night of earth, his eyes were gradually opened to the astral day, he knew that the forms that move and have being in the night are perishable and utterly unreal; whereas the purer being which is reflected in the real light is true, and endures forever."

Here, again, as in "An American Politician," Mr. Crawford shows himself capable of putting forth absolute rubbish as something very wise indeed; and the great defect in intellectual power that this shows must inevitably be fatal to him as a novelist, outside of simple story-telling. His descriptive and narrative ability is considerable; and, moreover, he often touches a strong chord of simple emotion—though it must be admitted that he also sometimes touches a very weak and artificial one. Putting aside, therefore, consideration of *Zoroaster* as a historical novel, we can speak of it much more kindly as a story. The two men, Zoroaster and Darius, are noble and interesting; the two women, the Queen Atossa and the Hebrew princess Nehushta, are to the present reviewer's mind not only very disagreeable persons, but commonplace. The queen, especially, is a conventional female heavy villain, of the completest sort. The story has movement and symmetry (save the few most dreary pages devoted to theosophy); and it has much beauty of description, and is said to be historically correct therein. We quote a fine description of the coming of Darius at the head of a troop of his horse, which illustrates the best qualities of the book :

> "Nearer and nearer came the cloud; and the red glow turned to purple and the sun went out of sight; and still it came nearer, that whirling cloud-canopy of fine powdered dust, rising to right and left of the road in vast round puffs, and hanging overhead like the smoke from some great moving fire. Then, from beneath it, there seemed to come a distant roar like thunder, rising and falling on the silent air, but rising ever louder; and a dark gleam of polished bronze, with something more purple than the purple sunset, took shape slowly; then with the low roar of sound, came, now and then, and then more often, the clank of harness and arms; till, at last, the whole stamping, rushing, clanging crowd of galloping horsemen seemed to emerge suddenly from the dust in a thundering charge, the very earth shaking beneath their weight, and the whole air vibrating to the tremendous shock of pounding hoofs and the din of clashing brass.
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> "A few lengths before the serried ranks rode one man alone—a square figure, wrapped in a cloak of deeper and richer purple than any worn by the ordinary nobles, sitting like a rock upon a great white horse. As he came up, Zoroaster and his fourscore men threw up their hands.
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> "'Hail, king of kings! Hail, and live forever!' they cried, and as one man, they prostrated themselves upon their faces on the grass by the roadside.
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> "Darius drew rein suddenly, bringing his steed rom his full gallop to his haunches in an instant. After him the rushing riders threw up their right hands as a signal to those behind; and with a deafening concussion, as of the ocean breaking at once against a wall of rock, those matchless Persian horsemen halted in a body in the space of a few yards, their steeds plunging wildly, rearing to their height and struggling on the curb; but helpless to advance against the strong hands that held them. The blossom and flower of all the Persian nobles rode there —their purple mantles flying with the wild motion, their bronze cuirasses black in the gathering twilight, their bearded faces dark and square beneath their gilded helmets.
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> "'I am Darius, the king of kings, on whom ye call,' cried the king, whose steed now stood like a marble statue, immovable in the middle of the road. 'Rise, speak, and fear nothing — unless ye speak lies.'"

The third book that we mentioned above, *Kamehameha*, is likewise a historical novel, and likewise in a new field, and one offering good possibilities. Mr. Newell has experimented in it before, without winning any great fame. *Kamehameha* is by no means an uninteresting book, and there seems no reason to doubt its substantial truth to history. Up to the time when Kamehameha came to his kingdom—to the chiefdom, that is, of the district that became the nucleus of his kingdom later—the writer can have only legend to depend upon for his narrative; but after that period the native accounts may be regarded as trustworthy enough. For the beginning of Kamehameha's reign was about two years after Captain Cook's death, and therefore about 1781; while the materials for the present narrative were gathered by the author forty years ago, leaving only sixty years to be bridged from the beginning of Kamehameha's reign. Not only did the whole period of that reign, therefore, fall within the actual memory of old men still living forty years ago, but much of it had been committed to record still earlier, upon the first coming of the missionaries in 1820, only the year after Kamehameha's death; moreover, from the time of Vancouver's sojourn at the islands in 1792 and 1794, there was intermittent communication with England and America, so that the chief events of this period in Hawaiian history have never been entirely dependent upon legend. To the outline of ascertained history thus attainable, Mr. Newell has added the more detailed accounts of battles and the like, which he obtained forty years ago from the reminiscences of old men, the songs of bards, and the legends of priests.

With regard to the Hawaiian conqueror's childhood and youth he has been entirely dependent on tradition, for no one seems to have known much about him until he appeared as an ambitious and able young chief, claimed as a son by three royal chiefs, and made the part heir of one of them. This obscurity of origin, as usual in such cases, gave rise to an abundance of romantic legends, the prettiest of which—and the one least favored by native historians—Mr. Newell follows. This makes Kamehameha the son of the Hawaiian king Kalaniopuu, by a very puissant priestess and "chiefess," as Mr. Newell has it, who reigned in sole authority over a secluded valley and its temple; growing up in this almost inaccessible valley, under the training of his mother and her assistant priestesses, the royal youth remained in obscurity till of an age to be sent to join his father's court, where his extraordinary prowess, intelligence, and breeding immediately advanced him to the front rank of favor. The novelist has set his imagination free in dealing with this legend, and has treated it really with a great deal of spirit and taste. The priestess Wailele is the most beautiful of Hawaiian women, and wisest and most holy of Hawaiian priests; the group of attendant priestesses, the deep valley, with its temple set in sacred precincts of river-traversed forest between vast, sheer cliffs, over which the river plunged in five cataracts, make an attractive picture. It is good judgment to frankly take the point of view of the legend, and boldly represent Pele as existent, appearing to her worshiper, inspiring prophecy, interfering occasionally in human affairs; to make the boy—the chosen favorite of Pele, the long foretold conqueror—a young hero almost more than human, blameless and high-souled. This is only treating the legend as Tennyson treated the Arthurian legends—with apparent good faith and belief, and with all the idealization that may be necessary to make their moral code acceptable to nineteenth century imagination. Accordingly, Wailele is in advance of her times in the matter of human sacrifices, and never on any account permits them; she brings Kamehameha up to her doctrine on this point, and to the highest views and habits as to veracity, magnanimity, gentleness, etc. This is all legitimate, but it necessitates a comical change in the story at the point where legend ends and history begins. Up to that line, the gallant young prince Kamehameha figures with all the chivalry of a Bayard; after it we find King Kamehameha entrapping and assassinating rivals, offering human sacrifices, and otherwise conducting himself much more like a savage monarch than a knight of story. Yet, that he was in fact not merely an able warrior, and shrewd and ambitious ruler, but a man of much amiability and magnanimity, is evident enough from the impression made upon Vancouver and others. It would undoubtedly be possible to make a far better study of this remarkable South Sea king than has Mr. Newell; nevertheless, he has told an interesting and fairly accurate story, upon a branch of history totally unknown to most readers, and yet worth their knowing something of. We note an occasional solecism, such as "the *tesselated* flowers of the ohia," where tasseled is obviously meant.

We may dismiss rather rapidly all the other novels now before us. Several of them are good: Bret Harte's *By Shore and Sedge*, Miss Phelps's *An Old Maid's Paradise*,[2] and Charles Egbert Craddock's *Down the Ravine*,[3] in especial. Bret Harte's is not a novel, but three short sketches, Miss Phelps's a mere episode of sea-side summering, and "Craddock's" a child's story. The three sketches in *By Shore and Sedge* are *An Apostle of the Tules*, *Sarah Walker*, and *A*

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[1] By Shore and Sedge. By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[2] An Old Maid's Paradise. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[3] Down the Ravine. By Charles Egbert Craddock Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

Ship of '49. Mr. Harte's hand never loses its cunning, and it is noteworthy how instantly the reviewer, upon opening any new story from him, may recognize the note of competent power, the contrast to any other style that comes to his eye as he goes from book to book. Bret Harte cannot write satisfactorily of anything but California—somehow, in that divine period of young manhood and developing power that it was his fate to pass here, California became stamped with a peculiar freshness and force upon his mind, such as no later environment has been able to rival, though it is probable he would himself have preferred to change the field of his subjects. He cannot write except of California; and he can never make his California a new thing in literature again. It is true, that these later sketches have not all the dramatic force and beauty of the first ones; but it is not deterioration of power, so much as loss of novelty, that lessens the eagerness of the public for them. "An Apostle of the Tules" is more of the old quality than almost any thing the author has lately done; "Sarah Walker" is well told, as everything from him is; and "A Ship of '49" is a very pretty story. There is no one at all who always has described the external aspects of California, sky and shore and sea, plain and mountain, as perfectly as Bret Harte still does. Miss Phelps's little study of an old maid in her own new house by the sea, is very pleasing—sweet and grave, full of feeling, yet serene. It is one of a cheap "Riverside Paper Series," with which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. join at last the procession of those who issue series of cheap paper summer novels. These paper novels appear weekly during the summer months, and thus far maintain a more classical standard than any other series. "Down the Ravine" is exceedingly well done, showing the author almost more at home in writing for children than in other work. The needs of her audience compel her to be less discursive, and less disposed to idealize. It is always a little questionable, however, whether it is best to set children to reading dialect, especially dialect that has any roughness about it.

Vain Forebodings[1] is one of Mrs. Wistar's German translations, and is a pleasant story, but containing a somewhat surprising point: for the story is of a benevolent physician, who first cured of insanity a youth upon whom this disaster had fallen, after he had long been predisposed to it, and then allowed his daughter to marry the patient, telling him that his forebodings of insanity as his doom are folly, and his scruples about marrying unnecessary, since all he needs to do to be safe is to exercise due mental self-control. There is, undoubtedly, very much in this view, yet the usual view of the fatal nature of any predisposition to insanity is not to be lightly set aside.

F. Anstey, whose "Vice Versa" gave him something of a name for unique invention, has accomplished another successful bit of ingenuity. *The Tinted Venus*[2] is one of those compositions that make the reader wonder how in the world any one could have thought of such a thing. It is of the class of fiction that must not be commented on too freely, for fear of "spoiling the story" to the reader; so we will only say that it is very ingenious, clever, and amusing, and worth one's while to read if he wishes light reading for a leisure hour.

The Waters of Hercules,[3] a rather long novel, in the German style and with German characters, and *Uncle Jack and Other Stories*,[4] by Walter Besant, are also both pleasant leisure-hour books—though no one will ever be really any the worse off for not having read them. The chief interest in Mr. Besant's stories (there are three in the book, one of them, "Sir Jocelyn's Cap," decidedly good) is the opportunity they give to note the author's style, unaffected by that of his late colleague. The difference is perceptible. Mr.

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[1] Vain Forebodings. By E. Oswald. Translated from the German by Mrs. A. L. Wistar. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Joseph A. Hofmann.

[2] The Tinted Venus. A Farcical Romance. By F. Anstey. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

[3] The Waters of Hercules. New York: Harper & Bros. 1885.

[4] Uncle Jack and Other Stories. By Walter Besant. New York: Harper & Bros. 1885.

Besant's pleasant humor is perhaps a trifle overdone, and he takes pains in all three stories to express decided disapproval of educated girls and the Oxford examinations.

The three remaining novels are scarcely worth reading. *She's All the World to Me*,[1] and *A Nemesis*,[2] are English stories, the first one quite dull, in spite of smuggling, shipwrecks, and sensations unnumbered, on the Manx coast; the second one is an agreeable, mildly entertaining, conventional story of the detection of a murder—largely by means of second sight. *A New England Conscience*[3] is very well meant, but very crude. It is a narration of the religious and other psychological experiences of a country village in New England. This village is Methodist, and therefore should not be produced by the author as a typical New England one; for Methodism is not the character-forming faith of New England. Moreover, when she sets her Methodist pastor to preaching Election, it is obvious that she is ignorant of her subject. In somewhat pointless succession we have described to us: first, Desire's mother, insane with religious melancholy, and convinced she is going to hell, with some account of the sermons and prayer-meetings that convinced her; second, the behavior of mothers in the village upon the loss of children, ending with one young mother's suicide upon her baby's grave—this attributed to the tone of preaching in the village, which had failed to convince her of God's love in removing her baby; the successful advent of the faith-cure to the village; a Millerite episode in the factory neighborhood; an experience meeting; various theological conversations, ending in the return of the heroine, Desire, to a strong belief in hell, previously abjured, and consequently a burning desire to engage in saving souls therefrom by work as a city missionary; her putting away her lover that she may do this; reaction from the belief in hell and the city missionary work, and final reacceptance of the lover. This medley is not to be taken as a true study of New England life or character, and sounds to us like the first attempt of some bright and inexperienced girl at literature. This seems the more probable from the superiority of the part that deals with Desire's intercourse with her mother to any of the rest; there is some very genuine tenderness here.

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[1] She's All the World to Me. By Hall Caine. New York: Harper & Bros. 1885.

[2] A Nemesis; or Tinted Vapors. By J. Maclaren Cobban. New York: Appleton & Co. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

[3] A New England Conscience. By Belle C. Greene. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

ETC.

An Eastern religious weekly is pressing an idea that is new, we think, to print, though not to private conversation; and that is, the endowment of newspapers. The idea is probably to the business mind chimerical; nevertheless, there seems no good reason why it is not both practical and wise. The newspaper, it is said, is the college of the American people; and what would be thought of a college in which the chairs might be filled absolutely without any test of moral or intellectual requirement? in which any horse-jockey or gambler might teach, side by side with the most venerable scholars of the time; and, the payment being by fees in accordance with the acceptability of the things taught, might devote his chair to instruction in cards or in slogging, or his lecture hour to stories of such character as may barely escape the intervention of a not over-strict police, and enjoy a much higher salary than a colleague in the same college, who might be the greatest of American historians, or botanists, or linguists? What would be thought, again, of a college in which it was an open secret that the doctrines taught were sometimes for sale? that the teacher of political economy would instruct his classes in the justice or the injustice of duties on wool, according as the sheep-growers or the manufacturers bribed him; or that the teacher of geography would make facts as to climate, product, and other qualities of different districts bend to the interest of the railroads in whose pay he was; or that the facts of history were almost avowedly taught in accordance with the interests of the political party from which the teacher expected most. All this under the wing of the college, so that the student who desired to learn the truth had no possible means of knowing which teacher was conscientiously telling it, and which one was the bribed mouth-piece of special interests, save his own penetration. And among those in need of the instructions of a college, such penetration is scarcely to be expected. Yet this is no exaggeration of the present condition of that "American college," the newspaper. Side by side with veracious papers are the most shamelessly mendacious ones; side by side with thoroughly competent editors are hopelessly ignorant boors, pretending to teach with as much confidence as the competent ones; side by side with incorruptible opinions, opinions bought and sold like furniture. Moreover, there is no authority to guarantee the uprightness of the upright paper, and the correctness of the correct one, or to protect them from accusation of venality or ignorance, any more than there is to condemn the venal or ignorant one. And there are enough to see to it that they shall be abundantly met with such accusation. The wise and discriminating will find out which are managed by knaves. But what a condition of affairs for a college—to be so arranged that only the wisest and most discriminating of its students can be safe against gross false teaching! The vast majority of newspaper readers can not know whether their teacher is trustworthy or not. A more obvious and commonly lamented evil in the present newspaper system is, that it leaves the public unprotected against uncleanliness and low sensationalism. Not only has the vilest-minded man perfect liberty, without passing any examination or obtaining approval of any man, to step into a chair of the newspaper-college, and thence teach what is congenial to him to whoever will take the elective, but much that is vile and shocking intrudes itself into every man's paper, and can hardly be avoided by the most careful skipping.

WITH all this, we are disposed to think he was right who called the newspaper "the college of the American people." Its potency is vast, and reaches more corners than the school-master. Moreover, children and young people nowadays read newspapers a great deal. With the general laxity of household government has come a relaxation of the practice of hiding books and papers away from children; and the reader will be amazed, if he investigates a little, to find how generally the newspapers, with their stories of ugliness and horrors, lie under children's eyes, in most middle-class families. It is really as important to our national character that the newspaper should be intelligent, cleanly, and upright, as that the college should be.

THE dangers of an unrestrained press have always been more or less realized, and efforts have been made to meet them by a press censorship. But this involves dangers of its own, and moreover would never be tolerated in this country. It has not been thought un-American to put certain legal restrictions about the professions of law and medicine, and, in part, those of teaching and of civil service. If government may insist that a man must have a decent character and a certain amount of education before he may practice law or medicine, there is nothing monstrous, theoretically, in requiring the same before he may run a paper. But it is doubtful if any such system would work in the case of a calling involving a private property, as a newspaper is (though the regulations for examining pilots and engineers to run boats, which are private property, forms a precedent), and more than doubtful whether it could ever get a chance to try. Nor could the most theoretic literary fellow recommend it with much heart; for the functions of a journalist are so much less specific than those of a lawyer or doctor, that no examination could properly test capacity for them. Moreover, it would be impossible to restrict *proprietorship* in papers to high-minded, incorruptible, and educated men; and it is on the part of the proprietor, and not the editor, that the mischief comes in. It is for the benefit of the proprietor's pocket, not for his own pleasure, that the editor puts in the account of the murder, the divorce trial, the slogging match; that his leaders change front in a political campaign; that news are edited, and items that might hurt this or that private interest carefully ruled out. The right or wrong of the present very general submission of the editorial pen to the interest of the proprietor, is an ethical question too large to be here discussed: not all editors do so submit it; and the requirement of many papers that they shall, keeps many a high-minded young fellow from seeking a chair in the "American college." The fear of loss and impoverishment constrains even the high-minded editor to make the journal an instrument of evil, to satisfy his employer; constrains even the high-minded proprietor to sacrifice the honor of his journal before the threat of powerful interests, or to bid down to low tastes to increase his sales.

SUPPOSE private ownership eliminated from any paper by the simple device of an endowment?—an endowment, say, just large enough to insure the existence of the paper, in case it were called to undergo a period of popular hostility or private assault; so that its enlargement and prosperity would still have to depend on its own exertions, and it could not become sluggish. Suppose it entrusted to a board, with powers of meddling even more limited than those of college boards; its general policy defined by the terms of the endowment, its special course left very free. No one would have any vital interest in getting the purse fuller at any cost; every one would have a great interest in carrying and improving the paper, extending its influence, and increasing its repute. It would be edited in the spirit in which college classes are taught—and every one knows the way in which the hearts of college teachers become wrapped up in their work, and the loyalty to the college they acquire. How easily might such a paper take high ground and stand unshaken on it! how promptly might all that was low or unclean be wiped from its columns! how impotently angered abuses might beat against its shield! And if any one says that "people would not read it," he not only underrates people, but forgets that such a paper is in no wise prohibited from drawing to itself the wittiest and most forcible writers, using the greatest enterprise in news collection, and otherwise making itself strong and prosperous, all the better for the consciousness of an impregnable fort to fall back on when the heathen rage.

WE learn that Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson, before her death, gave directions that all her papers, including, certainly, much unpublished manuscript, and, if we are not mistaken, much correspondence, should be burned unread; which duty has been loyally discharged by the friend to whom it was intrusted. How many such holocausts have resulted from the treatment of Hawthorne's and Carlyle's literary remains we shall perhaps never know. The chapter of personal recollections of Mrs. Jackson which we publish this month is by authority of her husband.

After an Old Master.

Now doe I wishe that I a garden were,
Flowred so riche that shee would come to mee,
And pluck some litle blossoms, two or three,
To decke the frills upon her stomacher.
Then, an shee were Love's gentle almener,
Neere should shee lacke the goodlie smells, perdie,
Of stocks and violets and rosemarie;
For these to timid love will minister.
But an shee should her love from mee transfer,
I cannot in my mynd full cleare agree
If I would growe sadd rue and bitter myrre
And symbole my despaire in willow tree;
Or bee a waste, so dreare men should aver
Love ill repaide such piteous constancie.

Francis E. Sheldon.

Gold and Silver.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY: The determined opposition of most of the newspapers of this "Golden State" to the gold standard, and their unwillingness to give a fair hearing to their opponents, has induced me to address you, feeling sure that with your well-known sense of justice, you will not deny an honest advocate of the gold standard a limited space in which to argue his side of the question.

The confusion created (often intentionally) by the double standard champions, in discussing financial affairs, by confounding bimetallism with double standard, coin with bullion, money with wealth, etc., etc.; the harsh names which they heap on us poor gold-bugs; the prediction of ruin to every nation that does not implicitly believe in their silver doctrine;—make it difficult to calmly argue the case with them; and I warn these silver enthusiasts that any party using vituperation and prophecy instead of sound arguments, is doomed to final defeat.

So many abler pens than mine have discussed the matter, that I do not expect to bring new or original arguments; but I will try to set forth in plain language a subject that should be understood by every man, woman, and child, as it enters into a thousand daily transactions of both rich and poor.

The functions of the precious metals (except what is used in the arts) are twofold: firstly, as they serve as standard measures of value; and secondly, as circulating media of exchange, *i. e.*, money.

In their first capacity they may be compared to other standard measures; for instance, to the standard measure of length, the yard, or the standard measure of weight, the pound. These standards are clear and simple, are understood by everybody, and cannot be altered or doubled without great inconvenience to the public. Anybody who should propose, in the interest of the public welfare, to have two different yardsticks, one, say, 36 inches in length, the other only 30 inches; or two different pounds, one weighing 16 ounces, and the other 12 ounces, would be looked upon with great suspicion. Suppose that in answer to the suggestion that this would lead to great confusion and uncertainty, without corresponding benefit, this same person should exclaim: "Not at all! Let the United States Congress stipulate by law that the 36-inch yard and the 30-inch yard shall be equal in length, and that the 16-ounce pound shall be equal in weight to the 12-ounce pound, and all will be well." We believe such a person would be considered ripe for the insane asylum.

And yet, that is exactly what the advocates of the double standard do say, when we are told that the people need *two different standard measures of value:* a 412½ grain silver dollar, now worth about 83 cents gold (by the laws of supply and demand), and a 25 4-5 grain gold dollar, worth 100 cents in the markets of the world; and that Congress can, by law, make the two equal in value. Congress can only keep silver or paper money at par with gold as long as it is willing and able to exchange the same for gold on demand.

True, the 412½ grains of silver have at times been equal in value to 25 grains of gold, and even above it, and one of the San Francisco papers assures us in all earnestness it "will be restored to its old value again." If that well-posted paper had kindly gone a step further, and told us when that time would come, how long silver will remain at the "old value" when it gets there, and what that "old value" is, that would certainly have been a great help in settling the pending question. But there's the rub; and even should an international commission undertake to settle the relative value of the precious metals, it would have to adopt one of the metals as a standard by which to measure the other in rearranging this proportion from time to time. Practically, therefore, we will never have more than one standard at a time in any country, and may as well make up our minds whether we prefer the gold or the silver standard. Eventually, of course, trade and wages adapt themselves to any standard; but the first effect of depreciating the standard is to place the laboring and salaried classes at a great disadvantage, as they cannot increase their daily wages or monthly salaries as quickly or as easily as the merchant marks up the price of his goods to correspond with the lower monetary standard.

And now comes the question: Why either gold or silver standard? Why not copper, or iron, or even wheat, or anything else? The answer is: that the best standard of value is that article which is least subject to change in value itself. If an article could be found absolutely free from the fluctuations of supply and demand, that article would be the ideal standard measure of values. The ideal article of unchangeable value not existing, *the most steady article known* at different times to different people was selected as standard. In early days we find the sheepskin as standard among the herder nations, and ornamental shells among some roving tribes. Later, metals were selected, because they could be divided, united, and moulded into any desired weight and shape without much trouble or loss. First, iron came into use (as we see by the coins of antiquity), at a time when other metals were too scarce to be considered for general circulation. When iron became more abundant, and consequently less convenient and less steady, copper (or bronze) gradually assumed the duties of a standard; but history has recorded no outcry of the iron men that the copper-bugs were trying to ruin the country. In its turn, copper had to make room for silver, as being the steadiest standard known. And now the time seems to have come when silver is gradually yielding to gold as a standard, for the same reason that caused the change from iron to copper, and from copper to silver.

The highly civilized nations of Europe, with the most intricate and extended commercial relations, were the first to recognize these facts, and have accordingly adopted the gold standard. Even the Latin Union, after vainly struggling for a double standard, is practically falling into line. The semi-civilized nations of Asia, with a less complicated system of commerce, are still clinging to a silver standard, while the United States, half-way between the two, is somewhat in the position of our friend in the fable, between the two bundles of hay. The silver men (we mean the honest ones who go in for a silver standard, and not the double standard manipulators) contend, firstly, that gold is not yet sufficiently abundant to serve as a universal standard, and would consequently be cornered by speculators, to the great inconvenience of commerce; and, secondly, that silver has been less subject to fluctuation than gold. These are their only two sound arguments, and, if proved correct, would be strong reasons for adhering to the silver standard at present. But proofs are wanting. The gold-standard countries do not seem to suffer from want of capital, as shown by low interest, nor have they been subjected to any cornering of gold, which would show itself in a rapid fall of prices generally, as compared to prices in silver-standard countries. With our growing international commerce, the larger transactions are more and more balanced by checks, drafts, notes, etc., through the banks and clearing-houses, requiring much less of the precious metals than formerly; while the smaller bargains of every-day life continue to be transacted in silver coins, showing that silver is not "demonetized" in the gold-standard countries (as the silver men assert), but only "*destandardized*," and that bimetallism can and does coëxist with a single standard. The other point—that of *greater steadiness of silver*—is hard to prove. The only way to do this, would be to compare the prices of some staple article of consumption in gold and in silver; but as these prices have rarely, if ever, been quoted in both standards at the same period and in the same country, this seems an impossible task. Until these two points are settled, however, the United States should adhere to its gold standard, under which it has grown and prospered without parallel, the standard of our European neighbors, with whom we are in constant and lively commercial intercourse, and not sink back again to the silver standard of China and India.

Let us now look at the second function of the precious metals, in their capacity of a circulating medium—money; and as I compared the standard of value to other standard measures, so I will now compare "money" to another circulating medium, say, for instance, "the lubricating oil of our machinery." The oil alone can create no power; money alone can create no wealth (who does not remember the story of the ship-wrecked sailor dying of cold and starvation, surrounded by mountains of gold and silver on the desert island?); but as the oil helps to create power, so the money helps to create wealth. The machine might run without the lubricator, though probably under a very heavy strain; so the commercial machinery might run—in fact, has run—without the circulating medium, money, for many years, in the days of barter and exchange; but it worked clumsily and with much waste. Too much oil, on the other hand, will not benefit the machine; it will run to waste and collect in pools under the engine; and just so will the money run to waste at times where too abundant, and collect in banks and treasuries, a useless pile for the time being, until extended commercial machinery calls for more grease. The rates of interest and exchange are the gauges that show the flow of money and regulate it, preventing too large an accumulation in one place, too great a scarcity in another, for any length of time. The material, size, weight, and shape of the money should be determined by public convenience alone, as well as the number of the different pieces to be struck off. The round, flat disk was adopted in preference to the square, oval, or octagon shape, solely on the ground of convenience in counting and handling the various pieces of metal. Our largest coin is now the gold twenty dollar piece; larger pieces (for instance the octagon fifty dollar pieces, coined in the times of our pioneer miners) being inconvenient and clumsy. Below the ten cent piece the coins are made of nickel and copper, because in silver they proved to be so small that they could not be conveniently handled, and in paper the fractional currency proved equally inconvenient, on account of its dirty and ragged appearance. And this same public convenience it was which, to fill the gap between the fifty cent piece and the two and one-half dollar piece, originally called into existence the silver dollar. The gold dollar is entirely too small for convenient handling, and the one dollar greenback shares the objection to the fractional paper currency; it travels too fast from hand to hand to preserve its neatness, and carries with it dirt and possibly disease. These notes, as well as the two dollar notes, *should be called in* and their place taken by the silver dollar. Had this been done at the time the silver dollar was called to life again, and had this coin been placed on a level with all the other coins, in regard to the amount to be produced—that is, sufficient to supply the public demand and no more—nobody would probably have objected to the silver dollar, which would have differed from the dollar of the fathers only in so far as the latter was the standard of values, while the present dollar practically served as subsidiary coin. Silver having in the mean time depreciated (or gold appreciated) more silver might have been put into this coin to bring it nearer in actual value to the gold dollar; but silver might at any time rise again in value as compared to gold, causing a silver dollar of say four hundred and fifty or four hundred and eighty grains to possibly rise in value beyond the twenty-five and four-fifths grain gold dollar, and consequently disappear from circulation (as it happened on a former occasion); and in the absence of any international understanding regarding the relation of the two metals, it was well enough to adhere to the old established dollar.

The disturbing element in the silver dollar coinage is the fact that the law for regulating the coinage of silver dollars requires no less than two million, nor more than four million, dollars to be coined per month, thus placing this coin in an exceptional position, not controlled, like all other coins, by the laws of supply and demand. Where Congress got its inspiration as to the exact amount of silver dollars needed in this country has never been explained, but we know that whenever the laws of Congress try to counteract the laws of nature, confusion and loss will be the people's punishment. The United States Mint is nothing but a factory of coin, and must be governed by the same general principles that govern other factories. To adapt the illustration of an able journal: What would be said of the Directors of the Lubricating Oil Company, who, after selecting the different brands for the coming year, ordered each brand to be made according to the customer's demands, except one brand, say, Number 412½, which must be made at the rate of not less than two million cans per month, whether they be sold or not. Suppose that, after one year, the superintendent reported all the storerooms full of brand Number 412½, which has only sold at the rate of, say, two hundred thousand cans per month, and requests that this special brand be discontinued for a while; to which the directors answer: "No sir! if you have not room enough, build more storerooms; we must continue to produce two million cans per month, for only by forcing this brand on the public can we hope to sustain its price." Such a board of directors, we fear, would not be considered very wise; yet that is what the board of directors of our Mint (*i. e.*, Congress) has said, and the coinage of the silver dollar goes on. Those fanatical silver men, who seemed to have a vague idea that an over-production of silver coin would eventually cause an overflow into everybody's pocket, and make them all rich and happy, must have seen the fallacy of their system by this time. Congressional laws on standards or coins cannot make the nation richer or poorer; a change in the same can only unsettle existing contracts for the time being, and thus make some citizens richer at the expense of others. The United States may run their commercial machine on first-rate gold-oil or on second-rate silver oil; it will probably run in either case, but it is quite unprogressive and un-American to recommend the inferior when the superior is within easy reach, and the highest priced is in the long run surely the cheapest.

For these reasons I believe that public convenience demands at present in the United States a single gold standard and a bimetallic money of gold and silver, adjusted as nearly as reasonable to the actual market value of the metals, without change or tinkering for many years to come.

Yours, very respectfully,
J. O. Layman.

Good Advice.

Mr. Editor: The accompanying letter, written recently by a literary relative of mine, seemed to me well worthy of publication, and on my application, a kindly permission was granted. Few of us whose hair is silvering but can count a number of promising youths, who by seductive hallucinations have been diverted from the prosy, laborious field, which could alone soundly ripen their faculties, and create for them a strong and influential manhood. "What has been, will be." The youngster to whom this letter was personally addressed, was wise enough to be guided by its counsels. Perhaps another as well worth saving may, through your kindness, be equally fortunate: in which event you and the author would have ample cause for congratulation.

MY DEAR GRANDSON:

I turn from work which I cannot postpone without anxiety, to be useful to you. I understand you are undergoing a cerebral fermentation, which most intelligent youths undergo at your age. Its symptom is a passion to read and write poetry. Now, if you are indeed a poet, all who love you have reason to rejoice. But the probability is that you are not, because, of those who manifest your symptom, scarcely one in ten thousand is a poet. To be seduced by the symptom from the pursuit of solid learning, with only one chance in ten thousand in your favor as regards success in the poetic line, would evince a silliness which you have given me no reason to impute to you. Moreover, the poet, and those who are dupes of the conceit that they are poets, begin with froth, and when they become men have to look back with disgust upon their frothy lucubrations. There are two reasons why the lucubrations are froth: 1st, the brain has not attained adult consistency; 2d, it is not provided with adequate knowledge. You know that there is a child in you, which prefers to have you sport with your younger sister rather than give yourself to manly pursuits. This means that your brain has not yet acquired adult massiveness and vigor, and in such a state it could originate nothing better than froth. Then your experience of the human heart is merely that of a boy, and you could not write for the hearts of men until you have had a man's experience. You do not care, I presume, to be a poet of boys and girls—of "sweet sentimentality, O, la!" If not, spare yourself the frothy exudation and the mortification of looking back upon it. You belong to a line that has an affection for self-mastery. You have already manifested the affection. A new crisis calls on you for another effort. Say to the poetic passion, "If you are sound you will keep, and the better you bear postponement, the more probable that you are a genuine inspiration." If you have it in you to master yourself in this respect, then apply yourself with sturdy self-denial to the study of mathematics—the key of physical science. If you make yourself master of physical science, you will have provided magnificent material for the muse as well as for worldly success. Do not let the child in you defeat your own manhood. In the name of Christ be a will, and suppress the child in you, except as regards the time of recreation. Your affectionate

GRANDFATHER.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Miss Cleveland's Essays.[1]

WHETHER by her own fault or that of her publishers, Miss Cleveland's essays have been brought out with a pretentiousness that has done them injustice. It has not been pleasant to see the White House apparently used to advertise a book (it is fair, however, to mention that it is authoritatively said the book was prepared for publication before Miss Cleveland ever thought of occupying the White House); it was not prepossessing to read the sort of advance puffing that was given the book, amounting as it did, euphemisms stripped away, to laudations of it as audacious and flippant; it is not prepossessing to see the handsome dress in which this maiden volume of slight essays has been put, as if it were a favorite classic—first books always do better to be modest in garb, whatever their worthiness of luxurious covers may turn out to be later; nor is the reviewer prepossessed upon first glancing through the book, by finding it often pretentious in tone, as in occasion, announcement, and dress. Upon a more careful reading, this prejudice proves to be largely unjust; the essays are worthy of less loud a heralding, less handsome a binding, and less Emersonian a manner. If one is looking for something very profound and original, he will not find it, and will be irritated by finding many platitudes announced as if they were profound and original. But if he will read these as ordinary, unpretending essays—imagine them delivered as sermons, for instance, from some liberal pulpit, in a church of medium size and reputation, or printed as editorial chat in some good, respectable weekly, he will see that they are not weak. On the contrary, they contain much that is both wise and witty. They suffer from bad judgment again, in having the essay on George Eliot's poetry placed first; for it is about the worst of all. It gives the conventional criticism of George Eliot's poetry, viz: that it is not poetry, because it does not run and ring off like Swinburne's. Miss Cleveland adds the theory that the reason George Eliot could not write poetry is, that she was an agnostic, and no *real* agnostic can write poetry, which requires a belief in sweet illusions, fond out-reachings to the supernatural, if it be only supernatural evil; Heine and Byron and Swinburne and Shelley were not true agnostics, but only believers turned round into disbelievers; George Eliot was a true, cold, clear, mathematical, unpoetic agnostic. There is no need of wasting words to refute the reasons any one may choose to propound to account for George Eliot's being no poet; because no one whose appreciation is not limited to certain styles of poetry has ever denied the title of poet—and poet of a good deal of greatness, too—to the author of "How Lisa Loved the King," and "Oh, may I join the choir invisible," and more than one such little haunting song as

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[1] George Eliot's Poetry, and Other Studies. By Rose Elizabeth Cleveland. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls. 1885.

"Ah me, ah me, what frugal cheer
My love doth feed upon!"

But Miss Cleveland considers Wordsworth's Excursion also no poetry, and only saved from oblivion by the popularity of the Ode on the Intimations of Immortality. And she is thus far right: that "there is no such thing as a long poem," and no one can be exactly refuted who attempts to show that either The Spanish Gypsy, or The Excursion, or Paradise Lost, or The Iliad is not a poem.

But turning to others of these essays, we find in all those that deal with simple questions of daily life and human relations, a really high spirit, and much insight and truth. They are all delivered with too profound a manner; nevertheless, individual paragraphs and sentences are often very happily phrased:

"It is in the affections that we make our best and our worst bargains, our most saving and most ruinous exchanges. In the fresh young years of our lives there is a facility of feeling, a readiness of devotion, a reckless expenditure of faith and love. We who have forever passed beyond those years of glorious prodigality may well expend a sigh upon their loss, and deem the calculating wisdom of our later lives a dubious exchange. Oh, those days of opulent bankruptcy, when we were rich in outlawed debts of friendship — those wealthy insolvencies, when we owed everybody, and everybody owed us, love, and faith, and loyalty! How quickly did our broken banks begin again their reckless discount! How promptly were our foreclosed mortgages of heart released!

"Are you suffering, and do you attribute your suffering to unreciprocated affection? Your diagnosis is wrong. You are the victim, again, of a delusion. Less possible than absolute independence, than original thought, is unreciprocated affection. I do not undertake to convince you of this. I am content to state it, and leave its demonstration to the long run. I have unbounded faith in the long run. Sydney Smith said that in order to preserve contentment we must take short views of life. I think in order to preserve contentment we must take long views, very long ones. Your affection was not unrequited. Something came back for it, if it was genuine, and something that was *quid pro quo*. I never condole with the person of 'blighted affections,' because I know that to true affection no blight is possible. Its argosies are out at sea; they have not made their desired haven, but they will cruise around to come back with a Golden Fleece."

This is wisdom, and a high wisdom, too. And there are many paragraphs as wise, and of as fine a spirit. "We do a great deal of shirking in this life on the ground of not being geniuses. . . . Let a man or a woman go to work at a thing, and the genius will take care of itself. It is not our business to look at the masters in the light of geniuses, but only in the light of workers. It is their duty to teach us and ours to learn the best methods of work." This again is no isolated bit of good sense and good writing. We wish for the sake of the reputation of the American school-mistress in the White House, that such things were not mixed in with so much of platitude.

General Gordon's Journals at Kartoum.[1]

General Gordon's journals make a perplexing and painful book. The splendor of his personal character, which no one can fail to feel in reading, his perfect conscientiousness and immovable devotion to what he saw to be right, are sharply set over against the perplexity and frustration into which that very conscientiousness and devotion dragged the government which, of all others that recent times have seen, was most disposed to postpone expediency to right, and found its efforts to do what was in the long run best amid conflicting duties, hopelessly hampered by the resolute insistence with which Gordon planted himself on the immediate simple right that appealed to him, and maintained that the government should do that, whatever became of other duties. The government should, in honor, he held, rescue the Egyptian garrisons; and though the position of affairs was such that this could scarcely be done without England's taking the Soudan under its protection, a thing inconsistent with all the government's pledges, and the views of duty toward the English people to which it was committed, nevertheless, it seemed to Gordon (though no one expressed a stronger conviction of the folly of English occupancy of the Soudan) a simple and obvious duty to relieve the garrisons, whatever after complications or wrongs it produced. Whether he actually exceeded or disobeyed his orders can hardly be learned from his own journals or the comments of his friends; he believed and they believe that he did not, in that he had *carte blanche*, and so could not possibly exceed his powers. That he went beyond what the home government ever expected, or supposed he would consider himself authorized to do, and this in defiance of their urgent remonstrance, no one seems to question. John Bright, in an address soon after Gordon's death (if the papers reported it correctly) charged him with disobedience of orders, which had brought the government into a position of extraordinary embarrassment, and in the end was directly responsible for his death; but the government's side of the question has not had any thorough exposition. The whole difficulty evidently began in the latitude of action allowed by his orders. A man who believed so completely in acting out his own conviction of right, and so little in the claims of principalities and powers upon his conscience, or in considering ultimate results when an immediate duty seemed to call, is likely to prove an embarrassing man in a delicate military mission, where implicit subordination to the orders of a superior may be vitally necessary. The original mistake of thus sending Gordon, it should be remembered, was made by the government under heavy popular pressure. In fact, the whole miserable Soudan history has been an illustration of the evil side of the immediate pressure public opinion is able to bring, under the English system, upon the government. It has its good side, in preventing the growth of irresponsible power, with the attendant dangers of corruption; but it has the great disadvantage of making it always possible for ignorant clamor to interrupt a government in the midst of a difficult and delicate policy, which would have brought things out all right if let alone, and to compel action which the government knows to be rash, under penalty of prompt dismissal. Under our system, on the contrary, the government cannot be dislodged under four years, and may calmly pursue its way for good or ill, counting on time to justify its good or to dim the memory of its ill, before the people have a chance to enforce their disapproval. Under newspaper "working up," requested by Gordon himself, the cry of "Gordon to the rescue" became irresistible; the blunder was made of not defining his powers precisely enough, and trusting too much to his judgment and amenability; and the whole miserable tangle was begun. It is this painful conflict between good men, working for good ends and thwarting each other, to the embitterment of heart of a whole nation, and the waste of thousands of lives, that makes this book of Gordon's journals unpleasant reading, and spoils the picture of a splendid, though erratic and even fanatical, character, which it gives.

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[1] The Journals of Major-General C. G. Gordon, C. B., at Kartoum. Introduction and Notes by A. Egmont Hake. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

Briefer Notice.

Birds in the Bush[1] is an encouraging book: for it shows how much a man beginning comparatively late in life, that is, after the habits of mind are formed and business cares have had their influence upon those habits, can yet accomplish by using his eyes, even in the dull round of the city, and in the brief vacations of business life. Mr. Torrey is not a scientist, though, perhaps, he may be given more credit in that direction than his modesty allows him to claim, and yet he has written a most charming book, full of the careful observation that bespeaks the true scientific spirit. Boston Common, it would seem, is rather a barren field for the ornithologist, and yet Mr. Torrey has seen there within three years seventy different species of birds, and writes a delightful chapter relating his discoveries in that much frequented place. Of course it would be unfair to institute a comparison between such a writer and a man like John Burroughs, or to expect the same unerring insight in his views of nature, but herein is the inspiration to be gained from the book: not every man can be a Burroughs, but every man that has a real love for any branch of natural study, and will make the most of even slender opportunities, can achieve a large amount of success in his studies, and find as much of marvel and delight in them as Mr. Torrey has done. Our California birds and flowers have, no doubt, been duly catalogued and described in the proceedings of the scientific societies, but it remains for writers of Mr. Torrey's class to introduce them to literature, and to clothe them with the warm human interest that follows patient and loving study.——*The Philosophy of Disenchantment*[2] is an exposition of modern pessimism. It is mainly devoted to Schopenhauer, his history, character, and doctrines. This is followed by a brief account of Hartmann, and his version of Schopenhauer's doctrines, and by the author's own summary of the pessimistic creed. This last does not in all respects agree with that of his authorities, which is that life is essentially and necessarily a burden, happiness an illusion incapable of realization, and annihilation the only possible object of desire. As suicide removes only the individual from his troubles, Schopenhauer proposes the voluntary extinction of the race by one generation's observing absolute celibacy—whereby all the troubles of mankind will quietly and naturally be abolished within a generation. Rénan goes farther, thinking the world should be abolished too, and proposes that science find some explosive powerful enough to shatter it; while Hartmann thinks misery cannot really cease till the whole Cosmos is wiped out of existence, and suggests that as will forms the life of the universe, and mankind have the dominant portion of the will distributed through creation—a controlling interest, so to speak — they shall (in the fullness of time, when they have become more numerous and possessed of more will), agree to all together cease to will life any longer, and so become, with the whole Cosmos, nothingness, by the withdrawal of the life supporter, will. That the author of *The Philosophy of Disenchantment* does not come up to the orthodox pessimistic standard, is apparent from his last words: "The question, then, as to whether life is valuable, valueless, or an affliction, can, with regard to the individual, be answered only after a consideration of the different circumstances attendant on each particular case: but broadly speaking, and disregarding its necessary exceptions, life may be said to be always valuable to the obtuse, often valueless to the sensitive; while to him who commiserates with all mankind, and sympathizes with everything that is, life never appears otherwise than as an immense and terrible affliction."

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[1] Birds in the Bush. By Bradford Torrey. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[2] The Philosophy of Disenchantment. By Edgar Evertson Saltus. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885 For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

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JUAN BAUTISTA ALVARADO, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.—I.

JUAN BAUTISTA ALVARADO was born at Monterey on February 14th, 1809. He was the son of José Francisco Alvarado, a young official of Spanish blood who came to the country about the time of Diego de Borica, and Josefa, his wife, a sister of Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo. Before he was a year old he lost his father, but was carefully reared by his mother, who, after a widowhood of some years, married Jose Ramon Estrada. As the boy grew up, he displayed unusual thirst for learning. His opportunities were scanty; but he managed in various ways to pick up crumbs of knowledge, every one being ready to help a lad who was so anxious to help himself. His zeal attracted the attention, among others, of Governor Sola, who found a pleasure in conversing with him, and encouraging his desire for instruction.

Their first meeting appears to have been at the school for white children, kept at Monterey by Miguel Archuleta, an old sergeant, who had received such learning as he possessed from the missionaries. It did not extend beyond a little reading and writing. Sola, who was a man of some culture and appreciated the value of education, visited the school, and asked to be shown the books which the pupils were reading. He was handed the catechism, the worship of the virgin, the lives of a couple of saints, and a few other religious publications. Archuleta boasted that he had two scholars—pointing to Alvarado and Vallejo—who were sufficiently advanced to sing a mass. Sola answered that this was all very well, but that boys who were smart enough to sing a mass ought to be taught something else. He then directed Alvarado to come to his house, and there placed in his hands a copy of "Don Quixote," saying: "For the present, read this: it is written in good Castilian"; and so long after that as Sola remained in California, he furnished him books, and, as it were, superintended his education. They would often go out together, walk along the beach, or on the hills, or under the huge trees, and talk about the heroes and historic characters of former times.

There were very few books in California, except such as were to be found in the mission libraries, and these were almost exclusively of a religious character. Scattered among the dull mass, however, there were a few of more interesting and instructive contents. At San Francisco, the nearest approach to these were a geographical dictionary, the laws of the Indies, and Chateaubriand. At

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San Juan Bautista there was a copy of "Gil Blas." At San Luis Obispo there were twenty volumes of travels, and twenty volumes of Buffon's natural history. At San Gabriel there were a "Life of Cicero," "Lives of Celebrated Spaniards," Goldsmith's "Greece," Venegas's "California," "Don Quixote," "Exposure of the Private Life of Napoleon," and even Rousseau's "Julie." And so, here and there, even at the missions, food for the mind was to be found. The missionaries, however, did not look with favor upon any reading except that of a strictly orthodox description. Alvarado, on one occasion, managed to get hold of a copy of Fenelon's "Telemaque," but was excommunicated for reading it. After that, he revenged himself by reading in secret everything he could lay his hands on. In 1834 a doctor named Alva brought from Mexico several boxes of miscellaneous and scientific books. But the missionaries seized them; had them turned out in the middle of the plaza, and, with all the ceremonies of the church, consigned them to the flames. But though it was difficult to follow his pursuit of such knowledge as he acquired, he, by degrees, gathered a considerable amount of information. His mind tended towards politics and public affairs; and among historic characters of whom he had heard and read, he elected Washington as most worthy of imitation, and chose him as his model.

Alvarado's first important office was that of secretary of the territorial deputation, to which he was elected at the age of eighteen, in 1827. After upwards of six years of labor in that employment, he asked to be allowed to retire, and was relieved by vote on June 26, 1834, at the same time receiving the thanks of the deputation for his faithful and efficient service. In the meantime he had also, since 1830, filled the office of an accountant in the Custom House at Monterey, to which was added that of treasurer in 1834; and in 1835 he was elected, and took his seat as fourth member of the deputation. As a member of the legislative body, he was the most active and influential that the territory had ever had. In June, 1836, Chico, who was then Governor of California, urged upon the deputation the necessity of having an agent at the city of Mexico, who would watch over and attend to the interests of the country better than any of the delegates to Congress had seemed able to do; and the deputation, approving of the proposition, named Alvarado as its first choice. The expulsion of Chico and subsequent disturbances, which finally resulted in the declaration of the Free and Sovereign State of Alta California, intervened; and Alvarado, who was the soul of the movement, from leader of the revolution became governor of the new State; and the opportunity of finding a proper field for his talents at the center of the Republic, thus for a moment opened, was again, and as it proved, forever closed.

The new governor, being by the act of his appointment named commander-in-chief of the military forces of the State, was advanced to the rank of colonel; and the previous appointment of Vallejo to the office was abrogated. On December 20, 1836, Alvarado, having taken the oath and been installed into office, issued his first State paper, under the title of "The citizen, Juan B. Alvarado, colonel of the civic militia, superior political chief of the first canton, and governor of the Free and Sovereign State of Alta California." It was a very important document. It gave notice to the inhabitants of the State, that the constituent congress had just vested in him extraordinary powers to support the new system by any and all possible means. In other words, Alvarado, in the very start of his gubernatorial career, was, to all intents and purposes, a dictator, and held the destinies of the State entirely in his own hands.

He was, however, not a man to abuse his authority or render its exercise offensive; nor is it likely that there would have been any opposition to his rise, if it had not been for the old jealousy entertained by Los Angeles against Monterey, in reference to the question of the capital. The whole country from Sonoma to Santa Barbara cheerfully acquiesced in the action at Monterey, and accepted Alvarado as governor. But Los Angeles, to whom probably no system not recognizing it as the capital, and no governor residing in the northern part of the country, would have been acceptable, was dissatisfied and refused its adherence. Alvarado, as soon as he was informed of the stand taken by Los Angeles, sent word that the new government was under the absolute necessity of requiring its obedience, and possessed the necessary resources for waging war, if it should unfortunately be compelled to resort to force.

There was some interchange of correspondence, until finally, on January 17, 1837, the Los Angeles municipality, by its ayuntamiento, appointed José Sepulveda and Antonio Maria Osio commissioners to carry on further negotiations upon its part; and at the same time it adopted a series of resolutions defining its position. In the first place, it expressed its desire to avoid the effusion of blood, but declared its determination at any sacrifice to preserve its fidelity to the laws and its obligation to its sacred oaths. In the next place, while the plan of Monterey assumed to declare the territory independent of Mexico, Los Angeles, on the contrary, gave notice that it would in no manner consent to such independence, though radically opposed to the centralist or any other than the federal system. In the third place, the apostolic Roman Catholic religion was the only religion recognized at Los Angeles, and justice demanded that, as hitherto, no opinions contrary to it should be tolerated. In the fourth place, no individual or authority should be questioned as to political doctrines entertained previous to any arrangement that might be made; and, finally, any arrangement to be made was to be understood to be merely provisional, subject to the future action of the supreme government of Mexico, and intended on the part of Los Angeles merely to prevent the shedding of blood. On the same day, Sepulveda issued a proclamation designed to rally the population in support of the ayuntamiento, and especially to excite their prejudices against the Monterey principles of religious toleration.

Alvarado had, in the meanwhile, marched southward with a hastily gathered military force, among which were some riflemen; and he established his camp within sight of San Fernando. What he desired and demanded was the submission of the country; but he cared very little about the words in which such submission was couched. So far as religious prejudice was concerned, he was willing to leave prejudice to prejudice. If Los Angeles was ready to accept the new system, it made no difference that it talked against it, or put its acceptance on the ground of a desire to prevent bloodshed. It was the substance, not the appearance, of the thing that he was interested in. Accordingly, an arrangement was soon effected; Los Angeles submitted; Alvarado was satisfied, and on February 5 he quietly marched with his forces into the capital of the southern canton. A few days afterwards he dismissed his riflemen, posted Lieutenant-Colonel José Castro with thirty men at San Gabriel, and returned northward.

An interesting incident is said to have occurred at Los Angeles just before Alvarado left there. The ayuntamiento, previous to the amicable arrangement referred to, had collected a force of some four hundred men, and, for the purpose of meeting expenses, had raised a fund of two thousand dollars. When the arrangement was completed, and the Los Angeles force disbanded, Alvarado proposed to the ayuntamiento that, if any of that money remained, it should be advanced as a loan to the State. This was assented to; and the treasurer of the fund was sent for, and directed to pay over any unexpended balance. To Alvarado's utter amazement, the treasurer handed over seventeen hundred and eighty-five dollars. Alvarado asked if it were possible that two hundred and fifteen dollars could have been laid out for the expenses of four hundred men. The treasurer answered that the accompanying accounts showed exactly, item for item, that such had up to that time been the outlay, and added that there had been no waste. Alvarado replied, that if the treasurer had been an ordinarily honest man, his accounts would have shown a very different result; that his conduct in office richly deserved the punishment about to be inflicted upon him; and, that in view of all the circumstances, he was sentenced to proceed at once to Monterey and take charge of the custom-house. A man, said the governor, who could manage the war fund of Los Angeles in that manner, was the right man to manage the finances of the State. At this the treasurer was as much astonished in his turn as Alvarado had been. Such appreciation he had never before met with. But, though he was thankful for the honor that was tendered, he replied that he could not possibly accept it. Not only did his private business absolutely require his presence at Los Angeles, but he had no desire to hold office under the general government. He had often observed that there was little or no thanks for honesty in public employment. If he were in charge of the custom house, all the merits in the world would not prevent him from finding himself at any time superseded by an unexpected dispatch and the arrival of a successor. He was much obliged for the compliment, but he did not want public employment, either as the head of the custom house or in any other position.

As soon as Alvarado got back to Santa Barbara, he issued a call for a meeting of the California congress at that place. It convened on April 11. There were present, beside himself, Jose Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega, Antonio Buelna, Manuel Jimeno Casarin, José Ramon Estrada, and Francisco Xavier Alvarado. The object was to pass upon the late transactions. It readily approved everything that had been done; and, for the purpose of carrying out the spirit of the treaty or arrangement with Los Angeles, it decreed that the governor should prepare and transmit to the supreme government at Mexico a petition for the reëstablishment of the federal system, and the recognition of California as a sovereign federal State, free to administer its own internal concerns. A few days afterwards, Alvarado addressed the Los Angeles ayuntamiento, announcing the action of the congress, and complimenting the Los Angeles people upon the interest manifested by them in the cause of liberty, and the good faith shown in upholding the terms of the treaty recently agreed upon. On May 10 he issued a general address to the people of the State, informing them of the action that had been taken, congratulating them upon the success of the new system, and encouraging them to look forward upon the prosperity of California as assured.

But of all the official papers emanating from his pen during this period, the most remarkable was a proclamation issued at Santa Barbara, on July 9. In it, he no longer called himself governor of the "Free and Sovereign State of Alta California," but governor of the "Department of Alta California." The difference, which might not, at first sight, appear of any importance, was very great. It was much more than a difference in mere names; it represented a difference in things; it, in itself, indicated a complete revolution. There can be no doubt that Alvarado would have been willing to become the second Washington of a new, free, and independent nation on the Pacific. But he was not a visionary. He soon perceived that there was a very great difference between the Californians and the Anglo-Saxon colonists of the Atlantic side of the continent. He saw that what was practicable for the latter, reared as they had been in a school of freedom and inured to energetic struggle, was entirely out of the question for the former. It became plain to him that the only chance of preserving California for the people of his own race and blood, was to preserve it as a part of the Mexican nation. A revolution had taken place in his own mind, and he made it a revolution in the country by a stroke of his pen. A fitting opportunity had presented itself in the arrival of news from Mexico, that, on December 30, 1836, the Mexican congress, in dividing the national territory, had made a single department of the two Californias, and that on April 17, 1837, General Anastasio Bustamante, after the capture of Santa Anna by the Texans, had become constitutional president of the republic. Alvarado had already opened communication with the central government, by transmitting the proceedings of the congress at Santa Barbara; and he now seized the opportunity of wheeling California again into line under the Mexican flag and sovereignty, by quietly dropping the name of "Free and Sovereign State," and adopting that of "Department."

It is rare to find, among the proclamations and pronunciamientos either of Mexico or California, anything worth preservation on its own account; only here and there, as a general rule, can a word or a sentence, or sometimes a paragraph, be found, that is of sufficient interest to transcribe; and then, chiefly on account of its extravagance. But Alvarado's paper, besides its historic value as a political document, was remarkable as the work of a native Californian, only twenty-eight years of age, who had substantially educated himself, and, so far as everything that was liberal was concerned, had educated himself in secret. Styling himself the citizen Juan B. Alvarado, Governor of the Department of Alta California, and addressing all its inhabitants as his fellow citizens "compatriots," he said: "Liberty, peace, and union are the triune intelligence by which our destiny is to be governed. Our arms have given us the first; a wise Congress will secure to us the second; and upon ourselves alone depends the third. But, without union, there can be no permanent liberty or peace. Let us, therefore, preserve indissolubly this union—the sacred ark in which lies enshrined our political redemption. War only against the tyrant! Peace among ourselves!

"The solidity of a building consists in the union of its parts. A single stone displaced from one of its arches causes the columns to topple, and precipitates into ruin a fabric, which, if the materials composing it remained united, might mark the age of time. Such is the effect of disunion upon a physical edifice; it is in no respect different in its ruinous effect upon the moral edifice of society.

"The territory of Alta California is immense in extent. Its coasts are bathed by the great ocean, which, by placing it in communication with the nations of the world, gives encouragement to our industry and commerce, the fountains of wealth and abundance. The benignity of our climate, the fertility of our soil, and, I may be permitted to add, your suavity of manners and excellence of character, are all so many privileges with which the Omnipotent, in the distribution of his gifts, has preferred it. What country can enumerate so many conjoined advantages as ours? Let us see that it occupies as distinguished a place in history as it occupies upon the map.

"The constitutional laws of the year '36 guarantee the inviolability of our rights, and even extend them beyond our moderate desires. The august chamber of the nation's representatives is ready to listen to any legislative proposition we may present to it, calculated to promote our well-being and prosperity. Our votes may avail in favor of the deserving citizen whom we may deem worthy to fill the supreme national magistracy. And what more can you wish? The same laws assure us that we will not again become the spoil of the despotism and ambition of another tyrant like Don Mariano Chico. The Department of Alta California can henceforth be governed only by a son of its soil, or one of its own citizens.

"Yes, my friends, the enthusiasm and joy caused in you by the promising outlook is entirely just. I, myself, feel the same emotions of pleasure. There is no need any longer to do yourselves the violence of restraining your rejoicing. Let it have scope, and join with me in exclaiming: Long live the nation! Long live the constitution of the year '36! Long live the Congress which sanctioned it! Long live liberty! Long live union!"

The halcyon day of peace, tranquillity, hope, and prospective reconciliation with the central government, thus pictured by the new governor, lasted only from July until the end of October. During this time, Alvarado was gradually drawing the people nearer and nearer together, and closer and closer to the administration at Mexico. Suddenly, and as unexpectedly as thunder from a clear sky, came word that Carlos Antonio Carrillo had been appointed governor of California in his place. In other words, notwithstanding the ability he had displayed in rising to prominence, the disposition he manifested to preserve the country for the republic, and the general popularity he enjoyed amongst all classes of the people, he was unceremoniously and without notice set aside for an untried man, whose only recommendation, so far as was known, consisted in being the brother of José Antonio Carrillo, late delegate to the Mexican congress. When Alvarado heard of it, he was, doubtless, forcibly reminded of the conversation he had had with the treasurer of Los Angeles, and fully appreciated how much truth was mixed up in the asperity of that philosopher's remarks on the subject of public office-holding.

The news of Carrillo's appointment was contained in a letter from the late delegate, José Antonio Carillo. It was dated at La Paz, in Lower California, on August 20, 1837. The late delegate had reached that point on his way homeward with his brother's appointment in his pocket, when his wife, who accompanied him, fell sick of a malarial fever, called the *tepié*, or San Blas tertian; and, finding that he would be unavoidably detained for some time, he wrote to Alvarado, as well as to his brother Carlos, the information which he had expected to deliver in person. In his letter to Alvarado, he assumed a patronizing air, and addressed him as "my esteemed Bautista." He reminded him of their old friendship, hitherto never interrupted, and then launched out into a discussion of the subject which he had at heart. He had seen in Mexico, he said, the pronunciamiento of Monterey and the various proclamations that had been since issued, and was therefore aware of the unpremeditated revolution that had taken place. He would not deny or dispute the good faith of its authors, and much less that they had weighty reasons to be provoked and disgusted with the government ever since the death of Figueroa; nor would he deny or dispute the indifference and neglect with which the supreme government had treated California, even almost to its utter ruin. But all this was as nothing, compared with the evils that must necessarily result from the revolution which had been started, and which was no less inconsiderate and unwise than impracticable and impossible of eventual success. This was especially the case, in view of the fact—and he assured Alvarado that it was a fact—that the Mexican government had resources in abundance, and was prepared to send a force of a thousand armed men to reduce California to obedience.

And what, he exclaimed, would become of California, even supposing it could accomplish its independence? Could Alvarado, and the gentlemen who were associated with him, suppose that it could exist without a union with some other power? A moment's reflection would suggest the answer, No. Under such circumstances, were not the Californians, with their revolution, exposing themselves to ridicule? There were many other reflections connected with the subject, he went on to say, which he might make; but he did not deem it proper to commit them to paper, and would reserve them until he should have the pleasure of embracing him. In the meanwhile, he would repeat that the supreme government had prepared an expedition of a thousand soldiers, which it was ready to pour into California, and that, though its special object would be the seizure of the persons of the chief movers of the revolution, the whole country would grievously suffer. Such a soldiery, without interests in the land, was like a swarm of locusts, and would leave nothing untouched. He had, however, exerted himself, and succeeded in obtaining for the present a suspension of the enterprise. He had done so by means of a compact, entered into on his part with the government, that an *hijo del pais*, or citizen of the country, should become governor in the person of his brother, Carlos Antonio Carrillo (a copy of whose appointment he had the satisfaction of transmitting) and that the new governor should, without the necessity of arms or force from the capital, restore the department to its normal condition of law and obedience.

It would thus be seen, he continued, how much he had done, not only for the country, but also for the chief movers of the revolution. It was plain that their best course of action was to accept without hesitation the invitation that would be made them by the new governor; or, still better, to voluntarily make the first advance, trusting to the generosity of the Mexican government, which was incapable of acting contrary to what was decorous, and in accordance with the spirit of the arrangement he had effected. If, however, the further interposition of his own friendly influence should be required, he pledged his solemn word to return to Mexico, and obtain from the government all the necessary guarantees in favor of their persons, their property, and their employments. And in the confidence that upon his arrival in Alta California the whole business would be satisfactorily concluded as he proposed, he requested an answer to his communication.

Accompanying the foregoing letter was one from Carlos Antonio Carrillo himself, dated San Buenaventura, October 25, 1837. He addressed Alvarado as "my dear nephew, Juanito." He protested that he had not sought the position of governor; that his appointment was due entirely to the favor and good will of President Bustamante; and that, recognizing his own unfitness for the office, he would, in his administration, have to rely upon the counsel and advice of his relatives and friends. He was happy to state that, owing to the intervention of friendly powers, there was no longer any danger of war with the United States; and that, owing to the good offices of his brother, José Antonio, at Mexico, no armed force, for the time being at least, would be sent to California.

Alvarado, upon receiving information of the appointment of Carrillo, was disposed to relinquish the government into his hands; but, under the circumstances in which he was placed, and in view of the great change in the position of affairs which had recently taken place, he asked a sufficient delay to receive advice from Mexico, in answer to his last communications. But this Carrillo would by no means consent to. He demanded an immediate delivery of the administration, and hinted that disobedience would be very sure to lead to discord and difficulty. It was very evident, from the tone of peremptoriness he now assumed, that his feelings in regard to the governorship must have materially changed since his first letter to Alvarado. He had then been indifferent. The office, as he claimed, had been thrust upon him; now, he was not only willing, but anxious, to fill the chair of State, and be addressed by the title of Excellency. But the "*amado*—beloved," the "*estimado*—esteemed," the "*querido*—cherished," nephew—for all these endearing epithets were used—was not to be moved either by threats or cajolery; and it soon became plain, that, if Carrillo was going to become governor in fact, before Alvarado was willing to relinquish the office, he would have to fight for it.

In January, 1838, José Antonio Carrillo, having reached Alta California and found that his scheme of making his brother governor had not succeeded any better than his previous scheme of making Los Angeles the capital, thought of trying the effect of diplomacy, and invited Alvarado to a conference, with a view to an accommodation and compromise. At the same time, he made advances to Alvarado's principal friends and supporters, Castro and Vallejo. But strategy and intrigue were of no more avail than cajolery and threats. Nothing now remained for the Carrillos, if they expected to accomplish their object, but an appeal to arms. They and their adherents accordingly began marshaling their forces. Juan Bandini, ex-delegate to congress, Captain Pablo de la Portilla, Ensign Macedonia Gonzales, and almost all the men of prominence in the southern part of the country, made themselves busy. Sectional feelings were stirred up. It was a fight of the South against the North; and every southern man, without reference to what he may have thought of the merits of the quarrel, was obliged by his social ties and virtues, if for no other reason, to take part with his neighbors and friends. In a very short time, numbers of troops gathered at different points; and hostilities commenced.

No sooner had the Carrillos thus thrown down the gage of war, than Alvarado unhesitatingly accepted it. He immediately gathered a body of troops, whom he hastily dispatched southward under the command of

José Castro, and soon afterwards himself followed with another body. His plan of campaign was, by activity and celerity, to crush the insurrection, before it could make headway. In accordance with his instructions, Castro hastened by rapid and forced marches, resting only at night, and then only for a few hours, until he reached and seized the Rincon, a narrow pass where the high range of mountains eastward of Santa Barbara strikes down to, and, so to speak, juts over the ocean, leaving the only practicable road for miles along the sands of the beach at the foot of the cliffs. In topographical position the place was a sort of Thermopylæ. A small force there could prevent a northern army from passing south, or a southern army from passing north. It was the key of the situation.

The Rincon was but a short distance north of San Buenaventura, which was the headquarters of Carrillo's forces and was then occupied by a large portion of his troops under command of Juan de Castañeda. They reposed there in fancied security, supposing their enemies far enough away, and intending, when the rest of the southern troops had joined them, to march north and fight their battles on northern soil. When, however, Castro found the Rincon unoccupied, not even a sentinel being in sight, he posted a few men there, and then pressed on with his main body and an eight-pounder cannon to San Buenaventura. The dawn of the next morning found him entrenched on a hill overlooking Castañeda's camp. Nothing could have exceeded the latter's astonishment and mortification, to thus find himself completely surprised and entrapped. Castro demanded an unconditional surrender. Castañeda answered that he had been ordered to hold the place, and he was unwilling to evacuate unless granted all the honors of war. Castro replied that he would open fire. Castañeda rejoined that he should act as he thought best.

The battle of San Buenaventura, if battle it can be called, which followed this interchange of missives, was extraordinary in the length of time it lasted and the little damage that was done. It resembled a mock battle with blank cartridges. Each party wanted to frighten his adversary, but seemed unwilling to hurt him. Castro finally succeded in running Castañeda off. In his report to Alvarado, written on March 28th, the third day after the fight commenced, Castro wrote: "I have the pleasure of informing your Excellency that after two days of continuous firing, and with the loss of only one man on our part," (and, he might have added, none on the other), "I have routed the enemy, and by favor of the night, they have fled in all directions." He went on to say that he was then occupying the field of battle with his artillery, and that he intended to send a company of mounted infantry and another of cavalry lancers in pursuit of the runaways. The next day he wrote that he had captured most of the fugitives, taken away their arms, and with the exception of the leaders, set them at liberty.

Among the captured leaders were José Antonio Carrillo, the prime mover of the insurrection, Andres Pico, Ignacio del Valle, Josè Ramirez, Ignacio Palomares, and Roberto and Gil Ybarra. These persons Castro sent under a guard to Santa Inez, where they were placed at the disposition of Alvarado, who arrived the same night from the north. He, on his part, ordered them to be conducted to Sonoma, thus removing them out of his way, and at the same time avoiding exciting the desperate feeling of opposition among their friends, which would have been the sure result of any extreme measures. Meanwhile Castro, after the rout of San Buenaventura, marched to and established his camp at San Fernando. On April 1st, he wrote to Alvarado that a number of the citizens of Los Angeles were desirous of having a conference, with the object of putting a stop to the war, and if possible, closing the door to the ruinous evils which threatened the country; and he added, that his own breast was animated with the same sentiments. On April 8th, he wrote again, but in a more warlike spirit. He said he had offered terms of pacification to the enemy, but they were deaf to anything like reason and insisted upon the same claims that had induced them to take up arms. He, therefore, was only waiting for reinforcements, to advance; and he had no fear but that the success of his arms in the blow that remained to be struck would be no less glorious than under Providence it had hitherto been.

A week later, Alvarado, who had marched to San Fernando, addressed a letter to Carlos Antonio Carrillo, in which, after speaking of the acts of hostility committed by his armed crowd of vagabonds, he adjured him to separate from the *canaille* and join him and his friends in a lasting union for the security of the country. But Carrillo had gone to San Diego, for the purpose of recuperating from the defeat of San Buenaventura. News soon came that he proposed making a stand at the Indian pueblo of Las Flores, near San Juan Capistrano. Alvarado marched thither immediately, and, as Castro had done at San Buenaventura, planted himself on a hill overlooking the place. He lost no time, however, in any interchange of missives, but opened fire at once with his cannon. A few shots drove Carrillo from the Indian huts of the town into a cattle corral; but, finding his position there still more exposed than in the town, he stole away, and made his escape. As his departure left his troops without a head, and, in fact, without an object to fight for, they soon surrendered; whereupon Alvarado told them to return to their homes, and cautioned them to beware of insurrection for the future, or they might fare worse.

The affair at Las Flores finished the war. Alvarado returned to Santa Barbara, where, on May 27, he issued a proclamation announcing the termination of hostilities. He also announced the receipt of recent news from Mexico, that, in the conflict that was going on there between federalism and centralism, federalism was making rapid strides. This was especially the case in Sonora, which, under General José Urrea, had established its old federal State sovereignty. At the same time, he addressed a communication to the authorities of Los Angeles, that, until farther advices from the supreme government, he would expect of them the obedience that was due to his government. He seems to have supposed, and with good reason, that a simple reminder of their duty from a governor who had exhibited such vigor and had so signally triumphed, would be sufficient. But he said nothing of the kind; nor, though he lived in an element of boasting and braggadocio, is there to be found in his letters and papers anything like vainglory in reference to himself or his exploits, or any abuse of his enemies. In speaking of Carrillo, especially, he was uniformly kind and courteous.

That unfortunate gentleman found his way to his home, not far distant from San Buenaventura. He was allowed to remain there, under the guard and surveillance, so to speak, of his wife. He was not exactly a prisoner; but the lady became surety for his good behavior, and he, on his part, undertook that he would not again disturb the public peace. He had not been there long, however, before a foolish report reached him that he was liable to be shot. Though he wrote to Alvarado and Castro that he could not believe the report, it evidently rendered him very nervous; and about the middle of August, seizing an opportunity which was furnished by his son-in-law, William G. Dana, he managed to escape in a launch used for sea-otter hunting, and sailed for Lower California.

Meanwhile, the prisoners, José Antonio Carrillo and others, who had been sent to Sonoma, reached that place, and were turned over to Vallejo, who occupied the position of comandante-general. Though Vallejo had refused to join Alvarado at the beginning of the revolution, he no sooner heard of his success than he became a strong adherent; and Alvarado, upon rising to power, advanced him to high position. In the subsequent military operations, Vallejo took no active part; but when he heard of the battle of San Buenaventura, he exulted in what he called the glorious action and heroic valor of the North-Californians. Afterwards, when the prisoners were sent to him, he still further exhibited his partisanship by refusing to speak to them. It is even said that he would give them no food, except such as only excessive hunger could compel human beings to eat. It is related that on one occasion, a compassionate woman of Sonoma, who had noticed their sufferings, sent a boy with a couple of melons, but that the comandante ran up and smashed them on the ground, at the same time ordering the sentinel to admit no food, except such as he himself saw proper to allow. Antonio Maria Osio, who vouches for the truth of these incidents, introduces his account of them by stating that when Alvarado sent the prisoners to Sonoma, he remarked, that if he sent them to the devil they would not get what they deserved, and he therefore sent them to Vallejo! And he concludes his observations upon the subject, by saying that Alvarado knew whereof he spoke, and did not equivocate.

It is possible that these accounts of Vallejo's action toward the prisoners are exaggerated; but it is certain that he counseled exiling them from the country. He charged that their object in trying to get hold of the government was to rob the mission properties; and he argued that, on account of their high position and consequent great influence, it was dangerous to allow them to remain in the territory. However this may have been, Alvarado had no idea of proceeding to extremities; and after a few months of confinement, he allowed them to be released.

Among the persons who figured in the troubles preceding Alvarado's rise, was Andres Castillero, afterwards noted as the discoverer of the New Almaden quicksilver mine. He was an adventurer, who had come to the country with Governor Chico. Having a little smattering of medical knowledge, he found employment as an army physician; but without confining himself to any regular business, he held himself ready for any new enterprise, and mixed in all the political agitations that were going on. Being a man of bright perceptive faculties, when the controversy between Alvarado and his enemies arose, he was not long in deciding upon the side which he would espouse. He sought an interview with Alvarado, and proposed to go as an agent on his behalf to Mexico, and use his endeavors to make an arrangement in his favor with the central government. Alvarado, who was as quick in recognizing talents as Castillero had been, immediately closed with the proposition, and on the first opportunity Castillero was sent off, duly accredited.

At Mexico it seemed to make very little difference who was governor of California, so long as the country retained its allegiance to the republic. The President had the power to name any one; but in June, 1838, he announced that he was willing to appoint whomsoever the people desired, and suggested that some expression of preference should be made by the junta, or deputation of the department. Castillero, who had been instrumental in procuring this concession, soon afterwards procured a still further one, in the formal appointment of Alvarado as political chief or *gobernador interino*, and was himself appointed a commissioner, and directed to return to California and see the orders of the government carried out. He reached Santa Barbara on his return about the middle of November, bringing not only Alvarado's commission, but an appointment of Vallejo as comandante-general, thus legally confirming both in the offices they had hitherto held only by revolutionary title. He also brought a general amnesty for political offenses of all kinds committed in California, and thereby effectually closed the door to further troubles on account of what was past.

Alvarado, being now Governor by indisputable right, issued a new proclamation, dated Santa Barbara, Nov. 21, 1838, in which, after complimenting Castillero, he briefly announced the action of the supreme government, and pledged himself, in the performance of the duties devolved upon him by his new appointment, to omit no care and to shrink from no sacrifice that might be necessary for the welfare of the department. On December 10, he issued another proclamation, calling upon the people, in view of the approaching elections for officers of the department, to bury in oblivion every kind of personal resentment, and keep singly in view the future peace and advancement of the country. On January 17, 1839, he issued a third proclamation, calling for an election in accordance with the law of November 30, 1836. This law, which had hitherto had no effect in California, was intended to carry out the new system of government adopted by the Mexican constitution of 1836, and provided for the election in each of the departments into which the Republic had been divided, of a new legislative body, to be known as a departmental junta, as well as a representative to the national Congress. As has already been stated, the two Californias under that system had been, in December, 1836, erected into a department; and in June, 1838, when a new division of the republic into twenty-four great departments was made, they were again declared to constitute one of them, to be known as the "Department of the Californias." It was for this reason that when Alvarado received his appointment of Governor from the supreme government, he became Governor not of Alta California alone, but also of Baja California, or in other words, of the Department of the Californias.

The proclamation of January 17, 1839, ordered the election, in March following, of an electoral college, to meet at Monterey in May; and directed that San Francisco, San José, Branciforte, Monterey, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and San Diego, each should elect one member. It also provided for a representative from Baja California; and soon afterwards Alvarado addressed a communication to the acting political chief of that portion of the department to take the proper measures for an election there. At the same time, while thus busying himself with providing for the future, he had the satisfaction of receiving and publishing two interesting documents relating to the past. One was from José Antonio Carrillo, and the other from Carlos Antonio Carrillo, his late rival, who had returned to Alta California. Both referred to the recent political convulsions, and the orders brought by Castillero from the supreme government, putting an end to them. Both expressed themselves satisfied with Alvarado's appointment, and both tendered their unreserved adherence and obedience to him as legitimate governor.

All the disturbances that had agitated the country having thus at length been quieted, and disaffection not only disarmed but even reconciled, Alvarado turned his attention to his civil office, and soon put it in working order. He rose at four o'clock in the morning, and labored by himself until seven, when he breakfasted. After breakfast his secretary arrived, and the two continued to work until the business of the day was completely finished, the governor carefully reading and supervising everything that was done. He exhibited in the cabinet the same energy that he had displayed in the war council and on the field. Osio, who was not disposed to be over laudatory, summed up his merits in this respect by saying that, in point of activity and sedulous attention to the duties of his office, criticism itself could never justly find fault.

To give complete effect to the orders received by the hands of Castillero from Mexico, and, by a strict compliance with all their provisions, to restore California to its old position as an integral and loyal part of the Mexican republic, Alvarado, as soon as circumstances would allow, called an extraordinary session of the old territorial deputation. This body, though about to be superseded by the new departmental junta, was still the only legislative authority of the country. It was the same territorial deputation which, at the end of 1836, upon the expulsion of Gutierrez and the proclamation of the free and sovereign State of Alta California, had resolved itself into the constituent congress of the new State; but afterwards, when Alvarado made up his mind that the only safety of the country was to remain a part of the Mexican nation, and the name of "free and sovereign State" was dropped, the name of "constituent congress" was also dropped, and the old name of deputation readopted. The body met at Monterey on January 25, 1839. There were present, besides the governor himself, Antonio Buelna, José Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega, José Ramon Estrada, and Antonio

Maria Osio. Manuel Jimeno Casarin came a few days afterwards. Pio Pico was detained at San Luis Rey by sickness. Alvarado opened the sessions with an address, in which he stated the objects to be: first, the nomination of a *terna* or list of candidates for the office of *gobernador propietario* of the department of the Californias; secondly, the division of the department into districts, and of the districts into *partidos* or sub-districts; thirdly, the determination of the number of justices of the peace; fourthly, the fixing of the salaries of the prefects, and, lastly, the regulation of the approaching elections. The next day he called attention to the urgent necessity of proceeding at once to the division of the department into districts and sub-districts, and the appointment of prefects and sub-prefects over them; and at the same time he presented a plan of division which was immediately referred to a committee, and the next day reported back with approval and adopted. The department was thereby divided into three districts; the first extending from the frontier of Sonoma to the ex-mission of San Luis Obispo inclusive, with the pueblo of San Juan de Castro, as the ex-mission of San Juan Bautista was then called, as its capital; the second extending from San Luis Obispo to San Domingo, south of San Diego inclusive, with the *ciudad* or city of Los Angeles as its capital; and the third extending from San Domingo to San José del Cabo inclusive, with La Paz as its capital. The northern and central districts were each divided into two sub-districts, the first at the rancho de Las Llagas, near the present town of Gilroy, with San Juan de Castro as capital of the first or southern sub-district, and the "Establishment of Dolores" as capital of the second or northern one; and the second divided at San Fernando, with Santa Barbara as capital of the first or northern sub-district, and Los Angeles of the second or southern one. The third district was left undivided, until further information should be obtained as to what arrangement would best suit that part of the country.

In the foregoing plan, Alvarado had fixed upon the "Establishment of Dolores" as the capital of the most northerly of the sub-districts. This "Establishment" was the ex-mission of Dolores, sometimes called the "Pueblo of Dolores," and sometimes the "Pueblo of San Francisco." The mission had, in point of law, been converted into an Indian pueblo, the same as the other missions of the country; but in point of fact, no organization as such pueblo had ever taken place. Still, being ordinarily spoken of and regarded as a pueblo, it was named as the capital, much to the dissatisfaction of the old and regularly organized pueblo of San José. The latter, in compliment to the new governor, had adopted his name, and was then generally known as "San José de Alvarado"; but this, as it appears, was not regarded by him as a sufficient reason to prefer it to the more central location of Dolores. However this may have been, the people of San José protested against Dolores, and presented a formal demand of the honor of being made the capital of their own pueblo. Alvarado declined to make any change, but reserved the subject as a proper matter of consideration for the action of the next departmental junta.

The principal object of this division of the department into districts and sub-districts was for judicial and police purposes. Under the Mexican law of December 29th, 1836, each district was to have a prefect, nominated by the governor and confirmed by the general government, who was to hold office for four years, and whose duty it was to be to maintain public tranquillity in subjection to the governor; execute departmental orders; supervise ayuntamientos, and regulate everything pertaining to police; and each sub-district was to have a sub-prefect, nominated by the prefect and approved by the governor, whose duties should be similar to those of the prefect, and who was to act in subjection to him. There were to be ayuntamientos in the capital of the department, in every place where there had been such in 1808; in seaports having a population of four thousand, and in every pueblo having a population of eight thousand inhabitants. These ayuntamientos were to consist of alcaldes, or magistrates, *regidores*, or councilmen, and *sindicos*, or collectors, elected by the people; the number to be determined by the departmental junta, but not to exceed six alcaldes, twelve councilmen and two collectors, for any one ayuntamiento. The ayuntamientos were to watch over the public health, prisons, hospitals, public benevolent institutions and schools; over roads, highways, and bridges; over the administration of public moneys raised by taxes, licenses, and rents of municipal property; also to promote agriculture, industry, and commerce, and to assist in the preservation of public order. The alcaldes were to have judicial jurisdiction in what were known to the civil law as cases of conciliation, in oral litigations, in preliminary proceedings both civil and criminal, and in such cases as might be intrusted to them by the superior tribunals. In places not large enough for ayuntamientos, there were to be justices of the peace, proposed by the subprefects, nominated by the prefects and approved by the governor, the number to be determined by the departmental junta; and their duties and jurisdiction were to be similar to those of the alcaldes and ayuntamientos in the larger places.

The next business taken up by the deputation was the nomination of candidates for the office of *gobernador propietario*, or what had then begun to be called that of constitutional governor. In accordance with the law upon this subject, three persons were to be named, out of whom the president of the republic was to choose that officer. The vote was taken on March 6, and resulted in the choice of Juan Bautista Alvarado for the first place, José Castro for the second, and Pio Pico for the third. The *terna* or list containing these names, and in the order indicated, was immediately transmitted to Mexico; and, after some further business of less general interest, the junta adjourned. As soon as it had done so, Alvarado, to comply promptly with the duty devolved upon him of nominating prefects, named José Castro for the first district, Cosme Peña for the second, and Luis Castillo Negrete for the third, and sent the nominations to Mexico with those for governor.

It does not appear that Alvarado indulged in any remarks upon his nomination. Though he had managed public affairs with skill and success, guided the revolution to a safe issue, not only disarmed but reconciled his enemies, and brought discordant elements into harmony, he had nothing to say. But his silence did not prevent his friends from congratulating him and themselves upon the happy effects of his policy. José Castro, in particular, upon taking possession of his office of prefect, was profuse in his expression of satisfaction. He rejoiced in the reëstablishment of order; the consummation of his desires in seeing a son of the soil wielding the destinies of the country; the respect which the general government had been induced to manifest for California, and the prospect of a prosperous future, which the prudence, ability, and patriotism of the new governor rendered so flattering.

Of the prominent friends of Alvarado, there was one, however, who had or soon found much to complain about. This was Vallejo. He was *comandante-militar*, or military commandant of Alta California, and had been confirmed as such by the general government. There can be no doubt that he owed his position more to Alvarado than to any special service he had performed; but this did not prevent him from feeling and expressing very great dissatisfaction with various things that Alvarado did or omitted to do. On one of these occasions the governor had found it advisable to discharge certain officers and soldiers from the military service, and he did so without asking Vallejo's advice. This roused the comandante's ire, and he protested loudly. On another occasion, not long afterwards, a soldier at Santa Barbara was tried and punished for some offense by a civil magistrate; and this again touched the comandante's dignity. He claimed that the jurisdiction over soldiers belonged only to his department; and he characterized the whole proceeding as an outrage upon what he called the "divine right of the military." But most of all was the comandante's spirit fired by the apathy of Alvarado under the taunts of France. In 1839, news came that France had declared war against Mexico and bombarded Vera Cruz; and the French newspapers boasted that the French flag would soon flutter from the southernmost Mexican seas to the northernmost ends of the Californias. Whatever Alvarado may have thought, he did not deem it necessary to make any reply to these boasts, but remained silent. Vallejo, on the other hand, finding that the government had nothing to say, determined to show that he, at least, was not disposed to submit tamely to such insults. He accordingly, on June 12, 1839, from his headquarters at Sonoma, issued a furious proclamation against the French government, charging it with attempting to tarnish the glories, outrage the rights, and imperil the liberties of the Mexican nation. He therefore called upon his fellow citizens to unite with him and march to the defense of the country; and he promised them a glorious victory over the haughty invader, who had so impudently sought to overwhelm them with opprobrium. But, unfortunately for the prospect thus held out of giving France a thorough drubbing, the ink with which this vengeful proclamation was printed was scarcely dry when further news arrived that an honorable peace had been concluded between Mexico and the king of the French.

Whether it was the project of chastising France, as indicated in his proclamation, or whether it was the feeling not entirely wanting to epaulet-wearing gentry in general, which regards the military as the most deserving branch of the public service, it is unimportant to inquire; but it is certain that Vallejo, in his zeal to magnify his own department and subordinate every other interest of the country to its advancement, annoyed Alvarado a great deal with ill-timed and exorbitant demands. He had previously urged the foundation of a military establishment at Santa Rosa, and had taken some steps towards founding it; but he now insisted upon attracting the undivided attention of the government to military affairs, and rendering the whole country tributary, so to speak, to the *comandancia-general.* Finding that Alvarado was not disposed to yield to his demands from Sonoma, he went to Monterey and procured an interview; but he was no more successful in face-to-face solicitations than by letter. He returned to Sonoma in high dudgeon; talked of carrying his complaints to the capital at Mexico; insisted that the country was on the swift road to ruin; and pronounced the peace and tranquillity of the department delusive, and destined to be of short duration.

Meanwhile, the *terna*, or list of nominations for governor, together with other communications from Alvarado, reached the general government at Mexico. They proved entirely satisfactory to the administration there. On August 6, the minister of the interior announced the termination of the revolution in California as due to the efforts of Alvarado and Castillero; and the next day, in further recognition of Alvarado's services, and in approval of the choice of the people, President Bustamante appointed him *gobernador propietario*, or constitutional governor of the department, or, in other words, of the two Californias. News of the appointment reached Monterey in September. There was general satisfaction with the appointment throughout the country, and Los Angeles was especially loud in its demonstrations. The ayuntamiento of that place appointed a day of jubilee in honor of the event; and when the name of the new constitutional governor was formally announced, it was greeted with cheers and hurrahs from the entire population. A salute of thirty-three guns was fired; and there was a grand illumination at night. Alvarado himself, however, was unable to take part in any of the festivities. He had begun to suffer from a series of attacks of illness, which frequently obliged him to relinquish business; and on this occasion, one of them not only kept him confined to his house, but prevented him from taking possession of the government under the new appointment until November 24, 1839, on which day he was sworn in and resumed labor.

At the same time with news of Alvarado's appointment as constitutional governor, came also news of the confirmation of José Castro as prefect of the first district, and Luis Castillo Negrete as prefect of the third. The nomination of Cosme Peña, who had been named prefect of the second, was not approved. This, however, may have been because of Peña's bad health, on which account he had, soon after his nomination, transferred the office to José Tiburcio Tapia, first alcalde of Los Angeles, who exercised it in his place. Among the functions of the office of prefect, one of the most important was the supervision over alcaldes and justices of the peace, who exercised in substance all the judicial power of the country, and some of whom acted as judges of first instance. Castro, however, being essentially a military man, devoted his attention almost exclusively to military affairs, and soon after his appointment as prefect, busied himself with a proposed campaign to quell Indian disturbances on the southern frontier. Negrete and Tapia, on the other hand, attended more especially to their supervisory duties; and Tapia in particular is entitled to the credit of not flinching in this delicate kind of business. Finding that one of the alcaldes of Los Angeles winked at infringements of the laws of that place against selling liquor on Sunday, he promptly arraigned and punished him by a sound fine for his neglect of duty. In this, however, he but followed the example of Alvarado, who had treated the justices of the peace at Monterey in the same manner for a similar neglect of duty a short time previously.

In March, 1839, the primary elections of that year were held in accordance with the proclamation of the governor. The electoral college, then chosen, met at Monterey on May 1, and elected Andres Castillero delegate to the Mexican Congress, and Antonio Maria Osio substitute. Two days afterwards, it elected, as members of the new departmental junta, Manuel Jimeno Casarin, José Tiburcio Castro, Anastasio Carrillo, Rafael Gonzalez, Pio Pico, Santiago Arguello, and Manuel Requena, with José Castro, José Ramon Estrada, Ignacio del Valle, Carlos Castro, Ignacio Martinez, José de Jesus Vallejo, and Antonio Maria Pico as substitutes. The junta, thus elected, met at Monterey on February 16, 1840. Alvarado presented a long and interesting message, in which he sketched the condition of the country, and pointed out the various branches of public affairs that needed legislative attention. Among these he specified general police regulations; the demarkation of municipal lands, it appearing that Monterey alone had its commons marked out; regulations concerning justices of the peace and ayuntamientos; the encouragement of agriculture and commerce, and particularly of public education; the organization of a superior tribunal of justice, and the arrangement of a proper system of public finances. The junta proceeded to consider the recommendations of the governor, and, as a matter of prime importance, elected Juan Malarin, José Antonio Carrillo, José Antonio Estudillo, and Antonio Maria Osio, ministers of justice, and Juan Bandini, fiscal. There was, however, much delay in completing arrangements for the court which they were to constitute; and it was not fully organized until some time afterwards.

Towards the end of March, Pio Pico disturbed the general harmony by introducing his pet proposition to change the capital from Monterey to Los Angeles. It was a subject which had already caused much contention, and was destined to cause much more. He claimed that the supreme government, in 1835, had ordered the city of Los Angeles to be the capital, and demanded that its decree should be complied with. Jimeno Casarin replied that a later decree had authorized the executive of the department to locate the capital where it thought proper; that the executive, by refusing to make any change, had virtually fixed it at Monterey, and that the supreme government, by directing all its communications to that place, had very plainly recognized it as the capital. After much discussion, and on a close vote, Pico's proposition was rejected, and ordered returned to its author. This action was exceedingly distasteful to that individual; he became disrespectful and obstreperous, and when called to order, withdrew in disgust and declared that he would not return.

This conduct on the part of Pio Pico, and certain recent action on the part of Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo, who, on account of his disgusts, already referred to, was scheming against the admininistration, and similar action on the part of José Antonio Carrillo, who, though just named second minister of justice, was entirely dissatisfied, and took occasion to publicly abuse the government, induced Alvarado to call an extraordinary and secret session of the junta, on April 1, for the purpose of settling accounts with those persons. When it convened, he made a statement of what had occurred, and remarked that, though the government regarded the schemes of its enemies as of small importance, yet it might be prudent to take some measures of precaution against them; and that, at all events, it was due to the junta to vindicate its dignity against their insults.

The subject being referred to a committee, consisting of Casarin and Arguello, they reported that Vallejo was evilly disposed but afraid of taking responsibilities; that Carrillo, when appointed minister of justice, was supposed to be an adherent of the government, as he had publicly professed, but if he were unwilling to perform his duties as a good citizen, he ought to be punished as a bad one; and that as to Pico's contemptuous conduct, it should be left to the discretion of the Governor to apply such fine and other correction as he thought proper. They further reported and recommended, and the junta ordered, that, in view of possible disturbances by Vallejo or the others, the Governor might at any time call for such armed force and take such other measures as he should find necessary to sustain the honor and dignity of the government, at the same time providing for the equipment and pay of any such force as might be raised.

The prompt action of the junta accomplished the object designed. Vallejo, the first offender, immediately changed his tone. Though he complained that his services as comandante, on account of the want of forces, were useless to California, he protested that he was ready with his single sword to augment the ranks of the country's defenders, and that the junta and the government could always count upon him to defend their honor and integrity. Pico, the next offender, was, at the suggestion of the Governor, summoned before the junta in such a manner that he did not deem it safe to resist; and, upon his submission and apologizing for his conduct, the fine and punishment, which would have otherwise have been imposed, were withheld. Carrillo, the third offender, was subsequently arrested at Los Angeles for alleged conspiracy, the specific charge being that he had incited rebellion against the departmental government in favor of his brother Carlos, and in connection with Ensign Macedonio Gonzalez, of Lower California. There was a great noise made over the affair, and many official papers written in regard to it. He indignantly denied the charge, and insisted that his accuser was none other than a low and despicable foreigner, by the name of Joaquin Pereira, a Portuguese doctor, who was entirely unworthy of credit. Though his friends offered bail for his appearance, he was kept under a strict guard until an investigation could be had. It then appeared that his characterization of his accuser was substantially correct. The government was, at any rate, not disposed to be severe, and soon allowed him his personal liberty; and a year or two afterwards, when the troubles that gave rise to his arrest were almost forgotten, it not only acquitted but expressly restored him to his former good name, fame, and reputation.

Theodore H. Hittell.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

MY FIRST WEDDING.

One morning, in the early summer, as I sat in my study, my thoughts gradually drifted from my book to the trials and tribulations of life; and, more particularly, to the peculiar trials of bachelor life. Perhaps the confusion by which I was surrounded led me to take this morbid turn—though disorder and confusion were not new to me; yet on this particular morning, the sunlight came prying through the half-drawn curtains in the most obtrusive manner. It lingered playfully upon the threadbare carpet, and pointed out with startling emphasis the litter of books and magazines around my chair; it cast faint reflections under the bookcase, and glanced into the gloom behind the curtains, as though it were resolved no bit of dust or disorder should escape. And all this light served but to darken my thoughts. I realized my helplessness, and plainly saw that a governing hand was needed in my affairs.

This was my first appointment. I had recently graduated from the Theological Seminary, and now, for the first time, was brought face to face with the real duties of my calling. My transition from the dreamy life of a student to the very practical one of a country minister had been rather sudden, and I had not yet become thoroughly accustomed to my new position.

The people by whom I was surrounded, in their way, left nothing to be desired. Yet, in spite of the fact that I "boarded out," the duty of taking care of my personal apartments devolved upon me; which, as you may imagine, was somewhat irksome to a man of mind. It was not absolutely necessary, perhaps, that I should descend to manual labor; but the uncertain nature of my salary made this course seem most commendable. By the way, this very uncertainty that attached itself to my pecuniary affairs was at times a source of infinite gratification to me, for I remembered that the great early teacher of the gospel often had not where to lay his head.

My revery was interrupted by the door-bell. Hastily pushing some of the debris under the table, I hastened to the door. My callers proved to be none other than Mrs. Baxter and Miss Hermione Smith, whom I ushered in with due form and courtesy.

After disposing her ample person in my easy chair, and carefully arranging her feet on some choice manuscript, Mrs. Baxter proceeded to explain that the "Endless Workers" had delegated her to confer with me in regard to the next "social."

The society above referred to was one that existed among the ladies of the church; its members usually met once a week, and did charitable sewing, and discussed local topics.

Mrs. Baxter's business was speedily settled; for, after listening deferentially to all she had to say, I left the entire matter to her "own excellent judgment," as I expressed it at the time.

During this part of the interview, Miss Hermione had preserved a becoming silence. She now smiled blandly on me, and said: "Now that you have settled your business affairs, I want you to listen to a plan of mine. We are organizing a party to go on a camping trip, and we should be ever so glad if you would go with us. Besides, it would be good for your health, you know."

Miss Hermione was not a lady that I had ever admired. There was a lightness in her manner, and a lack of seriousness in her attitude toward the great problems of life that did not please me; but, on this occasion, I thought her almost lovable. It is needless to say I accepted her kind invitation with many thanks; for I was only too glad to get away from my present troubles.

While we had been speaking, Mrs. Baxter had been looking around the room with a critical, half-amused air. She now made some flippant remarks on my skill as a housekeeper, and suggested that a helper might be an advantage to me.

Miss Hermione laughed, immoderately, I thought, at this sally, and said she had a friend who would "just suit" me; and forthwith expressed her determination to invite the unknown lady to be one of the camping party.

I received all this with the greatest indifference, although, in the conversation which followed, I managed to learn that the lady's name was Karen Storey, and that she lived at Lotus, a small station some distance from our village.

After some small talk on various subjects, the ladies took their leave—to my great relief, I am compelled to say.

Scarce had I closed the door, when my former gloom took possession of me. Like most students, I was subject to hours of melancholy; but I generally mastered my despondency by increased attention to my books. At this time, I was a close student of language, and my most pleasant moments were those devoted to linguistic studies. Rhetoric was an especial favorite, and I had read and carefully compared all the treatises in the dead languages, together with many modern works on the subject. The proficiency I had attained in these studies, with my natural ability, was a source of great satisfaction to me. But now it all seemed to go for naught: my mind continually recurred to the thoughts of the morning.

A sudden fancy came to me. Was it not a strange coincidence that I should hear this new name on the very morning my loneliness first became oppressive? Might this not augur that she was the one I longed for? I repeated her name—"Karen Storey"; it seemed strangely sweet; and, though I was quite certain I had never seen it before, it had a familiar sound.

I had often thought my procrastinating manner and aimlessness of character grew out of the fact that I had no immediate object for which to labor. A young and ardent nature like mine, I reflected, desires to make sacrifices for others; it is not satisfied with, nor can it endure, the labor that leads only to its individual advancement. I now plainly saw that my laxness of purpose was due to my very unselfishness. And it occurred to me, to be more particular, that I should like very much to make sacrifices for Miss Storey. At any rate, I should soon see her.

This latter thought gave me some uneasiness as to my personal appearance, and I glanced into the mirror. My hair seemed rather light in color, and my features were not particularly fine; yet the image I saw was not unpleasing to me. In spite of the fact that my shoulders had an undeniable stoop, I thought my appearance somewhat prepossessing, not to say striking.

Life now put on a more cheerful aspect, and I went about my small duties with a lightness of heart I had never felt before. I did not complain, however petty the task; for I had resolved to bear many things for her sake. And in all I did I felt the benefit of her sustaining influence. It was at this time that I wrote and published my paper, entitled "The Use of As as a Relative," which, perhaps, is my most successful literary effort.

The time of our departure had been set for the first of June, which left two weeks for preparation. I spent the time, the happiest of my life, in sounding all the depths of spiritual love. I allowed this passion to take full possession of me. She occupied my every thought. I framed imaginary conversations with her, and decked her with every grace of womanhood—though my happiness was always tainted by a dread lest the reality should differ from the dream.

The looked-for day at last came, and with it a telegram, saying that Miss Storey had been suddenly taken ill, and could not go. I shall not attempt to describe my disappointment. I had looked forward to the trip with the brightest anticipations. I had dreamed of the long hours we should spend together, and in fancy seen myself walking with her in quiet, shady places.

I wished that I had not agreed to go, but I could not cancel my engagement now. It seemed selfish in me to be off on a pleasure trip while she was tossing with fever. This thought added not a little to my misery; so

I resolved, by way of penance, to take no part in the pleasures of the others. I adhered to this plan so faithfully that my friends became seriously alarmed at my condition. I rejected all proffered remedies for dyspepsia and loss of appetite, though I longed to make a confidant of some one, but did not see how I could.

At last we returned home, to my great relief. The morning after our arrival my old friend Boggs called upon me. He had been away for some time, and I was overjoyed at meeting him again. In the course of our conversation, he mentioned that his business had called him to Lotus, where he had seen Miss Storey, who had told him all about our camping trip. He remarked that Miss Storey was a very interesting person, one whom I should know, and kindly promised to give me an introduction, if the opportunity ever offered.

I was pained to hear him speak as though she were a stranger to me, and was on the point of explaining our true relations, but reflected that he would not be likely to comprehend me, as he was a very matter-of-fact person. I also saw that he evidently intended no harm; still, I felt hurt by his thoughtlessness.

Some days after Boggs's visit I received a letter from a lady friend, who, in the course of her communications, informed me that Miss Storey had mentioned my name, "and spoke quite highly of you, too," she added. I at once saw that I owed this to Boggs, and this pleased me much; for I knew his natural candor would prevent him from placing my qualities in any unfavorable light.

I was again supremely happy; I redoubled my literary labors, and my next sermon, which was devoted to pointing out the spiritual benefits of self-renunciation, was very well received.

On the following Monday, Miss Hermione Smith accosted me on the street, and, with her usual volubility, informed me that she had been "looking everywhere" for me. Miss Storey had been staying a week with her, and had expressed a desire to meet me. She (Miss Smith) had thought of giving a dinner for the express purpose of bringing us together; but Miss Storey had been unexpectedly called away before she could make the necessary arrangements.

This was a crushing blow. I returned home immediately, and gave way to dismal forebodings. She had been in the town for a week. Perhaps I had passed her on the street. Perhaps she had heard my sermon on resignation, and still I had not seen her. I could not bring myself to think that I could see her and not know her. It seemed to me that all was over, and I gave way to despair.

While in this mood a thought came to me that filled me with new life. Why should I yield without a struggle? Why not address her in a letter? The more I thought of it, the more feasible the plan seemed. So I sat down and wrote as follows:

PLEASANT VALE, June 18th, '75.

Dear Miss Storey: It may give you some surprise to receive a letter from one whom you have never met. I admit my action would be considered irregular by some, yet, if you will hear me to the close, I think I can show I have reason on my side.

First, we *were* to go on the camping trip; secondly, we have heard so much of each other from common friends, that we cannot be considered entire strangers; thirdly, I have heard that you expressed a desire to meet me when you were in our town. On each and all of these occasions we *should* and *would* have met, had it not been for a malignant fate.

As we both have desired each other's acquaintance, have we not met in the spirit already?

Such reasons might not strike the common mind with any great force; but for me they are all-sufficient. I have heard that you have literary tastes, and trust the breadth of view such tastes imply will prevent you from misjudging my motives, and cause you to overlook this slight violation of conventional custom. At any rate, I, at least, have not thought it right to allow a mere point of etiquette to debar me from communion with a kindred soul. Hoping that you will think as I do, I am,

Very truly yours,
AARON JAMES.

I passed the next few days in feverish anxiety. On the fourth day a letter came. It was a dainty, gilt-edged epistle, written with rare delicacy and tact. The critical ability displayed was of a high order, though at times her feelings allowed her to indulge in a fervid warmth of expression. On this account my modesty prevents me from reproducing the letter in full. I will say, however, that she appreciated the truth of my reasoning; and it was in reference to this that her discernment and critical skill were shown. Best of all, she agreed to correspond with me.

I was again supremely happy. I saw that intelligent and well directed effort always has its reward.

During the weeks that followed I wrote to her regularly, and as regularly received her answers. My attachment broadened and deepened. I was often on the point of making my affection known, but always found some reason for cherishing it in silence a little longer.

At last, it became necessary for me to go to the city to attend the yearly conference. I resolved to "stay over" a day in the village where she resided. I thought I would not inform her of my intentions, but would make my visit and my mission alike a surprise.

I now lived in dreams. I tried to picture the meeting—her warm glances, yet tempered by maidenly modesty, and in accordance with the strictest decorum. I wondered what she would say, and how I could lead our conversation to affairs of the heart, so that my announcement might not seem too sudden.

When the day of departure arrived, I was somewhat nervous, but bravely boarded the train, and in a few hours had reached my destination. The greater portion of the day was still before me, so I resolved to go to a hotel and wait till evening; for I had decided that would be the only proper time to make my call.

The day proved long and dreary. It seemed as though the lagging sun would never set. I had providentially provided myself with several novels, against such an emergency as the present, and I now sought these for diversion; but in vain. Their imaginary woes and simulated passion seemed tame, when compared with the living drama in which I was an actor. My thoughts continually dwelt upon the future, and I devoted the greater portion of the day to rehearsing my conversation for the evening. I wished I could walk about the town, but dared not make the attempt, for fear of disclosing myself prematurely.

Towards evening the dinner-bell rang. I went down to the dining-room, and called for a cup of coffee. There were several persons already there when I went in, and, as my appetite was not very good, I had plenty of time to observe them. Just across the room sat an elderly gentleman in slippers; at his right was a woman with fluffy gray hair, coquettishly arranged in ringlets around her forehead. The lady occasionally spoke to her companion, though she devoted the greater portion of her time to selecting choice morsels for a fat poodle which sat by her chair. They were evidently man and wife. The sight gave my thoughts a strange turn. I wondered if Karen — for I now thought of her by this name—would ever treat me thus. My thoughts were interrupted by a young lady who came in at this moment, and placed herself at the table where I was seated.

There were two gentlemen at the lower end of the room, whom I had taken to be commercial travelers. One of them now glanced toward me, and made some remark to his friend, whereat they both laughed. I had often heard experienced ministers say that they could tell at a glance a man who had come to be married. Might it not be that these vulgar commercial men, who were much more experienced than ministers, could recognize a man who was about to propose? The thought made me wince; and to add to my confusion, the young lady glanced at me critically. This was more than I could stand. I now feared that they had divined my secret.

After hastily swallowing my coffee, I got my hat and cane, and started down the street. I had not gone far, when I remembered that I did not know in what part of the town she lived. I expected some trouble on this account; but, fortunately, I met a small boy, who, in answer to my inquiries, volunteered to conduct me to the place.

We walked for some distance along a dusty street, and then turned at right angles into another, equally dusty, but beautiful with overhanging boughs. As I was noting the luxuriance of the tall locusts that bordered our way, my guide suddenly stopped, and pointing to a house near at hand, explained that that was the place. I halted somewhat abruptly, and glanced in the direction indicated; as I did so, I noticed a lace curtain drop at one of the windows. Some one had evidently been looking out, and had retired at our approach.

At this moment it occurred to me that it was too early for my call. After paying the boy for his trouble, I hastily retired, to his evident astonishment. This incident cost me my self-control; I became more and more agitated as I walked away. I also feared that the boy might think my actions strange, and take it upon himself to mention his suspicions. This caused me considerable alarm, and it was with some difficulty that I regained my usual composure. However, I walked on rapidly for some time, scarce noting whither. It was near sunset when I stopped, and, as I turned to retrace my steps, I found I was at quite a distance from the village. As I approached the town, my nervousness, which had somewhat abated, again returned. I walked on, notwithstanding, and in a little while again reached the house. I saw, as I stopped a moment at the gate, that my shoes were quite dusty. But there was no time to clean them now, so without further delay I started for the house.

As I moved slowly up the walk, I noticed the small flower-beds laid off in geometrical forms, the lines of division being made out with small shells, pebbles, and inverted bottles. I admired the thrift that could turn small things to uses so beautiful: things that in most households encumber the ash-heaps, and are a "weariness to the flesh." By this time I had reached the house, and, in spite of my nervousness, immediately rang the bell.

A small, keen-visaged woman, dressed in black, came to the door.

I hesitated a moment, and then made some aimless remarks on the beauty of the evening.

The lady, who had been eyeing me rather dubiously, now asked me to come in; "though I don't know as we want any books," she added, as she slightly enlarged the opening in the door-way, and made room for me to enter.

I bowed very stiffly, and begged leave to inform her that I was not a book agent, but a minister of the gospel from Pleasant Vale; and that I had come to pay my respects to her daughter, with whom I was quite well acquainted.

Her manner now changed; her apologies were profuse; she was "sorry" she had made so great a blunder; "sorry" that Karen was not at home, "for," she said, "I know she would be so glad to see you. But she and Mary went away yesterday, and they won't be back till the last of the week. Won't you come in anyhow, and rest a while? You must be tired; you look as though you had walked a good ways. I ain't such good company as the girls; they've had more schoolin' than me," she added, rather sadly; "but if you will come in, I'll get you a cup of tea, and make you as comfortable as I can."

I declined her invitation, and bidding her good night, walked quickly down the path.

I felt hurt; my feelings had received a severe shock. It was enough that *she* was not at home; but to be taken for a book agent, and by her mother, was past endurance. Besides, the woman evidently thought I had walked from Pleasant Vale to see her daughter.

I went back to the hotel in no pleasant mood. I could not control my thoughts. It was impossible for me to read. So I immediately prepared to retire. As I took my coat off, I saw that my pockets were stuffed with the novels I had had in the afternoon. In my agitation, I had forgotten to leave them behind. This seemed to furnish some excuse for the old lady's blunder. Still, I could not forgive her: it seemed to me that a person of even ordinary intelligence should not so err in reading character.

I passed a sleepless night. On the following morning I continued my journey, arriving at San Francisco in the evening. After attending the conference, which lasted a week, I returned home by another route.

On my arrival, there were several letters awaiting me, and among them, one in her then familiar hand. I hastily tore it open. It expressed her deepest regrets at her absence, and, withal, was so tender in tone, so exquisite in sentiment, that I felt ready to forgive the whole world, if necessary. I confined myself, however, to forgiving her mother.

I now felt that my failure to see her had but added to my affection. And, acting upon the encouragement given in her letter, I wrote and told her of my love.

In every life there are secrets that are sacred, sacred only as long as they are secret. Therefore, I shall not draw aside the veil, and let in the light of common day upon the thoughts and happenings of those few weeks. It is enough to say that I was accepted, and my life seemed complete.

Our intercourse now, naturally, became more intimate. I shared her every thought. I lived the complete intellectual life. Yet, in spite of the spiritual calm this gave me, I longed to meet her. She also was anxious to see me, and expressed herself to that effect several times. I made excuses for my delay, but promised to be with her before the end of the month. In reality, I was engaged upon a long descriptive poem. I wished to finish this, and carry it to her as the first offering of my love.

About this time my lady wrote me that she had just finished a story, on which she had been engaged for some months. She said she felt some pride in the result of her efforts, and had great hopes of its success.

I immediately wrote, asking to be allowed to read the production. She complied with my request, and I received the manuscript by the next mail.

On looking into the story, I found many slips and inaccuracies that even my affection could not keep me from seeing. I felt it was my duty to write to her on the subject, which I did without delay. I endeavored to make my letter mild and dispassionate. I pointed out that, although the story was cleverly told, and interesting from beginning to end, it contained blemishes my grammatical sense would not allow me to pass unnoticed. The use of "as" as a relative, and the continual occurrence of "that" in a non-restrictive sense, were particularly objectionable. I admitted that some might overlook these errors; still, no scholar would tolerate them. The letter was very delicate in its wording, but I took good care that the principles upon which I made my points should be very evident.

In the course of a few days I received an answer, in which, among other things, she said she could not see why I "made so much of things so small," and that it looked to her as though I wished to "quarrel" with her.

I have never been one of those who submit to palliations and compromises. For me, there are no intermediate shades between absolute right and absolute wrong. And it is a source of gratification to me that I am able to say, at no time when I have once taken my position upon a subject, has force or persuasion sufficed to move me. Nor did I flinch from duty in the present instance. I immediately replied, strengthening my arguments, and saying that these things were not small matters to me; they involved questions of principle which, to me, was never small.

I waited anxiously for her answer. It was characteristically feminine. She said if I persisted in clinging to these "trifles," she must ask to be released from her engagement. If in the first flush of affection I could be so intolerant, she feared for the future when love had cooled.

Though racked with grief, I did not waver. I at once wrote to her, reiterating my former utterances. I pointed out what seemed to me the path of duty. And, in conclusion, seeing that she desired it, I told her that henceforth I should consider our engagement at an end: my position as a minister of the gospel did not allow me to sacrifice principle even for love.

Summer passed into autumn, and autumn faded into winter, and my grief was still alive within me. I gave all my time to study, hoping thus to forget my loss.

One day a man came to me, and asked me if I would read the marriage service at a wedding in the country. Hardly noticing him, for I was deeply engrossed in my books, I assented, and he promised to call for me with a conveyance. It had been raining all day. Towards night the man came for me with a close carriage, and we set out in the storm. I had not even taken the trouble to ask where we were going, and as we rolled along, I lay back on the cushions, and reflected as to what would be the probable effect that the study of Coptic would have upon future civilization. This was a favorite subject of mine, and one to which I had devoted considerable time.

In a few hours we reached our journey's end. As I stepped from the carriage I was taken in hand by several ladies, who conducted me to a room where I could make my toilet. Having divested myself of my wraps, and made all necessary preparations, I emerged from the room. At the head of the stairs I was met by a gentleman, who introduced himself as Mr. Evans, and by him I was presented to many of the wedding guests.

After we had waited for some time, the bride came into the room, accompanied by several ladies. The ceremony was performed at once. As this was my first experience, I felt somewhat nervous. In my trepidation I forgot to ask if they had a license. The bride also lost her self-possession, and made several blunders in the responses, at which I heard some half-suppressed laughter.

When all was done, and the couple were united, Mr. Evans led me up to the confused bride, and presented me to Mrs. Henry Smith, formerly Miss Karen Storey. It was some moments before I realized my situation. Then I saw it all at a glance. I had officiated at the wedding of the only woman I had ever loved.

G. M. Upton.

SEHNSUCHT.

Heavy, heavy heart of mine!—
  Their sunny ways a-winging,
Hear the birds, in flight divine,
  Up to heaven singing.
Thro' the soft air's tender hush
Throbs the love song of the thrush;
Would the birds' glad song were thine,
Heavy, heavy heart of mine!

Heavy, heavy heart of mine!
  By twos the birds are flying.
Such happy love is never thine,
  So stay thou still a-sighing.
The thrush will build his little nest,
Where love secure and glad may rest.
Love makes the home: love is not thine,
Heavy, heavy heart of mine!

M. F. Rowntree.

A BRAVE LIFE.

In the preface to that exquisite little biographical sketch, "The Story of Ida," John Ruskin says:

> "I have been asking every good writer whom I know to write some part of what was exactly true in the greatest of sciences—Humanity. The lives we need to have written for us are of the people whom the world has not thought of, far less known of, who are yet doing the most of its work, and of whom we may learn how it can best be done."

Such a life has recently been ended here in California. It is well worth our while to study its simple but sublime annals.

On the 15th of April, 1816, in a farmhouse in Washington County, New York, not far from Whitehall, a little woman-child was born, and named by her parents the sweet scriptural name Mary. The home into which the child came was one of poverty and toil, unvaried by any remarkable experiences. Here, among brothers and sisters, she grew and thrived, and was well trained in all homely virtues. The father, Mr. Day, was a farmer and blacksmith, honest, thrifty, and independent. After a little time, he had the usual western impulse of enterprising men, and removed his family to Meadville, Pennsylvania.

In this frontier town the little maiden Mary grew to a tall, slender girl of sixteen, full of womanly wisdom and gentleness, but with unusual firmness and strength, physical and mental. Here and now there came to woo her a grave, plain man, a widower with five young children. He bore the common name of John Brown, and had but scanty wealth or personal charm, save such as lies in manliness, evident uprightness, and a reserved tenderness. However, he asked this plain young woman to become his wife, to go with him to his humble home in Richmond, Pennsylvania, to share his joys and sorrows, and be a mother to his motherless children; and she put her firm young hand in his, and followed him thereafter through evil and through good report, even to prison and the scaffold—for this man is immortal in our history as John Brown, of Ossawatomie.

Long years afterward, her husband wrote to her in his quaint fashion:

> *Dear Mary:* It is the Sabbath evening, and nothing so much accords with my feelings as to spend a portion of it conversing with the partner of my own choice, and the sharer of my poverty, trials, discredit, and sore afflictions. I do not forget the firm attachment of her who has remained my fast and faithful affectionate friend when others said of me: 'Now that he lieth, he shall rise up no more.'"

Looking back at that wedding of fifty years ago, it seems incredible that a girl of sixteen could have undertaken such responsibilities with any adequate comprehension of them; but the uniform testimony in regard to this child-wife and mother is that she was a cheerful and capable burden-bearer. Her courage and devotion were simply heroic, for John Brown was not the man to woo a girl with honeyed phrases, or to gloze over the hardships and self-sacrifices which she must endure. Perhaps, with womanly discernment, she saw in him those traits which have made all women love him—single-hearted devotion to truth and duty, self-abnegation, even unto death; and, doubtless, he saw in that plain young girl "a perfect woman, nobly planned."

In the new home she found the eldest boy only four years younger than herself, while the four younger children's ages ranged downward to babyhood. What skill and tact, what kindliness and true motherliness, must have been hers; for, to her dying day, these children, grown to be gray-haired men and women, still called her with tender dutifulness, "Mother."

The years came and went, bringing only fresh occupants for the old red cradle, added care and toil to John and Mary Brown. But these were comparatively old times, and this was a home of primitive piety. The babies were ever taken as gifts from God, and were made welcome, clothed and fed in simple fashion, educated to be useful rather than accomplished, and above all, to fear God and keep his commandments. It was a home of peace and love, of thrift and intelligence, and of world wide sympathy wlth every good cause, especially with the cause of the downtrodden and oppressed. To such a home there could come no experience which was not borne with cheerful submission, as being of divine ordinance. When the mother was laid aside by her frequent woman's burden (she bore thirteen children in twenty years), her husband was, as she testified in old age, her best, and often her only, nurse, many a time sitting up all night, after a day of hard work, to keep the fire burning lest she should be chilled, and always refusing any rest if he thought she needed his loving ministry.

The Browns were given to moving from one town to another, which must have added materially to the cares and labors of the house-mother; but the reason of these changes seems to have been that John Brown was energetic and enterprising, eager to extend his business as tanner, stock-dealer, and wool-merchant, and so to do the best possible things for those dependent upon him.

The usual chances and changes of life came to them. Sickness and death invaded the household again and again. Once a little child met its death by a shocking accident; once a lovely little girl faded slowly away, from some hidden disease; and once the destroyer came, not to take a single lamb from the flock, but in a devastating pestilence. Three little children were buried in one wide grave, and another followed in less than a week. Picture the desolation of that home! One cannot speak of such grief save with awe; yet the time came to these trustful souls, when such tender and sacred bereavements seemed but as light afflictions, compared with the tragic depths of sorrow yet to be endured.

Amid all these toils and griefs, John and Mary Brown found room to think of others. Each had "a heart at leisure from itself," and full of sympathy for the poor slave. With John Brown it grew to be a consuming passion. It was the subject of his thoughts, of his conversation, of his prayers. To the cause of emancipation he consecrated, at length, all his tremendous energies; and this singleness of purpose lifted him from the common ranks of men into the high company of heroes.

He carried all his family with him in this enthusiastic devotion. They moved up into the wilds of the Adirondack region, because there they thought they could best teach and help the poor fugitives from slavery; and here they became missionaries, as genuine and devoted as any who ever went to Africa. The young men of the family went to Kansas, because the cause of freedom seemed to need strong supporters there; and when, as the result, they encountered persecution and loss of all things, the gray-headed father could see but one line of duty for himself—to join his sons, and fight, if need be die, for the good cause. The mother was left at home in the little cabin, penniless, and surrounded by little children who must be clothed, and fed, and kept warm, through an almost arctic winter. But John Brown had an helpmeet, indeed—

"No timid dove of storms afeared,
She shared his life's distress;
A singing Miriam alway,
In God's poor wilderness."

With a true woman's resource she saved, and planned, and toiled, and made the ends meet, enduring the loneliness and privation with fortitude and even good cheer, remembering her husband's words of parting: "If it is so dreadful for us to part, with the hope of meeting again, how dreadful must be the separation for life of hundreds of poor slaves." Her courage and zeal scarcely needed the stimulus of his written words: "Mary, let us try and maintain a cheerful self composure while we are tossing up and down, and let our motto be 'Action, action, for we have but one life to live.'"

The record of the family for the next four years was one of loss, hardship, self-sacrifice, and on the part of the women, patient endurance and long suspense—a far heavier burden than that borne by the men. John Brown became the world-renowned hero of Ossawatomie; his son Frederick was cruelly murdered; but the women could only sit at home watching, weeping, praying. At length, John Brown formed his desperate resolve. It culminated in the mad attempt at Harper's Ferry, in utter failure, in the terrible tragedy.

After sentence of death had been pronounced upon the conspirator, and the whole world was looking on with bated breath at the spectacle, a faithful friend and sympathizer, Col. T. W. Higginson, of Boston, went at once to visit the stricken household, his object being to convey Mrs. Brown to Virginia, that she might be with her husband, and, if possible, induce him to consent to an attempt at rescue, a thing which he had at first refused.

Colonel Higginson's description of his journey to the remote and inaccessible home, of its poverty and desolation, of the sacred grief, and yet the lofty resignation and trust of its inmates, forms a chapter of immortal beauty in the annals of earth's heroes and saints. A little of it must be quoted to complete this sketch:

"Here was a family, out of which four noble young men had within a fortnight been killed (two sons and two sons-in-law): I say nothing of a father under sentence of death, and a brother fleeing for life, but only speak of those killed—no sad, unavailing kisses, no tender funeral rites. In speaking of them, they used the word 'killed'—to them it meant died—one gate into heaven, and that one a good deal frequented by their family—that is all. There was no hardness about this, no stoicism of will—only God had inured them to the realities of things. They asked but one question, '*Does it seem as if the cause of freedom were to gain or lose by this?*' That was all. This family work for a higher prize than fame—it is always duty. *Principle* is the word I brought away with me, as the one most familiar in their vocabulary."

Mrs. Brown told Colonel Higginson "her husband always believed that he was to be an instrument in the hand of Providence, and she believed it, too. This plan had occupied his thoughts and prayers for twenty years. Many a night he had lain awake and prayed concerning it. Even now she did not doubt he felt satisfied, because he thought it would be overruled by Providence for the best. For herself, she had always prayed that her husband might be killed in fight, rather than fall alive into the hands of slaveholders, but *she could not regret it now, in view of the noble words for freedom which it had been his privilege to utter.*"

Colonel Higginson goes on to say, "When, the next day on the railway, I was compelled to put into her hands the newspaper containing the death warrant of her husband, I felt no fear of her exposing herself to observation by any undue excitement. She read it, and then the tall, strong woman bent her head for a few moments on the seat before us; then she raised it, and spoke as calmly as before."

Mrs. Brown went with Colonel Higginson, intending to go to her husband; but receiving from him a tender and urgent letter advising her not to come, she turned aside and stayed for a few days with friends at Eagleswood, New Jersey. Here Theodore Tilton visited her, and wrote to a New York paper: "She is a woman worthy to be the wife of such a man. Her face is grave and thoughtful, serious rather than sad, quiet and retiring in manner; but her natural simplicity and modesty cannot hide her force of character." At Eagleswood she busied herself packing a box of clothing and little comforts for her wounded and imprisoned husband. Only once she broke down utterly, sobbing bitterly over the thought of how little she could do for him, and for how little while she could do even that.

From Eagleswood she went to Philadelphia, to be the guest of Lucretia Mott and other kind friends, who vied with each other in their kindness to her and their unavailing efforts to save her husband. Here another friend (Mr. McKim, of the "Anti-Slavery Standard") testified of her: "She is just the woman to be the wife of the hero of Harper's Ferry. Stalwart of frame and strong in native intellect, she is imbued with the same religious faith and her heart overflows with the same sympathies. Her bearing in her present distress is admirable. She is brave without insensibility, tender without weakness, and though overwhelmed by the deepest sorrow, her sorrow is not as one having no hope—not for her husband's reprieve, but that it all may advance the cause for which he is to die. Her demeanor is marked by unaffected propriety and natural dignity. She is disappointed at not going to her husband, but is content to do his bidding. She reads with avidity every item in the papers concerning her husband, especially his letters. She usually maintains her composure; but when listening to a letter from him to Reverend Mr. Vaill, the reader came to the words, 'I have lost my two noble boys,' she dropped her head as if pierced with an arrow."

While in Philadelphia, she received permission from the Virginia authorities to have the bodies of her husband and sons. It swept away her last hope in regard to her husband's life, and she seemed for a time overwhelmed with sorrow; but she would not listen for a moment to the suggestion of some friends, who wished her to testify that her husband was insane. "It would be untrue, and therefore impossible," she simply said.

At last she received a reluctant permission from her husband to come and visit him, and went to Harper's Ferry on December 1st, the day before his execution. Only the kind jailer was present at that tragical but sublime meeting and parting. The interview lasted two hours; but an eternity of faithful love and of holy trust in God was in it.

The last good-by was said, and the stricken woman was hurried away by kind friends to Philadelphia. One who accompanied her on this journey testifies: "In Baltimore, on the railway, at Harper's Ferry, wherever she went, Southern men treated her with respect, and comforted her by stories of her husband and children, illustrative of their bravery and consistency."

The gentleman at whose house she stayed during the closing hours of her husband's life, bears witness to her wonderful self-control. She came down to breakfast as usual on the 2nd of December, and appeared calm and sustained until the fatal hour arrived, when she knew her husband was to suffer ignominious death; then for a little while she seemed bowed beneath her awful burden, but soon regained her composure, and was ready on the morrow for the dreary return to North Elba, with all that was mortal of her noble husband. He had written her one more brief letter: "Dear wife, I bid you another farewell. Be of good cheer, and God Almighty bless, save, comfort, guide and keep you to the end." And she was, then and afterward, of good cheer, so far as lay in the power of a mortal being, ever walking as one who sees the invisible.

Devoted friends, among them Wendell Phillips, accompanied her homeward. It was an historic procession,

> "As grand a funeral
> As ever passed on earth."

Through the bitter December weather they pushed their way to the little frozen hamlet of North Elba. It was after dark when they arrived near the old home, where they were met by neighbors coming out to seek for them with lanterns. At last home was reached. The meeting between the mother and her orphaned children and widowed daughters-in-law was inexpressibly pathetic. "It is God's will; it must be all for the best." With such words they comforted each other then and forever after.

John Brown's body, amid prayers and tears, and lofty words of cheer, was laid away to await the resurrection morning in the shadow of a great rock near his house, just as he directed, and over him was set up the mossy tombstone which once marked the resting place of Captain John Brown of Revolutionary times, but which had been brought from Massachusetts by his great-grandson and namesake, John Brown, of Ossawatomie, and kept for many years leaning against the side of his house, waiting for the time when it could be placed over himself. Did he dimly foresee what manner of inscription his own would be? It is not at all impossible. But it is far more than possible that one with such high trust in God as he possessed, knew that his martyrdom would not be in vain. He bade them sing at his funeral that ringing, martial hymn, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow!" That was in December, '59. In '62, great armies of northern men were marching to the rescue of the slave, unwittingly indeed, but inevitably, and the song they sang was:

"John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,
But his soul goes marching on!"

How this battle cry must have reverberated among those Adirondack hills! What wondrous fulfillment was then seen of promise and prophesy! What tremendous proof of a God in history! Even those widowed women must have at last joined in that triumphant refrain: "Glory, glory, hallelujah."

And then the family dropped into obscurity. They courted privacy. They did not seek either fame or money. They were hardy and inured to poverty. Their whole training had been such as to make them proudly independent and self-reliant. When Colonel Higginson visited them, he found them so poor that they had not even money to pay postage, save as the little girls earned it by picking berries. They were oppressed with anxiety about the payment of ten dollars for taxes. The money had once been laid aside, but had been given to a poor suffering negro woman by the mother, who was always ready to share her last crust with one poorer than herself. It is a wonderful story for the luxurious, self-indulgent world to hear!

So they lived on in their simple, dutiful fashion, and the world heard of them no more for many years. In 1862, Salmon Brown, who stood at the head of the family after his father's death, made up his mind to go west, and the mother, with her three young daughters, accompanied him. After living for a short time in Iowa, they decided to go still further west, and in 1864 they emigrated to California. They settled in Red Bluff, Tehama County, where they remained six years, and then, again, moved to Humboldt County, and lived there for ten years. Here, two of the daughters were married. The mother led her old, quiet, busy life —a daily round of homely tasks, all faithfully done, "as unto the Lord." She did not dwell upon the past. Her one thought was to do the duty which lay nearest to her.

In 1881 the family made one more migration. Santa Clara Valley, with its wealth of fruits and flowers, and its delightful climate, had been described to them. By chance, an advertisement of a tract of land, lying on a high ridge of the Santa Cruz mountains, fell under the eye of one of the daughters, and she came to Santa Clara to investigate the desirability of its purchase. It was decided upon, and the investment made. The family was now made up of Mrs. Brown, an unmarried daughter, and a married daughter with her husband and children. The son with his family remained in Humboldt County. They combined their slender purses to buy this new home, and soon came to live in it; but they could only partially pay for it, and there was still a heavy debt secured by mortgage on the place. It was a wild, romantic spot, a thousand feet above the little village of Saratoga. For a background they had another steep hill-side. The foreground was the whole beautiful Santa Clara valley—the loveliest valley in the world. A king might have envied them their outlook. Now, as usual, they all went to work. The mountain "ranch" taxed all the energies of the son-in-law—indeed, of the whole family. The married daughter's heart and life were full with the care of four little children, while the mother's busy hands helped on every side. "She did everything for me," testified the young mother, weeping over the folded, toil-worn hands. "It seems as if I could not live without her. She cut and planned everything the children wore. I just depended on her more than words can tell."

But it would be months before the products of the farm could be turned into money, and the unmarried daughter sought employment elsewhere. Then, for the first time, the community about them became aware of the fact that the family of old John Brown had come to live among them, and were in straitened circumstances. The story ran through neighboring towns, crept into the newspapers, and stirred every heart; for this Santa Clara valley is full of New England people, and of men who had "served during the war," and the name of John Brown struck resounding chords. Scores of people climbed the rugged hill-sides, to touch the hands of the widow and children of John Brown. Mrs. Brown shrank from publicity; so did they all; but they could not repel such a flood-tide of sympathy and gratitude. Over and over again, they all asserted that they claimed nothing, wished nothing, only an opportunity to help themselves; but they could not coldly turn away from loving hands and eyes filled with tears; neither could the warm glow of popular feeling be checked. Little by little the family yielded to the pressure, and allowed the dear old mother to receive the gifts of overflowing hearts.

The editor of the "San José Mercury," always enthusiastic in a good cause, called for a subscription in behalf of Mrs. Brown, to which the public promptly responded. San Francisco took it up, and the "San Francisco Chronicle" proposed also to receive tribute money. The people were determined that John Brown's widow should never again feel the pressure of debt and poverty. The story reached New England, and waked a response there. The end was, that the debt was paid, the mortgage cancelled, and a fund invested for a little permanent income.

Mrs. Brown received these attentions under protest, but with the good sense and judgment which were her marked characteristics. When reporters from the various papers "interviewed" her, she met them with simple courtesy and dignity. To all visitors she was affable and considerate. Every one was impressed with her strength and self-possession. The neighbors and more intimate friends bear uniform witness to her quiet, impressive manners, her perfect self-control, the calm, repressed way in which she would tell the story of the great crisis of her life, and above all, the grand religious faith which cheered and upheld her.

She had now been separated from her Eastern friends nearly twenty years, and she decided to visit them. She went East in the fall of 1882, visiting many of her children and relatives. Everywhere she was received with abounding kindness and honor. In many places they gave her public receptions, and in every way she was made to feel that she was unforgotten. One of the remarkable incidents of this journey was the recovery and burial of her son Watson's body. He was one of the killed at Harper's Ferry, and his body had been taken to a Southern medical college for anatomical purposes; but a surgeon in the Northern army had rescued it, and sent it to an Indiana college. Its identity had been preserved beyond question, and now, after the lapse of more than twenty years, the aged mother was permitted to take these remnants of her first-born, and with other loved ones make one more sorrowful pilgrimage to North Elba. They made another grave in the shadow of the great rock, and turned away once more, sorrowing but rejoicing.

Mrs. Brown's eastern journey occupied but two months. She returned in safety, and greatly comforted by the love and kindness which she had experienced. In the fall of '83 she made a little trip to visit her children in Humboldt County, and then returned to home and its ever pleasant duties, having now seen all her dear ones face to face once more. It seemed as if the promised "light at even time" had come to this trusting soul. But as so often befalls in this life, just now came the warning, "This is not your rest." A fatal disease began to undermine her still powerful constitution.

Little by little the strong tower tottered to its fall. She had the attendance of a skilled and faithful physician, and as her attacks of acute suffering became more frequent and intense, it often became necessary for the doctor to climb the almost impassable mountain road by night and in stormy weather. She finally, therefore, decided to abandon the eyrie of her choice, and come down into the valley for another and more convenient home. Her friends and family approved the decision, and a neat little house near the village of Saratoga, hidden away among beautiful trees, and with a pretty brook (a rare possession for California) running in a semicircle around the door-yard, was bought in exchange for the other place. Here family and friends and good physician were all at hand, but one stronger than they had claimed her. She made a brave fight for life, as might be expected of one so organized; and finding her strength waning, and disease gaining upon her, went to San Francisco for change of air and medical treatment. Here, tenderly ministered to by her daughter Sarah, and with all possible helps to recovery, she rallied for a little while, only to sink again. Her suffering was so acute that the strong spirit broke beneath it, and despondency, alternating with morbid fancies, oppressed her beyond endurance, till merciful death came and freed the immortal from the mortal part.

> "We do thee grievous wrong,
> O eloquent and just and mighty Death!
> Life is a cave, where shadows gleam and glide
> Between our dim eyes and the distant light.
> Faint falls the booming of the outer tide;
> Faint shines its line of white.
> When in the cave our spirits darkling stand,
> When the lights strangely glimmer on the floor,
> Comes Death, and gently leads us by the hand,
> Unto the cavern door."

She died on February 29th, 1884. On the next day, the sorrowing daughter brought the precious dust back to the family home, and on the succeeding day the burial took place. It was a most quiet and unostentatious funeral. The little village of Saratoga looked like a beautiful picture, as it lay nestled among the green hills beneath the soft California sky. Neighbors and friends gathered in kindly fashion at the little farm-house, and then followed in procession the hearse, as it moved slowly down the green lane, and along the pleasant road leading to the village church. On either side were fields of wheat or fruit trees in blossom. Flowers bloomed by the road-side, and birds sang blithely. But for that funeral train, one could scarcely have believed that death was in the world. The church is on a high plateau overlooking the village—a plain little building, but "beautiful for situation." The church-yard was full of people, standing in quiet groups awaiting the arrival of the hearse. Six elderly men stood ready to act as pall-bearers, and as soon as the procession had wound up the steep hill to the church door, the coffin was taken in and set down before the pulpit, which had been decked with trailing vines of ivy and the waxen clusters of the laurestine. A cross of these flowers, mingled with the small, sweet-scented violets, that are a part of every California garden, hung upon the front of the little reading desk, and wreaths of the same blossoms lay on the coffin. The interior of the church is of most primitive simplicity. It might have pleased Puritan eyes, save for the long wreaths of Christmas greenery which had not yet been removed, and which wonderfully softened and brightened the severe outlines of the room.

The house was filled to its utmost capacity; perhaps two hundred were present—plain, serious country people. Many women had brought their little children, and not a few babies from their mother's arms looked on with wide, innocent eyes. At times they were a slightly noisy element in the little congregation; but, evidently, both pastor and people were accustomed to such interruptions, and there was a pathetic side to their presence, for it told of toiling women, to whose maternal cares there came no pause. The pastor, a plain, earnest man, wholly befitting the congregation, conducted the services in the simplest manner. It was only when four trained and accordant voices sang the anthem, "Father, forgive these tears," that one saw the first trace of any unusual tribute to the dead. The fine, sympathetic soprano seemed to carry the burden and mystery of life and death on wings of song to the very gates of heaven, and leave it there. The hymns, "Asleep in Jesus," and "There is an hour of peaceful rest," were also sung with beautiful effect in the course of the services. This sweet singer came from a neighboring town, as did a very few others. The only persons who came from a greater distance to do honor to the memory of this noble woman, were two Oakland ladies, one of them over eighty-three years old, both entire strangers to the family; but one had been the friend of Wendell Phillips and of William Lloyd Garrison, and had shared their enthusiasm; while the dearest friend of both, a beloved son and husband, had given his life in following where John Brown's soul had gone marching on, so that they paid this tribute partly for his sake.

The good pastor chose for his text our Lord's words of promised greeting, "Well done, good and faithful servant." "Our dear sister would not have chosen these words for herself," he said, "but we feel that she deserves them"; and then he briefly outlined her life. There was in the sermon but the slightest allusion to her peculiar and grand story. He spoke of her patience, her devotion, her self-sacrifice, her unswerving faith in God, as he might have told the characteristics of any other of God's humble saints. Doubtless it was best to be thus indefinite, for the sake of the sorrowing daughters, who could have borne no more explicit references; but to those who knew that the one who lay before them, "asleep in Jesus," was the widow of John Brown, of Ossawatomie, there was small need of any eloquent words of history or eulogy.

What wonderful recollections crowded upon the mind! How transfigured was the scene! A scaffold hung beside the peaceful cross of flowers and seemed to share its halo. A noble gray head bowed above the coffin—the head which a famous sculptor once followed with despairing admiration through the crowded streets of Boston. A panorama of tragic scenes swept slowly by the quiet sleeper, the scenes of a drama such as Shakspere never wrote, and with a hero beside whom his greatest kings seem paltry and self-seeking men. Imagination paled before her own pictures of the life of this man of sorrows. But anon came the tread of great armies marching past to the familiar song, and then came up Lowell's prophetic verse:

"Careless seems the great Avenger;—
  History's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness
  'Twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold,
  Wrong forever on the throne.—
But that scaffold sways the future,
  And behind the dim unknown
Standeth God within the shadow,
  Keeping watch above his own."

At the close of the exercises, as the rural custom is, all friends and neighbors were bidden to come and look at the face of the dead. All in the church passed slowly by, each pausing for a moment by the open coffin. The face within was very noble in its contours; a broad, high forehead, strong features, worn and wasted with suffering, yet with an expression of deep restfulness. Those who looked upon the dead seemed to feel this influence, and scarcely a tear was shed. Then the face was shut away from sight, the bearers carried their burden to the hearse, and all moved slowly to the little cemetery which lay close at hand, on the same high plateau with the church—a most beautiful resting-place, full of overshadowing trees, and all the sweet sights and sounds of nature undisturbed. The turf was thickly strewn with wild flowers—golden buttercups, and the fragile little nemophilæ, which California children call "babies' eyes." They looked like a light fall of snow-flakes.

Prayer was offered by the side of the open grave, a prayer full of submission to the divine will, of faith in the unseen, and of immortal hope. The coffin was lowered into its place. The earth fell quickly upon it—"dust to dust"—and thus they laid her down to sleep, separated by the width of a continent from that beloved grave in the Adirondacks. But to the reunited spirits there is neither time nor space. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

M. H. F.

A TRANSPORTATION ARISTOCRAT.

I.

A HEAVILY built, genial man leaned idly over the railing of a fog-bound steamer that tossed uneasily from side to side in the choppy sea, outside the bar that guards Humboldt Bay. From time to time he removed the cigar from between his teeth, and addressed himself to an automatic buoy that dismally moaned in its chains a short distance away.

"You poor creature, how you seem to suffer! I wish I could render you some assistance."

"O-o-o-o!" groaned the buoy.

"Are you a widow?"

"O-o-o-o!" in still more heartrending accents.

"Sh! there, there, there, now, don't take on at such a rate. Beg your pardon for not seeing the widow's veil over that white frilled cap of yours. If the road was drier, I'd come over and see you, for I dote on widows; but as it is, I must tender you my heartfelt sympathies from here. Let me give you one piece of advice, however—if you are wise, you will capture another husband before you ruin your lovely voice with so much moaning, and before you rust out your eyes with such long continued weeping.—Crocodile tears, though I wouldn't have her hear me for the world," he remarked between his teeth. "Bah! I've seen that kind too many times."

Hearing an amused though politely subdued ripple of laughter in the vicinity, he wheeled around abruptly, and found himself face to face with a tall young woman, whose twinkling gray eyes were regarding him curiously. "Did she doubt his sanity?" he asked himself. If she did, it would be wise for him to explain at once.

"I did pity the poor thing," he remarked, by way of apology, at the same time throwing the stump of his cigar overboard. "I thought that if she felt half as blue as I do, she needed human sympathy. It's confounded luck for a man of my superfluous energy to be fog-bound in a wretched tumbling tub like this for two endless days. You don't seem to fancy it much, yourself. Are you a stranger here?"

The young woman was at a loss. True, on board ship one is privileged to speak with anybody; but Miss Martha Sherwood, brought up according to the rigid Philadelphia etiquette, had been taught that it was a mortal sin to make an acquaintance informally. As she was a motherless girl, her aunt had impressed upon her at parting the necessity of being a chary traveler, for Mr. Sherwood, notwithstanding his good intentions to be the best of fathers, was too much absorbed in the society of the smoking room to be more than a nominal protector for his daughter. Reflecting, however, that she had inadvertently drawn the gentleman's attention towards herself, she thought it would do no harm to answer him civilly, so she said:

"Yes, I am a stranger. Father and I have never been so far west before."

"Business?" inquired the man, dropping down upon the bench beside her, and throwing one knee over the other.

"My father?" asked Miss Sherwood. "Yes, he has come on business."

"Lumber, I presume. That is the only business here. Is he wishing to buy?"

"No, it is government land that he is going to take up."

"By Jove," exclaimed the man with increased interest, "that's my business, too. I don't intend to sell out to any syndicate, either: there's money in holding on—money in holding on." Seeing a blank, uninterested expression creeping over his companion's face, his earnestness relaxed, and he added: "I don't suppose you understand much about the details of the lumber business—women's heads were not made for such things. I believe I'll go and have a talk with your father."

Raising his hat to her, he sauntered off towards the smoking room, with an amusing air of conscious superiority over "these women." Miss Sherwood listlessly leaned back against the railing, and supporting her head in the palm of her hand, she fixed her gaze shorewards, hoping to see the dense fog lift.

"The air is growing lighter," she thought. "What a singular man that is—handsome enough to be from Baltimore. His great Southern eyes are so expressive. I wonder if he is married or single. How I wish papa had left me at home with Aunt Helen; for I am sure we shall have nothing here but log cabins, Indians, and fleas—ugh! There! I do believe that the fog is lifting."

Presently she rose, and after wrapping herself more securely in her warm fur cloak, she went aft in search of her father, whom she found earnestly engaged in conversation with the eccentric stranger.

"Papa dear, the fog is lifting," she said to him softly, when there was a convenient pause. "Don't you wish to come forward and watch for the first glimpse of our new home? The Captain says that he hears the pilot boat coming out to us."

"Yes, Martha, we'll watch together for the first sight of our new home. My daughter Martha—Mr. George Wright."

Mr. Wright bowed gravely, and murmured something about "Very happy, I'm sure"; then he added more intelligibly:

"Your father tells me that you are not anticipating much pleasure from your new life."

"I prefer the East," returned Miss Sherwood. "I am afraid it will seem dull here."

"If it is any encouragement," said Mr. Wright affably, "I will tell you a great secret. I have been told that Eureka is like Paris—don't laugh—you cannot resist its fascination. I presume that its natural grandeur compensates for its isolation from the world. At any rate, the Humboldt people are a race by themselves—and a delightful one, I am told."

"I care more for the scenery than for the people," said Mr. Sherwood with sturdy conviction. "I am tired of crowds of people, tired of shams, tired of hypocrisy; but I cannot make Martha believe that there is a world outside the city limits of Philadelphia and Newport."

"Papa is about right," said the girl. "I do not appreciate scenery, unless there are people in it to make it interesting; but I dare say that I can learn. One can school one's self to endure anything."

Mr. Wright bent upon her a curious and prolonged stare, finally coming to the conclusion that she was not quite as charming and divine as he had thought she was a few moments before. "Her soul must have gone to the creditors along with the rest of Sherwood's property," he groaned inwardly.

Miss Sherwood bore his scrutiny without the least particle of embarrassment. Had she not been stared at, admired, and criticised all her life? Aside from the social standing her father's wealth had given her, she was endowed with an amount of individuality that would command attention under any circumstances. She had no striking features, and yet the *tout ensemble* was striking. Her complexion was pale and clear; her gray eyes frank and steady; her nose and chin like a thousand others; her mouth pretty, but expressive of weakness. Perhaps her mode of dressing was where she made her point—always in black, yet with a variety and individuality that was marvelous. A monochrome belle must have a wonderful ingenuity to stand such a test successfully. Miss Sherwood rather affected loose garments and Rubens hats, but the somber monochrome saved her from appearing loud.

The passengers now made a sudden rush, uttering enthusiastic expressions of admiration at the curious and beautiful phenomenon which presented itself. The heavy fog-banks had partially lifted—just high enough to display a strip of magnificent landscape between them and the seething ocean below. The far-famed Humboldt bar stretched its swirling, frothing length before them. A small pilot boat struggled and buffeted its way through the tumultuous breakers. Out on the yellow sand beach that stretched away to the right as far as eye could see, rose abruptly one black, solitary light-house, around the tower of which sleepily careened four or five sea-gulls. The sun, which had just gone down, left behind it only the rich afterglow, accentuated by broad, radiating bars of golden light, which soon grew dim, leaving in their stead a warm violet haze to veil the vast extent of mighty, impenetrable redwood forests that rise tier upon tier, beginning at the water's edge and melting into the snow-crowned peaks that outline the horizon. Between the sandy beach on one side, the forest-covered island to the left, and the redwoods in the background, lay Humboldt Bay, calm and sluggish, with scarcely enough current to float along the great rafts of logs that dotted its surface. At the piers were long lines of shipping, and each saw-mill that reared its head here and there around the bay had its quota of skeleton-like masts and spars, which disappeared from sight at times in the cloud of smoke that curled upwards from the great, ever-hungry, ever-devouring refuse fires, to mingle at last with the overhanging fog-banks. Between the trees on the farther side of the bay peeped some white steeples and a few groups of houses.

"That looks like a good hotel," remarked Miss Sherwood, as the steamer, guided by the pilot, was borne safely across the bar, and landed at the pier in sight of a large, white building from which airily floated the American flag.

"How can you speak of hotels, Miss Sherwood," remonstrated Mr. Wright, "—of hotels in the presence of such grandeur? By Jove, Miss Sherwood, I never want to see another hotel. Give me a bed of overlapping fir boughs, a roaring camp-fire, and a venison steak. Which of your hotels can give you accommodations like that?"

"I should be in despair if they couldn't give us anything better—life wouldn't be worth living," flippantly retorted the young woman. "Besides, Mr. Wright, I know very well that a week's diet of venison, and at the same time being made a victim of damp nights, bears, tarantulas, snakes, and fleas, would make you contented, and glad to return to civilization and the comforts of even a third rate hotel."

"Well, Miss Sherwood, we are here. I advise you to try the Vance House, if you must patronize a hotel. I'll let you know as soon as I am settled. Good-bye, Sherwood, I'll see you in a few days"—and Mr. George Wright disappeared.

The tired passengers filed down the slippery gang-plank into a dismal, badly lighted room, shivering miserably while waiting for the baggage to be taken from the hold. In the meantime the fog had dipped down again, and the situation was becoming depressing. Out of the dim obscurity of one corner of the rambling waiting room, as Miss Sherwood's eyes became accustomed to the light, a shadowy form began to be materialized. Penetrating eyes, grizzled eyebrows, bushy hair, shrimp-like form, spidery arms and legs, stooping shoulders, and a head that was much too large for the shriveled body—one by one these features took shape, and the whole formed a little old man. At first Miss Sherwood was inclined to laugh, for he had come into her line of vision so uncannily—piece-meal, as it were; but something in his bowed form, and his pathetically nervous manner of looking about to see that he was not pursued, checked her risibilities. Mr. Sherwood was gazing vacantly about him, with the helplessness of a traveler in a foreign land, who is at a loss where to make a beginning. One by one his fellow passengers disposed of their baggage, and filed out of the arched entrance into the choking blackness of the fog without. In the midst of his dilemma, the weazened old person in the corner, after a last hasty glance around, darted forward, and touched him on the arm.

"Baggage, sir?" he quietly asked. "Where are you going to stop?"

"They told me to go to the Vance House. Do you know of any better? I shall be away a great deal, and I hate to leave my daughter alone in a hotel. I'd like to go to the best place."

The old man's face brightened. After a moment's close scrutiny of the gentleman and his daughter, he said in a childishly high-pitched, and trembling voice :

"I reckon I can git ye some accommodations. They are abaout the finest ye can git in this yere taown. Ther name is Meserve, the people ez hez the haouse. Mis' Meserve an' two daughters. Nice family—firs' class."

The old man seemed earnest. He was already tugging and pulling away at the baggage to lift it into his cart.

"Shall we risk it, Martha ?" inquired Mr. Sherwood helplessly.

"Why not ?" indifferently returned Miss Sherwood.

"'Tain't a very long walk. Kerridges is scurse in these parts. It's dark ez pitch, an' ye might ride up in the waggin, ef ye wa'nt too—too—" he hesitated, and looked uncomfortable.

"Proud ?" interrogated Miss Sherwood, coming to his relief. "Proud ? no, indeed ; we are too tired to be proud, anyway. Come, papa, no one knows us here. I don't see any carriages."

"Ain't but two kerridges in Eureka," interrupted the old man. "'Most every family keeps a buggy — the Meserves, they hev a kerridge ; best one they could buy in San Francisco. Nice family, the Meserves is—firs' class."

They mounted to the high seat, and were soon *en route*. In less than ten minutes they drew up before an imposing residence. The old man gave the reins to Mr. Sherwood, and climbed laboriously down to open the ornate iron gates, surmounted by two colored glass lamps. The faint tinkle that followed the old man's timid pull at the door-bell soon brought to view a stout, masculine-looking woman, somewhat past middle age, who snapped : "Well ? What do you come to the front door like this for ? Haven't I told you—"

"Sh, mother !" whispered the old fellow nervously, "there is a gentleman an' his daughter in the waggin. They wanted the best, an' they're strangers. The gentleman wouldn't like to leave his daughter in the hotel much. I told 'em this was the best ; it is, isn't it ?"

The woman reddened and elbowed her way out to the wagon without replying to the old man. To Mr. Sherwood she said in a modified voice :

"We never have taken in any strangers to live with us, but we have a large house. I don't know but what you might stay, now that Uncle Hiram—as they call him—has brought you here."

Detecting a shadow of reluctance in her tone, Mr. Sherwood spoke up with alacrity, hastening to explain that he had letters from prominent men in New York and Philadelphia to Mr. Samuel Larsen, Senator Byram, and the Episcopal clergyman of the town.

"O, that's all right," said the woman, with an increased cordiality which indicated how fully her mind had been relieved by the information. "Walk right in. My name 's Meserve—and yours ?"

"Sherwood. My daughter's name is Martha Sherwood."

Martha observed that as her father handed Uncle Hiram two silver dollars, Mrs. Meserve turned away irritably, and for some moments her face did not resume its customary paleness.

"Queer !" thought Martha to herself. "I wonder if everybody in Eureka is like that—just as if they all had a dreadful mystery hanging over them."

The following morning she met the rest of the family—two daughters, and a dissipated son, who seldom graced his home with his presence. The young ladies had been educated at the convent in the town, but their style of dressing was anything but conventual. Having read in all the latest fashion books of the rage for red that had assailed the poor, tired Eastern eyes, the Meserves resolved to out-redden the reddest. Red cotton Mother Hubbard dresses, red silk and velvets for Sunday, red parasols, red stockings, hats, and gloves—their wardrobes ran the gamut of the reds. Now, in the early morning, they were radiant in vermilion Mother Hubbards, relieved by white yokes and sleeves.

Hannah, the eldest, was by no means

young, but her slight figure took off at least five of her thirty-five years. She was what the French call a *chatain*, and you know these dark blondes never age as rapidly as their golden-haired sisters. Hannah Meserve's eyes were small but full, and her eyelids being too large for the purpose for which they were intended, hung in loose wrinkles. Her thin, firmly compressed lips, and her small ears set close to her head, if phrenology tells the truth, betrayed both selfishness and hypocrisy in a marked degree. Juanita, the younger sister, a tall, colorless blonde, her waxiness exaggerated by the scarlet dress, seemed more like a figure of Madame Tussaud's than like a living creature. She might have been twenty-three or twenty-four years of age—she had not lost her freshness, notwithstanding that a terrible fall she had received a few years before had made her an invalid, perhaps, for life. Juanita was treacherous and spiteful, as a reigning belle, who is richer and better dressed than any other woman in the community, feels that she has the right to be. With all her aptitude for treachery and slander, she had another quality which almost compensated for them, and this quality was loyalty.

When the Sherwoods had been domiciled in their new home for—well, say a month, who should happen in one morning but George Wright, clad in a dark blue flannel English blouse, and the high lights of his face, *i. e.*, cheeks and tip of his nose, painted in, in a vivid if not very becoming scarlet.

To the Meserves he made a profoundly exaggerated bow, and then took no further notice of them. Without waiting for an invitation from Miss Sherwood, he threw himself into a lounging chair, and in his chatty, off-hand manner, ran over his varied experiences in the town since he had left her on the steamer. Today he had come more to see Mr. Sherwood on business; so after an hour's conversation with the ladies he withdrew with Miss Martha's father, promising to call frequently. He certainly kept his promise, for hardly a day passed but that he dropped in.

Mrs. Meserve exerted herself to please both gentlemen, confiding to her son one night when they were alone, that "if Wright would take Juanita, and Sherwood would take Hannah, the Meserve family would be made. It shan't fall through on my account. If Hiram would only keep still we could catch them well enough."

Then young William Meserve laughed viciously, and said: "Lord! Mother, you're a stunner. Some more money wouldn't come amiss in the house, would it? Father's getting old—he can't last long."

As the two girls sat in the room one evening with Miss Sherwood and Mr. Wright, listening to his pen pictures of the types about town, one name that he mentioned made them give their closest attention.

"Nice old man—that one that drives the Eureka express. One of the world's noble souls."

"The old man who brought papa and me from the station? Deep-set black eyes, nervous manner, and stooping figure?" inquired Miss Sherwood. Glancing up from her embroidery at that moment, she saw Hannah Meserve's face grow crimson. Juanita was about to make some impetuous speech, but Hannah, with a look of absolute authority, was trying to silence her.

"Yes," continued Mr. Wright, who had observed the by-play, "yes, same one. I tell you that man has a noble soul. Any woman might be proud of such a man."

"Wherein lies his nobility?" mockingly asked Miss Sherwood.

"Would you like to know?" asked Mr. Wright, furtively watching the rapidly changing expression on the faces of the two Meserves. "Well, Uncle Hiram is an old man. By his earnings in the express business he accumulated a small capital. This he invested in timber land, which, in the boom of some years ago, gave him an enormous interest on his money. He looks like a rich man, doesn't he?—like a high liver? That man, sir, has drudged away the best years of his life to provide a home for a family who not only will not claim him, but who actually pass him on the street without a sign of recognition. Late at night, when he has housed his wagon, he creeps around to the back door of his elegant house, and like a sneak thief steals off to his room, while his family, thoughtlessly, no doubt, revel in the drawing room, dressed in silk and boasting of family connections."

"Who told you all that?" asked Hannah Meserve, with the slightest suspicion of a sneer in her tone. "Did he?"

"Well," replied Mr. Wright, quietly, "he did and he didn't. We were sitting down on the pier this afternoon, when a carriage drove by, in which were seated a lady and a young woman who might have been her daughter. Uncle Hiram looked rather queer, and forgot what he was speaking about. After a moment he gave an apprehensive start, and said wearily, 'God knows I've done the best I could with life, but I'm an old man, an' I can't help feeling bitter to have my own blood deny me, when I ain't done nothin' but provide 'em with the very best ever sence we were married.' By Jove, I just slapped him on the back, and begged him to tell me the whole. There is no medicine like unburdening the mind, to comfort a breaking heart. Little by little, without mentioning any names, he told me his little tale of sorrow."

"Why don't they recognize him?" asked Hannah Meserve, with lively interest.

"I presume, Miss Meserve, it is on account of his occupation. If they were intelligent people, they would know that the man makes the place, and not the place the man. If I ever find out who his family are, I intend to give them a lesson that they will remember—the brutes."

"How can people do such things?—and he has worked so hard. I've noticed him sometimes—but he seems to shrink from every one. Do you know his name?" asked Miss Meserve.

"Hannah Meserve, I should think God would strike you dead!" cried Juanita, who could control herself no longer.

"Sh! he don't know. If you don't stop we'll lose them both," whispered Hannah, drawing her sister out of the room, after bidding good afternoon to Mr. Wright.

II.

Sixteen miles to the southeast of Eureka lies a great tract of dense redwood timber land, mighty and impregnable in its age and grandeur. Suns rise and suns set, but the heart of the forest is blind to the glorious gamut of coloring that runs riot in the skies above. The heart of the forest is dead to life, dead to light, dead to everything but its own impenetrable darkness and the mournful susurrus of its own leaves. Never the faintest twitter of a bird varies the melancholy refrain that soughs through the branches, now loud, now soft, now wailing and sobbing away into silence. Never the purl of a happy brooklet tinkles in its depths; only the subdued echo of the far-off ocean comes in a fitful dirge over and among the lofty, swaying tree-tops.

On the memorable day when the Government gave Messrs. Sherwood and Wright the permission to stake out adjoining claims in this virgin timber land, both men, in the presence of majestic mother Nature, were overwhelmed with awe and sentiment. They lifted their hats and bowed their heads with a momentary silence, as if to ask pardon for desecrating the wilderness.

"By Jove!" exclaimed Wright. "It's a sin to bring a hateful civilization into such a place as this. Here, Sherwood, you drive the first stake, for I can't—by Jove, I can't."

Sherwood took the stake and said, "I can comprehend your feelings, Wright: but, tell me, does it not depend very much upon ourselves whether the civilization be hateful or not? We—you and I—need feel no pangs of conscience, for we can make here a home that will be a credit to all concerned, so here goes." In another moment the stake was driven.

During the weeks that ensued a wonderful transformation was made. Huge wooden monarchs were hewn down, and changed into beams for the foundation of the new home. A long line of trees was felled to earth, to make an opening by which the settlers could communicate with the outer world. A well was dug which yielded nectar: a cabin built, loads of lumber—coals to Newcastle—being procured for the purpose; stock was placed in a corral, and the cackle of some stray chickens tried to overrule the tree-songs which had so long had a monopoly of the concert business. After many weeks of incessant toil the cabin was completed, and Martha sent for to be the queen of Sequoia Hollow, as the settlers called their place.

Martha had mourned in secret when she first came to Eureka—mourned because it was dull, and because the phase of life was new and arid to her. George Wright's nobility of heart and his open war on all small-mindedness was infectious; so, before she was fairly aware of it, she, too, began to view life in a different spirit. The old selfishness gave way to a little respect for the feelings and rights of others. By degrees she learned to share her father's burden and to try to make it easier for him. Once out in Sequoia Hollow, she exerted herself to be womanly and helpful. She was woefully inexperienced, but both men were lenient, and nearly always laughed good-humoredly at her pitiful mistakes.

The Meserves came to see them often, and it was not long before Miss Sherwood found that Mrs. Meserve invariably engrossed her attention completely, in order to leave Hannah with Mr. Wright, and Juanita with Mr. Sherwood. To all outward appearances, Mr. Wright was infatuated with Hannah, and was fast trying to win her heart—not that her heart was hard to win—no, indeed; but her suitor made his advances leisurely, like an epicure who eats a fine dinner slowly, in order to have the fullest enjoyment from every morsel that he tastes. Miss Sherwood thought to herself that he might do better, but she had seen too much of the world not to realize the inutility of saying anything about it. Martha was just enough to say to herself, that perhaps it was the personal antipathy which existed between her and the Meserves that made their faults seem so glaring. Perhaps it was. Whatever the feeling may have been that she cherished in her heart of hearts, the outward expression never betrayed her.

Uncle Hiram was another frequent visitor. He usually came to see them on Sunday, when business was slack. His manners were quaint, and his speech anything but in accordance with Murray; but his gentle, simple heart, and his liberal, generous ideas, tempered his short-comings, softening him into an altogether lovable old man.

"By Jove, Uncle Hiram, you're a saint, if there ever was one," said Wright, one afternoon, as the family, seated on some comfortable tree stumps out in front of the cabin, basked in the afternoon sunshine, and talked about hereditary traits.

"Wa'al, I ain't no saint, George, but I do b'lieve that God A'mighty did make some people dum'd selfish, an' with hearts of old red sandstun—but I believe He did it to try the patience of them as thinks they're sech an all fired sight better. Them as is ugly an' selfish, the Pharisees, they aint to blame. It comes a'mighty rough on them as aint made with grindstun hearts, though."

"Don't you think that selfishness is only a sort of blindness, Uncle Hiram?" asked Martha, who was judging the matter from her own experience.

"I'm afeared, Miss, thet it's a kind of blindness thet no eye doctor on airth can cure; it's stun-blindness," sighed the old man.

"I can cure that sort of blindness," asserted George Wright, puffing two or three rings of smoke up into the air. "Would you like to be invited to the clinical lesson?"

"Come, Wright," interposed Mr. Sherwood, "don't you think you are getting beyond your depth?"

"You just wait—you just wait," said the younger man, half closing his eyes and nodding significantly.

"Such a place for mysteries," exclaimed Miss Sherwood, with a rapid, searching look at each of the three men. "Such a place for deep and dark palls of mystery I have never seen. Is everybody here like that? It's worse than a convict settlement," and she laughed uneasily, while Mr. Wright came over to where she sat, and with an enigmatical smile, reiterated,

"You just wait—you just wait."

III.

Months went by, George Wright's attentions waxing warmer at each succeeding moon. Miss Meserve assumed a proud air of monopoly over her cavalier, which left no doubts in the gossipy Eureka mind. The young woman even permitted congratulations to be offered. True, she gave a blushing denial to the reports, but it was a blush that conveyed the impression that the denial was a mere matter of form. When George Wright was approached on that score, he usually answered in his off-hand way:

"By Jove! you're the fortieth man that has asked me. Why can't you let a fellow alone. I can manage my own business—in that line."

At Mrs. Meserve's, every time that the young man was ushered into the drawing room, he heard the rustle and saw the flutter of feminine apparel making its escape through opposite doorways, leaving him to fight out the battle alone with the charming Miss Meserve. She wondered after each visit why he had not come to the point. A thousand times he had hovered dangerously near the verge, but he had not yet taken the final leap.

One afternoon he invited her to take a drive with him down along the coast line, where the views were so grand. At a bend in the road they came suddenly upon Uncle Hiram sitting in his trunk-laden cart. Seeing Miss Meserve with Wright, he turned his face away, but not before the young man had caught sight of the pained flush that dyed the old man's faded cheeks.

"Nice old man, that," remarked Wright, eying his companion with the interest of a boy who has speared a moth on a needle. It was the only time since their first meeting that Uncle Hiram's name had been mentioned between them; but Miss Meserve was not caught napping.

"Very nice," she replied indifferently.

"You ought to know him—he has lived here so long," continued Wright.

"O well, in Eureka one doesn't make a friend of one's expressman, you know. Our isolation does not make us ignore the *convenances* like that."

"You don't say so! But, Hannah, I have been told that here, where the demand exceeds the supply, the express business is not one to be ashamed of. Some of the expressmen may even become rich. This Uncle Hiram, I am told, is a wealthy man."

"Then why don't he live like a rich man?" snapped Miss Meserve, who was fast losing her temper.

"Why don't you ask him?" persisted Wright.

"Me? Why should I bother my head about my expressman?" sneered the girl.

"Ah!" exclaimed Wright, with a similar sneer. "I forgot for the time being that the line of caste was so distinctly drawn in Eureka. Why, indeed, should you interest yourself in—your expressman?"

When Mr. Wright left the young woman at her own door, Mrs. Meserve drew her daughter into the drawing room, and said:

"He hasn't come to the point yet, has he?"

"Not exactly," snapped the girl, "and I don't believe he means to come, either. I am sure he knows about father."

"Just like Hiram to ruin my plans in every way; but if he has told this to those men, I'll find a way to shut his mouth—tight, too."

"Mother! but George seems to be his friend."

"Friend? friend?—like the friendship one feels for a negro waiter; the friendship the President might feel for a bootblack that had done him a service. It makes me ill to see your father's low nature work itself out. But I tell you, you shall marry Wright. You'll never have another chance, you know that, I suppose. You are pretty old, and the wrinkles on your face don't get any fewer."

"Mother!" expostulated the girl, wounded to the heart by her mother's coarse speech.

"Even if you were young, Hannah, you might hunt a long way before finding another such a catch as Wright. It makes me blaze with anger to see that superannuated Sherwood's daughter trying her fascinations upon him; but Lord, he's as blind as a bat to all other attractions when you're around."

"Are you sure of that?" demanded Miss Meserve significantly, for hers was a nature that could eat itself out with jealous doubts. These phlegmatic people are hard to stir out of their selfish apathy, but once roused, their passions carry them beyond every limit.

"Why shouldn't I be sure?" retorted the mother. "Haven't I used my eyes. Now, listen to what I say. Try your very best to make him come to the point. We can keep Juanita in San Francisco until it is all over, for she always takes father's part so, that she would break up all our plans if she were here. So good-night, my love, the bride to be."

IV.

"UNCLE HIRAM, the time has come for you to take a firm stand in this matter—are you afraid, when you know that I will be with you?"

"Wa'al, George," replied the old man, wiping the perspiration off his forehead, and looking about him more nervously than ever, "Wa'al, George, I'm sort of shaky about mother; she's all fired sot in her way. She mightn't like it."

"I rather think she'll have to like it this time, though. Is your new suit done yet?"

"Yes, it's done an' home, but I do feel a'mighty oncommon in it. George, I can't go agin mother, she's so all fired sot."

"Hm! Uncle Hiram, just let me tell you something. It is a way that certain cowardly bullies have, to put on a great many airs and pretend to be able to crush the world; but just let another party show fight, and they subside. I agree that your spouse is not an easy subject to work on, but if I am not mistaken, she will be too much paralyzed at the attitude I take to be very much astonished at anything you may do."

"I don't know, I don't know," mumbled Uncle Hiram, nervously; "mother's so sot."

There was to be a dinner party at the Meserves that night. George Wright had taken the last step, and this was to be a sort of betrothal celebration—for in Eureka every event is made an excuse for a social gathering. Juanita had come home, and Mr. Sherwood and Martha were invited in from Sequoia Hollow to assist at the dinner. Mr. Wright took upon himself the responsibility of providing the flowers for the occasion. While he was overseeing their arrangement, he called Mrs. Meserve to one side, and asked the privilege of inviting an old and respected friend of his, who had come unexpectly the day before to make him a visit Mrs. Meserve, all smiles at the success of her matrimonial campaign, gave a ready consent. Before she had time to make any polite inquiries in regard to the guest, she was called away to attend to something in another room.

Miss Sherwood seemed in unusually good humor, while her father rubbed his hands together and chuckled every time he found himself alone for a moment. Were not these betrothals always cause for rejoicing?

One by one the guests arrived, but as the dinner hour drew near, Mr. Wright took out his watch more and more frequently: still his guest did not come.

"Well," he whispered at last, "we need not wait any longer, Mrs. Meserve. Something has detained my friend; he will not come now. No, I am sure; for he has never kept an appointment tardily before."

The guests were marshalled into the dining room, and seated in congenial relations around the beautifully arranged table. When the dessert was served, a door opened, and a little old gentleman, radiant and exquisite in a fashionable swallow-tail and white necktie, came forward. Mrs. Meserve's half finished sentence underwent ominous suspension; the bride elect turned blue about the eyes and lips; Juanita looked from one to the other, then rising from her seat she stood for a moment uncertain.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor of presenting to you my future father-in-law, Mr. Hiram Meserve," said Mr. Wright, rising and bowing to the host.

"Come, papa, here is your place, by me," said Juanita, leading her father to the vacant chair beside her.

Mr. Meserve smiled and said, "I am sorry to be so late, my friends; I was detained: but mother knows better how to make it pleasant than I do."

Mrs. Meserve was speechless. Was that her despised husband sitting there and talking so easily?—establishing his identity, when she had kept it hidden all these years; tricked out in a swallow-tailed coat and white necktie at his age; and George Wright was in the conspiracy, too. How she lived through that dessert she never knew, for the tempest that was brewing within her choked every word that she tried to utter. Her dinner over, she and Hannah excused themselves for a few moments, and Mr. Wright, seeing them leave the room, followed after.

"Were you surprised?" he asked, when he was alone with them in the library.

"Did you bring him?" demanded Mrs. Meserve, viciously.

"He was my guest," returned Mr. Wright, with his aggravatingly amiable drawl.

"You dared to shame me before those people?"—this, still more ominously.

"Shame? you need not think that he is ashamed of you."

"That man—who has refused to leave his little dirt cart for us—that man, with his low inclinations and illiteracy—do you dare to blame me?—me, a mother who has lived for her children's good, and who has tried to make the most of life for their sake. If I were a man, I should knock you down for this insult—you, who have dared to ask the hand of my daughter."

"Madam, I withdraw that petition at once. Do you think that I would choose a woman to be my wife who would treat her father as Hannah has treated hers—who would deny him as Peter denied his Christ? Do you think that I would marry a hypocrite, a Pharisee, or even the child of such blood? I love old Mr. Meserve, and I intend to stand by him."

"So you repudiate my daughter, sir?" fairly screamed the furious mother.

"Not precisely," retorted Mr. Wright. "I simply wish to say that I am not in such haste to change my lot as I was. Furthermore, Mrs. Meserve, I could not marry your daughter if I would—I have other ties, you know"—this accompanied by a significant nod.

"Sir! what do you mean? not that you have one wife already," exclaimed Mrs. Meserve, seating herself by a table, and leaning her head nervelessly in the palm of her hand, while she stared in amazement at the nonchalant cavalier before her. Hannah had made a move forward, as if she would plead her own cause, but Mrs. Meserve thrust her back with her free hand, and ordered her to be silent.

"Now, sir," she continued severely, "will you be kind enough to give me an explanation?"

"Certainly, madam. To tell you the truth, I expect my wife and mother up on the coming steamer. I have been waiting to provide a comfortable home for them before I sent for them."

"How do you account for this scandalous behavior, sir? I demand an explanation, you villain; to crush my poor lamb's life."

"Perhaps your daughter will remember the first conversation that she and I had about Uncle Hiram. I told her at the time, that if I ever found out who his family were, I would give them a lesson that they would remember. There is no punishment too great for the Peters of this world—no hell too hot for the hypocrite."

"What would Miss Sherwood think of you now?" sneered Miss Hannah.

"They have known for some time. They too, love Uncle Hiram, and despise the hypocrite."

Mrs. Meserve was not the woman to yield easily. She gathered herself together, swept by the young man, and went back to her guests. The evening seemed endless, and the visitors depressed. The last guest finally departed. Mrs. Meserve and Hannah then held a council with closed doors. All that night mysterious noises emanated from their rooms. The following day a steamer sailed for San Francisco, bearing Mrs. Meserve and Hannah with it, and carrying in the hold numerous trunks and boxes, containing every movable treasure that they had been able to remove from the house. Juanita alone was left behind, saddened and cured by the lesson she had had. Then when Mr. Wright's mother and wife came, Uncle Hiram gave them a home with him, thus leaving Sequoia Hollow to the Sherwoods.

Did the town talk about that dinner party and its result—the identification of their old favorite, Uncle Hiram? Ah! my friend, such choice acts so seldom agitate the community, that when they do come the topic of the weather rusts from disuse.

Emilie Tracy Y. Swett.

BRINDLE AND OTHERS.

Isaac and I were sitting at the door of our castle, looking out over the sea. The sun was sinking into the ocean, and a gentle breeze began to creep inland, dissipating the heat of a sultry afternoon. As the twilight deepened, and the calmness of approaching night settled down on the world, I could see that Isaac was growing sentimental. It was easy to detect these moods, for they invariably found expression in one way. Rising from the cracker box upon which he had been seated, he went inside, and returned, presently, with a French accordion. Tilting the box back against the adobe wall, he sat down' shut his eyes, and began to play.

Under no circumstances could this musician have been mistaken for a handsome man. His mouth was large and his eyes were small. As for nose, there was little to speak of; but his ears were generous and omnipresent. Sitting there in his shirt sleeves, he made a picture, however, which never failed to please; and when his stentorian voice wailed forth its plea of

"Don't you cry so, Nora darling,
Wipe them tears away,"

one was almost tempted to cry with Nora from stress of sympathy, or weep, at least, with the mother tongue, towards which the minstrel showed no mercy.

"Ike," I said, after he had executed the thirteenth stanza of this distressing melody, "I suppose you are thinking of Nashville, now."

"How did you know that?" he answered, with a start.

The boy did not know that I could see right through him. He thought he was deep; but I had long since discovered his secret. Six months before, he had said farewell to a little black-eyed girl on one of the bridges of Nashville, and now, as he sat on the far rim of the Pacific, and watched the sun sink into China, the memory of her face came back with the twilight and the song.

"I know all about it," I said, "and now I am going to give you some poetry to offset the song."

Isaac hated poetry. Its witchery made no appeal to him. I, on the other hand, had to do something to neutralize the effects of the accordion; so I commenced on Miles O'Reilly's Bohemian ode:

"My friend, my chum, my trusty crony,
We were designed, it seems to me,
To be two lazy lazaroni,
On sunshine fed and maccaroni,
Beside some far Sicilian sea."

Ike yawned. "That allusion to maccaroni," he said, "reminds me that you have not got supper yet."

Here was a return to the practical—a stern reminder of common-place duty unperformed. In an evil hour I had made a contract with this poet-hater to do the cooking for our household. Isaac was to furnish the material and I was to cook it: that was the contract. A species of protocol to the agreement provided that both of us should wash dishes. Isaac had a way, however, of shirking his share of this latter duty. He was always in favor of turning the plates over after a meal and leaving them until a holiday. Furthermore, he would never wash pots and frying pans, but invariably left them for me to clean. This was a standing grievance, which I tried to bear as meekly as possible. By way of retaliation, I contrived, it is true, to make him eat a great deal of salt pork in the course of a week, but I do not think he suspects me to this day of any malice in the matter. Isaac was a Hebrew of a very pronounced type, but when it came to questions of diet, I always found him liberal and ready to adapt himself to the larder.

It would, perhaps, be well to say here, that the castle to which allusion has been made was an old adobe house, situated upon the shores of San Luis Obispo. It stood back a little from the beach and the county road, and was known in those days as a half-way station between the towns of Cambria and San Luis Obispo. Isaac had seized upon the location as a favorable one for trade, and had converted the old Spanish mansion into a wayside country-store. The place was lonesome enough most of the time, for the nearest ranch-house was a mile away; and so it happened when I came straggling through the country in quest of the indefinite, he took me in as companion and cook. For three long summer months our relations had been most happy. We slept in the same bed, hunted clams along the beach, and skylarked with the *señoritas* at the ranch house further down the shore. Isaac complained sometimes that I neglected my culinary duties to go fishing or shell hunting, but when I intimated that my resignation was at his disposal, he invariably relented. He could not stay mad long, and then his conscience twitched him a little about the neglected frying pans.

On the evening to which allusion has been made, I had proceeded as usual to the preparation of supper, leaving Isaac, with his accordion, upon the vine-clad veranda, looking seaward, when he suddenly called me.

"Be quick," he said; "What is this coming up the road?"

Hastening to the front door, I glanced in the direction indicated. A tall figure was advancing through the dusk towards the castle. It carried a stick upon one shoulder, from which depended a bundle, and a wide-rimmed straw hat was pulled far down over its eyes.

"It's a tramp," said Ike; "better get your gun and stand it off."

At this instant the arms of the approaching stranger flew up on either side like the flukes of a windmill, a hoarse cry proceeded from his dusty throat, and he came forward with a rush. Ike turned pale, and retreated inside, but I stood my ground, and a moment later was clasped in the arms of the wild looking stranger. It was Brindle, my old school chum.

"Ike," I said, "come out from under that counter, and let me introduce you to my friend."

Isaac came forth, but it was some time before he was fully reassured, for Brindle was, indeed, a hard-looking citizen. He had tramped all the way down from San José, sleeping in haystacks, and subsisting as best he could on the country through which he traveled. A three-weeks' beard covered his face, his nose was sun-blistered, and his eyes were blood-shot. His hair, which was long and red, hung far down on his coat collar, and his general appearance was dusty and bedeviled. But, however unprepossessing in external signs, no man knew the gentle nature of this youth as I did. Self with him was always neglected, because he never thought of self. Simple and honest as the sun, he believed all other men to be honest, and walked through the world with his heart on his sleeve, confiding in every one and giving to every one from his exhaustless store of charity and human sympathy. The humbler creatures, too, had share in his solicitude. A hundred times I had seen him step high to avoid crushing bugs in the road —and bugs, too, that stood disrespectfully on one end, and pointed at him as he went by. Once I caught him crying in the woods over the death of a mother quail, which his dog had killed.

"The brave little mother!" he said; "she flew right to my feet in the defense of her chicks, and Snap struck her before I could stop him."

Many were the tramps and rambles which we had had together along tangled river banks and up wild Sierra cañons. Brindle loved the woods. The city stifled and fretted him. He was a shy, lost spirit in a crowd; but unfettered on the grassy plains, or buried deep in the shadows of the forest, he bubbled and gurgled and ran over with joy like the crystal springs into which he was always diving. To me his knowledge of wood-craft was a constant marvel. He knew and had a name for every little plant and blade of grass in the woods, and he could weave more poetry about a leaf and see more pretty things in a bit of colored stone, than any man I ever knew.

For some reason or other he had pinned his faith to me. Why, I never knew. I was always poking fun at him and contriving to get him into scrapes, just to see him squirm out again; but nothing shook his affection. He was never content when he went on his summer rambles unless I was along, and this was not the first occasion on which he had followed me to distant retreats, when circumstances made it impossible for us to leave the city together. I was not particularly surprised, therefore, at his sudden appearance at the castle, and for a week we held high carnival. It was undoubtedly a very interesting week for Isaac, also, as he lived most of the time on sardines. He did not know that I overheard him, but when he remarked one day to a rancher, who was buying groceries, that he had not eaten much lately, because his cook was off beach-hunting with a lunatic, I repeated the ungracious remark to Brindle, and that forgiving youth nearly died of laughter. However, we prepared an elaborate supper that night, consisting of pork in many styles, and Isaac took down his frown and smiled.

The discovery of a sulphur spring about this time, in the mountains twenty miles to the south of us, was attracting considerable attention, and many people were going to the place for the benefit of the waters. As yet no roads had been built to the retreat, and it lay hidden and mysterious far up the dark cañons, accessible only by mule trail or on foot. Brindle conceived the idea of visiting this spring, and prevailed upon me to go with him.

Provided with such an outfit as Ike's store could furnish, we started off late one afternoon, proposing to make six or seven miles that night, and finish the journey on the following day. Sunset found us in the neighborhood of a rude cabin in the mountains, the owner of which sat at his front door smoking. He was a piratical-looking customer, with a shaggy beard and a voice like a cracked trombone; but to our request of hospitality, he graciously placed the whole plantation, "sech as it was," at our disposal.

An old woman inside was cooking supper, and she seemed much pleased at the arrival of strangers. Brindle, in particular, took her fancy. He reminded her of a man she had seen hanged once on a picnic occasion in old Missouri, and the thought of those other days caused her old mahogany face to beam with peculiar satisfaction. When the meal was ended, we all sat on the little platform in front of the house, and listened while the old pirate talked. He was a hard case, if his own story might be believed. He had killed more men, niggers, and Indians than fall to the lot of most men. During the war he had been a member of Quantrell's band of guerrillas, and Yankee blood was as incense to his nostrils.

While he talked—and he gave no one else a chance to say much—he punctuated his remarks in a manner peculiarly and originally his own. In order to destroy the squirrels about the place, as he explained, he had procured a "school" of cats, and these had increased and multiplied, until fifty or sixty semi-savage felines now roamed about his cabin. The multiplicity of these animals had struck both Brindle and me, as we neared the place. There was a cat behind every shrub —cats everywhere. They were a mean and hungry-looking set, slipping noiselessly about, and watching for every crumb and scrap which the old woman tossed to them from the remains of our supper. As we sat on the porch in the dusk of the evening, these creatures closed in on us in a semi-circle, and patiently watched and waited on their haunches. Little of their bodies could be seen, but a row of green eyes, stretching from left to right, looked up to us from the darkness. In the intervals of the man's talk he squirted tobacco juice with great precision at these glittering eyeballs. Long practice had made him expert in the art, so that he could hit a cat in the eye at ten feet with unerring certainty. Frequently he took them on the fly, raking an unsuspecting feline across both optics as he moved within the range of action. Each sally of this kind was invariably followed by a squall and a flutter in the darkness, after which there was one pair of green eyes less in the semi-circle. Brindle was angry about this, and would have reproved our host then and there for his cruelty, had I not restrained him with the suggestion that the cats seemed to like it, judging from the promptness with which the ranks closed up when a feline fell. Several hours thus passed before we were conducted to a straw bed in an out-house, where we passed the night. And what a night it was! The fleas were so numerous that sleep was impossible. They literally devoured us. Never before or since in my experience have I seen anything like it. After tossing about for several hours, Brindle struck a match and we looked around. A dozen cats immediately flew through an open window with a startling bound. In one corner of the room stood a coal-oil can. Brindle moved over towards it. It was a hard expedient, but there seemed no remedy. Uncorking the can, he proceeded to rub himself all over with coal oil, after which he came to bed and was soon fast asleep. He had rendered himself flea-proof. I did not imitate his example but I profited by his experience. The odor of the oil kept back the fleas for a while, and we both slept.

It was late next morning when we resumed our tramp. Our host was not an early riser, and the old woman wanted Brindle to write a letter for her before we went; so the sun was high over the hills and growing warm when we started. The old pirate scornfully refused the compensation which we proffered, but, learning that Brindle sometimes wrote for the newspapers, he assured us that, if we would return that way, he would give us a faithful account of how he "chewed up" seven men on one occasion, and painted a whole town with gore; all of which would make the best kind of reading. Thanking him for his good intentions, and congratulating one another that it had not occurred to our host to annihilate either one of *us* during our stay beneath his roof, we shouldered our traps, and walked away.

Night was almost down again when we reached the spring towards which our feet were directed, for we had loitered along the way. Black mountains rose high and gloomy all about the hidden fountain, and a few hundred yards above it, where the cañon widened a little, a party of fifteen or twenty men had pitched their camp. They were mostly young and middle-aged men—ranchers and stockmen of the surrounding country—who had come up into the mountains for recreation and game. They received us with hospitality, found us shelter in one of the tents, and made us feel at ease from the start.

For a day or two nothing of unusual interest occurred. We lounged about in the shade, bathed in the sulphur waters, and hunted a little, mornings and evenings. In the mean time, Brindle's simple, trusting nature had caused him to be marked as a victim by the fun-loving youths who composed the camp.

It was about this time that Vasquez, the famous bandit, had committed his atrocious murder at Tres Pinos, and the State was ringing with accounts of the terrible affair. Officers were searching in every direction for the daring outlaw, and no one knew where he would next show his bloody hand. One afternoon a man came into camp with great solemnity, and proceeded to read from a newspaper, which he claimed to have just received, an account of Vasquez's supposed flight into San Luis Obispo county. The boys gathered about him as he read.

"There is every reason to believe," the article concluded, "that the outlaw is now concealed in the mountains near the ——— Springs, accompanied by several members of his gang. It would be well for persons having business in that quarter of the county to keep a sharp lookout."

This was not the most cheerful news for pleasure seekers, but it caused little apprehension in our camp, as most of the party were armed, and abundantly able to cope with the bandit in case of collision. Such news as it was, however, it had apparent confirmation, later in the day, when two hunters came in with the report that a band of Mexicans was camped in the cañon, a mile or so down, having the appearance, in point of numbers and description, of being the Vasquez band, as described in the newspaper article which had been read.

It was immediately determined that a guard should be set that night, and every one was advised to hold himself in readiness for any sudden call or emergency. Brindle alone, of all the members of the camp, seemed to be indifferent to the danger which menaced us; but he alone, poor boy, was ignorant of the fact that no real danger existed, for I had wickedly joined the conspirators, and consented to the hoax of which my friend was to be the victim.

Towards dusk, as was his custom, Brindle started alone for the spring to bathe, and by the time he was ready to return, it had grown quite dark. In the meantime, half a dozen of the boys, with their guns, slipped out of camp, and concealed themselves in the brush along the trail. As Brindle approached, bang went a gun from the ambush, and a charge of quail shot whizzed a few feet over the startled bather's head. For a moment he hesitated, when bang went another shot. Brindle now started on a run for the camp, and a perfect volley was turned loose on him, as he skipped over the jagged rocks, and tore his way through the tangled chaparral.

Reaching the clearing, he rushed into the glare of the camp-fire, and declared that he had been attacked by Vasquez and his entire gang. In his excitement, he did not notice that men were missing from camp, and the latter managed to creep in unobserved almost as soon as Brindle got there. All was at once commotion; the fires were put out, and every one pretended to be badly frightened.

"Give me a gun," cried Brindle, "and I will lead you back to where they are."

Every one took good care, however, that no gun should fall into his hands. It was perfectly evident that Brindle was no coward, however much the attack had startled him, and he would certainly have taken a shot that night at anything moving in the brush, if he had had a weapon.

"Come on, then, and I will lead you back without arms," he exclaimed, when he found that no weapon was to be had; and twenty armed men at once followed him into the brush, and back over the trail leading to the spring. For an hour the pretended search was kept up, and then, one by one, the men straggled back to camp and went to bed.

No thought of suspicion entered Brindle's mind as to the reality of that night's transactions; and, when all had settled down, and he finally crawled under his blanket and went to sleep, my heart smote me to think of the dastardly part I had taken in the programme.

Nor was this the end of the deceptions practiced upon my confiding and unsuspicious friend.

The day after the Vasquez incident, two men came into camp, in great excitement, bearing an old raw-hide bag, containing half a dozen twenty dollar gold pieces and a variety of smaller coins, both gold and silver. They claimed to have found it among the rocks, high up on the mountain side, where they were looking for deer.

A conference of the campers was at once held, and the conclusion reached that this must be the stamping ground of the robbers. There could be no doubt that the treasure found was the concealed booty of outlaws. Perhaps the hills were full of it. Who could tell? Before the outside world should learn of these hidden riches, we would take possession of the land, then and there, under the mining laws of California, and secure the treasure for ourselves.

So well acted was the programme that Brindle fell at once into the snare. The possibility of sudden riches loomed up before him, and his enthusiasm knew no bounds. It was decided that the members of the camp should form a close corporation for mutual protection and profit, and Brindle was elected secretary of the organization. A tent was set aside for him, a table and writing materials procured, and the new official entered upon the discharge of his duties.

For two long days the farce continued. Brindle, in the mean time, had written out notices and staked off claims to the land in every direction about the camp. He had even prepared a map of the region, and made a rude but formal record of the corporation's proceedings, and had them attested and witnessed by all present. With characteristic earnestness he threw his whole heart into the work, suspecting no guile, and two of the busiest days of his life went by. In the mean time the boys were lying off in the bush, holding on to themselves to prevent an explosion.

Occasionally some one would sneak up to the secretary's tent, and suggest something which involved more work, or an excited committee would wait upon him with the request that he record a new find; for it must be remembered that gold was being found every few hours during the existence of this remarkable corporation. Over ten thousand dollars in gold and silver were turned over to the treasurer of the company during the two days of its existence. As there could not have been over two hundred dollars in the camp, all told, some idea may be had of the rapid circulation which the coin underwent. As fast as the treasurer received the money, he passed it out quietly to some new rascal, who went off into the chaparral and returned in due time with more "swag," and an additional fabrication as to how and where he unearthed it. Seldom in the history of follies has so much reckless lying been done in so short a time, and actuated by so unworthy a purpose, *i. e.*, that of deceiving an honest, simple-minded youth, who could not yet believe that all the world was not as guileless as himself.

But the bubble could not float indefinitely. Brindle began to suspect, and finally accused the men of deception. A roar of laughter greeted his awakening. To my sorrow, I could see that he was deeply pained.

"And you, too, Judas," he said reproachfully, when I tried to smooth the matter over, "how could I suspect you, old man?"

In spite of his eccentricities the men liked Brindle, and when they saw that he was hurt, they tried to make amends; but the boy would brook the camp no longer; so next morning we shouldered our traps and made our way back to the bosom of Abraham's son in the castle by the sea.

Brindle has grown older and wiser now, and is the editor of a newspaper; but when he writes editorials which are particularly impracticable, or dilates upon the possibilities of the "ineffable whence," I occasionally send him around a share of the "Vasquez Gold and Treasure Mining Stock," which I still possess, just to remind him of the earth, earthy.

As for Isaac, he runs a pawn shop at present on Washington Street, and he will loan you from two and a half to five dollars any day on your two hundred dollar chronometer.

D. S. Richardson.

THE GREAT LAMA TEMPLE, PEKING.

At early dawn one summer's morning, I accompanied Doctor Dudgeon, of the London Missionary Society in Péking, to visit the Yung-ho-kung, a very fine old Lama Temple, just within the wall at the northeast corner of the Tartar city. It contains about one thousand three hundred monks, of all ages, down to small boys of six years old, under the headship of a Lama who assumes the title of "The Living Buddha."

These monks are Mongolians of a very bad type, dirty, and greedy of gain. They are generally offensively insolent to all foreigners, many of whom have vainly endeavored to find access to the monastery; even the silver key, which is usually so powerful in China, often failing to unlock the inhospitable gates. That I had the privilege of entrance was due solely to the personal influence of Doctor Dudgeon, whose medical skill has happily proved so beneficial to the Living Buddha and several of the priests, as to ensure him a welcome from these.

It was not, however, an easy task to get at these men, as a particularly insolent monk was acting as door-keeper, and attempted forcibly to prevent our entrance. That, however, was effected by the judicious pressure of a powerful shoulder, and after a stormy argument the wretch was at length overawed, and finally reduced to abject humility by threats to report his rudeness to the head Lama. At long last, after wearisome expostulation and altercation, every door was thrown open to us, but the priest in charge of each carefully locked it after us, lest we should avoid giving him an individual tip. Happily, I had a large supply of five and ten cent silver pieces, which the Doctor's knowledge of Chinese customs compelled our extortioners to accept. At the same time, neither of us could avoid a qualm, as each successive door was securely locked, and a vision presented itself of possible traps into which we might be decoyed.

Every corner of the great building is full of interest, from the brilliant yellow china tiles of the roof, to the yellow carpet in the temple. The entrance is adorned with stone carvings of animals, and the interior is covered with a thousand fantastic figures carved in wood—birds, beasts, and serpents, flowers, and monstrous human heads mingle in grotesque confusion. It is rich in silken hangings, gold embroidery, huge picturesque paper lanterns of quaint form, covered with Chinese characters, and grotesque idols canopied by very ornamental baldachinos.

Conspicuous amongst these idols is Kwang-ti, who was a distinguished warrior at the beginning of the Christian era, and who, about eight hundred years later, was deified as the god of war, and State temples were erected in his honor in every city of the Empire. So his shrine is adorned with all manner of armor, especially bows and arrows—doubtless, votive offerings. He is a very fierce looking god, and is attended by two colossal companions, robed in the richest gold-embroidered silk. Another gigantic image is that of a fully-armed warrior leading a horse; I believe he is Kwang-ti's armor-bearer. In various parts of the temple hang trophies of arms and military standards, which are singular decorations for a temple wherein Buddha is the object of supreme worship.

But the fact is, that though Kwang-ti is the god of war, he is also emphatically a "protector of the peace," and his aid is invoked in all manner of difficulties, domestic or national. For instance, when the great salt wells in the province of Shansi dried up, the sorely perplexed emperor was recommended by the Taouist high priest to lay the case before Kwang-ti. The emperor therefore wrote an official dispatch on the subject, which was solemnly burnt, and thus conveyed to the spirit world, when, in answer to the son of heaven, the warrior-god straightway appeared in the clouds, mounted on his red war-horse, and directed the emperor to erect a temple in his honor. This was done, and the salt springs flowed as before. Kwang-ti again appeared in 1855, during the Taiping rebellion, to aid the imperial troops near Nankin, for which kind interposition, Hien-feng, the reigning emperor (whose honor-conferring power extends to the spirit world), promoted him to an equal rank with Confucius. So, here we find him rewarded alike by Taouists and Buddhists.

In the "Peking Gazette," for July 28th, 1861, is published the petition of the director-general of grain transport, praying the emperor to reward the god Kwang-ti for his interposition on the 11th of March, whereby two cities were saved from the rebels. He states that such was the anxiety evinced by this guardian god, that his worshipers saw the perspiration trickle from his visage in the temple. The emperor duly acknowledged these good services, and directed that a tablet should be erected in memory thereof.

All the altar vases in this temple are of the finest Peking enamel—vases, candlesticks, and incense-burners, from which filmy clouds of fragrant incense float upward to a ceiling paneled with green and gold. Fine large scroll paintings tempted me to linger at every turn, and the walls are encrusted with thousands of small porcelain images of Buddha.

In the near temple, which is called the Foo-Koo, or Hall of Buddha, stands a Cyclopean image of Matreya, the Buddha of Futurity. It is seventy feet in height, and is said to be carved from one solid block of wood; but it is colored to look like bronze. Ascending a long flight of steps, we reached a gallery running round the temple about the level of his shoulders. I found that the gallery led into two circular buildings, one on each side, constructed for the support of two immense rotating cylinders about seventy feet in height, full of niches, each niche containing the image of a Buddhist Saint. They are rickety old things and thickly coated with dust, but on certain days worshipers come and stick on strips of paper bearing prayers. To turn these cylinders is apparently an act of homage to the whole saintly family, and enlists the good will of the whole lot. Some Lama monasteries deal thus with their one hundred and twenty-eight sacred books and two hundred and twenty volumes of commentary, placing them in a huge cylindrical book-case, which they turn bodily to save the trouble of turning individual pages—the understanding having apparently small play in either case. Doctor Edkins saw one of these in the Ling-Yin Monastery, at Hang-Chow, and another, of the octagonal form and sixty feet in height, at the Poo-sa-ting padoga in the Wootai Valley, a district in which there are perhaps two thousand Mongol Lamas. At the same monastery where he saw this revolving library, there were three hundred revolving prayer or praise wheels, and at another he observed a most ingenious arrangement, whereby the steam ascending from the great monastic kettle (which is kept ever boiling to supply the ceaseless demand for tea) does further duty by turning a praise wheel which is suspended from the ceiling. I myself have seen many revolving libraries at Buddhist temples in Japan, but this is the first thing of the same kind that I have seen in China.

It was nearly six A. M. ere we reached the Lama Temple, so that we were too late to see the grand morning service, as that commences at four A. M., when upwards of a hundred mats are spread in the temple, on each of which kneel ten of the subordinate Lamas, all wearing their yellow robes, red hood (or rather mantle), and a sort of classical helmet of yellow felt, with a very high crest, like that worn by Brittania. They possess red felt boots, but can only enter the temple barefooted. The Great Lama wears a violet-colored robe and a yellow mitre. He bears a sort of crosier, and occupies a gilded throne before the altar; a cushion is provided for him to kneel upon. The whole temple is in darkness or dim twilight save the altar, which is ablaze with many tapers.

When the great copper gong sounds its summons to worship, the brethren chant litanies in monotone, one of the priests reading prayers from a silken scroll, and all joining in a low murmur, while clouds of incense fill the temple. A peculiarity of this chant is, that whilst a certain number of the brethren recite the words, the others sing a continual deep bass accompaniment. Again the gong marks the change from prayer to sacred chants, and after these comes a terrible din of instrumental music, a clatter of gongs, bells, conch-shells, tambourines, and all manner of ear-splitting abominations. Then follows a silence which may be felt, so utter is the stillness, and so intense the relief.

With regard to dress, this seems to vary in different districts, and perhaps may denote different sects. In Ceylon all the priests are bareheaded, whereas those we saw in the Northern Himalayas wore scarlet clothing and scarlet head-gear. The Lamas at Ladak, in Thibet, likewise wear scarlet, while those of Spiti wear an orange-colored under-garment, and over that a loose jacket of dark red with wide sleeves.[1]

In Mongolia (where monasticism is in such repute that every family which possesses more than one son is obliged to devote one to the monastic life) every Lama wears the

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[1] See "In the Himalayas," page 437. C. F. Gordon Cumming. Published by Chatto & Windus.

long yellow robe, with yellow mantle and yellow helmet—the last two items being always worn during the services in the temple, where the correct attitude of devotion is to sit cross-legged, tailor-fashion, on low divans. There, too, the high-priests are distinguished by purple robes. Doctor Edkins says that in the Wootai Valley boy Lamas wear red, and when they are grown up they assume purple-brown clothing, only those of mature years being promoted to yellow robes.

By the way, speaking of ecclesiastical head-gear, I am told that throughout Thibet Queen Victoria's effigy (current on the British Indian rupee) is familiarly known as that of a "wandering Lama" (*lama-rob-du*), her regal crown being supposed to represent the head-gear of a religious mendicant.

I would fain have spent hours in looking over the many interesting details of this place; and the priests, when once assured that they could extract nothing larger than ten-cent pieces, became so eager to multiply these, that they volunteered to show us every nook and corner. But so much time had been wasted at first, and we were so disconcerted by the annoyance to which they had subjected us, that we were fairly tired out, and finally were compelled to decline further inspection. Of course, we now regret that we did not further improve the unique occasion, and see everything we possibly could. But truly, in the matter of sight-seeing, the flesh is sometimes weak.

Besides, as we had come such a distance, it was well to secure this opportunity of seeing the Wen-miao—the great Confucian temple, which is very near. I have now seen a great many of these temples in honor of Confucius, and practically they are all alike, the impression they convey being of great mausoleums. They are, in fact, ancestral halls containing only ornamental tablets bearing the names of noted saints. This, however, is an unusually fine specimen. It stands in shady, silent grounds, and the funereal character of the place is happily suggested by groves of fine old cypress trees, said to be five hundred years old, and by numerous stone tablets resting on the backs of huge stone tortoises. Some of these stones occupy small shrines roofed with yellow porcelain tiles, and commemorate various learned men.

The exterior of the hall is handsome, though here, as in most Chinese temples, the wire netting which protects the fine carving beneath the eaves from the incursions of nesting swallows, rather detracts from its effect. The interior is severely simple. The huge solid pillars are of plain teak-wood, and the floor is carpeted with camel's hair matting. The tablet bearing the name of Confucius occupies a plain wooden recess colored red, and at right angles to this are similar niches for the tablets of Mencius and the other greatest sages. In front of each is an altar, with massive candlesticks and vases. At the further end of the hall are ranged two rows of six tablets and altars, to the twelve sages of China.

Being in Peking, it is about superfluous to say that this building seems like a survival of a nobler past, and is now somewhat dirty and neglected looking, while the grounds are untidy and overgrown with rank weeds. But, of course, it is cleaned up periodically, on the occasions of the great spring and autumn services, such as I described when writing from Foo Chow, especially as here the Emperor officiates in person.

But the objects of chief interest connected with this temple are some relics of a remote past, which in Chinese estimation are of inestimable value. Chief among these are ten large cylindrical stones, shaped like gigantic churns, which, for lack of a better name, are called stone drums. The Chinese believe these to have been respectively engraven in the days of Yaou and Shun, who lived B. C. 2357 and B. C. 2255. Reference is made to them as objects worthy of reverence, in a classic, bearing date about B. C. 500. Certain it is that such interest has ever attached to them, that whenever the Emperors of China have changed their capital, these stone drums have also been removed. The story of their wanderings is as curious as the legendary history of our own much venerated coronation stone in Westminster Abbey.[1]

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[1] For legend of the Coronation Stone, see "In the Hebrides." C. F. Gordon Cumming. Chatto & Windus.

But the fortunes of the present dynasty are especially connected with the six unhewn stones in the cypress-grove in the Temple of Heaven. Apparently these also were originally rude, water-worn boulders, which were shaped and inscribed to commemorate certain imperial hunting expeditions. When the fame of Confucius caused all literary interests to cluster round his name, they were deposited in one of his temples, where they were preserved for upwards of a thousand years.

Then came a period of wars and troubles, during which the great stones disappeared. They were, however, recovered A. D. 1052, and placed in the gateway of the Imperial College. Then the Tartars invaded Northern China, and the Imperial Court fled to Pien Ching, in the Province of Honan, carrying these cumbersome, great stones. In A. D. 1108, a decree was passed that the inscriptions should be filled in with gold, in order to preserve them.

In A. D. 1126, another Tartar tribe captured the city of Pien Ching, and carried the ten stones back to Peking, where, for a while, even they shared the fate of all things in this city. They were allowed to fall into neglect, and sacrilegious hands removed the gold. Worse still, some Vandals, of a class not peculiar to China, carried off one of the stones and ruthlessly converted it into a drinking trough for cattle! After many years, when antiquarian interest was re-awakened, it was found to be missing, and after long search its mutilated remains were discovered in a farmyard, and brought back, to be deposited with the others (A. D. 1307) in their present post of honor.

The stones derive additional interest from the fact that the characters in which the poetic stanzas are inscribed are now obsolete. To avoid all danger of their ever again being lost, a set of exact copies has been made by imperial command.

Less venerable, but certainly more imposing to the outward eye, is another stone memorial, which is stored in the corridors encircling the Court of the Pekin University, which adjoins the Confucian temple. This is a series of no less than two hundred noble slabs of black marble, like upright gravestones, each twelve feet in height. On these are engraven the whole of the classics, *i. e.*, the thirteen books of Confucius. It appears that by some extraordinary accident, there was once an Emperor of China so depraved as to endeavor to destroy every existing copy of this source of all wisdom. There is no doubt his early years had been embittered by the study of these wearisome volumes, and when, on his accession to the throne, he was expected to expound their doctrine to all his officials and mandarins, his soul was filled with a wild desire to commit them, once for all, to the flames. Perhaps if he had succeeded, he might have relieved his country from its mental bondage to the Example and Teacher of all eyes. He failed, however; but in case such another Herod should ever arise, it was decided that these words of wisdom should be preserved on imperishable marble, which, moreover, should forever insure the Chinese characters in which they are inscribed from any change.[1] So, round a great court, known as the Hall of the Classics, are ranged these tall, solemn marble tablets—embodiments of the dead weight wherewith the present is here hampered by the past; and here, once a year, the Emperor is obliged to give that lecture, the very thought of which so distracted his ancestor.

Our sight-seeing capacities were now so thoroughly exhausted that we were thankful to get curled up once more in the terrible Peking cart, and to know that each jolt brought us nearer to the Mission House, and to a welcome breakfast and well-earned rest.

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[1] This method of honoring sacred books has recently been imitated by the king of Burmah, who has had the sacred books of the Beetigal thus engraven on seven hundred and twenty-eight slabs of alabaster, each about five feet in height by three feet six in width, and four inches thick. The slabs are engraven on both sides, and over each is erected a miniature dome-shaped dagoba, surmounted by the golden symbol of the honorific umbrella. Hitherto the Burmese sacred books have been inscribed only on palm leaves; therefore the king takes this means of preserving them, and of acquiring personal merit at a cost of about £36,400, each slab costing about five hundred rupees, *i. e.*, about two hundred and fifty dollars.

C. F. Gordon Cumming.

THOUGHTS TOWARDS REVISING THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

That the Constitution of the United States is one of the most wonderful monuments of human wisdom, and therefore entitled to all the respectful reverence which forms the backbone of American loyalty, is evident from the perfection with which its provisions have operated, notwithstanding the changeful growth of the nation during the century of its existence. That its amendments have been so few, that there is now no public sentiment in favor of more of them, is most extraordinary, in view of the fact that nearly all the old State Constitutions have been remodeled to adapt them to modern conditions, while the changes in the nation have certainly been far greater than those of any State. For, comparing 1787 with 1885, our population has grown from 3,000,000 to probably 55,000,000. The almost universal poverty of the people then, has given place to enormous accumulation of individual and corporate wealth now. The number of States has increased from thirteen to thirty-eight, besides nine territories. In lieu of the old difficult modes of communication on horseback, or by stage, or sloop, we have the railroad, the steamer, the telegraph. The seven-by-nine weeklies of Revolutionary days have grown into the mammoth dailies and semi-dailies of today. The log school-house has given place to the present elaborate systems of education, and Harvard, Princeton, and Yale are only the older among hundreds of American colleges.

Is it to be supposed that if steam and electricity had not been subdued to human uses, this nation could have held together for even one hundred years? Would it not be an anomaly in history, that a Constitution, the first of its kind ever successfully adopted, designed to supply the wants of a poor and sparse population of only 3,000,000, should prove to be so perfect as to meet all the requirements of 55,000,000, under the conditions of proportionate expansion in all the relations of civilization? Will it not utterly fail, unless revised or greatly amended, to meet the needs of the 200,000,000 who will occupy the United States ere the close of the twentieth century?

The following are some of the suggestions that have been mentioned as topics for discussion in this connection:

1. Extend the powers of Congress, so as to authorize Federal legislation on a number of civil relations now exclusively legislated on by the several States. Such are marriage, divorce, inheritance, probate proceedings, modes and subjects of taxation, education, the tenure of real estate, and the collection of debts. Give to that body more clear and mandatory jurisdiction over interstate commerce and communication, and the exclusive regulation of banks, insurance companies, and all other corporations which transact business in more than one State or Territory.

2. Correspondingly curtail the jurisdiction of the State Legislatures on the same subjects.

3. Increase the judicial power, so as to give to the Federal Courts jurisdiction over all claims against the United States, whether in law or equity, and allow the government to be sued, as well as to sue, in said courts. Give also to the judiciary, State and Federal, respective jurisdiction in all cases of contested elections, or cases involving the qualification of members of Legislature, instead of leaving each House to be the judge of such questions.

4. Restrict the powers of Congress to the enactment of general or public measures only, in like manner as this has been recently effected with the Legislature of California.

5. Require that Cabinet officers should be appointed from the leaders of the dominant party in one or both houses of Congress, without causing them to vacate their seats, or else, if appointed from outside, that Congress

entitle them to seats therein, with the right to initiate measures and take part in debates, even if no vote be given them.

6. Add to the qualifications of members of all legislative bodies, professional education in statecraft.

7. Change the source of the authority of Senators in all legislative bodies, so as to make the Senate the direct representative of capital, by conferring the power to vote for United States Senators only upon those individuals in each State (and for State Senators upon those in each Senatorial district) who shall have paid taxes during the previous year on at least $100,000 of their own property in such State or district.

8. Prohibit further immigration into the United States, except of such foreigners as shall have a certain degree of education, and some art or profession, or sufficient property to insure them a living. Limit the right of suffrage to persons born in the United States.

9. Abolish the present Indian system, and provide for Indians on precisely the same principles and conditions as are provided for all other races.

10. Extend the Presidential term to eight years, and provide for the election of two or three Vice-Presidents instead of one. Abolish the electoral college, extend the term of Representatives to six years, of Senators to ten years, and forbid the reëlection of all executive officers having patronage to bestow.

Our first and second propositions involve a modification of the present dividing line between Federal and State jurisdiction. The reasons for the old division no longer exist. There are now no separate colonies, with diverse origins, peoples, religions, and traditions, so jealous of each other as to make it almost impossible to unite them into one nation. The inter-consolidation of the original thirteen States has now been silently going on for a century, while the twenty-five new States and nine Territories never had any inherited peculiarities (other than those which were wiped out by the war) to prevent the citizen of any part of the nation feeling equally at home in every other part. The old State prides, interests, and provincialisms have everywhere been melted into a common alloy in the alembic of universal inter-communication. Almost all citizens have relatives in more than one State. Inter-marriages, inheritances, partnerships, migrations, and travel, are universal. Hundreds—perhaps thousands—of corporations, employing thousands of millions of capital, are transacting business in banking, insurance, telegraphy, express, manufacturing, and transportation in more than one State, many of them in all the States and Territories. The census of 1880 shows that no less than $2,370,000,000 of property is owned in other States than those in which it is situated. The internal commerce of the country amounts to ten thousand millions annually, against a foreign trade of only one thousand five hundred millions. Passengers carried annually within the country are nearly six times the entire population.

Yet, with all this consolidation and inter-communication among a growing people, who have hardly any interests that are strictly bounded by State lines, what an enormous mass of conflicting statutory law must be encountered on merely crossing the border! All civil and penal legislation, and a great deal that is political (the few topics reserved to Congress excepted), must, under the present Constitution, be enacted by State or Territorial legislatures. Forty-seven statute-mills, manned mostly by green or dishonest hands, a majority of whom are elected because they are *not* fit, and superseded before they can become fit—at least by experience—are set to work every year, to grind out crude and undigested laws and regrind old ones, until the aggregate of such work would fill a public library; until a large part of the labors of the bench is not in administering the law, but in determining it; until no business man can pretend to keep posted in the changes that are continually occurring in the laws affecting his interests.

We cannot, of course, here go into detail in the examination of facts in so large a field as is covered by this, or indeed by any of our own suggestions. For these we must refer to the knowledge of every newspaper reader. But we may safely ask: What is gained by all this unnecessary friction and complication in governmental machinery? Why should the divorced man, married to his second wife, be deemed respectable in one State and a bigamist in another? Why should the causes of divorce differ in different States? Why should there be such a universal chaos on the subject and methods of taxation? Why should the citizens of one State, who individually have the constitutional right to all the privileges and immunities of citizens in the several States, find themselves at once enmeshed in the nets of hostile legislation, whenever they attempt to cross State lines in the character of stockholders in corporations? Who profits by all this fuss, except lawyers and politicians? Who suffer from it but the constantly increasing portion of the people whose residence, relatives, property, or business are in more than one State? Is it not time for the great nation to take a hint from the Roman Empire in the days of Justinian, or from France and her Codes Napoleon, and by some means not provided in our present constitution, devise and adopt a "Corpus Juris Civilis," which shall be uniform and permanent in all parts of our vast national domain?

Our third and fourth suggestions contemplate curtailing the powers of Congress in the departments of private and special legislation, by transferring to the courts exclusive jurisdiction over all claims against the Government, and by following English precedent in referring contested elections and cases touching the qualification of members to the courts. The last clause in the proposition needs no discussion. It has too long been customary to seat or reject the doubtfully elected or disqualified member, solely with reference to the effect of his vote upon the party in power, to leave room for any faith in the decision of such cases on their legal merits by any legislative body or political party. If justice be contemplated at all in such cases, they must be referred to disinterested tribunals.

But the reasons for transferring the jurisdiction over claims against the Government from Congress to the Federal Courts, are self-evident to any reader of the Congressional Record. One great source of the corruption with which Congress has long been reeking, is the mass of private bills with which almost every member's pockets are stuffed at every session. In fact, many members are nominated and elected for the sole purpose of serving private interests at the expense of the nation. At the first session of the last Congress, more than ten thousand private bills were introduced, nearly all of them embodying claims upon the treasury. These, of course, could not—probably not a tenth of them—be justly dealt with on their merits in committee, much less in either House, while the merest attempt to properly investigate them could have been made only at the expense of the eight hundred public bills introduced at the same session. Of course, many members are pecuniarily interested in these private bills They go to Congress as the attorneys of claimants, from whom they receive large contingent commissions. Hence a powerful argument for trading votes; hence a corruption fund for party purposes; hence the "commercial principle" (heaven save the mark!), which is the oil which now lubricates nearly all our political machinery; hence the failure to reduce taxation, for money cannot be made out of an empty treasury; hence the infamies of the Committee Room, and one great source of the shameless venality which makes the very atmosphere of our national capital intolerable to a strictly honest man.

Now the work of deciding the merits of claims against Government is really judicial and not legislative. It ought, therefore, to be performed by the courts where the claimants reside. For, as it is a great hardship to force an honest claimant to go to Washington—perhaps with his witnesses—to prove his rights, probably to remain there for years before getting a hearing, so is it an advantage to the fraudulent claimant to be able to make an *ex parte* showing in the Star Chamber privacy of the Committee Room, far away from parties and witnesses on the other side. The only honest objection to transferring the whole business to the courts is, the traditional idea that the Government cannot be sued, save by such special consent as is now sometimes given by Congress to proceed in the Court of Claims. Would it not be far better to abolish this legal fiction — itself a tradition of monarchy — and allow anybody to sue the Government, confining the function of Congress to the payment of judgments, than to preserve the phantasmic reverence for Government supposed to inhere in the present inhibition to sue, at the frightful cost to the nation of the present system? For it is a physical impossibility for the most able, industrious, and conscientious Congressman to give proper attention to his public duties, and yet devote the necessary time to this perpetual flood of private bills. And the predominance of these bills, like that of decayed fruit in a package, spreads infection throughout the entire mass, until it is popularly supposed that no measure whatever can be got through Congress that it is not tainted with personal or party corruption.

Of course it is now, and always has been, in the power of Congress to remedy this great abuse of law. Why is it not done? Simply because it is too much to expect that Congressional politicians will enact any measure which would confine their emoluments to their salaries, let the public interests suffer as they may.

The effect of the present state of things upon the transactions of public business is well shown in the following extract from the Washington correspondent of the San Francisco "Bulletin," of April 10th, 1884.

> "In two respects, the present year promises to be a political phenomenon. The oldest frequenters of the lobbies of Congress never saw legislation in so backward and deplorable a condition, and the prediction is now freely made, that for a do-nothing Congress this will outstrip all its predecessors. There are about six hundred bills favorably acted on by committees now on the House calendars—seven or eight special orders, the Tariff Bill, and the Agricultural, Indian, Sundry, Civil, River and Harbor, and Legislative, Executive, and Judicial Appropriation Bills, all untouched. Under the most favorable circumstances, it will require until July 15th to pass the Tariff and Appropriation Bills. Fully three hundred and fifty bills which have passed the Senate are now lying on the Speaker's table in the House, awaiting reference to committees. These bills are probably the only ones that will be enacted. In the scramble of the last hours, they will be dragged out of their resting-places and rushed through. So far this session, the House has not once taken up the regular calendar, upon which there are over two hundred bills. Probably it will never be touched during the present Congress. With the four months ended day before yesterday, Congress passed fifteen bills and resolutions. At this rate, how long will it take to pass the six hundred now on the files? Something like ten years. Some of the old members say it is a blessing that Congress cannot pass the six hundred under ten years, for eighty per cent. of them are jobs. But they do not state how many really necessary bills die every year, and how much money is spent printing and reprinting the measures introduced. Some of these bills originated ten, twenty, thirt years ago. Congressmen have come and gone, but through defeat and death the bills have survived, and are biennially introduced, referred, reported, and left to perish on the files. All Congresses are slow, but this is generally acknowledged to be the slowest for years, if not the slowest that ever met in Washington. At the very greatest, six per cent. of the business before it cannot be transacted."

This account, with variations, is a true representation of the workings of our Congress during the past fifty years. It is the most cumbrous of all machines intended "how not to do it." Necessarily composed mainly of politicians successful enough to secure their election, but guiltless of statecraft, and with neither the desire nor qualification to serve the people in a business sense, while their only anxiety is to make their temporary power the means of fortune or subsequent office for themselves, Congress has never contained a majority of members who were fitted to render efficient service to the people. So its history has been a long narrative of inefficiency and often of national disgrace. It scolded for thirty years over slavery, to the serious neglect of public interests, but without settling the question of the negro otherwise than by the fugitive slave law and the repeal of the Missouri compromise. It received the money for the French Spoliation Claims some time in the twenties, but never passed any measure for its distribution until the last session, when doubtless all the original claimants are dead. It has neglected the Navy ever since the war of 1812, save during the four years of Civil War, until it has now become practically extinct, except as an annual charge to the Treasury. It has, during twenty years, so neglected the Merchant Marine that only a million and a quarter of tons of sailing vessels now fly the American flag in the foreign trade, being just one tenth of England's fleet, which ours nearly equalled in 1855. And when, after years of agitation, the Dingley law was passed by the last Congress, it was careful not to touch the vitals of the question. It has so neglected the fortifications of the country that we have not now a single gun anywhere capable of injuring a first-class iron-clad, nor any foundry capable of making such a gun. Every one of our rich seaboard cities is therefore at the mercy of any power possessing iron-clad ships of war. It stole the Geneva award money from those claimants in whose name and for whose use it was obtained, and gave it to those whose claims had been expressly denied by the Commissioners, thereby doubling the future rates of war premiums on American vessels, as compared with those of other flags. It has always neglected the protection of American citizens abroad, so that, except in England, they have almost abandoned such foreign residence as is necessary to foreign commerce; and the commerce has become almost extinct. It has never shown the slightest disposition to check the flow of pauperism from Europe, though during two decades the institutions of the country have been steadily undermined, especially in the cities, by the ignorant, prejudiced, thoughtless, and mercenary votes of foreigners. It has allowed the French to get possession of the Isthmus of Panama, from whence they will presently dominate our Pacific Coast commerce, unless we buy or drive them out —in either case at a cost of hundreds of millions. It has proved for years unable or unwilling to cope with financial questions, so as to settle definitely the relations of gold and silver coinage, and relieve the people from a weight of taxation nearly double the needs of the country. It has for years neglected the reorganization of the Supreme Court, until the average appellant must await the decision of preceding cases, accumulated five years deep. It has always failed in its treatment of the Indians, though *never* in filling the pocket of the "Indian ring." It has wholly failed to exercise its exclusive powers in regulating interstate commerce, notwithstanding the numerous and clear definitions of those powers by the Supreme Court—though it has stretched its powers to create interstate monopolies. And so difficult has it become to procure any legislation of a public nature, in which there is neither a private fee nor political capital for the members, that the people are now content to suffer for a generation, as Californians have done over the Chinese question, from causes that a wise and patriotic Congress could remove in a few weeks or months of close attention to business.

Meantime, the grinding out of private bills goes on!

In our own State we have found means to restrict the powers of the Legislature to the passage of general and public measures. The result has been the reduction of the biennial volume of statutes from one thousand octavo to three hundred and fifty duodecimo pages. One direction for Congressional reform is herein indicated. But other changes in the material, the methods, and powers of that now dangerous and treacherous branch of the Government are imperatively demanded, unless the whole framework of our Constitution is to be allowed to break down by the failure of its legislative department.

This brings us to the fifth of our suggestions, which expresses the idea so admirably brought out by Woodrow Wilson, of Johns Hopkins University, in his article on "Committee or Cabinet Government," in the OVERLAND MONTHLY of January, 1884. That article is worthy of the best writer in the Federalist. Mr. Wilson—after narrating, from personal observation, the faulty workings of the present Committee system, in its secrecy, its lack of personal or party responsibility, its customary indifference to the recommendations of the President, and its general subserviency to the interests of corrupt politicians, instead of those of the people—proceeds in this language :

"Cabinet Government" is government by means of an executive ministry chosen by the chief magistrate of the nation from the ranks of the legislative majority—a ministry sitting in the Legislature, and acting as its Executive Committee; directing its business, and leading its debates; representing the same party and the same principles, bound together by a sense of responsibility and loyalty to the party to which it belongs, and subject to removal whenever it forfeits the confidence or loses the support of the body it represents. Its establishment in the United States would be impossible without the addition of four words in Section VI., Article I., of the Constitution, so as to make the last clause thereof read : 'And no person holding any (other than a Cabinet) office under the United States, shall be a member of either House, during his continuance in office.' . . . Those four words being added to the Constitution, the President might be authorized and directed to choose for his Cabinet the leaders of the ruling majority in Congress. That Cabinet might, on condition of acknowledging its tenure of office as dependent on the favor of the Houses, be allowed to assume those privileges of initiation in legislation and leadership in debate which are now given by an almost equal distribution to the Standing Committees; and Cabinet Government would be instituted."

Mr. Wilson continues : "Cabinet Government would put the necessary bit in the mouth of beast caucus, and reduce him to his proper service, for it would secure open-doored government. It would not suffer legislation to skulk in committee closets and caucus conferences. *Light* is the only thing that can sweeten our political atmosphere : light thrown upon every detail of administration in the departments; light diffused through every passage of policy; light blazed full upon every feature of legislation; light that can penetrate every recess or corner in which any intrigue might hide; light that will open to view the innermost chambers of Government, drive away all darkness from the Treasury vaults, illuminate foreign correspondence, explore national dockyards, search out the obscurities of Indian affairs, display the working of justice, exhibit the management of the Army, play upon the sails of the Navy, and follow the distribution of the mails; and of such light Cabinet Government would be a constant and plentiful source."

The limits of this essay will not permit full elucidation of this subject, so ably treated by Mr. Wilson. It is, however, surprising that so thoughtful a paper should have apparently found so few readers, and it would be equally surprising under any other Government than ours, if the writer were not sought out, and placed in some public position, where he might have the opportunity, as he has the talent and the will, to serve the people to good purpose. But of such are *not* the kingdom of politicians ! .

If we were to adopt this English method of ministerial appointment, why would not the expectation of a seat in the Cabinet, accompanied as it would be by the heavy responsibility of reducing party platforms and pledges to practice, *compel* the selection of candidates for Congress from among the very ablest and best men of all parties? Why would not the new field thus opened to political ambition be speedily occupied by a class of minds far superior to the average legislative material of today?

Our sixth suggestion expresses the idea that, whether the introduction of Cabinet Government would improve the breed of Congressmen or not, an amendment of the Constitution should make sure of this matter by raising the standard of qualification of members of the legislative branch. No man educated out of the United States should ever be delegated to make laws for America; and a people which has done and is doing so much for universal education, should prove its conviction of the value thereof by refusing to be governed by any but the most thoroughly educated men. The principle of special education as a qualification for special duties is now recognized in the army, the navy, in the practice of the law, in the judiciary, in medicine, surgery, and dentistry, in the schools and in the church. Why should it not be extended to the highest department of the Government? Why should not free colleges be established by law in every State as schools for statesmen, wherein history, political economy, finance, political and social science, diplomacy, moral philosophy, public law, and all the art and science of government on American and patriotic principles, should be the curriculum; and whose graduates, carefully trained in the old Roman ideas of patriotism and public spirit, should alone be eligible to legislative office? Would not that be a long step in the direction of legislative reform?

Is it not a strange anomaly that in this nation, which is spending more for popular education than any other that ever existed, public office (except so far as the recent Civil Service Reform movement affects subordinate places in the executive departments) is the only position for which no educational qualification is required? Is it not absurd that nominating conventions everywhere name their best men for executive places, where, their every duty being prescribed by law, they have no discretion as to what to do, but are, as it were, only the people's clerks—put there to obey orders—while the *men who are to give the orders*, and manage the business by making the laws, are generally the tail of every ticket, selected from unknown, ignorant, foreign-born, or even positively vicious, material, and having no higher knowledge of their duties, no purer notion of patriotism, than to obey "the boss" or sell their votes for coin? The idea of the fathers on this subject was, that the good sense of the voter would naturally seek the very best men for the rulers of the nation, just as they would select servants and agents in their private business from the best available talent. They expected "the office to seek the man," not "the man the office." They regarded public service as an honor, not a matter of bargain and sale. In their view the office-holder was a public servant not a favored being, who, by the lucky chance of an election, acquired a title to certain powers and emoluments, as if he had drawn a prize in a lottery, or made a good speculation. How have the early ideas been forgotten during the last fifty years! How can this nation expect to compete with the splendid brain power which European nations place at the head of their governments, when the boiling of our political pot throws the solid elements of society always to the bottom, and forces only the scum to the top? How can we change the fatal condition of things, unless the qualification of candidates for legislative offices be so raised, that "beast caucus" shall no longer be able to fill them with ignorance and vice, and so that whoever is elected will necessarily be intelligent and capable, and almost certainly honest and faithful.

Our seventh suggestion will strike many readers as startling, or perhaps, as merely speculative. But the political scientist must work on the materials furnished to his hand by humanity as it exists, not as he may think it *ought* to exist. We have before remarked on the lessened necessity now existing to respect the political autonomy of the States, as compared with a century ago. So far as the United States Senate is concerned, capital has already set its eye upon it, as its future stronghold against radicalism in the House, which, as the more popular body, is liable to reflect the anti-monopoly views of the laboring masses. There are now twenty-two millionaires in the Federal Senate. Our own last Senatorial election shows the power of wealth in the field. In other States the office is becoming more and more liable to be sold to the highest bidder. Such is bound to be the future tendency, and it is useless to deny it. For *the* great source of power in all modern nations is *wealth.* What is the use of trying to ignore that power, while deluding ourselves with the fiction of *man*hood suffrage? Grant that the ballot expresses the will of the man who drops it, *what influences that will*, in the average voter, so powerfully as *his own interest*—the same motive which prompts all his other acts as a business man every day and hour of his working life? Wealth, being now the mainspring of every social movement, *will have its way*, whether recognized constitutionally or not. It *does* have its way, and every one knows it! All attempts to curb the fifty billions of American capital by legislation, while it is not constitutionally represented in the Government, must continue to fail, as they have always failed. The result of the present system is to force capital to attain its ends *corruptly*, and in so doing, it is *the* factor in all the political rascality of which the whole country complains.

The question is: Is it better to deny wealth any legal representation in the Government at the cost of universal political demoralization, as at present, or to preserve the integrity of the people at the cost of conferring upon wealth a legal standing in the Government? Is it better to pack legislatures with scoundrels, and maintain the lobby at the doors of every State House, session after session, for the purpose of carrying out the behests of capital for coin, or to honestly and openly recognize the undying conflict between labor and capital, by assigning one house to each in every legislative body? Would not wealth, thus made politically respectable, and placed in position to protect itself honestly, be deprived of all motive for secret corruption? Would the nation suffer any more from its recognized dominance in Government, than it now does through the same dominance in business, over the entire wage-working class; than it now does from the uncontrollable power of capital in politics, through "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain?" The water that springs from the soil in a level country (and a republic is a political level) spreads over all the ground, converting it into quagmire, destroying its usefulness to man and beast, and filling the air with noxious malaria. But confine the water in tight reservoirs, conduct it in canals, flumes, and pipes, and we reclaim the land and purify the air; we gain control of the power and all the other uses by which water is beneficent to man. Is it not so with capital as a factor in politics?

Our eighth suggestion differs from several of the preceding, insomuch that a large portion of the people are already prepared to sustain it. The effect of the wholesale immigration of the lower and more ignorant classes of foreigners into our country has been two-fold. In the economical sense, we have greatly gained in wealth from the increase in the number of the laboring and producing classes; but in the social and political sense, we have greatly suffered from the vast concourse of foreign-born people, whose presence has changed or ignored the once prevailing American ideas. We have taken in this foreign element faster than we can assimilate it. Consequently, wherever it preponderates, as in most of the large cities, it has crowded the American element out of the control of public affairs, and fostered bossism, corruption, and fraud to such an extent that municipal government in the United States is generally conceded to be a failure. Moreover, public lands of good quality, throughout our vast domain, have been becoming scarce for some years. We have now none to spare for the pauper classes of Europe. We have not enough left to supply the demands of our own young men for more than two more generations. Why, then, continue to sell or give lands and provide money to half a million of foreign immigrants per annum? We have begun a partial exclusion of the Chinese; why not now announce to the world that we propose to Americanize our present foreign-born population by one or two generations of purely American breeding and education, before admitting any more; and relieve our institutions, our society, and our public sentiment of the strain we have hitherto borne, before it wrenches the national structure entirely out of its original shape?

To be sure, Congress has now the power, with the concurrence of the President, as the head of the treaty-making power, to act in this matter. But so long as Congressmen are composed of the present material, and foreigners are convertible into citizens, just so long will subserviency to the foreign vote forestall any action whatever by machine politicians. Nothing short of an amendment to the Constitution will accomplish the object. Even this would be apt to remain unenforced, unless it were coupled with a provision that after its adoption no foreign-born person could, under any circumstances, become a citizen, or eligible to any office whatever in the Federal, State, or municipal governments. If such were now the law of the land, would it not act like the broom of Hercules in the cleaning of the Augean stables of political corruption, especially in our cities?

Our eighth suggestion is, that by constitutional provision the present system of treatment of the Indians should be done away with, and the Indians be vested with the same rights, subjected to the same laws, and required to discharge the same duties, as white men and negroes. If Indians be men, why all this exceptional sentimentalism in their governmental relations, which tends only to keep all their manly faculties undeveloped? Why maintain the tribal organization in the midst of the Republic? Why allot to the tribe, in reservation, ten or twenty times as much land, *per caput*, as is required for the maintenance of a white family, while at the same time the owners are not allowed to divide it, or sell it, and seldom cultivate it, because, for want of individual ownership in the land, the inducement to labor for the acquisition of property is wanting? Why tax the industrious white to supply food and clothing to the idle Indian? Why maintain a system of agencies for the distribution of supplies—a system full of fraud, resulting often in hardship to the Indians, whose food and clothing are of the poorest, though the best be paid for them, or misappropriated altogether by the thieves who handle them? Would it not be far more humane to the savages, and more just to the rest of the nation, that the Indians should be allowed or obliged to divide up their lands in severalty, be taught as others are taught, be vested with the franchise, encouraged to scatter themselves among the people, and left to earn their own living like other people? The best of them would hail such a change with acclamation, and would soon become good citizens; the worst would soon die out, as lazy whites and negroes perish, without exciting the compassionate sensibilities of Boston or Chautauqua. "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat?" Why should the Indian be the only exception to the rule, or to the old couplet:

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

Why would not the same necessity for industrial exertion, the same responsibilities, duties, and cares, produce the same result in the development of an Indian's faculties that is common with everybody else? If not, then is he not a man, but a brute; and there is clearly no necessity for keeping him alive by taxation of the industrious classes, and under such conditions that the existence of one Indian often excludes a thousand whites from the soil that could be made to support them.

Our tenth and last suggestion is a very old one: We have now too many elections. The enormous business of our vast country suffers a partial paralysis every fourth year. The danger that a change in administration may result in a change in the tariff, currency, coinage, internal revenue, or foreign affairs, affects every merchant in the land, curtails business, produces contraction and failures, and is attended by no corresponding benefit. That eight years is really preferred for the presidential term by the people is shown by the fact, that out of our fifteen Presidents, seven have been reëlected, while in other instances the attempt has often been made either to nominate or reëlect the retiring President.

Again, the affairs of our great country have become so complicated that it is utterly impossible for any but the most able of our office-holders and Congressmen to acquire sufficient familiarity with his manifold duties early enough in his present short term of office to be of any use to his constituents. A Representative is elected for two years. It takes all of the first year so to accustom him to his place, as to embolden him to take any prominent part in the business of the House. During the second year his principal concern is

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[1] See article on the subject by E. W. McGraw, in THE OVERLAND MONTHLY.

to secure his own reëlection. Failing in this, he goes out, and a new man takes his place, to go through the same experience. How can the public business receive proper attention under such a system? This is one prominent reason why less and less business seems to be transacted by each successive Congress. For, as the nation becomes more and more populous and wealthy, so is the consequence of every Act of Congress more widely and deeply felt. Hence greater slowness and reluctance to act on the part of green men, who, if at all conscientious, must be overwhelmed by a sense of responsibility, and a painful consciousness of ignorance on the thousand questions which they are called to decide. Give these men a term of six years, and the nation could afford the loss of one-sixth of the term to be spent in their education, better than it can of half the term as at present.

For similar reasons, the term of United States Senators should be extended to ten years.

For the purpose of depriving all political parties of the powerful assistance of office-holders in place—as well as of preventing the time of office-holders (which belongs to the people) from being spent on party politics, with a view to perpetuating their own incumbency—the Constitution should prevent the reëlection of any officers having patronage to bestow.

It is another old suggestion, that as the mode provided in the present Constitution for the election of a President has not been really enforced since Jefferson's time, the electoral college should be abolished, and the election of President be made directly by the people, and decided in accordance with the majority of the entire vote, without reference to State lines. Also, now that assassination has twice removed the President, that at least three Vice-Presidents should be elected instead of one, and the order of their succession prescribed. The matter of providing some more perfect mode than the present for guarding the nation against the perils that might ensue upon the death or disability of both President and Vice-President, has been before Congress since the death of President Garfield, but, of course, nothing has been done. Will any public business be promptly and properly transacted while Congress is organized as at present?

We may thus amuse ourselves by speculation as to what changes in the Federal Constitution would benefit the people, and make our Government more nearly conform to the needs of our great and growing nation. But *cui bono?* We must remember:

1st. That the modes of amendment prescribed in the present instrument are two: one whereof requires the concurrence of two-thirds of both houses of Congress, and subsequent ratification by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States; the other contemplates a convention to be called together on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the States, with subsequent ratification of its work by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States.

2d. That all of the members, whether of Congress or the State Legislatures, must, of course, be politicians, the majority of whom are not to be expected to feel any common impulse to curtail their own power and emoluments, merely to benefit the people.

3d. That thus no provision exists for the amendment of the Constitution, except by and through the *action of the politicians*, which action will never be taken except for party purposes, or in compliance with active, determined, and prolonged public agitation, or in the presence of some great emergency like that which secured the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments. Certainly, it is not to be anticipated that three-fourths or two-thirds of the politicians in all the States who may be in power at any one time, will commit such an act of treason against their own wicked class as to vote in favor of either a convention or separate amendments, whose object was to benefit the people at the expense of the "machine."

There being, then, no public outcry in favor of amending the organic law, and less probability of unanimity among the leaders of opinion as to the amendments that ought to be made as the population grows larger and its wants more varied; there being, also, no method of calling a convention except by the action of the politicians, and an enormous *vis inertiæ* in the masses of the people to reinforce the conservatism of those who prefer to bear the ills they have rather than to "fly to others that they know not of," it is not now apparent when or how a revision of the Constitution is likely to be undertaken, or what complexion would be given to the work by such a convention as the politicians would be sure to pack for their own selfish purposes. Moreover, the country is full of communists, socialists, advocates of woman suffrage, agrarians, and cranks, whose every effort would be concentrated upon such an opportunity to realize their peculiar views in the fundamental law. To attempt a revision, therefore, would be full of peril and probabilities of failure. Meantime, the boy's jacket still clings to the limbs of the full-grown young giant. Will it fit any better when he reaches the obesity of middle or old age?

C. T. Hopkins.

THE RANCHERIA AFFAIR.

The establishing of law and order in the gold regions, with such a heterogeneous mass of humanity, has always been a source of pride to Californians, as proving the ability for self-government. The fact that Congress tacitly, if not officially, recognized the laws and regulations enacted by the miners, and that interests involving millions of dollars were settled in accordance with miners' law, proves an innate sense of justice in the mass of the people who so suddenly occupied the Pacific slope. Every camp had its written laws regarding the method of obtaining and working mining ground, water rights, etc., which were introduced into court, and received as evidence of custom. Many of these were drawn with as much care as the laws enacted by a legislative body. So far as miners' civil jurisprudence was concerned, there was little to complain of.

The case was different, however, when the people undertook to manage criminal matters. The administration of justice was strangely mixed with punishment, vengeance, and a love of blood—for the disposition of a considerable part of a community to engage in the destruction of life cannot have a better name than this last. Prudence and justice seem to have been habitually put aside in the excitement following an atrocious murder—or even a lesser crime; for the stealing of a sum as small as fifty dollars was made, in obedience to public opinion, a capital offense, though, as a matter of fact, no California court ever punished theft with death. It was common enough in the mines, and even on the ranches, to hang for highway robbery, or for the stealing of cattle and horses. In most cases, especially where murder had been openly committed, substantial justice was administered. When the grade of the crime was uncertain, or accompanied with mitigating circumstances, the accused was generally turned over to the courts.

One of the most repulsive and unprofitable features of lynch law was the prominence it gave to that class of people who are always on the ragged edge of crime. If a crime had been committed, the class referred to were sure to put themselves in the lead, appearing to be the movers of public opinion, instead of followers. Scarcely an execution took place, in which the most active participants were not themselves of the criminal class, and good candidates for similar honors on some future occasion. In 1853 a most atrocious murder was committed by a young man named Messer. The victim was an inoffensive old man; the motive was simply a desire to kill some one for notoriety. The four young men who then officiated as executioners all came to violent deaths: one was slain in a bar-room quarrel; one was hung for murder, and one for theft, the manner of death of the fourth being uncertain. In this case, as in others, the men were permitted, rather than put forward, to do the work repugnant to all good citizens. The prominence given them, however, often resulted in a supposed right to avenge imaginary wrongs, and in the commission of other crimes.

One of the most serious tragedies in the history of our State occurred in August, 1855. Rancheria, in Amador County, was a little town of perhaps two hundred inhabitants, the larger portion of whom were of the Spanish race, including Mexicans, Chilenos, Peruvians, etc. The town had the institutions common to all mining camps, such as a hotel or two, stores, saloons, and fandango houses, where whisky and other commodities were sold in small quantities to those who worked the shallow and generally poor mines of the neighborhood. There was no extensive mining; the Mexican, with his *bataya*, making two or three dollars per day, did the most work.

These Mexicans were a hard-working class, satisfied with a meager diet of *frijoles* and *tortillas* (beans, and thin bread baked on a hot stone) and a little *aguardiente*. Crimes, except petty thefts, were uncommon among them.

The place, however, occasionally had a few of the *caballeros* (horsemen), who, by virtue of superior birth and circumstances, felt they had a right to the goods, and even persons, of the *peons*, or lower class. Between them and all the better class of Americans there was a wide gulf of hatred, kept alive by recollections of the Mexican war and its results. The *caballero* could not forget that a few years before California was part of his national domain; nor the American, that he was a conqueror. The Mexican could offer his neighbors, the *Americanos*, a cigarette with the utmost politeness, which, however, could not wholly disguise his unmitigated hatred of the conqueror, who scarcely ever failed to hint in some way a superiority.

The indolent *caballero* had an undisguised contempt for that restless energy which would tear up the ground like fiends to get out the gold, a condition of mind inconsistent with the dignity of a high-bred Castilian. *Caballeros* were mostly gamblers by profession, to which, by an easy logical process, they added highway robbery, when the gambling failed to keep them in funds. Many a traveler, with well-filled purse, was lost on the lonely trails between the towns of Amador and Eldorado Counties, and the disappearance was always credited to the Spanish *caballero*. It was known that members of some of the first Spanish families of the State had organized bands of robbers in Southern California, to plunder the cattle dealers, who often carried tens of thousands of dollars to make their purchases.

In this town, however, the few Americans had lived in peace with the poor, laboring *peons*, and an act of hostility, involving the death of a score or more of victims, was totally unlooked for.

The banditti who began the series of acts that culminated in wholesale murder and hanging, numbered about one dozen; of whom one appeared to be a negro, and one a recalcitrant American, the rest being Mexicans. Some were common vaqueros, and some were well educated, and belonged to the better class.

They were first seen at a place called Hacalitas, August 15th, where they stayed all night. The following day they went towards Drytown, robbing several Chinese camps on the way, and reached the town about dark. Here some of their own countrymen recognized their character, and put the people on their guard. A constable and deputy sheriff, who attempted to interview the party, were fired upon at sight, and a regular fusillade occurred, the balls rattling against the houses; though, owing to the darkness, no one was injured. The robbers, as they proved to be, withdrew from the town, moving towards Rancheria, which was about two miles away.

It was now evident that murder or robbery was intended, and that the neighboring hamlet was to be the scene. Two or three hours were consumed in making up a party to follow them. Though but a few years had elapsed since the people journeyed across the plains fully armed, it was extremely difficult to procure a sufficient number of serviceable arms to cope with the robbers; and when the pursuing party reached Rancheria, the town was silent as a tomb. Those who were not killed had fled, or were hidden away. The robbers had done their work and departed.

A store and hotel were gutted, the owners and occupants being either killed or left for dead. One man, with both legs broken, and otherwise fatally wounded, survived long enough to relate the story of the murders. Six white men, one woman, and an Indian were killed outright, and several more wounded.

It does not appear that the banditti made any further attacks. The alarm was spread in every direction, by telegraph and messengers, so that the people were everywhere on the alert, and the robbers left the county, traveling by night, and hiding by day. They were eventually overtaken in the southern part of Calaveras County, in the neighborhood of Chinese Camp.

The following morning, a large number of exasperated people, from all parts of the county, met at the place. The sight of the slain raised their anger to the highest pitch. Some were for an immediate war of extermination on all the Spanish race. All the males of the place, numbering about seventy, were brought together, and enclosed in a corral made of ropes. During the early stage of the proceedings a motion to hang the entire lot was voted on and carried.

It must not be supposed that there were no men there of cool brain; on the contrary, there were several present whose discretion and judgment could be relied on. Of this number were two elderly men by the name of Hinkson, and also Judge Curtis. They got control of the mass of people by putting themselves in the lead, and as they were men of character and good standing, the people trusted them. They did not oppose the popular determination, but advised caution: "Let us hang none but the guilty." Finding the guilty ones involved a trial of some sort, and a jury was selected and a court organized.

It may be asked, where the legal officers were during this time. The sheriff and his deputies were on the trail of the real murderers, who had left in a body, going south. The county court was in session at Jackson, but adjourned at noon, in consequence of the absence of jurors, witnesses, complainants, and defendants. Some of the officers were at the place during the day, after the work of the mob was over.

When order had been established, or at least partly so, witnesses were heard. The fact that the murderers came in a body and departed the same way was brought out, and that, except for being present, the mass of the population had nothing to do with the murderers. But victims must be given up, and three men were found guilty on the most worthless testimony, and sentenced to be hung. One man, who remained shut up in his house during the *melée*, thought he heard one of them crying, "Hurrah for Mexico"; another one, according to the same testimony, had been seen to place a light in the road in front of his house, and a third one to be running around with the banditti during the time of shooting.

A famous temperance orator, W. O. Clark, tried to turn aside the wrath of the people; but they were in no mood to hear fine speeches, and the threat of hanging him, also, sent him away. A Mrs. Ketchum was particularly active in stirring up the popular wrath.

The three victims were hung to a tree near by. One of them was a half-witted man, generally drunk on wine, and hence called Port Wine. He was almost incapable of crime. Some victims were necessary to satisfy the clamor for blood. The leaders of the trial averted a greater slaughter.

While the bodies were hanging to the tree, a vote was taken, expelling the whole Mexican population from the town or camp, four hours being given them in which to leave. The friends of the victims, in one instance a wife, begged for the bodies, that they might bury them before leaving.

When the news of the murders and the consequent excitement spread, there happened to be in the county a young educated

Spaniard by the name of Borquitas, who had been a private secretary for General Vallejo. Having a knowledge of English, he thought he might be of service in acting as mediator between the people and the accused. After conversing awhile with the residents of the camp, he expressed the opinion that none of those arrested had any part in the murders. This so enraged the people that a proposition was made to hang him. The suggestion met with little favor; but a man who had been loudest in demanding his hanging remarked that he would settle the dispute, and reached for his gun, drawing it towards him by the muzzle. It went off, and a heavy load of shot struck him in the breast, producing instant death. This accident caused so much excitement that Borquitas left the dangerous locality.

The Mexicans all left the camp, most of them moving into Mile Gulch, about two miles away. The day after these affairs, a still larger crowd assembled at the scene of the murders, made more angry than on the first day by exaggerated rumors of more murders, and a proposed insurrection of the whole Spanish race on this Coast. Though a few hundreds of Americans had been able to conquer California in 1846, the absurdity was believed, notwithstanding the Americans outnumbered the natives a hundred to one.

The new-comers destroyed all the huts of the Mexicans, as well as all other property they could find. It was resolved to drive all of the Spanish race out of the country. A large portion of the angry mob went to the gulch where the banished inhabitants had retired. Whether it was deliberately intended or not, a general slaughter began. Numbers of Indians joined in the affray. Many Mexicans were surprised in the holes where they were mining; others were shot down while in flight. The Indians, who would have been most destructive, were hindered in the pursuit and slaughter by the desire of plunder, tricking themselves out with the finery of their victims.

The people of other portions of the county proceeded to expel the Mexicans. At Sutter Creek, the same extravagant and absurd stories of an insurrection were in circulation. A committee of safety was appointed to provide means of defense. About sixty Mexicans, who were mining on Gopher Flat, were arrested and brought to town. One man, who was unfortunate enough to have been in Rancheria on the night of the murders, was hunted through the camp. He was found concealed beneath a pile of clothes which were being ironed, and was hung to two wagon tongues, elevated like a letter A, the wagons being locked to prevent them from running apart. The sixty were compelled to take the road out of the county.

The lower street of the town was inhabited by Spanish shop-keepers, and women and children. They also were compelled to leave, many of them climbing over the hills with bare feet. Other parties, self-appointed, went into the surrounding counties, disarming all the Mexicans they could find, and keeping the arms themselves.

The Spanish-speaking population at Drytown were mostly Chileno; hence the name Chile Flat, for the portion of the town where they resided. Though speaking the same language, the Chilenos and Mexicans did not intermingle much, so they could hardly be even suspected of any connection with the Rancheria affair. They had to bear part of the injustice meted to the others, however. On the following Sunday, when the excitement was supposed to have culminated, some fifteen or twenty men on horse-back came into the town, and made an attack on Chile Flat, setting fire to the brush shanties, and driving the people away. One miscreant, who bore the name of Boston, set fire to the Catholic church, which was also destroyed.

This was the last of the popular outbreaks, though a mass meeting was held at Jackson, the county seat, where it was proposed to outlaw the whole Mexican population; but the more thoughtful part of the people strongly opposed any such cruelty, and it was abandoned. During the week of the disturbance, exaggerated rumors of the numbers of the killed were in circulation. One man, who had the term Judge prefixed to his name, boasted of having killed thirty Mexicans with his own hand. It was ascertained, however, that the slain numbered only eight, which, considering the general war made on them, was quite fortunate.

I have referred to the pursuit of the murderers. Some were killed in the fight at Chinese Camp, in Calaveras county, where Phœnix, the sheriff, met his death. Three were taken alive, and hung without trial on the famous hanging tree at Jackson. The matter of hanging without a trial became so notorious, that in one or two instances the officers, when arresting men on suspicion in adjoining counties, were prevented from taking their prisoners where certain death awaited them.

Many of the Mexicans who were expelled went to Jenny Lind, in Calaveras county; where, adopting to some extent the habits and industries of the Americans, they outlived the violent prejudices which formerly made life and property so insecure.

Thirty years have passed since the foregoing events convulsed the country. Placer mining has ceased. The town of brush shanties long since ceased to exist. A quiet farm, with the sounds of hay-making and harvest, occupies the site of the tragedy. A small lot enclosed with a picket fence, a plain slab or two, noting the date of the affair, are all that is left to remind the generation of middle-aged persons who have come on the stage of action since, of the horrors of thirty years ago.

Few are found now to justify the excesses of that day, or even to apologize for them. In recalling these events, there is no intention of severely judging the pioneers. They did what seemed best at that time, but the excesses were the usual results of an appeal to lynch law. Public opinion, except when manifested through prescribed channels, is fitful, uncertain, and often unjust.

THE YOUTH AND EDUCATION OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

In almost every crisis in the history of a race, some individual comes forward as the exponent of the thought and feeling, and the type of the ideal of his country, or perhaps his age. If he is a true representative of his age or people, the student of history feels an interest in him, apart from and independent of the attraction felt for a striking character. The question, what were the influences which formed that character that made him a representative man of his day, is always an interesting one.

Napoleon truly represented the majority of Frenchmen of his time. The same forces that produced the explosion known as the French Revolution largely molded his character. It was the influences surrounding his youth that made him welcome the revolution, and cast his lot with the people of France. Of aristocratic lineage, educated at a military school, an officer in an army in which only the sons of nobles could hold a commission —why did he not follow the example of his brother officers, and emigrate? Why did he repudiate the traditions and feelings of his class, and join his fortunes to the revolution, becoming the personal friend of Salacetti and Robespierre the younger? Why was he so bitter against the old order and such a vehement advocate of the new? Why was the revolution so welcome to him? Had the same bitterness entered his soul that, rankling in the breasts of the French people, had caused the explosion which blew aristocracy and a dissolute priesthood clear out of France?

A study of his youthful environments will throw much light upon the character and the early public career of the most remarkable man and military genius the world has seen since Hannibal, and will show why he welcomed the revolution, and became a representative of his time and adopted country. Without such a study, his career, particularly that portion of it prior to Marengo, will remain an enigma. The investigations of Colonel Jung and others make it possible to examine and weigh the influences which surrounded his youth, and which started him in his wonderful career.

Napoleon Bonaparte had not a drop of French blood in his veins. He was a Corsican Italian. Corsicans, since the memory of man runneth not to the contrary, have been a wild, free, stubborn, and vindictive people. Two thousand years ago Livy wrote: "Corsica is a rugged, mountainous, and almost uninhabited island. The people resemble their country, being as ungovernable as wild beasts. Servitude in no way softens the Corsicans; if they are made prisoners, they become unbearable to their masters, or else give up life from sheer impatience of the yoke." Since Livy's day, their character has been somewhat modified; but it is doubtful if time ever materially changes the innate qualities of a race. Lanfrey says of them: "To their indomitable wildness has been united a certain suppleness borrowed from the Italians, and to the energy of their character a subtle and shrewd intelligence. Sober, courageous, and hospitable, but deceitful, superstitious, and vindictive—such were, and still are, the people of Corsica." Circumstances and his marvelous abilities made Napoleon's faults and virtues seem almost colossal; but it is perceived at once that they were the faults and virtues of his race. He was a true type of his people, as well as of the French.

His ancestors on his father's side came originally from Tuscany, but had been settled in Corsica for more than one hundred years. His mother, the beautiful Lætitia, was of pure Corsican blood. The Bonaparte family seems to have been among the principal ones of the island; but his father, Charles Bonaparte, though of the rank of a noble, had not sufficient fortune to maintain and educate a family. Married while he and his wife were still very young, he took an active part in the gallant struggle made by his people for their freedom; his wife, it is said, following her husband in the campaigns waged against the French invaders.

Two or three children born to the young couple died in infancy. On January 7, 1768, at Corte, a son was born. A year and a half later, on August 15, 1769, at Ajaccio, another son was born. These years witnessed the last expiring struggles of as gallant a fight against an overwhelming invasion as was ever made, and it was during the death struggles of their country that these two boys came into the world. Bonaparte's own language, in his letter to Paoli, in 1789, is as follows: "I was born when my country was perishing. Thirty thousand Frenchmen were vomited upon our soil: the throne of our liberty was drowned in a sea of blood. This was the odious sight upon which my eyes opened. Cries of the wounded, sighs of the oppressed, and tears of despair environed my cradle at my birth."

One of these boys was named Napoleon, and the other Joseph; but which was which it is now impossible to ascertain. The future conqueror and his family always asserted that he was born at the later date, and that it was Joseph who was born at Corte, in January, 1768. But neither he nor his relatives ever hesitated to lie about any matter, if any profit was to be gained thereby. The profit of falsehood in this case, if there was any, consisted in the fact that when his father desired to enter him, in 1779, in the Royal Military school at Brienne, admission to that school was limited to sons of nobles under ten years of age. The official records of the date and place of his birth are conflicting. Colonel Jung gives the result, when he says: "There are five documents fixing the birth of Napoleon at Corte, on January 7, 1768, and there is but one which gives the date of August 15, 1769."

The father early discerned the character of one of his sons, and desired to enter him at the military school. In order to bring him within the requisite age, did he mix those babies up? Did Napoleon commence his career in France with a lie? One can readily understand why the father of these two boys selected the military career for one instead of his brother. One boy was full of fire and energy; the other gentle, amiable, and irresolute.

All writers seem to agree that the father, Charles Bonaparte, was a vain, easy-going gentleman, fond of his pleasures, who thought more of pushing his fortunes by subserviency to the great, than by creating a career for himself; while the mother, by her ability, resolution, and courage, was the source from whence one of her sons derived his wonderful force. Napoleon himself seems to have originated this impression of his parents. But, judging from the memoirs, letters, etc., at my disposal, I am inclined to think the inference unwarrantable. The father seems to have done all he could to push his fortunes and those of his children. His immense family and his pecuniary resources did not balance, and the unfortunate gentleman early succumbed to the increasing weight of one, and the lightness of the other; but that he made a brave struggle, appears from the strenuous efforts he made to obtain positions and an education for his children.

The mother, beautiful in youth, and dignified in age, does not appear to have been other than an average woman and mother, either as to character or mental powers. That either the burden of so many children was too much for her, or she was a careless mother, is shown by the way the little Napoleon spent his childhood, and from the wild and wholly untamed forces of his character. Colonel Jung says of him, as a child, that he was ill-tempered, and kept the family in an uproar; that he was always in the open air, with his shoes untied, with his hair blowing in the wind, and greatly preferred the society of herdsmen and sailors to the maternal fireside. Again, he says of him, when at the age of ten he was taken to France, that he was a perfect little savage. Napoleon, at St. Helena, speaking of his childhood, said: "Nothing pleased me. I feared no one. I fought with one, kicked another, scratched a third, and made myself feared by all. My brother Joseph was my slave. My mother had to restrain my bellicose temper. Her tenderness was severe. She punished and rewarded indiscriminately."

Madame Junot, whose sources of information were Napoleon himself, his mother, her own mother, and Savaria, the nurse, relates a curious anecdote to show the resolution and obstinacy of the boy at seven. He was wrongfully accused of stealing some fruit, and was whipped and confined three days to bread and moldy cheese. He would not cry, nor accuse his guilty sister and her playmate. On the fourth day, the playmate, who had been away, returned, and, more generous than his sister, confessed the fault. Madame Junot also says the habit of beating children was common in all classes of Corsican society, but that when the little Napoleon was whipped, he would sometimes shed a few tears, but would never utter a word in the way of begging pardon. Am I not right in imputing it as a fault in the mother, that this wayward son should not have been amenable to gentle maternal influences?

No wonder that when the ambitious father saw an opportunity of obtaining a place for one of his sons at the military school at Brienne, he should want the place for Napoleon rather than for the amiable, irresolute Joseph.

Corsica had been completely overrun by the French, and made a dependency of that kingdom. The father, after becoming convinced that it was useless to continue the fight, early gave in his adhesion to France, and was an earnest supporter of the government; but his little son, running wild among the mountains of his native island, associating with shepherds, and his ears regaled with tales of the struggle for liberty and the exploits of his people, his enthusiasm and bellicose nature aroused against the conquerors of his native land, had a hatred for France which he never concealed or attempted to palliate, until, in the midst of revolution and chaos come again, he saw an opportunity presented of a great career for himself in the country adopted for him by his father.

By the aid and intercession of the Governor of the Island, an appointment was procured in 1778 at the school at Brienne for the son of Charles Bonaparte. The father was expected to present himself with the boy at the school, with proofs of his nobility; and the boy must be under ten, and have sufficient knowledge of French to speak and write it. But Napoleon did not know a word of French. The only language he knew was the Corsican dialect of the Italian. In fact, out of his obstinate hate of the French, and, perhaps, natural deficiency, it was not until after manhood and his career were opening up before him, that he acquired a passable knowledge of the language. He never did learn to spell or write it correctly.

Charles Bonaparte left Corsica with his two sons for France, December 15, 1778, and entered them both at a school in Autun, January 1, 1779, where they could study the language of their new country, preparatory to applying for admission for one of them to the military school. One of Napoleon's teachers, after the death of his pupil, said of him, that at this school he was of a somber, thoughtful character, quick to learn, and in receiving his lesson would fix his eyes on his teacher and closely follow him; but if the teacher attempted to recapitulate, the pupil would say, with an imperious air, "I know it already, sir." One of the most striking characteristics of Napoleon all through life, was his quickness of perception. A glance to him was as much as patient investigation to other men. A suggestion was enough to create in his mind the whole fabric of a scheme or a system; and while the speaker thought he had just begun to open out the matter, Napoleon, in his own language, knew it already.

He found himself alone in the school. If he had had the usual inclinations and desires of boyhood, he would still have been shut out from companionship by inability to speak the language of his playmates. His life was made unhappy by the rudeness of his comrades. They taunted him with his people having been conquered. This ill-tempered, quarrelsome boy, whose love for his mountains and hatred of the conquerors of his home had been nourished by legend and by tales of actors in the strife, was now obliged to endure the taunts and sneers of cruel school boys of the conquering race.

After three months he learned enough French to enable him to enter the military school, which he did on Sunday, April 25, 1779. His life here—for a time, at least—was most unhappy. It is said that the pride and arrogance of the pupils from the military schools made them detested in the army in after life. Here was the little Napoleon, hardly able to make himself understood in the language of the country, with no longer the companionship of his brother; poor, proud, sensitive, fearless: what charms had life for him with such surroundings? All his youth and early manhood was embittered by poverty; but how the iron must have entered the soul of this exile in a strange land, possessed by a proud and sensitive spirit, but surrounded by opulence and arrogance, subjected to taunts and sneers, and even his name of Napoleon made a subject of ridicule!

Before he was twelve years, old he wrote, in the bitterness of his spirit:

> "*My Father:* If you or my protectors cannot give the means of sustaining myself more honorably in the house where I am, please summon me home as soon as possible. I am tired of poverty, and of the smiles of the insolent scholars who are superior to me only in their fortune, for there is not one among them who feels one hundredth part of the noble sentiments by which I am animated. Must your son, sir, be continually the butt of these boobies, who, vain of the luxuries which they enjoy, insult me by their laughter at the privations which I am forced to endure? No, father, no! If fortune refuses to smile upon me, take me from Brienne, and make of me, if you will, a mechanic. From these words you may judge of my despair. This letter, sir, please believe, is not dictated by a vain desire to enjoy expensive amusements. I have no such wish. I feel simply that it is necessary to show my companions that I can procure them, as well as themselves, if I choose to do so.
>
> "Your respectful and obedient son,
>
> "BUONAPARTE."

This letter is the first known utterance of this wonderful man. One is inclined to doubt that even Napoleon could have written such a letter before he was twelve, and that perhaps his father did commit a fraud upon the rules of the school. But what haughty pride and suffering it betrays, and what egotism!

His father did not take him away, and could not increase his allowance. He was forced to endure the humiliations of his position, and after it was explained to him that he must rely upon himself to make a career, he troubled his father with no more complaints.

Indeed, it would seem that in time his imperious temper and energy gave him some ascendency over his school-mates, if Bourienne's celebrated story of the snow fort has any foundation in fact. Undoubtedly he attracted the attention of his superiors. He had for a short time as teacher of arithmetic the afterwards famous General Pichegru. Little boy though he was, he must have made a strong impression on his tutor, for in after life, when Pichegru became devoted to the royal cause, and it was supposed the young general of the Army of Italy might be brought over: "No," said Pichegru, "it is useless to attempt it. From my knowledge of him as a boy, I know he has formed his resolution, and he will be inflexible."

History has given us no more striking instance of obstinancy, or, if you please, inflexibility of character, than we see in Napoleon from beginning to end of his career. A purpose once formed, an end to be attained, was followed with a pertinacity which is rarely seen, and which finally led to his ruin. While he would vary the means to attain an end, the end itself was always before him, and was steadily followed.

While at this school, he displayed other characteristics, good and bad, which followed him through life. Among the good, may be mentioned his gratitude for favors shown. Napoleon never forgot a kindness. The teacher or the schoolmate who loved or esteemed him was remembered and rewarded. Through life he was faithful in his friendship. The brothers and sisters who tormented and harassed him, in the days of his greatness, with their squabbles, their weaknesses, their ill-temper, always found in him a generous, indulgent brother. The early companions in arms became so necessary to him personally that he could not change them, though sound policy required it. Strange faces were always objectionable, and he clung to his old companions, because they were familiar to him, and he had become attached to them. At St. Helena, he said it would have been better by far if he had pensioned his brothers and sisters, and before Waterloo, if he had selected younger generals; but he could not make up his mind to do it. The faults which he displayed at school can be easily accounted for by considering his egotism, poverty, and pride, and his surroundings.

At this time, and before he left home, it was his desire to become a sailor, and it seems that to become an officer in the king's navy, and not the king's army, was the object originally sought when the place was obtained for him in this school, and that the school was a preparatory one for the navy as well as the army. What speculations arise, as one thinks of the youthful Bonaparte entering the French navy, at a time when it still disputed with England the sovereignty of the seas. Would Aboukir and Trafalgar have witnessed the exaltation of the English?

In his studies, the official report shows that he distinguished himself by his application to mathematics, that he did passably well in history and geography, and poorly in Latin. The report closes by saying he will make an excellent sailor, and deserves to be sent to the school in Paris. But the number of applications to the Marine Corps was so large, that only those boys with powerful patrons succeeded, and young Bonaparte was obliged to renounce the navy for the army. He preferred the artillery or the engineer corps. The cavalry officers displayed too much ostentation, and there was too little to do in the infantry to suit this incarnation of pride, energy, and industry. His father, therefore, chose for him the artillery, and secured his admission to the artillery school, when he should be able to pass the requisite examinations.

There are a few letters of his, written at Brienne, still in existence. They are entirely out of the ordinary run of school-boy letters. At one time he had had a serious quarrel with a school-mate, who had spoken disrespectfully of Corsica, and possibly of Napoleon's father. Whereupon there was such a warlike display on the part of the little Corsican, that he was confined to the guard-house. His pride was so wounded that he writes to the governor of the island to remove him from the school, if his liberty had been taken away from him justly, that his father might not be disgraced by the son's impetuosity of temper. Another letter, written to his father September 12, 1784, is quite characteristic of the future emperor. While most respectful in tone, yet the reasons he gives to his father why his brothers, Joseph and Lucien, should be educated according to his views, sound like commands. This letter also shows his clear and methodical power of statement, and his affection for and interest in his brothers and sisters. He begs for books about his native island, even then contemplating a history of Corsica, which should vindicate her and glorify the Corsicans in the eyes of the French people.

Before his school days were over, it is probable that he had ceased to have the violent hatred of the French with which he was at first animated; but he would still say to Bourienne, when offended: "I will do these French all the harm I can." Of course, with such feelings, he could not be otherwise than unpopular with his classmates. Therefore he sought companionship in books, devoting himself to history and biography. Polybius and Plutarch were his favorites.

At last he was ready for his examinations, and after having spent five years at Brienne, and at the age of fifteen, reckoning August 15, 1769, as his birthday, he entered the military school in Paris, destined for the artillery branch of the army.

At this time, he must have been fully grown, as his height was given at the equivalent in English measurement of five feet, six and a half inches.

At Paris, his sufferings on account of his poverty, and the wealth and arrogance of his classmates, were much greater than at Brienne. One of the first things this boy did, was to draw up a memorial to the authorities on the useless luxury of the school. The red republican of 1793 was beginning to be foreshadowed in the bitter fight he was making against the ostentation and extravagance of his comrades. An answer is being formulated to the question asked a while ago: Why did he welcome the revolution?

He had some friends in Paris, notably Madame Junot's mother and her brother, who, on account of friendship for his parents, desired to be kind to the lonely student. He was evidently grateful for their attentions, but his sensitiveness had become morbid. His irritability was excessive. His sister Eliza was at a free royal school near Paris, for the education of daughters of impoverished nobles, and two more thoroughly miserable pupils were never probably educated at the public expense, than this brother and sister. Of course, any one at all familiar with the state of society in France at this period understands why these poor, haughty Corsicans could not be otherwise than unhappy.

In February, 1785, his father died, and a manly, affectionate letter to his mother, on hearing the distressing news, is extant. Though his father had scarcely seen the boy since he left Corsica, yet there is no doubt his hopes had been centered in the little exile. In the delirium of the last illness, he incessantly called for Napoleon to come to his aid.

In this school he displayed the same disabilities and aptitudes in regard to studies which he had evidenced at Brienne. He made such little progress in German, that the German teacher, Bauer, formed a very poor opinion of him. One day, Napoleon not being in his place, Bauer inquired where he was, and was told he was attending his examination in the class of artillery. "What! does he know anything?" said the teacher. Some one replied, that he was the best mathematician in the school. "Ah!" said Bauer, "I have always heard it remarked, and I have always believed, that none but a fool could learn mathematics."

When he was sixteen—always supposing he was born in 1769—he was entitled to examination for a commission in the artillery. The official notes of his examination are as follows:

"Reserved and studious. He prefers study to any amusement, and enjoys reading the best authors. Applies himself earnestly to the abstract sciences; cares little for anything else. He is silent, and loves solitude. He is capricious, haughty, and excessively egotistical; talks little, but is quick and energetic in his replies, prompt and severe in his repartees. Has great pride and ambition, aspiring to anything. The young man is worthy of patronage."

No wonder his superiors were glad to get rid of him, and recommended his appointment to a regiment. They said he possessed a temper there was no possibility of rendering sociable. And, yet, one cannot but feel sympathy for the lonely, egotistical, ambitious boy, whose character was of a quality which was made worse by influences that would not have affected duller natures, who was unutterably miserable where others would have been reasonably happy. One cannot but sympathize with him, in his contest with the school and the miserable world which surrounded him.

What might not have been done for such a nature by a firm, conscientious, affectionate, Christian mother, in a happy home! What did he know about home? How he spent his first nine years, we have already seen; and then, while a little child, he became an exile among a strange people. All his schoolboy days were spent without any home influences whatever—at a military school, learning to be a soldier—associating with soldiers—everything done by the word of command. Can you expect a man, educated as he was, to regard human life? Is it any wonder that, with time and opportunity—with such unrivaled ability—with such a training and education—he should develop into the conqueror and despot? The wonder is that he was not worse.

In October, 1785, when a little past sixteen, he received his appointment to an artillery regiment, then stationed at Valence, in the south of France. He had made only one friend among his classmates, and he, too, was appointed to the same regiment.

Young Bonaparte was unable to raise money to pay his traveling expenses to this regiment, until his friend came to his relief and loaned him part of his own allowance. But before reaching their journey's end, the supply gave out, and the two friends were obliged to complete their journey on foot. Such was the humble introduction to the French Army, of the boy who soon became its pride and glory.

On the 10th of January, 1786, he entered upon his duties as sub-lieutenant of artillery, and for the first time since leaving his native land, was happy. By exercising strict economy, he found his pay as an officer sufficient for his support. Some of his brothers and sisters had obtained places in schools, while his mother bid fair to succeed in some pecuniary ventures in which his father had failed. He himself was free. His military duties were light, and when performed, he was at liberty to give way to his inclinations. It happened that some friends and patrons of his family were living in Valence, where his regiment was quartered. Through them he was introduced to the best society of the city. The thin, somber, sallow youth no longer waged war with everything and everybody around him, but as he hastened every day from his military comrades as soon as opportunity offered, to the more congenial society of cultivated men and superior women, a rapid change came over his bellicose temper. With the exception of the friend who, by lending part of his traveling allowance, was compelled to a pedestrian companionship on the way to the regiment, he had no friends in the army. He sought his associates from civil life; and it is evident that he enjoyed the change, and was welcomed to the friendship of some excellent ladies; for here he began to display that wonderful power of fascination and seductive charm of manner, which, when he chose to exercise it, no one was ever able to resist. His manners became more refined, and his temper vastly improved.

Like most youths of his age, his thoughts ran a great deal upon the ever new passion; but though he himself tells the story of his first love, which manifested itself by the two meeting in the garden early in the morning to eat cherries together, yet I doubt if he ever really felt its influence until his meeting with Josephine. Among his papers of this period, he has left a Dialogue on Love. In this he says: "Love produces more evil than good, and if a protecting divinity could deliver us from its influence, it would confer a benefit on humanity." This was written after the charming Mademoiselle Colombier had been engaged by her mother to a captain in another regiment, which, perhaps, accounts for his cynicism. Napoleon, when Emperor, liked to tell of his first love, and how they used to meet at daylight of summer mornings to eat "innocent cherries," to use his own expression, in her mother's garden. Now, daylight in that latitude in June means between three and four o'clock in the morning. What extraordinary cherries those must have been!

In the days of his greatness, he learned that misfortune had overtaken this lady. He sought her out, and gave her a position in the Court. She was then faded and worn, but was, of course, watched with curious eyes by the courtiers, for they knew the story. One of them says that whenever the Emperor came into the room, she seemed unable to take her eyes off him. What thoughts must have passed through the brain of this woman as she watched him!

But, returning to the days of his struggling youth, we find that society only occupied a small part of his time. He read and studied most sedulously. The notes of his reading in his own handwriting are voluminous, and show that he led a laborious life of study and preparation. Before he was eighteen he had written part of his History of Corsica, the work to which he devoted so much of his youth, and which, he fondly hoped, would make him famous.

The regiment removed to Lyons, and there, too, the young lieutenant was happy in congenial society; but after a time they marched to the North of France. But here nothing was congenial, and his health and temper both failed him. Hatred of the oppressors of his country, a desire to impress mankind, and a disgust for his surroundings, appear in his writings of this period. His family, too, is unfortunate, and he seeks for a furlough to visit them.

After an absence of eight years and two months, his foot again presses his native soil. Colonel Jung describes him then as having changed during these eight years from a sulky, passionate boy to a young officer, with keen, searching eyes, pale face, a quick, firm tread, speaking in monosyllables, and wishing to rule all about him. He immediately assumed direction of the affairs of the family, busied himself with and managed everything, and worked hard on his History of Corsica. He also began a romance and an historical drama. When his five and a half months' furlough ran out, he got it renewed for the same length of time. At last, after spending ten months with his family, he was obliged to rejoin his regiment. Almost immediately he obtained another leave, and spent the winter and spring of 1787–'88 in Corsica. Before he was twenty the History of Corsica was finished; but subsequently its form was changed, and when part of it was published in 1790, it had so little merit as an historical composition, that its ambitious young author was obliged to abandon his dream of fame as a historian.

In 1788 he renewed his garrison life, utterly repudiating the society of his brother officers, but reading, studying, and cultivating the society of civilians. The money affairs of his family were getting worse and worse, the young lieutenant was becoming more haughty and defiant towards his superiors, the revolution was approaching. The history which he is trying to get published shows this young officer in the king's army indulging in violent tirades against the king, nobles, and priests. But a short time previously, and such sentiments as he then expressed with such haughty confidence would have caused his incarceration in the Bastile. But now, in the first flush of early manhood, the gathered bitterness of these long years of poverty and humiliation, partly real and partly fancied, found expression without fear of immediate and condign punishment. They were in sympathy with the bitterness and rage of the French people; and already the authorities, warned by the mutterings of the terrible tempest about to break upon them, felt no inclination to call this vehement, scorchingtongued young officer to account. The terrible day of accounting for them has come. Ages of oppression and misrule are now to bring forth their legitimate fruit. The greatest wreckage and upheaval the world has ever seen begins. Our young officer of twenty, by character, by education, by his alien blood, is in thorough sympathy with the unrest and the rebellion around him. The electric currents vivifying the French people thrill his soul with sympathy. He begins to see in the perspective the coming opportunity for power and renown. Even then he has that supreme confidence in himself which ever distinguished him. He is excited and eager. At this time he writes to his mother: "I sleep very little . . . I lie down at ten o'clock and rise at four in the morning. I eat only one meal in the day — at three o'clock."

The commotion in France increases. Even the military are infected. Disorder and rioting take place among the men of his own regiment. As the black clouds of revolution envelope France, his thoughts turn continually towards his native island. There, in his own home, among his kinsmen and people, he hopes the opportunity for distinction has come. The people of France are everywhere organizing the National Guard, for their protection and the advancement of their cause. If such a guard can be organized in Corsica, and he could be there, he feels that he could obtain high rank in it, and distinguish himself in the eyes of his countrymen. He obtains a leave of absence from his regiment, and on September 16, 1789, soon after the taking of the Bastile, he leaves for Corsica and enters upon a four years' struggle for reputation and power in his native land.

Napoleon had now reached man's estate. His small, slender, almost emaciated form supported a head whose noble, majestic beauty has never been surpassed. It was the head of Jove himself, molded to perfect smoothness and delicacy of outline. It was animated by blue eyes, so clear and penetrating that men felt he read their souls. His straight chestnut hair was worn, until the Consulate, long, and reaching almost to his shoulders. His hands and feet were small and beautifully formed; and, strange to say, he was immensely vain of their beauty. But for the imperial head which crowned his slender body, his appearance was feminine and delicate; but, in truth, that soft exterior enclosed a frame of steel, which no amount of labor or exposure seemed to tire.

He left France in the throes of revolution, himself hot for the changes being wrought, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his time. He found Corsica excited, it is true, by the revolution going on on the mainland, but not yet ripe for the overthrow of all existing institutions. Young and enthusiastic republicans had formed clubs and societies for propagating their ideas and for organizing rebellion, and to these Bonaparte was a welcome accession. His fire and energy soon made him a leader among them. His brothers, of course, yielded to his influence at once, and the Bonaparte family were soon reckoned the most enthusiastic supporters of the revolution. A letter which Napoleon wrote to the deputy from Corsica to the French National Assembly, early in 1790, was published, and attracted much attention both in Corsica and France. He pours the vials of hot indignation upon the deputy's head, accusing him of treachery to his native country, and ends by denouncing him to the leaders of the French Revolution as false to the principles for which they were striving. This letter, and the article which he published shortly before the siege of Toulon, known as the Supper of Beaucaire, are the best of all his early productions. They breathe a spirit of intense hostility to everything inimical to the revolution, and no doubt had a wide influence.

But Corsica was not yet ready. The heated young partisan organized an assault upon the citadel of Ajaccio, hoping to take it by surprise, and thus inaugurate the revolution in his native island. But the authorities being warned in time, the scheme ended in a fiasco, and Napoleon's influence in his native town was ruined. A mob, headed by a priest, attacked him on the street, and he narrowly escaped being torn to pieces.

But nothing discouraged him. He obtained an extension of his leave of absence, and continued his efforts; and in time, as the sentiments of the revolution spread, his influence again began to be felt. But nearly twenty months had elapsed. He had overstaid his leave, and was obliged to rejoin his regiment, taking with him his brother Louis.

He rejoined his regiment, and renewed his habits of diligent study. He occupied a little room, off from which opened a closet, where his brother Louis slept. His furniture consisted of a bed, a table piled high with books, and two chairs. Twenty years later, when this brother Louis, in a fit of anger, abdicated the crown of Holland, the enraged emperor said: "This very Louis, whom I supported on my miserable lieutenant's pay, and God only knows at the cost of what privations! I found means to send the money to pay the board of my young brother, and do you know how I gained this money? It was by never entering a *café*, nor society. It was by eating dry bread, and brushing my own clothes, so that they lasted longer. In order not to be a blot on my companions, I lived like a bear, always alone in my little room with my books, which were my only friends; and to procure these books, what privations I endured! What rigid economy I practised! When, through self-denial, I had gathered together two crowns, I went with childish joy to a book-stall near the Bishop's palace. I often committed the sin of envy, for I coveted my books long before I could buy them. Such were the joys and the dissipations of my youth? When a mere child, I was initiated into the privations of a numerous family. My father and mother had many anxieties—eight children."

It was at this time that he sent an essay to the Academy of Lyons, hoping to obtain the prize of one thousand five hundred livres for the best essay on "What truths and what sentiments is it best to teach men for their happiness?" He did not win the prize. But his thoughts were continually turning to Corsica, and just as soon as it was possible to again obtain a leave of absence, he hastened back to his beloved island.

In September, 1791, he reaches Ajaccio, and once more addresses himself to political intrigues, speaking, writing, and working incessantly. He finally procured his election as Lieutenant-Colonel of the National Guard, and then, with a small body of adherents, he attacked his native town, and, for a time, held possession for the revolutionists. But the populace and the authorities rose against him, and again he was defeated. More serious still, he had again overstaid his leave, and his name was dropped from the rolls of his regiment as a deserter.

He goes to Paris, and solicits his restoration to his regiment. His poverty is extreme, and the outlook could not be worse. After months of weary waiting, by dint of much solicitation, he obtains the restoration of his name to the muster-roll of his regiment, and, strange to say, on account of the wholesale defection of his superiors in rank, this man, dropped for desertion, is not only restored, but advanced to the rank of Captain From 1791 to 1793, no less than five hundred and ninety-three generals in the French Army emigrated, or were removed from their commands. In Napoleon's regiment, out of eighty officers, all but fourteen left it during one year.

But immediately thereafter, instead of rejoining his regiment, back he goes to Corsica, the object of all his hopes and aspirations, making, as an excuse for doing so, the necessity of accompanying his sister going home from school. In Corsica he joins and largely aids in organizing an expedition to capture the island of Sardinia. The expedition was a failure. At Ajaccio he renewed his schemes and his intrigues. At one time he had to flee the town, and cross the mountains in disguise, but was recognized and arrested. He escaped, returned to Ajaccio in the dress of a sailor, and got away on a fishing vessel; proceeded to Bastia, and there organized an expedition to capture his native town and expel the enemies of the revolution. The peasantry, under the leadership of the priests, swarmed in from the surrounding mountains to the assistance of Bonaparte's enemies, burned his property and that of his family, and proscribed them. When Bonaparte's expedition reached Ajaccio by water, it was too late. The whole island had arisen against the revolution, his mother and her family had been driven away, and were then at Calvi.

For four years, or ever since the breaking out of the revolution, Bonaparte had striven to carry Corsica on the same road that France was traveling. Probably, he thought to make himself the leader of his countrymen. Certainly, his only ambition seemed to be connected with his native land. All his thoughts were hers. To her alone he looked for fame and fortune. While his comrades in the army, or such of them as remained in it, were winning fame upon the battle-field, this soldier, more ambitious than any of them, surpassing them all an hundred fold in ability, in capacity, and resources, cared not one whit for France, but desired to give all to Corsica.

His only desire in connection with France was to keep his place in the army lists. By death, and particularly by desertions, legitimate promotions were exceedingly rapid, and I suspect that what little Bonaparte did to keep his name on the muster roll was merely to preserve his position, in case he should finally fail in his schemes for aggrandizement in his native land. With all his daring, Bonaparte manifested through life a caution which looked to a reserve to fall back upon in case of defeat. During his early manhood, that reserve was his place in the French army. And now defeat of every scheme, of every plan, to which he had given four years of youthful energy and enthusiasm, was upon him. He dared not again set foot upon his native soil. His family had followed his leadership, and now his mother, with her army of little ones, had fled from their home, fired by peasants infuriated against her son. He saw not only his own utter and humiliating defeat, but he saw want, exile, and wretchedness inflicted upon his mother and her children. One would suppose the stoutest heart would quail before such a calamity. But no: Bonaparte, with courage unabated, with confidence in himself unimpaired, turned towards France as a place of hope and refuge, to the French army as the means of winning fame and renown.

The times were propitious. The revolution had need of his master mind to grasp the whirlwind, and to direct the storm. France and the French people were ready for him.

In June, 1793, he collected his family together, and bade farewell to his native land, to enter upon that marvellous career in the country of his adoption, the like of which has not been known since the beginning of recorded time.

Warren Olney.

BLUE EYES AND BLACK EYES.

[*Imitated from Andalusian Coplas.*]

I.

Two miracles are thy blue eyes,
Haughty or tender;
Robbing our Andalusian skies
Of half their splendor.

Celestial eyes of heaven's own hue,
Twin thrones of glory,
Whose glances every day subdue
New territory.

Blue were the waters and the skies
  Of happy Eden,
And blue should be a Christian's eyes,
  Matron or maiden.

By heaven those peerless orbs of blue
  To thee were given,
And all the mischief that they do
  Is known in heaven.

Two saints the blue eyes seemed to me
  That wrought my ruin;
Who would have thought that saints could be
  A soul's undoing?

II.

Black eyes are truer still, I ween,
  Than any other;
Dark were the eyes of Eden's queen
  And Mary Mother.

The holy ones of sacred lore
  All dark are painted;
Each radiant prophetess of yore
  And maiden sainted.

Blue eyes are cold as polished steel,
  For all their splendor,
While thine a lambent flame conceal,
  So warm and tender.

Dearer thine olive hue, and eyes
  Of raven brightness,
Than all the azure of the skies
  And lily's whiteness.

Thine eyebrows are a Moorish grove,
  Whence issuing fleetly
Two wingèd archers lightly rove,
  Wounding so sweetly.

But when their victims bleeding lie,
  Faintly appealing,
Two tender blackamoors draw nigh
  With balm of healing.

E. L. Huggins.

ROUGH NOTES OF A YOSEMITE CAMPING TRIP.—I.

About a week before the end of the first session of the University of California, several young men, students of the University, invited me to join them in a camping party for the Yosemite and the high Sierras. The party were to go in regular pioneer style, cooking their own provisions, and sleeping under the open sky, wherever a convenient place was found; each man was to bestride his own horse, carry his own bedding behind his saddle, and his clothing, with the exception of one change of underwear, on his back.

This was, it is true, a little rougher and harder than anything I had ever undertaken, but still I was fond of adventure, and longed to enjoy the glories of Yosemite and the beauties of the Sierras; and, more than all, to study mountain structure and mountain sculpture, as exhibited there on a magnificent scale. I, therefore, at once accepted the offer. The party was forthwith organized, ten in number.

To while away my idle moments in camp, and to preserve some *souvenir* of the party, of the incidents, and of the scenery, I jotted down, from time to time, these wayside notes.

July 21, 1870.—Amid many kind and cheering words, mingled with tender regrets; many encouragements, mingled with earnest entreaties to take care of myself, and to keep out of drafts and damp, while sleeping on the bare ground in the open air, I left my home and dear ones this morning. Surely, I must have a heroic and dangerous air about me, for my little baby boy shrinks from my rough flannel shirt and broad brim hat, as did the baby son of Hector from his brazen corselet and beamy helm and nodding plume. I snatch a kiss, and hurry away to our place of rendezvous.

After much bustle, confusion, and noisy preparation, saddling, sinching, strapping blanket rolls, packing camp utensils and provisions, we are fairly ready at ten A. M. Saluted by cheers from manly throats, and handkerchief wavings by the white hands of women, we leave Oakland at a sweeping trot; while the long handle of our frying-pan, sticking straight up through a hole in the bag, and the merry jingle of tin pans, tin cups, and coffee-pot—tin-tin-nabulation—proclaim the nature of our mission.

We are in high spirits; although I confess to some misgivings, when I heard from the Captain that we should ride thirty miles today, for I have not been on horseback for ten years. But I am determined not to be an incumbrance to the merry party.

Our ride took us over the Contra Costa Ridge, by Hayward's Pass, into Amador and Livermore Valleys, and then along these valleys, the noble outline of Mount Diablo looming finely in the distance on our left. I observe everything narrowly, for all is new to me, and so different from anything in the Eastern States. Livermore Valley is an extensive, rich, level plain, separating the Contra Costa from the Mount Diablo range. It is surrounded by mountains on every side, and the scenery is really fine. Much pleased to find the mountains, on their northern and eastern slopes, so green and well-wooded. I have been accustomed to see them from Oakland only on their southern and western slopes, which are almost treeless, and, at this season, brown and sere. Much interested in watching the habits of burrowing squirrels and burrowing owls, especially the amicable manner in which they live together in the same burrows.

We arrived, a little before sunset, at Dublin, a little village of a few houses. Here we found tolerable camping ground, and ought to have stopped for the night; but, against my advice, the party, buoyant and thoughtless, concluded to go on to Laddsville,[1] where one of the party would join us, and had promised to provide forage for our horses and camp for ourselves. It was a foolish mistake. From this time, our ride was very tedious and fatiguing. The miles seemed to stretch out before us longer and longer. The hilarious and somewhat noisy spirits of the young men gradually died away. After some abortive attempts at a song, some miserable failures in the way of jokes, we pursued our weary way in silence. Night closed upon us while we were still many miles away from Laddsville. Lights ahead! Are these Laddsville? We hope so. Onward we press; but the lights seem to recede from us. Still onward, seemingly three or four miles; but no nearer the lights. Are these *ignes fatui*, sent to delude us? But courage! here comes some one.

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[1] This place is now called Livermore.

"How far to Laddsville?"

"Three miles."

Onward we pressed, at least three miles. Again a wayfarer:

"How far to Laddsville?"

"Three and a half miles."

Again three or four miles onward; three or four miles of aching ankles, and knees, and hips, and back, but no complaint.

"How many miles to Laddsville?"

"Five."

Again three or four miles of aching knees, and hips, and back. Wayfarers are becoming more numerous.

"How far to Laddsville?"—"Two miles."

"How far to Laddsville?"—"A little over a mile."

"How far to Laddsville?"—"How far to Laddsville?"—"To Laddsville?"—Ah, here it is at last.

Yes, at last, about 10 P. M., that now celebrated place was actually reached; but too late for good camping. The companion who was to join us here was nowhere to be found. We hastily made arrangements for our horses in a neighboring stable, and camped on the bare, dusty ground, in an open space on the outskirts of the town. A good camp-fire and a hearty meal comforted us somewhat. About 11.30 P. M. we rolled ourselves in our blankets, and composed ourselves for sleep.

To our wearied spirits we seemed to have traveled at least fifty miles. From the most accurate information we can get, however, the actual distance is only about thirty-five miles.

July 22.—Estimating the whole mammalian population of Laddsville at two hundred, I am sure at least one hundred and fifty must be dogs. These kept up such an incessant barking all night, around us and at us, as we lay upon the ground, that we got but little sleep. Near daybreak I sank into a deeper, sweeter sleep, when *whoo! oo—oo—oo—whoo!!*—the scream of a railroad train, passing within fifty feet, startled the night air and us. It is not surprising, then, that we got up reluctantly, and rather late, and very stiff and sore. Our breakfast, which consisted this morning of fried bacon, cheese, cold bread, and good tea, refreshed and comforted us greatly. While eating our breakfast—whoop, whoop, hurrah! our expected companion came galloping in, with gun slung on shoulder. He did his best, by whip, and spur, and noise, to make a dashing entry, but his heavy, sluggish mare did not in the least sympathize with his enthusiasm.

Soon after sunrise, all the inhabitants of Laddsville, including, of course, the one hundred and fifty dogs, came crowding around us; the men, to find out who we were, and where bound; the dogs, to find out what it was they had been barking at all night. After we had severally satisfied these our fellow-creatures, both biped and quadruped—our fellow-men and Darwinian cousins—we saddled and packed up, determined to profit by the experience of yesterday, and not to go more than twenty miles today.

We passed over the summit of Corral Hollow Pass, and down by a very steep grade, I think about fifteen hundred feet in a mile, into Corral Hollow, a very narrow cañon, with only fifty to sixty yards' width at the bottom, with high, rocky cliffs on either side, which cut through Mount Diablo range to the base. The road now ran in this cañon along a dry stream bed for many miles, until it finally emerged on the San Joaquin plains.

In Amador and Livermore Valleys, I observed the soil was composed of a drift of rounded pebbles, in stiff adobe clay—local drift from the mountains. In Corral Hollow the soil consists of pebbles and coarse sand, evidently river deposit. Fine sections showing cross-lamination were observed; perpendicular cliffs of sandstone and limestone exposed in many places, sometimes worn into fantastic shapes, and often into caves. These caves, I hear, were once the haunts of robbers. Near the bottom of the gorge the irregularly stratified river sands are seen lying unconformably on the sandstone. We passed, on our way, some coal mines, which are now worked. These strata are probably cretaceous, belonging to the same horizon as the Mount Diablo coal.

July 23.—The whole party woke up this morning in good spirits. We got up at 4 A. M., cooked our breakfast, and were off by 5.30. At first, we really enjoyed our ride in the cool morning air. In about an hour we emerged from Corral Hollow, on the San Joaquin plains. There is still a fine, cool breeze. "Why, this is delightful; the San Joaquin plains have been much slandered," thought we. As we advanced, however, we changed our opinion. Insufficiency of rain last winter has produced utter failure of crops. As far as the eye can reach, in every direction, only a bare desert plain is seen.

The heat now became intense; the wind, though strong, was dry and burning. Over the perfectly level, dry, parched, dusty, and now desert plains, with baked lips and bleeding noses, we pressed on towards Grayson, where we expected to noon. "Grayson is on the San Joaquin River. It can't be far off, for yonder is water." Yes, surely yonder is water; do you not see its glistening surface? its rolling billows running in the direction of the wind? the reflection of the trees, which grow on the farther bank? Those white objects scattered over the glistening surface, with their images beneath: are these not sails on the river? Alas, no! it is all mirage. There is no water visible at all. The trees are trees which skirt the nearer bank of the river; the white objects are cottages on the desert plains. We could hardly believe it, until we had been deceived and undeceived half a dozen times. Parched with heat and thirst, and blinded with dust, we could easily appreciate the tantalizing effect of similar phenomena on the thirsty travelers of Sahara.

Onward, still onward, with parched throats, baked lips, and bleeding noses, we press. But even with parched throat, baked lips and bleeding nose, one may enjoy the ludicrous, and even shake his gaunt sides with laughter; at least, I found it so this morning. The circumstances were these: H——, early this morning, killed a rabbit. Ph——, conceiving the idea that it would relish well, broiled on the glowing coals of our camp-fire tonight, offered to carry it. He did so for some time, but his frisky, foolish, unsteady filly, not liking the dangling rabbit, became restive, and the rabbit was dropped in disgust, and left on the road. S——, good-natured fellow, in simple kindness of heart, and also having the delights of broiled rabbit present to his imagination, dismounted and picked it up. But essaying to mount his cow-like beast again, just when he had, with painful effort, climbed up to his "saddle eaves," and was about to heave his long dexter leg over, and wriggle himself into his seat, the beast aforesaid, who had been attentively viewing the operation out of the external corner of his left eye, started suddenly forward, and S——, to his great astonishment, found himself on *his own*, instead of his horse's back. Then commenced a wild careering over the dusty plain, with the saddle under his belly; a mad plunging and kicking, a general chasing by the whole party, including S—— himself, on foot; a laughing and shouting by all except S——, until sinch and straps gave way, and saddle, blanket-roll, and clothing lay strewed upon the ground.

We had hardly picked up S——'s traps, and mended his sinch, and started on our way; the agitation of our diaphragms and the aching of our sides had scarcely subsided, when P——, sitting high enthroned on his aged, misshapen beast, thinking to show the ease and grace of his perfect horsemanship, and also secretly desiring to ease the exquisite tenderness of his sitting bones, quietly detached his right foot from its stirrup, and swung it gracefully over the pommel, to sit awhile in woman fashion. But as soon as the shadow of his great top-boots fell across the eyes of "Old 67," that venerable beast, whether in the innocency of colt-like playfulness, or a natural malignancy, made frantic by excessive heat and dust, began to kick, and plunge, and buck, until finally, by a sudden and dexterous arching of his back, and a throwing down of his head, P—— was shot from the saddle like an arrow from a bow, or a shell from a mortar; and sailing through mid-air with arms and legs widely extended, like the bird of Jove, descended in graceful, parabolic curves, and fell into the arms of his fond mother earth. Unwilling to encounter the wrath of his master, Old 67 turned quickly and fled, with his mouth wide open, and his teeth all showing, as if enjoying a huge horse laugh. Then commenced again the wild careering on the hot plains, the mad plunging and kicking, the shouting, and laughing, and chasing. The horse at last secured, P—— took him firmly by the bit, delivered one blow of his clenched fist upon his nose, and then gazed at him steadily, with countenance full of solemn warning. In return, a wicked, unrepentant, vengeful gleam shot from the corner of the deep-sunk eye of Old 67.

Onward, still onward, over the absolutely treeless and plantless desert, we rode for fifteen or more miles, and reached Grayson about 12 M. 4 P. M.: crossed the ferry, and continued on our journey about eight or ten miles, and camped for the night. The San Joaquin plain, though the most fertile part of the State, is at this time, of course, completely dry and parched; nothing green as far as the eye can reach, except along the river banks. The only animated things that enlivened the scene this afternoon were thousands of jack rabbits and burrowing squirrels, and their friends, the burrowing owls.

July 24.—Cool in the morning, but hot, oh, how hot, as the day advanced. Made fifteen miles, and nooned at a large ranch—Mr. A——'s. Besides the invariable jack rabbits, burrowing squirrels, and burrowing owls, I noticed thousands of horned frogs (*Phrynosoma*). I observed here a peculiarity of California life. Mr. A—— is evidently a wealthy man. His fields are immense; his stables and barns are very ample; his horses and hired laborers are numerous; great numbers of cows, hogs, turkeys, chickens—every evidence of abundance, good living, and even of wealth, except dwelling-house. This is a shanty, scarcely fit for a cow-house. He doesn't live here, however, but in San Francisco.

July 25.—After a really fine night's rest, we got up about 4 A. M. The day was just breaking, and the air very clear and transparent. The blue, jagged outline of the Sierras is distinctly and beautifully marked, above and beyond the nearer foothills, against the clear sky. In fact, there seemed to be several ridges, rising one above and beyond the other; and above and beyond all, the sharp-toothed summits of the Sierras. Took a cold breakfast, and made an early start, 5 A. M.

At first our ride was delightfully pleasant in the cool morning, but gradually the bare desert plains, now monotonously rolling, became insufferably hot and dusty. The beautiful view of the Sierras, the goal of our yearnings, gradually faded away, obscured by dust, and our field of vision was again limited to the desert plains. Soon after leaving the level part of the plain, we stopped for water at a neat hut, where dwelt a real old "mammy," surrounded by little darkies. She had come to California since the war. I was really glad to see the familiar old face, and hear the familiar, low-country negro brogue; and she equally glad to see me. She evidently did not like California, and seemed to pine after the "auld country." From this place to Snelling, the heat and dust were absolutely fearful. We are commencing to rise; there is no strong breeze, as on the plains; the heated air and dust arise from the earth and envelope us, man and horse, until we can scarcely see each other. After about fifteen miles' travel, arrived at Snelling at 11:30 A. M. Snelling is the largest and most thriving village we have yet seen. Continued our ride 4 P. M., expecting to go only to Merced Falls tonight.

Country beginning to be quite hilly; first, only denudation hills of drift, finely and horizontally stratified; then round hills, with sharp, tooth-like jags of perpendicularly-cleaved slates, standing out thickly on their sides. Here we first saw the auriferous slates, and here, also, the first gravel diggings. The auriferous gravel and pebble deposit underlies the soil of the valleys and ravines.

Went down the river about one-half mile below the Falls, and camped. No straw bank for bed tonight. On the contrary, we camped on the barest, hardest, and bleakest of hills, the wind sweeping up the river over us in a perfect gale. Nevertheless, our sleep was sound and refreshing.

I heard tonight, for the first time, of a piece of boyish folly—to call it nothing worse—on the part of some of the young men at A——'s, yesterday noon. While I was dozing under the shed, some of the young men, thinking it, no doubt, fine fun, managed to secure and appropriate some of the poultry running about in such superfluous abundance in the yard. While sitting and jotting down notes under the wagon shed there, I had observed C—— throwing a line to some chickens. When I looked up from my note-book, I did observe, I now recollect, a mischievous twinkle in his coal black eye, and a slight quiver of his scarcely-perceptible, downy moustache; but I thought nothing of it. Soon after, I shut up my note-book and went under a more retired shed to doze. It now appears that a turkey and several chickens had been bagged. The young rascals felicitated themselves hugely upon their good fortune; but, unfortunately, last night and this morning we made no camp-fire, and today at noon we ate at the hotel table; so that they have had no opportunity of enjoying their ill-gotten plunder until now. Captain Soulé and myself have already expressed ourselves, briefly, but very plainly, in condemnation of such conduct. Tonight the chickens were served. I said nothing, but simply, with Soulé and Hawkins, refused the delicious morsel, and confined myself to bacon.

July 26.—Got up at 4:30 A. M. Again refused fat chicken and turkey, though sorely tempted by the delicious fragrance, and ate bacon and dried beef instead. The young men have keenly felt this quiet rebuke. I feel sure this thing will not occur again.

The country is becoming mountainous; we are rising the foothills. The soil begins to be well-wooded. The air, though still hot, is more bracing. Small game is more abundant. We have, all along the road today, seen abundant evidences of mining, prospecting, etc., but all abandoned.

Enjoyed greatly the evening ride. Passed through the decayed, almost deserted, village of Princeton. Witnessed a magnificent sunset; brilliant golden above, among the distant clouds, nearer clouds purple, shading insensibly through crimson and gold into the insufferable blaze of the sun itself.

July 27.—Created some excitement in the town of Mariposa, by riding through the streets in double file, military fashion, and under word of command. Mariposa is now greatly reduced in population and importance. It contains from five to six hundred inhabitants, but at one time two or three times that number. The same decrease is observable in all the mining towns of California. Noticed many pleasant evidences of civilization—church spires, water-carts, fire-proof stores, etc.

In order to avoid the heavy toll on the finely graded road to Clark's, we determined to take the very rough and steep trail over the Chowchilla mountain, which now rose before us. My advice was to start at 3 P. M., for I still remembered Laddsville, but the rest of the party thought the heat too great. The event proved I was right. Started 4.30 P.M. We found the trail much more difficult than we had expected (we had not yet much experience in mountain trails). It seemed to pass directly up the mountain, without much regard to angle of declivity. In order to relieve our horses, we walked much of the way. The trail passes directly over the crest of the mountains, and down on the other side. Night overtook us when about half way down. No moon; only starlight. The magnificent forests of this region, consisting of sugar-pines, yellow pines, and Douglass firs (some of the first eight to ten feet in diameter, and two hundred and fifty feet high)—grand, glorious, by daylight; still grander and more glorious in the deepening shades of twilight; grandest of all by night—increased the darkness so greatly that it was impossible to see the trail. We gave the horses the reins, and let them go. Although in serious danger of missing footing, I could not but enjoy the night ride through those magnificent forests. These grand old trunks stand like giant sentinels about us. Were it not for our horses, I would gladly camp here in the glorious forest. But our tired horses must be fed. Down, down, winding back and forth; still down, down, down, until my back ached, and my feet burned with the constant pressure on the stirrups. Still down, down, down. Is there no end? Have we not missed the trail? No Clark's yet. Down, down, down. Thus minute after minute, and, it seemed to us, hour after hour, passed away. At last, the advanced guard gave the Indian yell. See, lights! lights! The whole company united in one shout of joy. When we arrived, it was near 10 P.M.

July 28.—Our trip, thus far, has been one of hardship without reward. It has been mere endurance, in the hope of enjoyment. Some enjoyment, it is true—our camps, our morning and evening rides, our jokes, etc.—but nothing in comparison with the dust and heat and fatigue. From this time we expect to commence the real enjoyment. We are delightfully situated here: fine pasture for horses; magnificent grove of tall pines for camp; fine river—South Fork of Merced—to swim in; delightful air. We determined to stop here two days; one for rest and clothes-washing, and one for visiting the Big Trees. I cannot have a better opportunity to describe our party.

We are ten in number. Each man is dressed in strong trowsers, heavy boots or shoes, and loose flannel shirt; a belt, with pistol and butcher knife, about the waist; and a broad-brimmed hat. All other personal effects (and these are made as few as possible), are rolled up in a pair of blankets, and securely strapped behind his saddle. Thus accoutered, we make a formidable appearance, and are taken sometimes for a troop of soldiers, but more often for a band of cattle or horse drovers. Our camp utensils consist of two large pans, to mix bread; a camp-kettle, a tea-pot, a dozen tin plates, and ten tin cups; and, most important of all, two or three frying pans. The necessary provisions are bacon, flour, sugar, tea. Whenever we could, we bought small quantities of butter, cheese, fresh meat, potatoes, etc. Before leaving Oakland, we organized thoroughly by electing Soulé as our captain, and Hawkins his lieutenant, and promised implicit obedience. This promise was strictly carried out. All important matters, however, such as our route, how long we should stay at any place, etc., were decided by vote, the captain preferring to forego the exercise of authority in such matters.

Our party was divided into three squads of three each, leaving out Hawkins, as he helped everybody, and had more duties of his own than any of the rest. Each squad of three was on duty three days, and divided the duties of cook, dish-washer, and pack among themselves. On arriving at our camp ground, each man unsaddled, and picketed his horse with a lariat rope, carried on the horn of his saddle for this purpose. In addition to this, whoever attended to the pack-horse that day unpacked him, and laid the bags ready for the cook, and picketed the pack-horse. The cook then built a fire (frequently several helping, for more expedition), brought water, and commenced mixing dough and making bread. This was a serious operation, to make bread for ten, and bake in two frying-pans. First, the flour in a big pan; then yeast powder; then salt; then mix dry; then mix with water to dough; then bake quickly; then set up before the fire to keep hot. Then use frying-pans for meat, etc. In the meantime, the "dish-wash" must assist the cook by drawing tea. Our first attempts at making bread were lamentable failures. We soon found that the way to make bread was to bake from the top as well as the bottom; in fact, we often baked entirely from the top, turning over by flipping it up in the frying-pan, and catching it on the other side. Bake then as follows: spread out the dough to fill the frying-pan, one-half inch thick, using a round stick for rolling-pin, and the bottom of the bread pan for biscuit board; set up the pan, at a steep incline, before the fire, by means of a stick. It is better, also, to put a few coals beneath, but this is not absolutely necessary. (This account of bread-making anticipates a little; at this time, we had not yet learned to make it palatable.) It is the duty now of the dish-wash to set the table. For this purpose, a piece of Brussels carpet (used during the day to put under the pack-saddle, but not next to the horse) is spread on the ground, and the plates and cups are arranged around. The meal is then served, and each man sits on the ground, and uses his own belt knife and fork, if he has any. After supper we smoke, while Dish-wash washes up the dishes; then we converse or sing, as the spirit moves us, and then roll ourselves in our blankets, only taking off our shoes, and sleep. Sometimes we gather pine-straw, leaves, or boughs, to make the ground a little less hard. In the morning, Cook and Dish-wash get up early, make the fire, and commence the cooking. The rest get up a little later, in time to wash, brush hair, teeth, etc., before breakfast. We usually finish breakfast by 6 A.M. After breakfast, again wash up dishes, and put away things, and deliver them to Pack, whose duty it is, then, to pack the pack-horse, and lead it during the day. We could travel much faster but for the pack. The pack-horse must go almost entirely in a walk, otherwise his pack is shaken to pieces, and his back is chafed, and we only lose time in stopping and repacking. By organizing thoroughly, dividing the duties, and alternating, our party gets along in the pleasantest and most harmonious manner.

Soon after breakfast this morning, Professors Church and Kendrick, of West Point, called at our camp to see Soulé and myself. I found them very hearty and cordial in manner, very gentlemanly in spirit, polished and urbane, and, of course, very intelligent. I was really very much delighted with them. They had just returned from Yosemite, and are enthusiastic in their admiration of its wonders. These gentlemen, of course, are not taking it in the rough way we are. They are dressed *cap-a-pie*, and look like civilized gentlemen. They seem to admire our rough garb, and we are not at all ashamed of it.

About ten o'clock, we all went down to the river, provided with soap, and washed under flannels, stockings, handkerchiefs, towels, etc. It was really a comical scene —the whole party squatting on the rocks on the margin of the river, soaping, and scrubbing, and wringing, and hanging out.

While we were preparing and eating our supper, two ladies, now staying at Clark's, called at our camp-fire, and were introduced. They seemed much amused at our rough appearance, our rude mode of eating, and the somewhat rude manners of the young men towards each other. Their little petticoated forms, so clean and white; their gentle manners; and, above all, their sweet, smooth, womanly faces, contrasted, oh, how pleasantly, with our own rough, bearded, forked appearance. They tasted some of our bread, and pronounced it excellent. Ah, the sweet, flattering, deceitful sex! It was really execrable stuff; we had not yet learned to make it palatable.

July 29.—Started for the Big Trees at 7 A. M. Five of the party walked, and five rode. I preferred riding, and I had no cause to regret it. The trail was very rough, and almost the whole way up-mountain; the distance about six miles, and around the grove two miles, making about fourteen miles in all. The walkers were very much heated and fatigued, and drank too freely of the ice-cold waters of the springs. The abundance and excessive coldness of the water seem closely connected with the occurrence of these trees.

My first impressions of the Big Trees were somewhat disappointing, but, as I passed from one to another; as, with upturned face, I looked along their straight, polished shafts, towering to the height of three hundred feet; as I climbed up the sides of their prostrate trunks, and stepped from end to end; as I rode around the standing trees, and into their enormous hollows; as we rode through the hollows of some of these prostrate trunks, and even chased one another on horse-back through these enormous hollow cylinders, a sense of their immensity grew upon me. If they stood by themselves on a plain, they would be more immediately striking. But they are giants among giants. The whole forest is filled with magnificent trees, sugar pines, yellow pines, and spruce, eight to ten feet in diameter, and two hundred to two hundred and fifty feet high. The sugar pine, especially, is a magnificent tree in size, height, and symmetry of form.

Of the big trees of this grove, and, therefore, of all the trees I have ever seen, the Grizzly Giant impressed me most profoundly; not, indeed, by its tallness, or its symmetry, but by the hugeness of its cylindrical trunk, and by a certain gnarled grandeur, a fibrous, sinewy strength, which seems to defy time itself. The others, with their smooth, straight, tapering shafts, towering to the height of three hundred feet, seemed to me the type of youthful vigor and beauty, in the plenitude of power and success. But this, with its large, rough, knobbed, battered trunk, more than thirty feet in diameter—with top broken off and decayed at the height of one hundred and fifty feet—with its great limbs, six to eight feet in diameter, twisted and broken —seemed to me the type of a great life, decaying, but still strong and self-reliant. Perhaps my own bald head and grizzled locks—my own top, with its decaying foliage—made me sympathize with this grizzled giant; but I found the Captain, too, standing with hat in hand, and gazing in silent, bareheaded reverence upon the grand old tree.

On the way back to camp, stopped at Clark's, and became acquainted with President Hopkins and his family. He goes to Yosemite tomorrow. After supper, the young men, sitting under the tall pines, sang in chorus. The two ladies already spoken of, hearing the music, came down to our camp, sat on the ground, and joined in the song. C——'s noisy tenor, fuller of spirit than music; P——'s bellowing baritone, and, especially S——'s deep, rich, really fine bass, harmonized very pleasantly with the thin clearness of the feminine voices. I really enjoyed the song and the scene very greatly. Women's faces and women's voices, after our rough life, and contrasted with our rough forms—ah! how delightful! About 9.30 P. M. they left, and we all turned in for the night. For an hour I lay upon my back, gazing upwards through the tall pines into the dark, starry sky, which seemed almost to rest on their tops, and listening to the solemn murmuring of their leaves, which, in the silent night, seemed like the whispering of spirits of the air above me.

July 30.—Got up at 4 A. M. My turn to play cook. But cooking for ten hungry men, in two frying pans, is no play. It requires both time and patience. We did not get off until seven.

No more roads hereafter; only steep, rough mountain trails. We are heartily glad, for we have no dust. President Hopkins and party started off with us. Together, we made a formidable cavalcade. The young men were in high spirits. They sang and hallooed and cracked jokes the whole way. Rode twelve miles, up-hill nearly all the way, and camped for noon at Westfall's Meadows, over seven thousand feet above sea-level.

In the afternoon we pushed on, to get our first view of Yosemite this evening, from Sentinel Dome and Glacier Point. Passing Paragoy's, I saw a rough-looking man standing in an open place, with easel on thumb and canvas before him, alternately gazing on the fine mountain view and painting.

"Hello, Mr. Tracy; glad to see you."

"Why, Doctor, how do you do? Where are you going?"

"Yosemite, the High Sierras, Lake Mono, and Lake Tahoe."

"Ah, how I wish I could go with you."

After a few such pleasant words of greeting and inquiry, I galloped on and overtook our party on the trail to Glacier Point. The whole trail from Westfall's Meadows to Glacier Point is near eight thousand feet high. About 5 P. M. we reached and climbed Ostrander's Rocks. From this rocky prominence the view is really magnificent. It was our first view of the peaks and domes about Yosemite, and of the more distant High Sierras, and we enjoyed it beyond it expression. But there are still finer views ahead, which we must see this afternoon—yes, this very afternoon. With increasing enthusiasm we pushed on until, about 6 P. M., we reached and climbed Sentinel Dome. This point is four thousand five hundred feet above Yosemite Valley, and eight thousand five hundred feet above the sea.

The view which here burst upon us of the Valley and the Sierras, it is simply impossible to describe. Sentinel Dome stands on the south margin of the Yosemite, near the point where it branches into three cañons. To the left stands El Capitan's massive, perpendicular wall; directly in front, and distant about one mile, Yosemite Falls, like a gauzy veil, rippling and waving with a slow, mazy motion; to the right, the mighty granite mass of Half Dome lifts itself in solitary grandeur, defying the efforts of the climber; to the extreme right, and a little behind, Nevada Falls, with the Cap of Liberty; in the distance, innumerable peaks of the High Sierras, conspicuous among which are Cloud's Rest, Mount Starr King, Cathedral Peak, etc. We remained on the top of this dome more than an hour, to see the sun set. We were well repaid—such a sunset I never saw; such a sunset, combined with such a view, I had never imagined. The gorgeous golden and crimson in the west, and the exquisitely delicate, diffused rose-bloom, tinging the cloud caps of the Sierras in the east, and the shadows of the grand peaks and domes slowly creeping up the valley—I can never forget the impression. We remained enjoying this scene too long to think of going to Glacier Point this evening. We therefore put this off until morning, and returned on our trail about one and a half miles to a beautiful green meadow, and there made camp in a grove of magnificent spruce trees *(Picea grandis)*.

July 31.—I got up at peep of day this morning (I am dish-wash today), roused the party, started a fire, and in ten minutes tea was ready. All started on foot, to see the sun rise from Glacier Point. This point is about one and a half miles from our camp, about three thousand two hundred feet above the valley, and forms the salient angle on the south side, just where the valley divides into three. We had to descend about eight hundred feet to reach it. We arrived just before sunrise. Sunrise from Glacier Point! No one can appreciate it who has not seen it. It was our good fortune to have an exceedingly beautiful sunrise. But the great charm was the view of the valley and surrounding peaks, in the fresh, cool, morning hour, and in the rosy light of the rising sun; the bright, warm light on the mountain tops, and the cool shade in the valley. The shadow of the grand Half Dome stretches clear across the valley, while its own "bald, awful head" glitters in the early sunlight. To the right, Vernal and Nevada Falls, with their magnificent overhanging peaks, in full view; while directly across, see the ever rippling, ever swaying, gauzy veil of the Yosemite Fall, reaching from top to bottom of the opposite cliff, two thousand, six hundred feet. Below, at a depth of three thousand two hundred feet, the bottom of the valley lies like a garden. There, right under our noses, are the hotels, the orchards, the fields, the meadows, the forests, and through all, the Merced River winds its apparently lazy, serpentine way. Yonder, up the Tenaya Cañon, nestling close under the shadow of Half Dome, lies Mirror Lake, fast asleep, her polished black surface not yet rippled by the rising wind. I have heard and read much of this wonderful valley, but I can truly say I had never imagined the grandeur of the reality.

After about one and a half hour's rapturous gaze, we returned to camp and breakfasted. At breakfast I learned that two of the young men had undertaken the foolish enterprise of going down into the valley by a cañon just below Glacier Point, and returning by 4 P. M. Think of it! Three thousand three hundred feet perpendicular, and the declivity, it seemed to me, about forty-five degrees in the cañon.[1]

After breakfast, we returned to Glacier Point, and spent the whole of the beautiful Sunday morning in the presence of grand mountains, yawning chasms, and magnificent falls. What could we do better than allow these to preach to us? Was there ever so venerable, majestic, and eloquent a minister of natural religion as the grand old Half Dome? I withdrew myself from the rest of the party, and drank in his silent teachings for several hours. About 1 P. M. climbed Cathedral Dome, and enjoyed again the matchless panorama view from this point; and about 2 P. M. returned to camp.

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[1] There is now a good trail up to Glacier Point.

Our camp is itself about four thousand feet above the valley, and eight thousand above the sea level. By walking about one hundred yards from our camp-fire, we get a most admirable view of the Sierras, and particularly a most wonderfully striking view of the unique form of Half Dome, when seen in profile.

Our plan is to return to Paragoy's, only seven miles, this afternoon, and go to Yosemite tomorrow morning.

Ever since we have approached the region of the High Sierras, I have observed the great massiveness and grandeur of the clouds, and the extreme blueness of the sky. In the direction of the Sierras hang always magnificent piles of snow-white cumulus, sharply defined against the deep-blue sky. These cloud-masses have ever been my delight. I have missed them sadly, since coming to California, until this trip. I now welcome them with joy. Yesterday and today I have seen, in many places, snow lying on the northern slopes of the high peaks of the Sierras.

August 1.—Yosemite today! Started as usual, 7 A. M. President Hopkins and family go with us. They had stayed at Paragoy's over Sunday. I think we kept Sunday better. Glorious ride this morning, through the grand spruce forests. This is enjoyment indeed. The trail is tolerably good until it reaches the edge of the Yosemite chasm. On the trail a little way below this edge, there is a jutting point called "Inspiration Point," which gives a good general view of the lower end of the valley, including El Capitan, Cathedral Rock, and a glimpse of Bridal Veil Fall. After taking this view, we commenced the descent into the valley. The trail winds backward and forward on the almost perpendicular sides of the cliff, making a descent of about three thousand feet in three miles. It was so steep and rough that we preferred walking most of the way, and leading the horses. At last, 10 A. M., we were down, and the gate of the valley is before us, El Capitan guarding it on the left and Cathedral Rock on the right; while, over the precipice on the right, the silvery gauze of the Bridal Veil is seen swaying to and fro.

We encamped in a fine forest, on the margin of Bridal Veil Meadow, under the shadow of El Capitan, and about one quarter of a mile from Bridal Veil Falls. Turned our horses loose to graze, cooked our midday meal, refreshed ourselves by swimming in the Merced, and then, 4:30 P. M., started to visit Bridal Veil. We had understood that was the best time to see it. Very difficult clambering to the foot of the falls, up a steep incline, formed by a pile of huge boulders fallen from the cliff. The enchanting beauty and exquisite grace of this fall well repaid us for the toil. At the base of the fall there is a beautiful pool. As one stands on the rocks on the margin of this pool, right opposite the falls, a most perfect, unbroken circular rainbow is visible. Sometimes it is a double circular rainbow. The cliff more than six hundred feet high; the wavy, billowy, gauzy veil, reaching from top to bottom; the glorious crown, woven by the sun for this beautiful veiled bride—those who read must put these together, and form a picture for themselves.

Some of the young men took a swim in the pool and a shower bath under the fall. After enjoying this exquisite fall until after sunset, we returned to camp. On our way back, amongst the loose rocks on the stream margin, we found and killed a rattlesnake. This is the fourth we have killed. After supper we lit cigarettes, gathered around the camp-fire, and conversed. Some question of the relative merits of novelists was started, and my opinion asked. By repeated questions I was led into quite a disquisition on art and literature, which lasted until bedtime. Before retiring, as usual, we piled huge logs on the camp-fire, then rolled ourselves in our blankets, within reach of its warmth.

Joseph Le Conte.

FREE PUBLIC LIBRARIES:

ESPECIALLY THAT OF SAN FRANCISCO.

THERE are in the United States about five thousand public libraries of three hundred volumes or more. Returns of their present condition are very imperfect, and must therefore be summed in the following crude way:

Books in them, many more than	13,000,000
Books added yearly, many more than	500,000
Books used yearly, many more than	10,000,000
Annual cost, much more than	$1,500,000

These institutions, therefore, represent a large money investment, and a very extensive and active educational machinery. Not all of them are "free public libraries," *i. e.*, libraries supported by the tax-payers or by endowments for the use of all. But a considerable proportion of them are, insomuch that it may now be justly said that no town of importance is respectably complete without a free public library, any more than any town whatever without a school.

THE San Francisco Free Public Library was founded in 1879, and was advancing with creditable speed towards a size and usefulness corresponding to the position of San Francisco among American cities, until the city government this year stopped the purchase of books, either to increase the library, or to replace volumes worn out, by cutting down the annual allowance to the bare amount of running expenses.

This library is not a collection of mummies of decayed learning, which will be no drier a thousand years hence than they are now. It has thus far consisted of live books for live people. But a library of this practically useful kind, if it stops buying new books, quickly becomes dead stock, unattractive, obsolete, useless. In belles-lettres, literature, history, mechanic arts, engineering, applied science, for instance, it is equally indispensable to have the new books. The photographer, the druggist, the electrician, as much as the reader of novels, poetry, travels, or history, want this year's discoveries, for last year's are already obsolete. The life of General Grant is going to be asked for this next year—and in vain, apparently—not the first volume of Blaine's "Twenty Years in Congress"—a last year's book. But a thousand examples would not make the case any clearer.

This prohibition of new books, on pretense (say) of economy, would be the natural first step of shrewd opponents, intending to shut up the place altogether, as soon as the books should be dead enough. It is girdling the tree now, so as to destroy it more easily next year.

It is understood that at least two prominent members of the present city government are distinctly opposed to the library, and to free public libraries, on principle. It is not known that any member of it is a particularly energetic friend. The library staff is small in number (seven boys and eight adults); the salaries (omitting the librarian's) are exceptionally scanty; and even this small patronage and expenditure are wholly controlled by the Board of Trustees of the library, and wholly out of reach of the Board of Supervisors. When this is remembered, it is easy to understand both the probable firmness of any opposition, and the probable lukewarmness of any friendship by the supervisors to the library. This is perfectly natural. Governing bodies always desire to keep and increase their authority over persons and payments, and never let go of them when they can help it. Accordingly, the supervisors of the city insisted on controlling all the details of library management and expenditures, until a decision of a court of law forced it out of their hands.

Whether such a closing of the library as above suggested be actually intended or not, the obvious first step towards it is to stop the supply of books, and its closing will in due season be the result if this policy be continued. If the voters of San Francisco choose to have it so, there is no more to be said, for the library belongs to them. Perhaps they could lawfully divide the books among themselves, and so close out the enterprise. The "divvy" would be not far from one volume to each household in town. But if not, if they wish the library to be continued, this early notice is due them.

Further: the custom here in respect to the contents of municipal public documents prohibits such discussions of library matters as are usual in the annual reports of other city libraries; so that a view of the principles and practices of and about such institutions as a class must, if it is to be laid before the public at all, be submitted unofficially.

The following table shows the financial, and some of the literary, relations between public libraries and the cities supporting them, in San Francisco, in four other large cities, and in six small cities. The cases were taken as they came conveniently to hand, and the dates are the latest available, but are all within a few years. New York has no free public library; movements to establish one there have been repeatedly contemplated, and have been abandoned, because the men who wished for the library would not encounter the practical certainty of its becoming merely one more corruptionist engine in the hands of the city rulers. Philadelphia has none, for reasons not known to the present writer, but very likely the same as in New York. St. Louis has none now, although its excellent Public School Library may very likely become one. New Orleans has none, apparently because it doesn't want any. Louisville has none, because the devil cannot set up a true church: the enormous lottery swindle, which was worked off there a few years ago was ostensibly to establish and endow one, but where did the money go? The six small cities tabulated are all in Massachusetts—because their reports came most punctually to hand for latest dates.

Cities.	Pop., 1880.	Assessed Value in millions (1880).	Total Year's City Tax (1880).	Gives Library yearly.	Or (about) of the Tax	Vols. in Library.	Vols. per Soul.	Circulation per year.	Vols. circ'd per Soul.	Vols. circ'd per dollar of Salaries.	Volumes added per year.
Boston	362 000	$613	$7 261 741	$120 000	1-60	438 594	1 1-5	1 056 906	3 nearly.	14+	16 478
Chicago..................	503 000	118	3 776 451	54 330	1-75	111 621	1-5+	664 867	1⅓	23¼ +	5 280
Cincinnati................	255 139	169⅓	4 070 225	49 016	1-82	153 870	3-5+	730 544	3 nearly.	26 1-6	4 120
Lynn......................	38 274	22½	332 481	5 730	1-58	32 006	4-5	90 330	2 ⅓ nrly.	36	1 264
Milwaukee................	115 587	55¾	902 537	17 697	1-51	24 481	1-5	83 052	¾ nrly.	16 nrly.	2 778
New Bedford..............	26 875	25¾	390 208	5 148	1-76	45 000	4-5	71 798	3 nearly.	(?)	2 448
Newburyport..............	13 537	7½	105 686	1 661	1-64	17 828	1 ⅓	(?)	(?)	(?)	441
Springfield, Mass........	33 340	29½	307 434	8 231	1-37	48 832	1 ½	57 152	1¾	14¾	1 797
Taunton..................	21 213	15¾	213 912	5 195	1-41	21 197	1	58 920	2 9-10 nly.	31½	1 971
Worcester................	58 291	39½	557 193	14 860	1-38	61 204	1+	194 321	3⅓ nrly.	26 6-7	3 105
San Francisco (@ $18,000)	233 959	Now 227½	2 307 580	18 000	1-127	62 647	¼	326 000	1¼ nrly.	36 nrly.	3,883; next yr. NONE unless gifts.

Of various comparisons which could be formulated from the above figures, the following are most pertinent now:

1. Of the five large cities named, four, viz, Boston, Chicago, Cincinnati, and Milwaukee,

give from one fifty-first to one eighty-second part of their tax levies for their public libraries; San Francisco, one one hundred and twenty-seventh part.

2. Of the actual sums thus given by these cities: Boston, with half as many more people, gives nearly seven times as much; Chicago, with twice as many, gives three times as much; Cincinnati, with one-tenth more, gives two and two-thirds times as much; Milwaukee, with just more than half as many, gives nearly as much (three hundred dollars less).

3. Accordingly, San Francisco would appropriate yearly for its library, if it were as liberal per head in that matter as Boston, about eighty-four thousand dollars; if as liberal as Chicago, twenty-seven thousand dollars; and so on.

4. The comparative size of their libraries is: Boston, seven times as great as San Francisco; Chicago, nearly twice; Cincinnati, twice and a half; and Milwaukee only is smaller, being somewhat more than one-third as large.

5. The rate of increase is from 16,478 volumes a year at Boston, down to 2,778 at Milwaukee, and in San Francisco, for the coming year, none (for the loss by worn-out volumes will more than equal any gain by gifts).

6. The number of volumes circulated in a year for each dollar of salaries paid is, in this city, more than twice as great as in Boston or Milwaukee, and decidedly larger than in Chicago or Cincinnati. It may be added, although the figures are not in the table, that a much more striking evidence of the stringent economy of the library administration here, is the fact that there is paid at the Boston Public Library in salaries to the cataloguing department alone (without allowing anything for printing), about as much as the whole of this year's library appropriation by the city of San Francisco.

7. Similar comparisons with the six smaller cities listed would give results generally similar, but showing a still more liberal rate per head and dollar of expenditure for libraries.

In addition to this exposition of comparative parsimony, a feature of it should be remembered which might easily escape notice: that while the money for running expenses is all gone at the end of the year, nearly all of the allowance above running expenses remains in existence as permanent property. Thus, if the year's allowance for this library had been twenty-eight thousand dollars instead of eighteen thousand dollars, it would not have cost a cent more to run the library, and at the year's end, about ten thousand dollars worth of books would be added to the permanent property of the city.

Another result of the present economy should be mentioned: its absolute prevention of the printing of any catalogue of the recent additions to the library; so that there is, practically, no access, even to the public who own them, to the books which have been added to this library since June, 1884, being some four or five thousand titles. It is needless to point out, that if there were to be the hypothesis of an unfriendly purpose entertained against the library, that purpose would be as directly served by concealing the names of the books that are in the library, as by preventing the addition of more books, or the replacing of those worn out.

These brief statements sufficiently show what our city is doing, and what other cities are doing, for and against public libraries. It is not within the scope of this paper to discuss the question of what may be the real reasons for the stop put to the increase of the San Francisco Public Library. One hypothesis is, that it was done in order to help persuade the public that the "dollar limit" to the rate of city taxes is too low, and that higher taxation must be submitted to. As, however, the money saved from last year's amount is only $6,000, the economy is not great in itself, being about one four-hundredth part of the city tax levy. If the effect was expected to be produced by continuously annoying and dissatisfying the citizens, there is more reason in the scheme; for the library is frequented by more than a thousand persons daily, and about twenty-six thousand cards have been issued to authorize home use of books; and at any given moment there are always between five thousand and six thousand volumes from the library in use in as many homes all over the city. To inconvenience and disoblige so large a constituency as this may naturally produce some effect. This paper need not attempt to decide whether that effect will probably be approval or disapproval of the treatment of this library, enthusiasm for or against the proposed increase of taxation, unpopularity or popularity of the library itself, or of those whose action so effectually cripples its usefulness. Nor will it discuss the still larger question of the "one dollar limit" itself; however decisively important these inquiries are for the future of the library, and however interesting and clear the arguments and conclusions on the subject may be. But what it may properly do is, to state without any pretense of novelty, but simply in order to refresh the public memory, the chief heads of a doctrine of free public libraries, from a practical point of view.

First (to limit the discussion): What a free public library is *not* for. It is not for a nursery; a lunch-room; a bedroom; a place for meeting a girl in a corner and talking with her; a conversation room of any kind; a free dispensary of stationery, envelopes, and letter-writing; a campaigning field for beggars, or for displaying advertisements; a free range for loiterers; a haunt for loafers and criminals. Indeed, not to specify with inelegant distinctness, such a library, like any other place of free public resort, would, if permitted, be used for any purpose whatever, no matter how private or how vicious, which could be served there more conveniently than by going to one's own home, or than by having any home at all. It would be so used systematically, constantly, and to a degree of intolerable nuisance; and its purification from such uses, if they had been set up, would be met with clamor, abuse, and with any degree of even violent resistance which might be thought safe, or likely to succeed. Let it not be supposed that this is an imaginary picture. It is in every point taken from actual and numerous instances, and could be illustrated by any librarian of large experience, by a sufficiently ridiculous series of adventures. Open public premises for some of the above-specified purposes might conceivably be properly supplied by the public. What is here affirmed is, that public libraries are not at present proper for them.

Second: What such a library *is* for. Its first object is to supply books to persons wishing to improve their knowledge of their occupations. Books like Nicholson's, Burn's, Riddell's, Tredgold's, Dwyer's, Waring's, Holly's, etc., on architecture, building, carpentry, or branches of them; the numerous books of plans and details of domestic and other architecture; Masury on house-painting; Kittredge's metal-workers' pattern book; Percy's, Phillips's, and other works on metallurgy and mining; Dussauce's, Piesse's, and similar books on soap-making, perfumery, and other branches of applied chemistry; Lock on sugar refining; manuals of brewing and distilling; Burgh's, Roper's, and other handbooks and advanced works on steam engineering and locomotives; works on machinery and mechanical engineering generally; Hospitalier, Preece, Noad, and others on applications of electricity; Gilbart on banking; Gaskell's, Hill's, and other business manuals; manuals of letter-writing, bookkeeping, and phonography: in short, books of instruction in all departments of commercial and industrial occupations, are of the first importance in a free public library, and are constantly and eagerly used in this one. The study of such books puts money directly into the pocket of the student, and promotes his success in life, and thus promotes the prosperity of the city. A library which furnishes such books raises the value of every piece of real estate in the city where it is, by making it a place where there is assistance towards earning a good living To furnish this practical evidence of money value, and thus to show to practical men an actual financial usefulness, is the first purpose of a free public library.

Second in importance, is the supply of books to those who wish to acquire or pursue an education, or complete or continue a knowledge of general literature: and third, to assist students who are working on special lines of research of any kind.

Such is the more solid part of what may be called the distributing or book-circulating activity of a library. The other part of this activity, the fourth item in this list, is at least as indispensable, and is always numerically the most popular. It is the supply of light literature to readers for rest or amusement. Whether books of this class constitute one-half the library, or (as in our own) one-tenth of it, it may be depended on that from one-half to four-fifths of all the reading done will be done on that part. The justification of the supply of such books by a public library is, that it is important also, if not likewise, to afford mental relaxation, as well as to feed mental effort; that even light reading is a very important improvement over and safeguard from street and saloon life; that such books introduce to more useful books, by forming the habit of reading; and that the public, who pay for the library, choose to have books of this sort as much as, if not even more than, they do even the more useful sort.

There is still another, a fifth department of usefulness for public libraries, quite unknown until within a few years, which makes them actual and vital members of the public school system, and further justifies the name, "People's Universities," which has often been applied to them. This is the arrangement of courses of illustrative study and reading for teachers, or scholars, or both. A collection of books, relating to some part of the regular school course, is laid out at the library; the teachers, and perhaps, sometimes, one of the higher classes, together with the librarian, examine them, and such information as they afford is selected and put in order, so as to be used in the classroom to illustrate and fill out the outline in the school text books. The practice is perhaps easiest in geography and history. It is easy to see how a capable teacher could intensify and enrich the interest of scholars in the geography of the East Indian Archipelago, by introducing them to the vivid narrative and abundant illustration of Wallace's entertaining book on that region; and how Palgrave's "Year in Arabia," Palmer's "Desert of the Exodus," Lady Duff Gordon's "Letters from Egypt," O'Donovan's "Merv Oasis," Huc's "Travels in Tartary and China," Atkinson's, Kennan's and Lansdell's books on Siberia, and a hundred other works, each on its separate locality, might be used to render clear and strong a child's impressions about the landscapes and peoples of all the earth.

It is not too much to say that the study of geography, in the San Francisco public school course, illustrated as it could easily be from books of travels now in the public library, could be made from beginning to end as fascinating as any romance, while it would store the children's minds with a kind and quantity of distinct knowledge about the earth and its peoples, as much beyond the results of ordinary geographical study as gold is better than mud. This is no mere speculation. Such collateral instruction is already regularly given by Mr. Green, of Worcester (the pioneer in this work), Mr. Poole, of Chicago, and others, and with entire success. This method, besides opening and enriching the minds of scholars, will naturally train them in habits of reading of the very best kind, by teaching them research, the habit of selecting books, and the practice of comparative thinking.

To sum up this theory of a free library within a few words:

1. As to manners: It is a parlor, not a bar-room; a place where not only working men and business men, but where ladies and young girls can safely and commodiously come and abide: while not expressly a school of manners and morals, it is much and closely concerned in maintaining a high standard in both.

2. As to objects: It is to furnish good books, not bad ones; to satisfy within this limit all demands on it as far as may be, and in particular to be progressive—that is, to supply for intelligent readers what they most require—the *new* good books.

3. As to method: It should keep the books in the best possible condition, for the

longest possible term of use; and should not allow them to be scattered, lost, abused, mutilated, or stolen.

It is needless to add under these heads any of the numerous technical details which crowd the work of an active library; but this exposition would be inexcusably imperfect without a reference to the absolute indispensableness of proper accommodations for successful library administration. Somewhat more may be said about the unbusinesslike payment by the city of a heavy insurance on $50,000 worth of its property, because the library is in the same building with a theater. Theaters burn down on an average once in seventeen years; and a theater risk, although not absolutely uninsurable, like a gunpowder mill, is what insurance men call "extra hazardous"; so that not only is the insurance rate high, but the destruction of the San Francisco Free Public Library by fire (in its present location), may be looked upon as a certainty, the only question being, How soon? And a difficulty less obvious and less dangerous, but still a source of incessant difficulty and annoyance, is the arrangement of the library as one collection, and with but one place for delivering books. This difficulty becomes nothing in a small library with a small business, but in one as large and energetically active as ours, it is a serious disadvantage. Such a library should be divided into two sections. In one should be put all the books which may be delivered out to all authorized borrowers without discrimination. In the other should be all books which call for a special care, either more or less. Very many books might be trusted with a scholar or a student or a mechanic, which it would be folly to deliver over to a small boy or girl. And the places for delivering and receiving the two classes of books should be separate and should be roomy. In the present library room, there is insufficient space both for the library staff and for the public; and the result is, crowding, interruption, delay, error, and dissatisfaction. And it is no less obvious that besides a public reading-room open to all comers, some accommodations should be provided for students who need special facilities and assistance, and for ladies, so that they need not crowd and struggle about among children and masculine strangers.

An entertaining series of facts and anecdotes from the actual life of this library could be easily marshalled in establishment of every one of the foregoing points; but these can not be given here. Enough has been said to direct the attention of thinking citizens to the apparent quiet beginning of a movement against the library.

RECENT SOCIAL DISCUSSIONS.

We have before us some half-dozen monographs upon sociological subjects. It is instructive to note that every one of these bears upon some phase of the problem of poverty, and four of them with special reference to recent American socialism. *Recent American Socialism*[1] is, in fact, the title of one, Professor Ely's pamphlet (one of the Johns Hopkins University studies), which is a sort of summary of the present status of socialism in this country. Early American communism, as illustrated in Brook Farm, or in the Moravian and Shaker settlements, is declining, and practically passed by as a social influence. To quote Professor Ely: "American communism is antiquated; it exists only as a curious and interesting survival. Yet, it has accomplished much good and little harm. Its leaders have been actuated by noble motives, have many times been men far above their fellows in moral stature, even in intellectual stature, and have desired only to benefit their kind. Its aim has been to elevate man, and its ways have been ways of peace."

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[1] Recent American Socialism. By Richard T. Ely, Ph. D. Johns Hopkins University Studies, Third Series, IV. Baltimore: N. Murray. 1885.

There was very little socialism—if any—about these gentle experiments in voluntary communism. Their inspiration was mainly French, of the Fourier type. It is, according to Dr. Ely, only within half-a-dozen years that German socialism, and that ugly confusion of socialism, communism, and anarchy, of German, Irish, and French type, known as "International Socialism," arose in America; and he attributes their definite beginning to Henry George's book, "Progress and Poverty."

We must pause here to draw the distinction, which Dr. Ely makes very clear, between the two classes of so-called "socialism" now existing in this country and elsewhere. These are: the true German socialists of the Karl Marx school, who call themselves the "Socialistic Labor Party"; and the "International Workingmen's Association," who are more properly anarchists than socialists. The true socialists are a respectable body of men, chiefly Germans, probably some twelve thousand in organized numbers, and able to command sympathizers enough to give them a vote of perhaps twenty-five thousand in the whole country. There are men of education among them, and their spirit seems sincere, and doubtless often entirely unselfish; they repudiate violent methods, and propose to carry out their ideas by peaceful agitation and constitutional means. They are well organized, in Chicago, Philadelphia, and other cities, occasionally electing a minor official; and they have a distinct plan—and one not unworthy of respectful consideration—for the new social order to which the present is to give way. They do not seem to win converts to any extent among "Americans," and are rather declining than gaining strength, as a body; but their ideas, in a vague way, influence powerfully a great number among the working-classes who are not organically with them. They have no quarrel with the present social order in anything but the industrial and governmental side; they believe in the family, in education after the best and highest type, in all morality and orderliness; Christianity they repudiate, though without violent hostility, because they believe it holds out false hopes of an impossible heaven, and so induces men to submit to wrongs in this life which they would otherwise remedy.

A treatise by an enthusiastic disciple of this socialism, a young German lawyer in Philadelphia, gives us, in *The Coöperative Commonwealth*,[1] a fuller account of it than Dr. Ely's brief summary can do. One need only turn from Dr. Ely's pamphlet to Mr. Gronlund's to realize that, while the socialist organization undoubtedly contains a fair amount of education, and is far enough from the ignorance of the Anarchists, it cannot command really scholarly thought or exposition. The author of *The Coöperative Commonwealth* regards himself as especially temperate in his statements, and repeatedly insists that it is not men, but the system, that he attacks, and that any bitterness he may express is to be regarded as entirely impersonal. He is, in the main, fair, and though not entirely free from bitterness, shows it no more than is excusable in one who, seeing the miseries of poverty and the harsh inequalities of life, believes that these are due to no fatal necessity, but to a defect in the organization of society, which may be remedied if people will but see and consent. Mr. Gronlund sketches out a rough plan of the "coöperative commonwealth," which is, in all details, merely his own notion, but in the main principles the design of the socialists. The fundamental principle, as of all true socialism—it ought not to be, but is, necessary to say—is the paternal function of the state. The kernel of the *laissez-faire*, or individualistic doctrine, is, that government is a necessary evil; that each individual has a right to do absolutely as he chooses, provided he interferes with no one else's right to do the same; and as people will not refrain from infringing on their neighbors' rights, it becomes necessary to have governments to secure a fair field for the exercise of individual rights. Having secured this fair field, the state should leave individuals to work out their own salvation; in an ideal society, where no one tried to encroach on his neighbor's rights, no government would be necessary. This is very elementary, but we venture to repeat it, for the sake of clearly defining the opposite of the *laissez-faire* doctrine, that is, socialism, whose essential principle seems so crudely understood by all but special students of the subject. The kernel of socialism, then, we take to be the doctrine that, so far from an unfortunately necessary outgrowth of the defects of human nature, government is properly the highest activity of healthy society, being the collective, coöperative action of human beings organized for the purpose of mutual help. Thus far toward socialism many go who are not socialists; the doctrine is perfectly respectable, and that of a great number of the most competent people; but it is not "orthodox," and is put at a disadvantage by having the very weighty name of Spencer avowedly against it. The true "socialist" draws the corollaries from this doctrine, and argues that to government, to this corporate action of society, by means of which each member of society coöperates with all the others to achieve the general good, should be intrusted the care of all society's concerns; so far from government's disappearing in a millennial state, in such a state everything would be done by government—that is, by all, working together through appointed means of coöperation. According to this view, therefore, Gronlund outlines his personal scheme of a coöperative commonwealth. The state shall own all property—all railroads, factories, capital, materials, land—all the means of production. Every citizen must then be employed in some useful labor—it may be in hod-carrying, it may be in philological research, it may be in overseeing a government factory. He will be paid in checks certifying the number of hours' works done. Possibly some distinction will be made between an hour's work of mere manual labor and one requiring mental effort, anxiety, and nervous expenditure; or possibly the worker in the higher order of work will find himself sufficiently recompensed by the loftier and more agreeable nature of his work. Now all the products of labor (made with the utmost economy of forces in great government factories, into which all small factories, village blacksmiths or cobblers, etc., are to be consolidated) will be gathered together in great government storehouses and bazars, to the extinction of middle-men and retailers. Every commodity will be priced by the number of hours' labor it cost to produce it; and upon these reservoirs of the common property any one may call, up to the full amount of service rendered by him, as certified by his checks of "hours' labor." We infer that non-material commodities are not to be valued in the same way, for the purchasing power of every hour's labor is to be docked a little, to "support the government," and, we suppose, the teachers, doctors, musicians, and so forth, whose wares cannot well be ticketed with their price in "days' works," and gathered into government bazars. This all-potent government is to consist of a counsel of the elected heads of the different occupations—the chief of the judges, of the scholars, of the manufacturers, of the land-tillers, etc., and of a graded system under them, by which each such guild has absolute authority in its own affairs, each factory under it in its own, and so each department of each factory. Under this system, Mr. Gronlund hopes, products enough to keep every one comfortable could be made with four hours' daily work apiece; the criminal classes would disappear, and the "riddle of the painful earth" would be solved.

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[1] The Coöperative Commonwealth. By Laurence Gronlund. Boston: Lee & Shepard; New York: Charles T. Dillingham.

This gives a fair idea of the hopes and plans of the more moderate and intelligent socialists. Over against these stand the Anarchists—some fifty thousand, all told, Doctor Ely thinks. Their own figures, which are very wild and hap-hazard, make out much greater strength. Their leader is Herr Most, but they are not preëminently a German organization. They seem to be growing in strength, and attracting working men toward them. They are the destructives, the dynamiters, the rioters: their language is violent, even foul, invective; their press and speeches filled with instigations to murder and destroy. They have declared war not merely upon capital, but upon all law and order and morality: the family relation is to be abolished; government is to exist only so far as individual small communities choose to establish voluntary governments for themselves, or to coöperate with each other, when desirable, by some loose bond of bargain between them. The only socialistic element in their plans is that they demand, like the Marx socialists, that all the property shall be held in common, the products of labor to be paid into a common accumulation, and paid out thence in proportion to "days' works." Yet so averse are they to governmental checks, and so utterly without any clear conception of what they do intend, that they have no plan for any machinery for carrying out even this one requirement; and their scheme, if realized, would mean little beyond the rule of the strongest fists—"tempered," doubtless, "by assassination." But they do not greatly trouble themselves to consider what the new order shall be: their chief concern is the destruction of the present order. Dynamite, assassination, fire, rioting—any means by which all present wealth may be destroyed and all present order overthrown, are preached. There is not the least evidence of any definite plan, even for destruction; still less of any secret plotting on a large scale. There is not even any organization among the different "Internationalist" clubs, so averse are they to restriction or government. Each club is independent, and their sole action seems to consist of meeting to listen to inflammatory but vague harangues, stirred up by which they contribute considerable sums of money, which, there is reason to suppose, constitute a good part of the reason for existence of the harangues. Their utter aimlessness, confusion of mind and of moral sense, inability to see what they are aiming at or to work consistently toward it, seems incredible to the observer at first.

A little tract on the plan of the "Battle of Dorking," called *The Fall of the Great Republic*,[1] represents them as laying deep and wide conspiracies, which embrace the whole country in a net-work of perfect organization, ready for simultaneous outbreak at a given signal. This is impossible to the Anarchists. The essence of their movement is in noise and passion. They do not submit to control from any central authority; even their local meetings sometimes break up in fisticuffs. There is every reason to believe that their leaders, so far from being cool, far-planning men, devoted, heart and life, to bringing about the movement they preach, are merely vulgar self-seekers, who find that a command of lurid language, directed in invective against the rich, supplies to themselves a very easy livelihood, compared to any which their really slender capacities could otherwise gain.

The socialist principle of a common stock of property, paid out in proportion to labor, and the hostility to the existing system of free private competition, interest-bearing capital, and wages, served as a bond of union between the true socialists and the Anarchists at first; but the essential incompatibility of their character and aims naturally led to wider and wider breach, until last spring they came to blows over the dynamite outrages in London; and according to Doctor Ely, now hate each other as bitterly as they do the capitalist. Their plans, both of destruction and reconstruction, are absolutely opposite. The true socialist would encourage the concentration of property in a few hands, and increase the power of the present government; meanwhile, by education, peaceful agitation, and the ballot, preparing the public to alter the *character* of government when the time shall come, without ever relaxing its restraints. They do not expect, it is true, that this revolution will take place without violence; but they desire to be themselves the constitutional party in this crisis, compelling property to rebel by aggressions under due form of law, and then obtaining full control as suppressors of rebellion, not as rebels. Or, in case revolution should be brought about by dynamite rebellion, they would hope to interpose and direct the revolution to their ends. This they could not do until their educational propaganda has reached a much more advanced point than at present. Therefore nothing can be more ruinous to their plans than the method of destroying the present order urged by the Anarchists. Again, the two parties' ideas of the new order are at opposite extremes: the one desires the maximum of government, the other no government. It is therefore not to be expected that any coalition can take place again between these two bodies.

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[1] The Fall of the Great Republic. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

But it is only the minor part of socialism in the United States that is to be found by enumerating the enrolled socialists and those whose alliance they can directly command. The two bodies, with a combined voting force of not more than seventy-five thousand, and a fighting force of much less, would constitute a very slight threat to society, even if they were united. With one body accomplishing little in its propaganda, and much dominated by peaceful and semi-reasonable theorists, and the other disorganized, unmanageable, duped by loud-mouthed cowards as leaders, and numbering doubtless a considerable proportion of loud-mouthed cowards in its ranks, their ability to stir the institutions of the country is hardly worth considering. It is true, that the anarchist wing do win converts and increase their numbers; but a disorganized horde, even if it included half the people of a country, cannot seriously or permanently control organized opposition—and this horde at present does not include more than a thousandth part of the people of the country. It is in the spread of socialistic *ideas* outside of the socialist organizations that the great danger to present institutions lies: that is, in the enormous number of people who, while not accepting the socialist creed, yet hold many doctrines taken from it. In this direction socialism is in the United States powerful and increasing. There have always been socialistic tendencies in our government—as in the whole protective system, for instance; but there has also been so strong a bent toward individualism, that probably our government remains less socialistic than that of any other constitutional country.

But among the working classes, and even to a considerable extent among the classes, not wage-takers, whose property is small, the genuine root-doctrine of socialism is taking possession, viz: that it is the business of government to look out for the weak, and to secure for every man, so far as possible, comfort and happiness. When a leading English statesman recently announced this doctrine, it was looked on as a most significant sign of the times: but one would not be in much danger of exaggeration in saying that every wage-taker in the country, and a large part of the other poor men, hold it with all their hearts. The reason that Henry George's book is a gospel to these men, is because they do not own any land: but they do not really care much about the confiscation of land; they simply want *something* done to better their condition, and will fall in with almost any remedy suggested at all plausibly. Any party which proposes government action for their benefit is pretty sure of their support; any agitator, preaching against capital, is pretty sure of a certain sympathy from them. They have no especial objections to the present social order, if only it could be fixed so that their wages should always be high, work steady, and hours short; and they feel sure that government *could* fix it so, if it only would. Accordingly, in a blind sort of way, step by step, and measure by measure, they are certainly pushing toward some sort of socialism. Their voting force is sufficient to carry anything they unanimously and persistently fix upon as their desire. In various guises, their demand for the guardianship of government has carried State elections repeatedly, sometimes by their holding the balance of power between parties, sometimes by direct "labor" vote. It happens constantly that the man or measure they advocate proves to be really against their interests as a class, as in the greenback movement; and this want of political knowledge and judgment, this readiness to be deceived, and so to fight against their own ends, has always been an efficient check against their gaining much ground. Their best organization, and their most sober judgment, are to be found in the trades' unions, whose leaders are often—perhaps usually—men of fair sense and moderation, sincere in seeking the interests of their class, instead of personal ends, and disposed to study seriously the economic questions they deal with. But those whom they lead are not thus moderate, and are deeply imbued with an unreasoning conviction that something is wrong in a frame of things which permits them to be poor and weak, while others are rich and strong. Not only the honest and sober workman, but the worthless idler, the drunken waster of his wages, the criminal, all have very strongly this feeling that society owes them better provision, and that either government must undertake to secure it for them, or they must snatch it by force. There is, thus, a vast body whose steady pressure toward a socialist government, blundering and self-defeating though it is, may in time accomplish substantial results; but also a body unreasoning, and containing very many vicious and turbulent elements, and disposed to a half sympathy with incendiary agitation. In the class that lies between that of wage-takers and large employers, there is a sort of easy-going sympathy with all poor and discontented men, and an impression that there *is* something unrighteous in one man's being rich and another poor. From this class come many theorists, who, without adopting the whole socialist scheme, have various specifics to offer, all socialistic in bearing. George himself is of this class. We have this month a somewhat crazy little treatise[1] to review, evidently from some one of the same class, proposing a quaint enough modification of George's doctrine (to the effect that as the whole earth changes hands once in a generation, each person should pay, in the form of taxes, in the course of his life-time, his proportion of the total value of the earth; which will come to about two per cent. a year; the establishment of this rate of taxation on land ownership will remove all evils from the earth). And lastly there exists, distinct from the anarchists, the political agitators' group of Rossa and his fellows, whose dynamite methods, though directed to a political purpose, affect the minds of men to other ends.

What, then, are we to look for in the way of danger to our institutions? Obviously, nothing in the way of organized and systematic effort. Nothing in any future we need look to see, of powerful armed rebellion. The authors of such writings as "The Fall of the Great Republic" underestimate the tremendous resisting power such rebellion would meet. Careless of danger up to the last moment, criminally negligent of the signs of the times, yet when the last moment does come, the American people rises in one fierce flash to its own defense, as we have before now seen it do in San Francisco. One fears in the forecast the easy-going American tolerance, the tendency to sympathize with the wrong-doer; but where have these always disappeared to when the crisis has actually come? In some distant future, the quality of our population may become so greatly changed by foreign infusion, that this power of defending our institutions at need may be lost; but even the present great deterioration cannot bring this about within a generation or two.

The danger that we *are* to look for is none the less real, and perhaps near. It is of an era of riots, incendiarism, increase of crime, explosions of violence and class-hatred. A very few men, utterly unorganized, incapable of really gaining their point, are perfectly capable of making a great deal of bloodshed and destruction in futile efforts to obtain it. Indian border warfare, though absolutely hopeless of success, makes a monstrous condition of things to live under; and to some such condition of being exposed to irregular attacks and outrages we might very possibly come.

Professor Ely belongs ardently to the school of so-called "Christian Socialists"— those who urge that the only solution of labor and class troubles is in the voluntary action of the well-to-do classes in improving the condition of the poor, on the Christian principle of human brotherhood. It is an obvious misnomer to call this doctrine socialism, the very essence of socialism being dependence upon government to do what the Christian socialists believe should be done by individual, voluntary effort—so that the leader of the "Christian Socialist" coöperative movement in England protested in alarm against Mr. Chamberlain's statement of the duty of government towards the weaker classes, seeing in such a view destruction to the system of self-help his school has been building up: still, it is easy to see wherein the "Christian Socialists" are at one with true socialists, viz: in the belief that the strong must look out for the weak, whether voluntarily, by individual effort, or through their coördinate action in government. A general and genuine effort to improve the condition of the poor, along lines of "Christian Socialism," Professor Ely therefore thinks will avert most of the danger that is now gathering. It is certain that the removal of all genuine grievances may check even men resolved upon revolution, and in a few years or generations cause them to forget their resolve; much more when the majority of those from whom disorder is to be expected are, as we have seen, not bent especially upon anything but having life made a little more comfortable to them.

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[1] Man's Birthright; or The Higher Law of Property. By Edward H. G. Clark. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

What permanent solution there can be of the problem of inequality, we are not prepared to conjecture; but that the best wisdom for the present lies, at least, in the general line suggested by Professor Ely, we do not doubt. Not, perhaps, in the special ways advised by the "Christian Socialists"; although the stand their school has taken against alms-giving methods removes it totally from the dangerous region of medieval Christian charity. Still, it is probable that the genuine grievances of the poor in this country arise from deeper causes than direct effort upon wage systems or laborers' homes can reach. It is curious to note how uniformly any evil in society tells upon the poor; so that wages may be lowered and men thrown out of work for reasons that seem to have no connection at all with labor. We have, for instance, little doubt that the most fruitful source of wage fluctuations and like miseries in this country is corrupt politics. Every student knows that a depreciated money tells heaviest upon wage-takers. Upon them fall the penalties of inflated speculation. And so we might continue to illustrate. Other classes must suffer the results of their own sins and follies; the laborer, the results of his own sins and follies, and in a far higher degree than does any one else, of those of all classes outside his own. Very rational, therefore, is the position of most clergymen, who, when confronted with the problem of poverty and discontent, say that if all men were sincere Christians, these troubles would disappear; and that they are therefore wise in paying no attention to relieving symptoms, but in going to the root of the matter by trying to make as many men as possible Christians, and to keep them so; and their failure in dealing with the question, as evinced by the alienation from them of the laboring classes, is due in part to over-theological conception of what it is they are to make of men, and in part to too exclusive absorption in one method of ameliorating society. Rational, too, is the position of temperance reformers, who point out the relation between the expenditure of the poor upon drink and their suffering, from time to time, for want of savings in time of need, or of enough wages over and above the drink expenditure for comfort; and emphasize such significant incidents as that of the socialist picnic the other day in Chicago, where banners were carried bearing such mottoes as "Our children cry for bread," and the expenditure for liquor during the day amounted to hundreds of dollars. Most rational of all is the trust—and it is happily a general one—in education, as the great means of improvement for the poor, even those of a stratum lower than it directly touches. In the active—and, above all, the intelligent—prosecution of *all* measures that tend to improve general society, as well as of those that specifically affect the poorer classes, must lie, then, the immediate protection of society against class discontent. Not by concessions to "demands of labor"—concessions are generally mere cowardice and self-seeking, and, in this particular case, as likely to tell against as for the interest of those who demand—but by sincere effort to remove all real grievances of any class, all injustices in social action, will the "discontent of labor" be persuaded to subside. Undoubtedly, the best means to this end is often a resolute opposition to some demanded concession; the courage to offend a class may often be necessary to benefit a class; the courage to withhold, in order to help.

Several of these various means of beneficent social action form the subjects of monographs before us for review in the present article. The consideration of these, however, must be postponed for the present; we only linger to note that their range of subject indicates a general impulse of reform all along the line of society, which is certainly encouraging, regarded as an accompaniment of that other general impulse to discontent and disorder now so visible. If the tendency to the preservation and improvement of society only keeps pace with the tendency to disintegration for a generation or two, we may look forward with much greater courage to those final tests of human society that must come from causes deeper than present human effort, for good or ill, can greatly affect.

RECENT POETRY.

THE summer has been by no means barren of poetry; indeed, it is a little surprising, when one considers the great decline of interest in poetry, that people should be found ready to supply so steadily the stream that runs out, year by year, from the publishing houses. Were it not for the inexorable evidence of booksellers' ledgers, one would be tempted to believe that it is only the critical class, the class who express their tastes in print and in literary clubs, that have grown tired of poetry, and that the great silent public still welcomes every new volume. An eminent American critic has but now expressed a belief that the present apathy in poetry—the temporary interval of rest and re-gathering of forces, as we all believe it to be, between two great poetic eras—already nears its end. We are not disposed to agree with him; we look to see a close and serious pressure of social problems restrain the poetic mood through a longer or shorter period; nor has the highly unpoetic impetus of excessive industrialism yet spent itself. Meanwhile, there is never a year that does not produce some poetry worthy to live. We have this month—representing nearly a half-year's accumulation—two names of high poetic rank: Miss Ingelow and Mr. Aldrich; besides one of a sort of fictitious high rank, by virtue of his great popularity—that is, the Earl of Lytton, "Owen Meredith." The other books are two maiden volumes, and a group of Grant poems, which last, ambitious beyond its fellows, has risen to the dignity of covers —card covers, that is, tied with black ribbon.

This semi-book, *An Elegy for Grant*,[1] would indicate that the poet has been for years following with his pen the great soldier's career, for it has the following contents: Proem; Elegy; "Push Things," a Campaign Song; Hymn for President Grant's Inauguration; "Pax Vobiscum," on the Great Treaty; General Grant restored to Rank. The publishers have, with questionable enough taste, secured some sounding telegrams from R. H. Stoddard and others, lauding the verse. But we prefer illustrating it to criticizing it:

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[1] An Elegy for Grant, Patriot, Conqueror, Hero. By George Lansing Taylor. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls. 1885.

"Like an iron tower, whose arms
Swing the quarry's granite block;
Swing, secure from tilts and harms,
Dahlgrens, at a navy's dock;

"So stood he, with sphinx-like lips,
Based to swing, with hands and pen,
On his left, a thousand ships,
On his right, a million men."

This figure is bolder, however, than the rest of the poem. The closing stanza, upon Washington, Lincoln, and Grant, is a fairer sample:

"Bid our foes match these! Enough!
On such names can scorn be hurled?
Tried they stand, the sturdiest stuff
Of that Race that rules the world!"

Of the two "maiden volumes" we spoke of, one is maiden only in the sense of being the first appearance of its author's work between covers; for Mrs. Sherwood has long been a favorite poet of memorial days, soldiers' reunions, and like occasions. The revival of war memories in the shape of literature has suggested a collection of these various lyrics. They are admirably adapted to their purpose, having a good deal of spirit and of tenderness, and more or less beauty. They often approach the ballad in matter and manner, but no one of them is really a ballad. There is, of necessity, much repetition among them, and they will be dearer to the old soldier, who cares greatly for the memories they stir, than to any one who reads merely for literary pleasure; yet, by him, too, they may be enjoyed, in a degree. We think that, regarded merely as poetry, there is nothing among them quite as good as "The Black Regiment at Port Hudson":

"There on the heights were the guns—
The blood-hounds of battle—
The dark, growling packs crouching low,
To start at a word from the master,
And roar and rend in the trail
Of reeling disaster.
Under the guns is the bayou,
A marge of luxuriant grasses—
And here are the tawny long lines,
Where the orderly passes;
And their eyes are aflame
As they charge and take aim,
Down where the bayou runs red
With the blood of the dead.

. . . . . .

"'*Forward, double-quick, march!*'
The scoff and the jeer
Are swift to pursue,
But the scoff and the jeer
No hero may rue.
So, steady and still,
They stride down the hill,
Till the blood-hounds awake
On the brow of the brake—
There to show their wide maws,
There to rend with fierce jaws,
While their clamor and blare
Cleave the pestilent air.

. . . . . .

"Through the shot and the shell,
Through the gloom and the glare,
For the conquest lies here,
And the glory lies there.
Alas for Planciancoix!
Alas for Cailloux!
For the heroes who fall
In the ranks of the Blue!
For the gallant Black Regiment
Under the guns
In the charge at Port Hudson!

"What did they wrest from the breach
Under the guns at Port Hudson?
From the rage of retreat,
In the pangs of defeat?

. . . . . .

The right to be men; to stand forth
Clean-limbed in the fierce light of freedom,
And say: '*We are men! We are men!*'

. . . . . .

Out of the awful abyss,
Up from the guns at Port Hudson,
Out of the smoke and the flame,
Shattered and scattered they came—

. . . .

One on the rolls of the brave,
One in the glory to be—
The gallant Black Regiment!"

There is an echo here of "The Charge of the Light Brigade," but there is no harm in that. The following is a more characteristic selection:

"Oh, there was brave maneuver in sight of foe and friend,
And toss of plume and feather, and marching without end;
And there were banners waving, and there were songs and cheers;
And for the patriot, praises, and for the coward, jeers.
And here, the splendid infantry, accoutered bright and blue,
And there, the gleaming trappings of cavalry in view;

> And flash of scarlet gunners and riders in the line,
> With gorgeous spreading epaulettes and sashes red as wine;
> And lo, the long processions of maidens drawing nigh,
> With kisses and with flowers, to say a last good-bye;
> And lo, the wives a-lifting their babies to the sun—
> And so our great Grand Army beheld its work begun."

There are a few poems besides the war lyrics, but they are scarcely as good; they are rather commonplace, and upon such subjects as "A Friend's Souvenir," "The Old Gnarled Apple Tree," "Watching for Me at the Window";—yet a very good note is occasionally struck.

More venturesome is *Lilith*,[3] a narrative poem in five books, whose author has already printed a good deal of fugitive verse in Western papers. Mrs. Collier has several times been a contributor to THE OVERLAND. There is a quality of much promise in her verse—a certain affluence and sense of beauty, which is a relief from the cold neutrality of most current poetry. If this excellent quality could be united in her with a mastery of the poetic art, as art, equal to, say, that of Miss Thomas, her rank as a writer should be very high; but such a mastery is scarcely to be acquired after a poetic career has begun. Even with more thorough control of the poetic art, the poems could not be really memorable without more power and originality—for though often original enough in fancy, they have no great originality in thought or feeling; and while intelligent enough, and full of earnest emotion, they have not, intellectually or emotionally, anything that could properly be called power. It would be foolish to call attention to what they have not, were it not for what they have —a sufficient portion of beauty to make them worthy of serious criticism. *Lilith* is, as the name indicates, a version of the legend of Adam's first wife. Mrs. Collier makes very free with the legend, and it must be confessed, free with the unities of her own story; for it is full of internal inconsistencies in narrative, and anachronisms even beyond what is permissible in a legend of this nature. The liberty taken with the subject-matter is not merely legitimate, but the chief beauty of the poem. The legend (doubtless made to reconcile the two accounts in Genesis of the creation of woman, the first of which represents her made with man, and by implication, coequal; and the other as created second and subordinate), is, it will be remembered, to the effect that the Lord first created Adam and Lilith, equal in authority; that the clashing this led to was so great, that Lilith was cast out from Eden, and the marital experiment tried again, on a different principle, by the creation of Eve. Lilith thereafter wedded Eblis, the prince of devils, and became the mother of demons and specters; and in vengeance upon her rival, Eve, the mother of mankind, became the special enemy of babes, whom she strangles with a thread of her golden hair. The obvious injustice to Lilith—who seems to have asked no more than her fair half, while Adam was the encroacher, on the assumption that they were created equal —has inspired Mrs. Collier's version of the legend, according to which Lilith leaves Eden voluntarily, rather than submit to dominance, but loses thereby the blessing of motherhood. This alone, not either Adam or Eden, she envies Eve, and at last steals the coveted first human baby, which dies, bereft of its mother, and so gives Lilith the reputation in legend of being a child-murderess. It is a pretty and pathetic idea, and developed, though imperfectly, still not without beauty and pathos. We illustrate its manner by an extract or two:

> "And dusky trees shut in broad fields beyond,
> And hung long, trembling garlands, age-grown-gray,
> From topmost boughs adown athwart the day,
> And sweet amid these wilds, bright dewy bells
> Sing summer chimes. And soft in fragrant dells,
> 'Mong tender leaves, great spikes of scarlet flaunt,
> Among the pools—the errant wild bees' haunt.
> And thick with bramble blooms' pink petals starred,
> And dew-stained buds of blue, the velvet sward.
> Scarce ripple stirred the sea; and inland wend

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[2] Camp-fire, Memorial Day, and other Poems. By Kate Brownlee Sherwood. Chicago; Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1885.

[3] Lilith. By Ada Langworthy Collier. Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. 1885.

Far bays and sedgy ponds; and rolling rivers bend.
A land of leaf and fruitage in the glow
Of palest glamours steeped. And far and low
Great purple isles; and further still a rim
Of sunset-tinted hills, that softly dim
Shine 'gainst the day."

"A luring strain
She sang, sweet as the pause of summer rain.
So soft, so pure, her voice, the child it drew
Still nearer that green rift; and low therethrough,
She laughing stroked the down-bent golden head,
With her soft baby hands. And parting, spread
The silken hair about her little face,
And kissed the temptress through the green-leaved space.
Whereat fell Lilith snatched the babe and fled,
Crying, as swift from Eden's bounds she sped,
And like a fallen star shone on her breast
The child, 'At last, at last!'"

A vastly more pretentious poem, but one really not as good, is Lord Lytton's last, *Glenaveril*,[3] a rhymed romance which is not without some interest, and has about it a certain neatness in the construction of verse, and an occasionally ingenious fancy. Otherwise, it seems to us devoid of much virtue. Even the narrative is hampered by a great quantity of very thin "moralizing," which covers the whole ground of life and society, attempting political satire among other things. It would appear to be written for the same class of readers who have found "Lucile" so delightful, but we do not think it will please them. "Lucile," with all its weaknesses, had qualities that made people really care for it; but this book is pasteboard in feeling, in thought, in rhetoric. The following stanza shows its best, in the neatness of verse and the ingenuity of fancy we have spoken of:

"Born on the day when Lord Glenaveril died,
Was Lord Glenaveril; and the sire's last sigh,
Breathing a premature farewell, replied
To the son's first petitionary cry.
On that dim tract which doth two worlds divide
And yet unite, they passed each other by
As strangers, though each bore the self-same name,
The one departing as the other came."

And this is about the manner of the pages upon pages of wise reflections strewed through the book:

"And here awhile will I, too, pause, to plead
My right of calling every spade a spade.
I wish each knight would saddle his own steed
Whene'er the Press proclaims its next crusade.
Men's virtues should not on men's vices feed.
But counterfeited feeling 's now a trade
That all compete in. Who can say (not I!)
This Age's signature 's no forgery?"

With what sense of relief one steps across the broad interval and takes up Mr. Aldrich. His publishers have just issued a cheap edition[4] of his poems, containing all that have hitherto been printed in separate volumes, and, in addition, his more recent magazine verse. The perfect expression of these poems, the subtle perception of moods and sentiments, the hovering between trifling and pathos, is admirable beyond words; and if a dozen or so of the lyrics comprise all of Mr. Aldrich's poetry that possesses in the highest degree these qualities, the others all have them to a very considerable extent. It must be an unceasing delight to readers of poetry that he has written. And yet, when all is said, one is aware of a certain somewhat conspicuous effect of lack and unsatisfactoriness in Mr. Aldrich's verse. It is very dainty and very perfect; but, after all, it is only the daintiest and most perfect of dilettant poetry. The best of the lyrics—"Palabras Cariñosas," "The One White Rose," "Nameless Pain," and a dozen more—must first be counted out, before one can make any such criticism with entire faith in it himself; but when these are omitted, there becomes evident an unsatisfying emptiness about Mr. Aldrich's poetry; a preponderance of form over matter; an excess of the virtue of reticence; a too unfailing artistic consciousness, never by any chance lost in artistic impulse. So valuable is the high artistic conscience that belongs to this artistic consciousness, and so great the defect in this respect in almost all poetry writing outside of the literary centers—so entirely is this the side on which writers should be advised to err, if error must be—that we hesitate to make the criticism. And, indeed, it is not excess of manner, but deficiency of matter, that is the real fault. For instance:

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[3] Glenaveril; or the Metamorphoses. By the Earl of Lytton (Owen Meredith). New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

[4] The Poems of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Boston Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

The Parcæ.

In their dark house of cloud
The three weird sisters toil till time be sped:
One unwinds life; one ever weaves the shroud;
One waits to cut the thread.

There seems to be no sufficient reason why these lines should have been written, and they are by no means solitary instances. Mr. E. C. Stedman has lately called attention to the lack of spontaneity and the attenuation of thought to which current poetry tends, as well as its excellent taste and finish. Mr. Aldrich is to be regarded as the best of this recent school, possessing all its virtues, but none the less illustrating plainly enough its limitations.

Nothing could better illustrate what Mr. Aldrich is not, than turning to Miss Ingelow's new volume[5]—a rare pleasure of late years; and, indeed, at no time has she given forth poems in great abundance and rapid succession. Yet they show no sign of having been withheld for long polishing and finishing; nothing could be more spontaneous, more frank, more unconscious of art. Art there must be, of course; never without it came so much beauty; but Miss Ingelow has the final gift—the inspiration—call it what you will—that breathes into poetry the breath of free, unstudied life. It is one of the mysteries of literature that this unique and beautiful poetry remains so little read; that since a few of her early lyrics—chiefly "Divided," "Songs of Seven," and "The High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire"—Miss Ingelow seems to be forgotten. She is like no one else; she is full of beauty and tenderness and thought; she is even great; and she has all those qualities of freshness and spontaneity that are so rare just now, and that readers weary for: and yet she is not read nor talked about. The few lyrics by which she is known are not better than many other poems of hers. Who reads, quotes, or talks about "Brothers and a Sermon," or "A Story of Doom"? and yet where in all our literature is the same sort of thing done so well? Who knows Miss Ingelow's sonnets? and yet they are beautiful ones, with a sort of quaint and grave sweetness entirely their own. She does all the things that other people cannot do nowadays—ballads that are not forced; countryside idyls of the "Walking to the Mail" sort that are not crude nor artificially simple; meditative poetry that is not dull. She has singular originality, a voice all her own, and an ever fresh and sweet voice it is. The peculiar charm of it baffles analysis. Much of it is due to the great sincerity of her verse, which has preserved it from any of the common vices, such as imitating herself, or forgetting matter for manner; yet one does not find breaches of taste nor lack of reticence in her. The nearest approach that she makes to any such fault is in over-use of refrains and obscure phrases—apparently not in any Rossetti-like affectation, but because she tried to make the poetry take too far the function of music, that of rendering indefinite feeling; so that her poetry laid itself justly open to the clever parody

"(Butter and eggs and a pound of cheese,)"

and the others scarcely less clever, in "Fly-Leaves."

In the present volume, it would not be possible to say that there is anything equal to the best of her earlier work; yet it is Jean Ingelow still, without any sign of weakening or failing; it is Jean Ingelow, as "Aftermath" was Longfellow, or as the later work of Whittier and Holmes shows no "Snow-bound" or "One-Hoss Shay," and yet nothing that seems a failing of the powers. There is much meditative verse; much idyllic, with the special appreciativeness of child-life that Miss Ingelow has always had; something of dramatic monologue. It is all worth having and reading. Here is a bit out of the child world:

"Ay, Oliver! I was but seven and he was eleven;
He looked at me pouting and rosy. I blushed where
I stood.

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[5] Poems of the Old Days and the New. By Jean Ingelow. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

They had told us to play in the orchard (and I only seven!
A small guest at the farm); but he said, 'Oh, a girl was no good.'
So he whistled and went, he went over the stile to the wood.
It was sad, it was sorrowful! Only a girl—only seven!
At home, in the dark London smoke, I had not found it out.
The pear trees looked on in their white, and blue birds flashed about.
And they, too, were angry as Oliver. Were they eleven?
I thought so. Yes, every one else was eleven—eleven!

"So Oliver went, but the cowslips were tall at my feet,
And all the white orchard with fast-falling blossom was littered;
And under and over the branches those little birds twittered,
While hanging head downwards they scolded because I was seven.
A pity. A very great pity. One should be eleven.
But soon I was happy, the smell of the world was so sweet.
And I saw a round hole in an apple tree rosy and old.
Then I knew! for I peeped, and I felt it was right they should scold!
Eggs small and eggs many. For gladness I broke into laughter;
And then some one else—oh, how softly!—came after, came after
With laughter—with laughter came after."

This was Echo; and when, years after, Katie, in the same orchard, is on the eve of going over to the little low church, in white, and with Oliver,

"For gladness I break into laughter
And tears. Then it all comes again, as from far-away years;
Again some one else—oh, how softly!—with laughter comes after,
Comes after—with laughter comes after."

Here again:

"In the beginning—for methinks it was—
In the beginning, but and if you ask
How long ago, time was not then, nor date
For marking. It was always long ago,
E'en from the first recalling of it, long
And long ago.

"And I could walk, and went,
Led by the hand through a long mead at morn,
Bathed in a ravishing excess of light.
It throbbed, and as it were fresh fallen from heaven,
Sank deep in the meadow grass. The sun
Gave every blade a bright and a dark side,
Glittered on buttercups that topped them, slipped
To soft, red puffs, by some called holy-hay.
The wild oaks in their early green stood still,
And took delight in it. Brown specks that made
Very sweet noises quivered in the blue;
Then they came down, and ran along the brink
Of a long pool, and they were birds.

"The pool,
Pranked at the edges with pale peppermint,
A rare amassment of veined cuckoo-flowers,
And flags blue-green, was lying below. This all
Was sight; it condescended not to words,
Till memory kissed the charmèd dream.

"The mead,
Hollowing and heaving, in the hollows fair
With dropping roses, fell away to it.
A strange, sweet place; upon its further side,
Some people gently walking took their way
Up to a wood beyond; and also bells
Sang, floated in the air, hummed—what you will.

. . . .

"It was sweet,
Full of dear leisure and perennial peace,
As very old days when life went easily,
Before mankind had lost the wise, the good
Habit of being happy.
"For the pool,
A beauteous place it was, as might be seen,
That led one down to other meads, and had
Clouds, and another sky. I thought to go
Deep down in it, and walk that steep, clear slope."

This thought of child-life comes constantly in the volume. But here is a different mood:

"'To show the skies, and tether to the sod!
A daunting gift!' we mourn in our long strife,
And God is more than all our thought of God;
E'en life itself more than our thought of life,
And that is all we know—and it is noon,
Our little day will soon be done—how soon.

"O, let us to ourselves be dutiful:
We are not satisfied, we have wanted all.
Not alone beauty, but that Beautiful;
A lifted veil, an answering mystical.
Ever men plead and plain, admire, implore,
'Why gavest thou so much, and yet—not more?'"

We do not feel disposed to pass over the volume without saying that it is, we believe, absolutely the worst punctuated that we have ever seen from a respectable house. It looks as if there had been no proof-reading on it. Commas and periods are disposed quite accidentally, and as the constructions are not seldom quite involved, the resulting confusion to the mind is considerable.

ETC.

THERE is no reason why California should feel humiliated by the Wyoming outrage, committed, so far as we can learn, by the worst class of European immigrants upon Asiatic immigrants. No one has a right to hold California's demand for exclusion of Chinese laborers responsible—as some of the Eastern journals are disposed to do—for any one's abuse of them. Our State has no reason, we repeat, to feel humiliated by the massacre; and we repeat it in order to add: It *has* cause for deep humiliation that this monstrous occurrence has received only lukewarm condemnation among us. Is it impossible for men as open to reason as the typical American is supposed to be, to realize what would be his tone of comment if a gang of Indians had done to the whites what these Wyoming miners have done to the Chinese? And yet, what has the European immigrant upon our shores suffered from Asiatic competition, compared with what these "red demons," "fiends in human form," have suffered from white competition? The world is old enough to have learned at least common decency in justice of judgment, to have outgrown an absolutely frank and simple belief that the raising of a hand against *us* is of course a monstrous and unpardonable crime, but the infliction of any torture by us on another, the most proper and natural thing in the world. The Roman historian tells with complacency of the admirable stratagems practiced by the Romans upon the Carthaginians; but when the Carthaginians did the same sort of thing, he calls attention to the treacherous and wicked Punic character. It is to be wished that we had outgrown this sort of obtuseness in two thousand years. The journal or the person that indulges in it, or is so far timid before those who do as to pretend to, should remember that generations go by, and policies are settled, and evils removed, but a stain of this kind never fades from the scutcheon of a people. It grows darker and darker in history year after year. How gladly would Massachusetts now wipe out the Salem witch episode from her annals! or Connecticut the Prudence Crandall affair! or the England that wishes to revere the memory of William of Orange, the record of one massacre! The cruel and monstrous act of a set of ruffians in a remote community need be no stain on our national good fame, nor even on that of the section which is in distinct opposition to Chinese immigration, *provided* that we disavow and condemn it, in good faith, and that as a nation we use, and as a section encourage, every effort to punish it rigidly. Demonstrations of brutality on the part of the baser elements of society are so closely related to an attitude of apology and tolerance and covert sympathy on the part of the better classes, that it would be almost fair to say they are the direct product of it.

TWO significant facts are thus far disclosed by the investigation in progress: first, that there was no question of wages involved—the Chinese were not underbidding white laborers, but displacing them because they did better work; and, second, that not one single person concerned in the massacre was a native-born American, some of them not being even citizens. Both these things point to the same conclusion: that we have, in the Wyoming murders, no passionate outbreak of illegal and barbarian resistance to danger, but simply the savagery of that class of human beings who, in the midst of every civilized society, especially that of old countries, have managed to remain savages still, possibly depraved and brutalized the more by their artificial life in the midst of civilization. Such men come from Europe to our new land abundantly, and become citizens in good and regular standing; they never doubt that, with all their coarse ignorance and brutality, they are by divine right superior to the most learned and virtuous Chinaman or Japanese that ever spent his days and nights in study, or sacrificed his whole fortune to a scruple of honor, or an impulse of patriotism. They would feel that they exercised the right of a superior in assailing with coarse insult the scholarly and honorable gentlemen who, from time to time, as ministers, students, once as professor in an American university, have come to us from China and Japan. To such men it is reason enough for deliberately going in force to shoot or burn to death unarmed men, that they are of another race, and an unpopular and therefore ill-defended one, at that. The cowardice of these massacring exploits, when performed by Europeans, is one of their distinguishing features, and one that places them below the level of Indian massacres; for in however cowardly a way the immediate act of Indian massacre may be done, the attackers have never been loth to follow it up in a manner that showed there was no lack of courage in them. All this goes to confirm what THE OVERLAND has consistently said: that wise though the general policy of exclusion would seem to be, it is a mistake to draw the lines by race instead of class. This was recognized, in a somewhat bungling way, by the distinction of classes made in the Exclusion Act. It must be evident to any candid person, that a farther recognition of it, which should admit that the base and brutal element of European society may be a danger, as well as the whole poorer class of Asiatic society, would put us in a more logical position. It is just and reasonable for patriotic American citizens, native-born or foreign-born, to protect American society against any immigration that may be decided injurious; it is not just nor reasonable to fight the battle of offensive and undesirable foreigners from one direction against the competition of the same class from another direction; to go through an infinite amount of labor to get the Chinaman out, and carefully hold his place open for the worst of our own race or group of races, and welcome them to it with open arms. This is deliberately courting the condition of the man who, when the devil was cast out, kept his house empty, swept, and garnished, and open to the entrance of seven other devils, worse than the first.

It is a very serious difficulty in the way of rational consideration of this point, that every one is so prone to judge men by races, instead of—as is a much truer way—by classes. Gentlemen have discovered that a gentleman is a gentleman, the world over; scholars, that the fellowship of science or of letters produces a far closer community of traits than identity of race—so that sages of ancient Egypt, China, Persia, India, Greece, speak to the heart and mind of the wise today, with a directness that the next-door neighbor in Athens or in Concord could never imitate; and Emerson and Confucius could go fishing together, or go into partnership in business, with infinitely more satisfaction than the one could with Herr Most, or Sullivan, or the other with Ah Sin. A failure to realize that the true lines of human fellowship lie only in part along the lines of race, crossing them in part by lines of character, makes our foreign born citizens over-sensitive in behalf of their own nationality; so that Irish or German gentlemen are too disposed to wince when Irish or German knaves and brutes are inveighed against. Every people has developed a depraved class—the American possibly not to a great extent, save by importation, but America is still very young—and neither English, French, German, nor Irish should shut their eyes to that fact, nor let a clan-feeling range them on the side of Englishman, Frenchman, German, or Irishman indiscriminately. By the very fact of becoming American citizens, they have abjured that sort of allegiance.

New Goethe Papers.

The lovers of Goethe literature everywhere, and all educated people in Germany, are nota little excited over the new revelations which are to result from the opening to public investigation of the art-treasures, collections, and manuscripts of Goethe, and not a few admirers of the immortal poet in this country will be looking with longing expectancy across the waters to behold the new light illumining the great master. Ever since the death of Goethe the eyes of the literary world of Germany had been directed toward these repositories which were in the possession of the last scion of the Goethe family, a grandson of the poet, who guarded the treasure with argus eyes, never admitting any person to the sanctum sanctorum where they were kept under lock and key. The last bearer of this proud name, Walter von Goethe, died in the month of April of this year, bequeathing to the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar all these collections and manuscripts of Goethe. The Grand Duke is making preparations to open the Goethe house, with all its valuable contents, to the interested public, while the Grand Duchess has called three of the ablest literary men, Loeper, Scherer, and Erich Schmidt, to Weimar, to assist her in the literary labors connected with the arranging and publishing of these papers. She herself does not intend to be an idle looker-on in all this work, but, on the contrary, wishes to be considered as one of the most active members of the Goethe Society, whose enviable task it will be to explore the precious mine. Erich Schmidt at once resigned his professorship at the University of Vienna, that he might devote himself entirely to this new and important undertaking.

Nobody can at present fully estimate the import of the new disclosures, but we may safely predict a reconstruction of a thousand ideas connected with the life and the works of the poet. More important than all the materials that bear upon the purely literary subjects, will be those which may help us to a better understanding of Goethe's private life and character. The writer of these lines has always been of the opinion that a somewhat morbid tendency existed in the world, particularly in this country, to charge Goethe with all sorts of wrongs upon very insufficient and indirect evidence, and without a deeper understanding of the man. It has been the writer's cherished hope, then, that some day the man Goethe might be raised more nearly to a level with his works. In these respects the new discoveries must operate beneficially. Goethe, as a private individual, appeared to those who were inclined to construe mere suspicions into actual accusations in the worst possible light; it is hoped that some of these suspicions will have to be abandoned in the near future, when the truth shall have become known.

Already these hopes have to some extent been realized. It has generally been supposed, and frequently asserted, that Goethe's wife was a somewhat coarse nature, and that the relations of the husband to his wife were lacking in the more refined elements of conjugal life. These opinions were furthermore strengthened by the fact that the extant pictures of Goethe's wife did not present features expressing a spiritual and intellectual life. But what is the new testimony on these points?

"The most charming of all the letters found are those of Goethe to his wife; they present the marital relations in an entirely new light. For twenty-five years they never change in warmth and tenderness of expression, and for the first time we obtain an adequate understanding of Christiane, and of Goethe's domestic relations. Goethe lets his wife share in all his important interests; he tells her of his poetic labors, of his other doings, of his moods, and, on the other hand, shows a lively concern in all her petty household cares. He is at all times the loving, kind, attentive husband. In the midst of the excitements and diversions of his sojourn in France, he thinks lovingly of his quiet home at Weimar, and longs for the companionship of his dearly beloved wife to complete his happiness." (Otto Brahm, Rundschau, Aug., 1885.)

This presents an altogether delightful picture of domestic felicity, and one much more attractive than that imagined by the more conservative Goethe students even, who were inclined to doubt the various accusations made against him; this picture at once raises the man in our esteem. In the article above referred to, a likeness of Christiane, discovered in the Goethe house, is described as *naiv-anmuthig*, surely a predicate one better than which no woman need desire, and which would satisfy the eye of most refined men. It speaks of innocence, purity, and soul, and excludes the alleged grosser traits. Here we rejoice in promises of better things, and, consequently, of a better Goethe.

Of course, all the master-pieces, and Faust in particular, because Goethe's person is so intimately interwoven with the poem, will be better understood from now on, although they may not suffer any material change, nor can the appreciation in which they are held become greater than it is already. It is fortunate, too, that this heirloom has fallen into the hands of these high patrons; neither effort nor money will be spared to put it to the best possible use, without regard to material returns. Under the auspices of the Grand Duke and his spouse, a Goethe Society has been called into life, whose aim will be to promote in every way the study of the greatest German poet. The executive committee of this society consists of eleven prominent Goethe scholars of Germany. An invitation to join the society has been generously issued over their signatures to all those who "revere" the poet, without national, party, or other distinction.

We may have the privilege of reverting to this subject in the pages of the OVERLAND to report progress; but now let us hope, in the Master's own words, for "more light." *Albin Putzker.*

In the Moonlight.

The moon from Heaven was stretching
A wand of magic afar;
Its shadow fell in the river,
A wavering, silver bar;
And from it a weird enchantment
Dropped like impalpable rain,
On a world that by eerie beauty
Was chastened from care and stain.

My darling sat by the window,
Enshrined in the tender light,
It was just a month since our bridal,
And just such another night.
We saw on the lawn beneath us,
In the arbor this side the pines,
Two forms whose outlines were muffled
By the trellised curtain of vines.

A smile leaped forth from the hidden
Blue depths of two quiet eyes,
A face with sweet mirth suffusing;
My lady was earnestly wise:
In course of our love-dream above stairs
She had watched another below,
And thought she beheld in the moonlight
A romance of the broom and hoe.

Without a word we descended
For a frolic upon the lawn,
Hoping only that stealthy footsteps
Would not of our coming forewarn.
In the spell of the vision unfolding
For a moment we stood at gaze;
The river wound far where the distance
Was gauzed with a silver haze;
And all the air was a glamour
Upon the mute landscape hung;
And earth was a pictured legend,
And life a poem unsung.

We stole out within the shadow,
Then paused, as if turned to stone,
We eaves-droppers scared but shameless
At sound of a voice well known.

"*You have known my past and its sorrow,*
Have stood by the grave of my youth.
I loved you at first for the reason
That we both loved her who is gone,
And suffered together in silence
When joy and hope vanished from earth.
Your help and your solace full-hearted
Through changing years grow more dear,
And life's little remnant I offer
With devotion and perfect trust."

O, my grave and taciturn father!
O, gentle, beloved aunt!
Ye had plotted in closest secret
The primmest romance extant.

But while we dovelets of twenty
Indoors were content to coo,
Ye must needs, ensconced in the arbor,
Make love 'mid moonlight and dew.

And love from the land immortal
Enwrapped human hearts below,
As purely as moonlight that folded
The earth in a dream of snow.

Wilbur Larremore.

In our garden a maguey has stood for several years, and though it has grown larger and larger, it has shown no sign of flowering, but has spread out its clump of bayonets so threateningly that the cook has kept the unruly youngsters of the family in subjection, by saying that she would toss them, if they were bad, to be impaled on those bristling points. Dusty, stiff, and uncompromising, it has seemed a perfect type of the most unyielding Philistinism, and it required a deal of faith to believe that somewhere in the heart of that plant was the potency of beauty and grace.

Last summer, however, a slender little stalk pushed itself timidly forth, several inches from the foot of the plant, so that it seemed to have but little connection with the prickly blades that thrust it aside. It never grew very tall, but it developed a cluster of flowers that were worth looking at, if they were noticed in the shadow of the lusty growth of spikes. And yet the gardener told us, and the event is verifying his words, that that little stalk was a sign that this summer there would spring from the very center of the maguey a stem that would rise far above the rest of the plant, bearing a mass of flowers that would command the admiration of every passer.

Here is encouragement for those that uphold the cause of beauty in this western land. Philistinism is rampant here, no doubt; its hard and common natures, sharpened and narrowed by the search for wealth, are everywhere, and there seems but little room for the beautiful to develop itself. And yet, shouldered to one side though they be, overshadowed by ugliness and commonplace, weak and small and inconspicuous, there are attempts and strivings for something better, showing that somewhere at the heart of our civilization there are possibilities that in the future shall grow into a crown of flowers to astonish mankind.

And when the world shall see the perfect result, there will be some among the observers thoughtful enough to remember the feeble beginnings, the little stalks on one side, and to do them the honor to count them as part of the great burst of bloom of which they were the harbingers.

On one point, let us not be too impatient with Philistinism, harsh and unlovely as it is: for it must be remembered that this slow growth in strength and material resources that is made by the bristling leaves of the maguey is necessary, before the great flower-stalk can rise in its beauty. *C. S. G.*

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E. A. Avery.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Of books describing contemporary English society there is no lack. Perhaps Justin McCarthy set the fashion in his "History of our Own Times," and none of his imitators have surpassed him. His was an Irishman's view: since that "John Bull and his Island," and "London Society" by "A Foreign Resident" have given the French idea of English life; and now we have the picture[1] from the Russian standpoint. It must be said, that the portrait by each of these somewhat hostile artists is one of which an Englishman need not be ashamed. Nevertheless, it must be remembered in reading the present book, that the American edition is doubly expurgated of offensive passages, "scandalous, if not libelous." The chapters around which the greatest interest centers are those describing England's foremost statesmen, and treating of English foreign policy, especially that part of it relating to Afghanistan. It is surprising to note how plainly Count Vasili states that England's one natural and insidious enemy is Russia, how he glories in the steady advance of the power of the Czar toward India, and how boldly he proclaims that Russia's compass and chart is found in the famous will of Peter the Great. He says: "In short, the Russians sigh for the sun of India, and the height of their ambition is to see the standard of the Czar hoisted at Government House." It is amusing, too, to find a Russian writing of the Irish: "Poor slaves, they have not yet got beyond these mere preliminaries of progress." In this view of English social life, perhaps the present author is as just as a foreigner can be, but that is not saying much, where the subject is so difficult.——One of the late issues of Harper's Handy Series is *Fish and Men in the Maine Islands*,[2] by W. H. Bishop. It is a compilation from several articles in Harper's Monthly, and is illustrated with the fine wood-cuts that appeared in the magazine. The convenience of the form, the clear type, and the pictures, no less than the breezy ocean air and unconventional human types described, combine to make a very attractive book. Cod, lobster, and mackerel fishing are described at length, and many less important sorts of fishing are touched upon. The device of setting up a somewhat unpersonal Middleton, whose travels are described, is a happy one. It avoids the unpleasant use of the first person, and gives a sufficent thread to the narrative, on which to hang the various descriptions and adventures. Mount Desert, with its fashionable life, is but lightly mentioned, while Orr's Island, made famous by Mrs. Stowe, which yet keeps its primitive simplicity undisturbed, and several such quaint and homely places, are dwelt upon to the delight of the reader. The opinions of the people of Orr's Island about Mrs. Stowe are very amusing. It is not often that those described have the chance to retaliate in print on those that have written about them.——Mr. Archibald Forbes is the highest development of the genus reporter, though it is difficult to think of him in his swift journeyings over land and sea, his phenomenal foresight in placing himself at the index point where the balance of destiny turns, and his genial friendships with generals and ministers of State, as related to the plodding man that haunts the police court with his note book. An examination of the volume,[3] wherein are collected a number of the articles that have made Mr. Forbes famous, reveals the relation more plainly. The newspaper man is unmistakable in its style, and this is all the more evident in the permanent form of a bound volume. This does not prevent the papers from being very entertaining, however much it may injure them as literature. The brilliance, the exaggeration, the boldness of the touch, are very pleasant on a cursory reading, and Mr. Forbes would ask for nothing more. His war scenes have often the rollicking dash and dare-deviltry of "Charles O'Malley." His analyses of social life in America and Australia are two of the most readable of his articles, though in both the coloring is so high that the portrait has an unnatural look. None the less it may be that, knowing the difficulty of impressing upon his countrymen the fact that there can be any civilization among English-speaking peoples, outside of the "right little, tight little island," that is not a poor copy of its original, Mr. Forbes has purposely used brilliant colors. Englishmen will fight shy of New York, if they gather their ideas of it solely from the present account of its costliness. "How I Became a War-correspondent" is most amusing, showing, as it does, that the necessary egotism of many parts of the narratives is not at all of the offensive kind. Throughout the book, the reader learns to like the author; for, all unconsciously, the bravery, the generosity, and the warm-heartedness of the man continually reveal themselves.——*Talks Afield*[4] gives "a concise and popular account of some of the leading external features of common plants," also one that is very interesting. The statement of the characteristics and classification of plants is especially clear and well put, and the whole book is full of curious and entertaining bits of historical research in regard to the evolution of the science of botany, and of the derivation of the common and botanical names of plants, and of facts about the plants themselves. A beginner in botany would be sure to find his ideas clarified by a study of the little book, and even one more advanced would find much to interest him.——The controversy between Mr. Herbert Spencer and Mr. Harrison on the subject of the reality of religion, deserves far more attention than we find ourselves able to give it here; indeed, it must necessarily constitute part of the text for half the writing upon the same subject that is to be done for a generation. The point at issue may seem rather shadowy, but it is highly important: that is, "The Religious Value of the Unknowable," according to the title of a paper by Count d'Alviella, (Professsor of the History of Religions in the University of Brussels), in which he reviews the controversy. Mr. Harrison, who represents the Positivism of Comte, admits Mr. Spencer's doctrine of the Unknowable "as a philosophical theory," but denies any religious quality in it, and prefers himself not to "use the capital letter," but "say frankly, the unknown." He sees nothing really any more to be worshiped in the "Ultimate Reality behind all appearances" than in the equator, or the attraction of gravitation. There is this much definite difference between Mr. Spencer's position and Mr. Harrison's: Mr. Spencer frankly and distinctly predicates, beyond the known, a positive mystery, where Mr. Harrison predicates a negative one; a "Transcendent Existence," where Mr. Harrison finds merely a region of the unknown or nothingness. It is therefore not strictly true that Mr. Harrison accepts, even "as a philosophical theory," Mr. Spencer's doctrine of the Unknowable in its entirety. But even granting that he does, he still denies that he can see anything religious in such a conception; while Mr. Spencer replies, that it is the very essence of religion, from which all religions have drawn the breath of life, so that everything else about them is variable, accidental, and would be absolutely devoid of moral and emotional force without this central truth. It seems to us so entirely an individual question whether one can find religious force in the Unknowable, as to be a difficult point for controversy: Mr. Harrison may say, "*I* cannot"; and Mr. Spencer may say, "*I* can,"—and the point would seem to be settled that part of the race can, and part cannot, and time alone will prove whether all will learn to do so, or all unlearn. The epigram "You cannot *love* the law of gravitation," expresses very nearly all of Mr. Harrison's argument, and is an argument of much weight; yet shade Mr. Spencer's doctrine through such phrases as "the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed," "the power, not ourself, that makes for righteousness," "the Great First Cause, least understood," to the most high and liberal expression of the orthodox deity, the "I Am" of Hebrew Scripture, and the omnipresent, unsearchable Life of life of the higher religious writings of all ancient peoples; and it would appear that something essentially kin to Mr. Spencer's Unknowable has already proved sufficient for religious faith. Moreover, the religious thought of the present is visibly drawing away from the intensely personal conception of Deity, and shading toward Mr. Spencer, by those very steps that we have above indicated; it is even possible to go very far toward him within the limits of certain orthodox sects; and there is an avowed theory that the craving for intense personality in the object of religious worship is a medievalism, a temporary and now passing phase of human nature, not an essential trait. The six papers that constitute the controversy, together with Count d'Alviella's, were published in this country by Mr. Spencer's devoted disciple, Mr. Youmans, in the volume[1] now under review, and then withdrawn from publication at his own expense by Mr. Spencer, with perhaps unnecessary chivalry, because—if we understand the difficulty rightly—Mr. Harrison felt himself misrepresented by Mr. Youmans's editing.

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[1] The World of London. By Count Paul Vasili. Harper's Handy Series. New York: Harper & Bros. 1885.

[2] Fish and Men in the Maine Islands. By W. H. Bishop. New York: Harper & Bros. 1885.

[3] Souvenirs of Some Continents. By Archibald Forbes. Handy Series. N. Y.: Harper & Bros. 1885.

[4] Talks Afield. By L. H. Bailey, Jr. New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

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[1] The Nature and Reality of Religion. A Controversy between Frederic Harrison and Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885.

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FROM THE NASS TO THE SKEENA.

NEAR the end of the year 1870, while serving in the United States army at Fort Tongass, Alaska, I received two months' leave of absence. The following narrative, written partly from field notes and partly from memory, shows how a portion of that time was spent.

While engaging a canoe and some Indians to take me to Fort Simpson, British Columbia, I happened to mention that I intended making a journey into the interior, when a young Tongass named Ta-kesh besought me to take him along. He seemed a hardy, willing boy, so I consented, knowing that some years before, while in the employ of the Telegraph Company, he had been in a part of the country I meant to visit.

We made the run to Fort Simpson in a few hours, without incident. The Fort is one of the oldest of the Hudson Bay Company trading-posts on the coast. It is nearly one hundred yards square, and is enclosed by palisades thirty feet high, having a gallery within, and furnished at each corner with strong wooden block-houses, pierced for musketry, and mounting several small cannon. Entrance is had through a small door in the heavy bolted gates, into a narrow passage-way, with a trade-room on one hand, and the wall of a stone house on the other. At the end of the passage-way another gate admits one into a large and carefully kept square. Opposite this entrance are the well-built, roomy officers' quarters, and along the ends of the square the shops, barracks, and store-houses. In former times a strong garrison was kept here, and Indians were only admitted to the passage-way and trade-rooms, while loaded carronades and men with lighted linstocks were stationed opposite the officers' quarters commanding the entrance, to keep the turbulent tribes in check while trade was going on. But such precautions are no longer needed.

The Fort is situated in latitude 54° 32′ north, longitude 130° 25′ west, and is surrounded by a Chimp-se-an village, the largest and most populous Indian town on the northwest coast, numbering in 1870 upwards of twelve hundred people. At that time the Fort was in charge of Mr. Charles Morison, by whose kind assistance my preparations were soon completed.

Two Chimp-se-ans, Clah and George, volunteered to go with me for the opportunity of trading with the interior. The first was a very bright Indian, who not only spoke English, but read and wrote it as well. He had

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been a leading convert at a missionary station, but innate depravity proving in his case too much for saving grace, he backslid, and became one of the most consummate rascals that ever wore a copper skin. Nevertheless, he was good-natured, and his ready tongue and subtle wit made him a useful man to have on such a journey as I contemplated.

On most of the maps a large stream known as Simpson's River is represented as falling into the sea in this vicinity. This is quite incorrect. There are two large rivers. One, the Nass, empties into Nass Bay, some forty miles to the north and east of Fort Simpson, and the other, the Skeena, has its mouth about the same distance to the southward. I determined to ascend the first as far as practicable by canoe, cross overland to the head-waters of the second, and thence descend to the salt water, and return by the sea-coast to my starting point.

My outfit was of the simplest kind: part of a sack of flour, a little tea and sugar, a few pounds of bacon, camp-kettle, frying-pan, tin cup, hatchet, blanket, poncho, change of underwear, and a good rifle, with ammunition; also a little tobacco, some beads, fish-hooks, etc., for presents to the natives—the whole making a pack of about eighty pounds. The Chimp-se-ans were more liberally supplied with goods for barter, and when, at last, we set sail, the canoe was well-laden; yet, with a strong wind dead astern, she flew over the waters of Portland canal, and nightfall found us some five miles below Nass Bay, where we camped. It had rained steadily all day, but under a tent formed of the canoe sail we made ourselves quite comfortable.

The next morning, June 26, we broke camp at 3 A. M., and soon entered the bay, passed Mr. Tomlinson's mission, and began the ascent of the river Nass. It is there a swift stream, about a thousand yards in width, flowing through a narrow valley, between two ranges of mountains from two to seven thousand feet high. Along its banks, within the first few miles, lie the hereditary fishing domains of the Nasscar, Hydah, Chimp-se-an, and Tongass tribes. In February of each year, the Indians gather here to make camp, cut fuel, and prepare for the run of the *oolachaus* or candle-fish, known also as the small-fish. Though found in many other streams from Puget Sound to Sitka, they are taken here in far greater quantity than anywhere else on the coast. Here it is that the bulk of the fish grease is made, the distribution of which forms, probably, the best example of an inter-tribal commerce—prosecuted long before the advent of the whites, and still in existence, substantially unchanged—that can be found upon this continent.

The fish, a species of smelt, begin to run about the 17th of March, in most prodigious numbers. They are caught by means of scoop-nets and weirs, and so thick are they that they are baled out, in places, with wooden boxes fixed on poles. They are stored in immense heaps to await the trying-out process, after the run, which lasts about three weeks, ceases. There is another and smaller run in July, but the fish are then lean, and are not taken in quantity.

A small portion of the fish are smoke-cured, when they not only serve as food, but are used by the Indians in place of candles. Lighted, they burn from end to end, like a torch, yielding a broad, flaring flame, and last from ten to fifteen minutes. But the great bulk of the catch, stored in huge piles, is allowed to become partially decomposed to increase the yield of fat, and is then made into grease by the following method. A large, square, wooden box, holding at least a barrel, is nearly filled with water, into which, from time to time, heated stones are plunged until furious boiling follows. Then a quantity of fish is thrown in, and the oil rising to the surface is skimmed off into smaller boxes, holding from thirty to sixty pounds, and allowed to cool. The result is a fatty mass, a little darker and softer than lard, with a strong putrescent odor, owing to the manner of preparation. It is capable of being preserved unchanged for a great length of time. It is eagerly sought after and highly prized as an article of diet by all the Indians of the northwest coast, and is eaten with fish, berries, snow, flesh, rice, and, indeed, with almost every variety of food. By canoe, it travels to Sitka on the north and Puget Sound on the south, as well as up all the navigable rivers. Inland, borne upon the backs of men, it goes, no white man knows how far; certainly to the head waters of the Frazer River and the Arctic slope, traded from tribe to tribe, and becoming more costly the farther it gets from its source. How long it has been made is mere conjecture, but the mountains and valley-lands stripped of their timber for fuel over an extent of several miles, bear witness that the occupation is an ancient one. The Hudson Bay Company prepare each year from fresh fish a quantity of grease which is then palatable, free from odor, and an excellent article for cooking. In this form it has within the last four years attracted some attention as a substitute for cod liver oil.

By noon we reached Hunt's, a small Hudson Bay Company trading-post on the right bank of the river, near the head of tidewater. Small trading vessels and the Hudson Bay Company steamer, "Beaver," have reached this point, but beyond, the stream is navigable only for light draught boats and canoes, by reason of bars and the strong current. Opposite to Hunt's is a small Nasscar village, and two miles up the river is another and larger one. These Indians, as indeed all those on the Nass and Skeena, speak a dialect of the Chimp-se-an, and are undoubtedly of the same origin.

The next three days, owing to heavy rains and high water, we remained at Hunt's; but on the morning of the 30th, although it still rained, we set out, and, after nine hours of hard paddling and poling, camped on the left bank, having made about eight miles in a northeasterly direction. The river divided into several channels. The main one was from two to five hundred yards in width, with a current from three to five knots. Its course lay through a valley from two to six miles wide, which was heavily timbered with cottonwood, spruce, pine, hemlock, and cedar. A few soft maples grew along the bottoms, and the streamlets were fringed with a dense growth of alder, crab-apple, birch, and willow. Mountains three and five thousand feet high, composed apparently of granite and slate, rose, snow-capped, on each side in rugged and broken outline. Evergreen timber clothed every available spot to the snow line, except where, in the deeper gulches here and there, a glacier extended nearly to the level of the valley. We passed the sites of many deserted villages, some with house timbers still standing, others only marked by a ranker growth of wild celery, and a kind of cactus called here the "Devil's Walking Stick."

After a night-long fight with mosquitoes and midges, we set out again, making by ten hours of most exhausting labor, about ten miles of progress in a northeast course. The mountains were higher and more broken than the day before, and the valley more heavily timbered. Patches of spruce, which would make good fuel for steamboats, grew adjacent to the river. About mid-day we entered a slough to seek for salmon, the run of which was just commencing, but met with no success. On again reaching the main stream, we found the valley growing narrower. Islands divided the river into several channels, the one through which we passed varying from fifty to one hundred and fifty yards in width. Several hot springs were seen during the day. In one place the stream hugged the base of the mountain, on the left, which had been burned that season. The bare and blackened granite looked quite incapable of sustaining the growth that formerly hid its ugliness. Above, the river changed its course to the opposite side of the valley, washing the base of a cliff of slate in which a number of large quartz veins appeared. I tried a pan on several of the bars, and always got the color of gold, but nowhere a paying prospect.

Near night-fall we came to the first rapids. The river makes a sharp bend, and jutting rocks divide its stream into a number of channels, throngh which the foaming current rushes over falls several feet in height. At the foot of the falls, on the right bank, is a little cove with gravelly beach, and above this a steep cliff rises some thirty feet, and then forms a table-land to the mountain's base. On this narrow shelf, commanding the only available portage, is perched the village of Kill-went-set.

As the strong eddy swept our canoe into the landing, the chief and a score of his followers rushed down the bank, seized the light bark, and nearly lifted her out of the water. In an instant she was empty, and her cargo swiftly carried to the principal house, while the chief, A-quil-hut, invited me, through Clah, to be his guest, expressing his pleasure at the white man's coming, the news whereof had reached him during our stay at Hunt's.

I found his house decorated for the occasion by a large wooden screen, on which was painted in black and white an enlarged copy of the reverse side of a half dollar—inscription and all. This, he had been told, was the Boston man's crest, and he had placed it in the quality part of his domicile, *i. e.*, the part opposite the entrance. Soon an Indian feast was in progress. Salmon boiled and roasted, potatoes, rice, berries, stick-skin (the inner bark of the hemlock), bear-meat, mountain goat, and grease were served; the dinner ended with soap-oolaly, a kind of berry, which, when dried and vigorously stirred with water in a clean dish, forms a mass of brown foam, and is thus eaten. Though very bitter, it is not unpleasant to the taste, and is much relished by the natives. Between the courses mine host reiterated his pleasure at my presence, hoped more white men would come, professed great friendship for my race, expressed his fears that the chiefs farther on might be so impolite as to kill me; and, in short, was as hospitable and polite as any one could wish his entertainer to be.

Dinner over, he announced that a dance would be given in my honor. His house was a large, square structure, sided with thick plank. The roof, supported on heavy beams, was eight or ten feet high at the eaves, and perhaps twenty at the ridge. In the center a large opening gave vent to the smoke from a huge fire on the earthen floor beneath. Around the walls were guns, paddles, skins, salmon, and other articles of Indian property. Seated about the sides were nearly all the population of the ranch, in every variety of Indian costume, but each having the "ever-present blanket" wrapped about him in some shape. Directly, a master of ceremonies, in a fantastic garb, consisting principally of shirt, and with a visage whereon fiery red paint and filthy black ditto strove for mastery, arose, and announced in guttural speech that the "evening's entertainment" was about to begin. A small boy at a drum (a thin wooden box that served the purpose), began to beat time with slow and measured strokes. A middle-aged man, with a local reputation for noise, rose, and cleared his voice before leading off. Another, with a basket of white feathers from the breast of the eagle, gravely proceeded to daub them on the heads of the principal people and the guests. By the time this, the Indian pledge of peace, was finished, the song was fairly started, and all joined in. It was a kind of chant, recounting the actions of departed braves and inciting the youth to follow their bright example—now low and guttural, anon rising to a shrill cry, but always in excellent time and unison. Presently, one after the other, six Indian women, clad in blue blankets lavishly trimmed with pearl buttons, their faces ornamented after the fashion before described, rose, and began to weave back and forth, to this side and to that, moving together, and regarding fixedly the space in front of them with their expressionless, fat countenances. This they continued to do until the song ended; then, resting a moment, began another, and so on, till that particular branch of the Lo family gave out.

Then a speech was made, delivered in a semi-ventriloquial tone—the voice seeming to come from a short distance without the house—a manner these people always adopt on public occasions. An answer followed. After this the pipe-song was raised, and the tobacco prepared; but before a pipe was lit, a long roll of chiefs was called, beginning with those that were dead. These shadowy warriors were, one by one, addressed, as if they were really present, and as each name was repeated, the man in charge of the tobacco placed in the fire a pipefull of the fragrant weed. Respect to the departed having been paid, the living were soon wrapped in clouds of their own making, and silence, broken only by grunts indicative of comfort, fell upon the dusky crowd.

Pipes over, a song began, during which a large portion of the younger people, men and women, quietly passed out one by one; not to remain, however, but to dress for the grand climax of the evening. Fifteen minutes elapsed, and they began to return in small groups, all squatting down this time on one side of the house. Soon a song was heard in the adjacent house, and the hitherto silent crowd became loud and wild with excitement and expectation, for those who were to dance had kept secret theircostume, song and order, and were about to make the *grand entree.* Louder and louder swelled the song. The boy at the drum gave place to a man, who spared neither himself nor the box; strips of wood were clapped together, and staffs pounded upon the floor, while the procession left the house where it had formed, and advanced in single file. Soon its head was at the door—a moment more, within. First came two Indians *en character* as savage "Toodles." By long practice in the reality, they were enabled to do the intoxicated with great fidelity. They paused a moment on the threshold, and then staggeringly gave place to the next couple, who were clad in mountain goat skins, and wore masks, the first staring blankly at the audience, and the second endeavoring—apparently without the least success—to impart to his leader some wonderful intelligence. They do this sort of thing well, and the house was soon in an uproar of laughter. Directly, they joined their drunken predecessors, who still kept up their parts in the empty side of the house; and two more entered in the same way, and were followed in turn by others, until the funny part of the performers were all in.

Now rose a shriller strain: an Indian chief, in blanket, feathers, and paint, appeared at the door. In he came with a bound, a huge knife in his hand; and half squatting, with joints rigid, performed a series of short leaps, turning his head rapidly from side to side, while his eyes blazed with excitement, and guttural accents issued from his mouth in amazing force and numbers. He, too, gave place; and two elderly women, wives of the chief, with curious head dresses of feathers, porcupine quills, shells, etc., a hundred ermine skins dangling from their heads and shoulders, and bearing in their hands wands trimmed with cloth, advanced and weaved sideways to the music for a brief space. Then two young men, with paddles, endeavored with great vigor to look fiercer, jump higher, and come down stiffer legged than the chief had done. Next, two young women, with faces "stunningly" painted, and persons gaudily bedecked, stepped forward, wand in hand, and sailed in, elevating, with a jerk, the right hip and foot several times in quick succession; then changing to the left, meantime keeping their heads as immovable as possible—all of which attracted the earnest attention of the Indian youth, and elicited warm applause.

Thus they continued to enter and give place, each bearing some common article—the men with guns, pistols, knives, and paddles; the women with wands—until all the dancers, some twenty or thirty in number, were in the house. I must not forget to mention two little girls, aged about three years, who, wand in hand, managed to distort their diminutive forms in the most approved fashion—an exhibition of precocity that met with unbounded admiration. All having arrived, their side of the house presented an animated appearance. Each of the actors strove to outdo the others. The drunken men became drunker; blank face, blanker; intelligence-man more strenuous in his efforts to impart his news; the chief more powerful in his exertions; and the youngsters, men and women, all doing their utmost. Suddenly every motion ceased, and every sound was stilled, while the master of ceremonies, in a grave, even voice, announced the performance at an end. Quietly the people slipped away, and the dance was done.

The next morning, A-quil-hut caused his

men to work the canoe and carry the cargo over the portage of nearly a mile, and volunteered, himself, to pilot me for half a day. Opposite the bluff on which the village stands, for over half a mile, the left bank of the river rises nearly twenty-five feet, and then forms an extensive plain, stretching back as far as one can see, the most desolate spot my eyes ever looked upon. Beyond question, it was once an immense stream of molten lava, which, cooling, cracked into a myriad of fissures. Its gray and barren surface, devoid of a vestige of vegetable growth, is quite impassable. The chief, calling my attention to this, the rapids, and the location of his stronghold, assured me, with no small degree of pride, that whoso passed up or down must first have his permission. So honey-combed was the lava bank, that near the level of the river an almost constant sheet of water oozes forth and falls into the stream. At its upper margin, a clear, strong tributary falls into the Nass. The Indians say that it has its rise in a lake in the lava beds. The water is quite warm, does not freeze in winter, and is said to contain salmon the year round. Here, there is a pass in the mountains extending to the Skeena, distant four days' travel, two of which are over the lava.

Loaded once more, we held away up stream, again about one hundred and fifty yards across. The current was very strong, and right manfully did my new-found friend wield his setting-pole in the bow. He accompanied us about seven miles, till the worst water was passed, and then, with many expressions of friendship, took his leave, happy in the possession of such presents as we tendered him.

The valley now widened to ten or fifteen miles, mostly timbered, though occasional small prairies were seen. The river banks were gravelly, and from ten to twenty feet high; the stream broader and less swift. We passed several small branches on the left, and a large one on the right. The day was showery, and the distance traveled about ten miles—general direction N. E. Near night we arrived at the village of Kil-ack-tam or Kil-a-tam-acks, beautifully located on a bold bluff, on the right bank of the river, one of the finest Indian towns I ever saw. It contained thirty houses, and had a population of about six hundred. The principal chief, Mus-ke-boo (Wolf), welcomed me at his home during my two days' stay. So far as I could learn, four whites had previously visited the village—Hudson Bay Company officers, and explorers in the employ of the Collins Russian-American Telegraph. No one has published any account of the vicinity of which I am aware.

My host's house, an unusually good one, was built on the plan prevailing generally among the aborigines of British Columbia and Alaska, which it may be well to describe. At the four corners of a square space of level ground, timbers, deeply grooved on the sides facing each other, are firmly planted, rising some ten feet above the surface of the soil. At intervals along the lines, similar timbers, of proper height, grooved on the edges, are erected. Thick planks, split with wooden wedges from spruce or cedar logs, and cut to right dimensions, are slipped into the grooves, one on top of the other, till the walls are formed. Just within the walls at each end of the building, equidistant from the sides to the central line, two large uprights are solidly fixed, saddled at the tops to receive the main supports of the roof. These supports consist of two immense spars, hewn perfectly sound and true, and extending the whole length of the structure. When raised and placed in position, their great weight causes them to remain *in situ.* Round poles are used for rafters. Their butts rest upon the walls, and project to form the eaves; their centers are upon the spars, and the tops are notched together to form the ridge. Other poles are laid across the rafters, and the whole covered with sheets of bark, lapped to shed rain, and kept in place by heavy stones. The ends are then finished to the gable. The pitch of the roof is very low. In the center of the ridge a large square hole is made to serve in lieu of chimney, and is covered by a raised movable shelter that can be shifted, as the wind changes, to make it draw well. The floor is planked, leaving a large opening in the center over which to build the fires. No partitions are used; each dweller has a portion of the space allotted him, in accordance with his importance in the tribe. The best and warmest part, that opposite the door, is reserved for the chief. Each house affords plenty of room for from twenty to fifty persons, sometimes for many more. Some of the planks are very large. One in Mus ke-boo's dwelling measured fifty-four feet in length, four feet one inch in width, and five inches in thickness.

In front of most of these houses a pole is raised, sometimes sixty feet high, carved from base to tip with grotesque designs, and surmounted with the owner's crest. More rarely several houses have but one pole, centrally located. In either case, those of a crest own the houses in common, and form independent tribes, having power to make peace or war without involving their neighbors. Usually each village elects from the heads of the various houses some one who is called the "Chief of Chiefs," and who has a nominal authority outside of his proper crest. The principal crests are the eagle, bear, wolf, crow, stork, and killer. Even among tribes speaking widely different tongues they are substantially the same both in British Columbia and Alaska. Indians traveling to strange villages go to their own crest, and are received as brothers, though never known before. No man and woman of the same crest can marry. All children take the crest of their mother.

The houses, though somewhat dark, are exceedingly comfortable. The door, a small one, is in the center of the front end and is often circular. In some cases the crest pole is pierced near its base, and entrance to the house is made through the opening.

The country about Kil-ack-tam was very attractive at that season. Within a mile both up and down the river, the Indians had little gardens planted with potatoes, which do well there. They were not enclosed, and were of whatever shape and size their owners pleased, no two alike. The trails leading to them twisted and turned, as only an Indian trail can, leading through thickets of sweet-briar in bloom, patches of wild pea-vine, swamps, meadows, groves, and prairies, in whose deep, rich soil cranberries, huckleberries, strawberries, salmonberries, soap-oolaly, and many other kinds of berries grew in great profusion. While we remained there, several canoes laden with grease came up the river and passed on.

My boy, Ta-kesh, required constant checking to keep him out of difficulty; for he entertained the utmost contempt for the Nasscars, and was at great pains to show it. Clah, who was in some way related to Mus-ke-boo, prevailed on me to engage him to accompany us to Kis-py-aux, on the Skeena. He was a splendid savage, about twenty-five years of age, six foot two in height, straight as an arrow, swift, wiry, enduring, and supple as a panther. His bold and piercing eye, large, firm, and well-shaped mouth, strong, white, and even teeth, square jaw, straight, well-set nose, full brows, thick, long, coal-black hair, skin of bronze, and expression of stern dignity, made him a picture of manly beauty, and the most perfect type of his race that I have ever met.

On the afternoon of July 5th we left Kil-ack-tam, and ascended the river three miles to the point where the great Grease Trail begins. Above this the current flows like a mill-race through steep banks of slate, and is too swift for any craft to ride, much less to stem. We camped here. Near by were a number of Nasscar families, preparing to take the trail with loads of grease. It is borne upon the back by means of a thong fastened to the boxes, and dividing into two parts, one of which passes across the chest and the points of the shoulders, and the other over the forehead, so that by alternately leaning forward and backwards the strain can be shifted and the parts rested in turn. Every member of the family that can walk carries a burden. One hundred and twenty pounds is called a load for an adult—man or woman—and each age has its proportionate weight. Those who have brought the grease up the river transport it a certain distance on the trail, where they are met by Indians from the interior, who buy it from them to trade it in turn to others at the confines of their territory. Each tribe is exceedingly jealous of its privileges, and it is only on rare occasions that a member of one is allowed to pass through the territory of another. Ten miles is considered a day's journey. None of the interiors are permitted to own a canoe, and they are called *Stick-siwash*, or snow-shoe men, in contradistinction to the coast and river Indians, who are named *Salt-chuck*, or canoe-men. Between them is a constant rivalry—the first striving to open direct communication with the coast and its trading-posts, the last trying by every means to prevent such a consummation. Being far the most warlike, and having much better arms, the canoe men have hitherto carried their point. Thus it will be seen that monopolies are an important factor even in this primitive commerce.

The distance by the trail to Skeena was estimated by me to be one hundred and twenty-eight miles: following the Nass in a direction almost north for twenty-four miles; thence up a branch, the Harkan, to the divide, forty-two miles to the northeast; and then down the valley of the Kis-py-aux to the Skeena, sixty-two miles, nearly east. Over this I traveled by easy stages.

The daily routine was as follows: We broke camp early. I would walk briskly until sufficiently in advance to keep a look-out for game. No one except myself killed anything on the journey, nor did we once lack for meat. The game was made up of grouse and several kinds of water-fowl. The vicinity of the trail was deserted by moose-caribou and bear, which are plentiful in undisturbed localities. After enough game for the needs of the party was procured, and a suitable spot arrived at, I would wait till the others came up, when the mid-day meal would be eaten and a long rest taken. Resuming the march, we completed the desired distance and camped early, making everything as comfortable as possible for the night. The weather was fine, only one rainy day, and though sometimes the heat was great, it was generally cool enough for comfort. The sun rose before three and set after nine. Some nights it was hardly dark at all. Often we camped in places of great natural beauty, and I spent many happy hours listening to Indian stories about the camp-fire, or, lying on a bed of cedar branches, inhaling the spicy breath of woods, sank into that restful slumber that comes of healthful toil.

The trail was a constant source of interest. Daily we passed parties bending under their burdens, or met others hurrying back to seek a load. This highway is broad and clear and very old. One is almost never out of sight of an Indian grave, marking the spot where some weary mortal had, indeed, put off his burden. Many were old and mouldering, but here and there were fresher ones, some yet decked with mourning offerings. All vestige of an ordinary grave is gone in fifty years. Sweat-houses were built at frequent intervals, where, with a cup of water and a few heated stones, the tired native might assuage his aching limbs by a steam bath. Rude huts of bark afford shelter to him who needs it, and large sheds built of the same material mark the spots where different tribes meet to trade.

Bridges span the wider streams; one, a suspension crossing the Har-keen, built long ago, replacing a still older one, has a clear span of ninety-two feet. It is located at a point where opposing cliffs form natural abutments, and is thus constructed: From each bank two tapering logs, parallel to each other—some ten feet apart and with points elevated to an angle of ten degrees—are pushed out over the stream towards each other as far as their butts will serve as a counterpoise. Then two more are shoved out between the first, but nearer together and almost horizontal. The ends on shore are then secured by piling logs and stones upon them. Then a man crawls out to the end of one of the timbers, and throws a line to another in the same position opposite. A light pole is hauled into place, lashed securely, and that arch completed. The three remaining sets of timbers are treated in the same manner. The upper and lower arches are then fastened together by poles, cross-pieces put in, foot-plank laid, and hand-rail bound in proper position to steady the traveler in crossing the vibrating, swaying structure. No bolt, nail, or pin is used from first to last. Strips of bark and tough, flexible roots form all the fastenings.

In one place the trail leads over the top of a hill denuded of soil, and is worn deeply into the solid granite by the feet of succeeding generations. It branches in a number of places. One, explored by Mr. Peter Leech, of Victoria, in the winter of '66–'67, leads up the Nass, and thence to the Stickeen river; the others go no civilized man knows whither. I followed one of them half a day, to visit a village never before seen by a white. Mus-ke-boo told me that two white men had crossed before me from the Nass to the Skeena. These trails are traveled at all seasons of the year; in the winter on snow-shoes.

The country was rolling, diversified with woodland and prairie. Lakes and streams teemed with trout and salmon. Meadows, rich with nutritious grasses, lay warm to the summer sun, and in the swamps and uplands berries grew in great variety and profusion. In short, this region is capable of supporting a large population by pursuits of agriculture and stock-raising.

Soon after crossing the divide between the Harkan and Kis-py-aux, we struck the end of the completed portion of the Russian-American extension of the Western Union Telegraph. I had the honor of being medical officer of the American division of that expedition, and accompanied the party that built the line; hence, from this point the ground was familiar to me. All the poles were cut down, and the wire removed or tangled among the stumps. It was done by the Indians of the Kis-py-aux, the winter after the line was abandoned, because they fancied that it was the cause of an epidemic of measles, which prevailed among them at the time.

Of the striking objects of scenery along the route, the finest was the cañon of the Nass. It is several miles in length, with sides everywhere steep, in places perpendicular, and hundreds of feet in height; the trail winds along the verge and affords many striking views. At one point I dropped a stone, and counted ten before it reached the bottom. From this same place, a mighty cataract was visible on the face of a mountain across the valley on the opposite side of the Nass. Though fully ten miles away, it had the appearance of a large body of water, falling at least five hundred feet. The Indians say that when the wind is favorable, it can be plainly heard from here.

The farther inland we went, the more open and level the country became. Yet it was always hilly, even after the snow-capped peaks of the Coast Range were lost to view. Several villages were passed, at all of which we were well received, but were assured at each that the Indians farther on were very bad, and would surely do us harm. These tales, so often repeated, began to have great influence on Ta-kesh. He lost his bold and aggressive bearing, and became subdued. Then he sought to persuade me to turn back. Finally, one morning, in the valley of Kis-py-aux, while preparing my breakfast, he was so overcome by the tales of two Harkan Indians, who came into camp, of the ferocity of the people of the village they had just left, that, dropping his frying pan, the poor fellow came and knelt before me with streaming eyes, crying:

"Pity me, chief, and let me go back with these; truly I want to see my home; see how my flesh is going because my heart is sick. Let me go to my wife and babies once more. Truly I am afraid."

Although he had become a nuisance, I dared not let him go, as he would surely have been killed or enslaved away from my protection. Poor varlet! he was the sorriest shadow of the impudent chap that started with me less than a month before.

Mus-ke-boo, on the other hand, was in his glory. He knew every point of the country, and had some story to tell of them all. He had journeyed here in peace; fought for his life there; thrown the strongest man of that village, and distanced the fleetest one of this; in one place, killed an enemy in battle, and in another, got a grievous wound.

And Clah, sly Clah, how calmly did he

lie, and how unblushingly deny it when detected. What ingenious schemes he devised to transfer coin or its equivalent from my pouch to his, and how he did cheat those whom he traded with! Still, Clah was a good man—for a backslider.

George was an Indian, nothing more nor less. If he had peculiarities, I did not enjoy his society long enough to find them out.

On the 14th of July, we arrived at the village of Kis-py-aux, on the river of that name, near its junction with the Skeena. The inhabitants were in a great state of excitement over the death of an old woman two days before. She and a younger squaw had been picking berries, and were returning home with well filled baskets on their backs, when a huge bear issued from the brush and set upon them. The younger escaped by flight, but before the elder could clear herself of her load, she was seized and torn to pieces. All of the men of the tribe turned out, tracked Bruin to his lair, killed him, hacked his carcass to bits, strewed them near the spot where his victim died, and were now conducting a grand dance in memory of the departed, and in honor of her avengers.

Fort Sleger, on the Skeena, near Kis-py-aux, established in 1865 by the Telegraph Company as a base of supplies, had been burned by the natives the previous winter. To this point—about one hundred and seventy miles—the river is navigable for canoes. Above, it had never been explored. One branch of the Grease Trail follows its banks inland, and another crosses and extends southward to the head-waters of Frazer River.

Hearing from the Indians that a party of white men had come through from Peace river to the "Forks," sixteen miles below, I hurried thither on the following day. There I found Mr. Moss, a gentleman from Victoria, and learned that the main party, consisting of about twenty, had gone down the stream a short time previously. They had entered the Peace river country from the south, *via* Frazer river, and were astonished to find the Skeena route so much easier. Indeed, the following year it became the favorite way of reaching the Ominica mines.

After resting at the "Forks" awhile, I resumed my journey—this time down stream in a canoe. As the region traversed is comparatively well known, I shall have little to say about it. The Skeena is a broad stream, with a swift current, having rapids at frequent intervals, and an almost impassable cañon at Kit-se-loo, some ninety miles from its mouth. The steamer "G. H. Munford" ascended nearly to the cañon several times in '65. The river flows through a valley in places twenty miles in width, well timbered, and containing much fruitful soil. Many large, well built villages are to be seen upon its banks. Near its mouth it passes between great mountains of granite, some with faces perpendicular, and thousands of feet in height. Borne on its broad bosom, we floated lazily along the quiet reaches, sped swiftly over the boiling rapids, and dashed through the foaming cañon, stopping to hunt or fish when the desire seized us, and on again when the mood was over. Reaching the sea-coast, we loitered along until my leave drew to its close, and sailed into Fort Tongass harbor the day that it expired.

George Chismore.

THE SUCCESSFUL RIVAL.

To love the loveliest one, and so to be
One among many worshipers; and she
Less than them all loves thee: what help can fall
For such defeat? Ah, know thy victory:
Thou lovest her more greatly than they all.

M. W. Shinn.

JUAN BAUTISTA ALVARADO, GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA.—II.

[This and the preceding paper upon Governor Alvarado are from the manuscript of the author's forthcoming History of California.]

ANOTHER danger, and a more serious one, perhaps, than any which Vallejo, Pico, or Carrillo could have occasioned, threatened Alvarado from Branciforte and its neighborhood. An American backwoodsman, named Isaac Graham, one of the numerous trappers who had found their way across the country into California, had settled down at the edge of the forest near that place. Being tired of hunting, and not fond of agriculture, he had turned his attention to the making and sale of aguardiente. Though a man entirely without education, he had enterprise and intelligence. He also possessed a considerable amount of personal magnetism, and by degrees assumed the position of a leader among the rough characters of the vicinity, composed mostly of trappers like himself, deserters from whalers and merchant ships that had visited the coast, and vagabonds of every description. All these men were not only expert with the rifle, but were good woodsmen, and perfectly able, if so disposed, to suffer fatigue and endure hardships. They had formed themselves into a sort of military company of riflemen, and named Graham their captain. When Alvarado raised the standard of revolution against Gutierrez, he negotiated with them; and, though they do not appear to have been at any time actually called into action, except perhaps a few who marched with him in his campaign against his rival Carrillo, it was understood that they were on his side; and the moral influence of this understanding throughout the country was almost equal to their real presence under his banner.

Notwithstanding the fact that none of the crowd had passports or licenses to live in the country, it is exceedingly unlikely that any of them would ever have been disturbed, if they had otherwise conformed to the laws and remained quiet. But they were a disorderly crew, and when excited with Graham's liquor (a kind of whisky made out of wheat) were continually creating disturbances. As they grew in numbers and observed themselves to be becoming a factor of importance in the country, and especially in view of the late achievements of the American settlers in Texas who had declared their independence of Mexico and maintained it by force of arms, they began to assume self-sufficient and arrogant airs, and render themselves exceedingly disagreeable to the authorities. Whether they ever, in fact, contemplated attempting a revolution and seizure of the country is a matter of considerable doubt; but it seems certain that their conduct was very reprehensible. About the beginning of 1840, Alvarado was informed and believed that they contemplated a revolution; and on the strength of this information he immediately ordered José Castro, the prefect, to arrest them, convey them to Monterey, ship them to Mexico, and there deliver them over to the supreme government to be dealt with as it might deem proper.

Castro proceeded with celerity to execute the orders he had thus received. He surprised Graham and his associates in their houses, and marched them off in short order to Monterey. There the national bark, "Joven Guipuzcoana," under the command of José Antonio Aguirre, had been made ready for their reception. They were marched on board at once. Castro took passage on the same vessel for the purpose of prosecuting them before the Mexican government, as well as of guarding them on the way; and, as soon as the necessary arrangements could be completed, the ship sailed.

Upon its departure, seven of Castro's comrades, headed by José Maria Villa, thought proper to issue an extraordinary proclamation bearing date May 8, 1840. Their object seems to have been to recommend and endorse their chief. They commenced with the words: "Eternal glory to the illustrious champion and liberator of the Department of Alta California, Don José Castro, the guardian of order and the supporter of our superior government." They then declared that that day was, and forever would be, held glorious by the inhabitants of California, as the one in which their fellow-countryman had gone to present to the supreme government of the Mexican nation a grand prize of American suspects, who, filled with ambition but under the dark mask of deceit, had been enveloping the people in the web of misfortune and disgrace, involving them in the greatest dangers and confusions, threatening to destroy the lives of their governor and all his subalterns, and to drive them from their asylums, their country, their pleasures, and their hearths. The vessel, they went on to say, in which the valorous hero was carrying out his great commission, was covered with laurels, crowned with triumphs, and went ploughing the seas and publishing in loud tones to the waves the *vivas* and rejoicings which would resound to the uttermost extremes of the universe. In view of the distinguished services thus rendered by their chief, it was their duty, they continued, to treasure him in the center of their hearts and in the depths of their souls, and to make known, in the name of the inhabitants, the exceeding joy with which they were filled; at the same time giving to the superior government the present proclamation, made in honor of that worthy chief, and assuring the governor that, notwithstanding the well-deserving Castro might be absent, there still remained subject to the orders of the government all the subscribers, his compatriots, friends, and companions in arms.

As has been said, it is a matter of considerable doubt whether any regular plan of revolution had in fact ever been formed by Graham. Alfred Robinson states that there were no facts to prove anything of the kind. He reports Alvarado as saying: "I was insulted at every turn by the drunken followers of Graham; and when walking in the garden, they would come to its wall and call upon me in terms of the greatest familiarity, 'Ho! Bautista, come here, I want to speak to you'—'Bautista here'—'Bautista there'—and 'Bautista everywhere!'" All this, or something like it, may have been true; and yet the inference, suggested by Robinson and drawn by some of his readers, that the arrest and expulsion were therefore instigated by offended dignity, does not by any means necessarily follow. Such a supposition hardly comports with Alvarado's known character, shown during a long life and exhibited on many trying occasions. Nor is it likely that a man who wielded, as he did, almost unlimited power, whose *dixit* in his sphere was equal to that of a Cæsar, could have found any difficulty in preserving all the dignity he desired. Unlettered men, like Graham and his associates, feel a natural respect for their superiors, and particularly for their superiors in high official position. The supposition, consequently, that offended dignity was the motive that induced Alvarado to order Graham's arrest, is scarcely entitled to consideration. In fact, Robinson himself admits that Alvarado was firmly persuaded of an intention on the part of Graham to revolutionize the country. On the other hand, it appears from a proclamation, issued by Cosme Peña at Los Angeles in May, 1840, that the Branciforte ill-doers had resisted the alcalde of that place; that the alcalde had complained to the government; that the government had cautioned them; that instead of obeying they had armed themselves and defied the authorities, and that it was in consequence of this and their threats that they had been arrested. Antonio Maria Osio also states that when William Chard, one of Graham's associates, was arrested, he exhibited abject fear; confessed that he had conspired against the government; begged not to be shot, and offered to inform on all his associates.

About thirty days after the sailing of Castro and his prisoners, the United States corvette St. Louis, Captain J. B. Forrest, arrived at Monterey from Mazatlan. On June 14, Captain Forrest addressed a letter to Alvarado, stating that he had been informed of a very cruel outrage committed in the country against the persons and property of certain American citizens; that they had been seized, put in irons, thrown into a horrible prison, confined there from ten to fifteen days, and then placed on board a vessel under strict guard, and shipped to San Blas; that of these persons Mr. Isaac Graham and Mr. Henry Naile, both respectable and peaceful citizens of the United States employed in extensive commercial business, had been seized by armed men at night, in their private chambers, and haled forth like criminals; that Naile had been seriously wounded; and that the house in which they had their residence and property, being left without protection, had been sacked and robbed of everything of value. Captain Forrest further stated that, according to his information, the authors of this inhuman and atrocious act had been allowed to go free, without any legal proceedings being taken against them. Under the circumstances, he considered it his duty to request his Excellency to cause their immediate arrest, and to institute a full, impartial, and public investigation as to their conduct.

Alvarado answered a few days subsequently. He said that within a few years past a number of foreigners had entered the country without the formalities required by law; that most of them were deserters from vessels which had arrived on the coast, some belonging to one nation and others to others; that by the laws of Mexico the government was authorized to remove all such persons from the territory, and had exercised legitimate powers in sending them to the disposition of the supreme government of the nation; that, in the absence of war vessels or authorized agents of the nations to which such persons belonged, and to whom they might otherwise have been delivered, such removal to Mexico was the best disposition that could be made; that some of the persons so removed were thieves and robbers, and were found in possession of large numbers of horses, which had been stolen; that Isaac Graham, to whom particular reference had been made, had been arrested by competent authority on an accusation of conspiracy, in connection with three other individuals, to overthrow the government; that his arrest had been resisted by himself and his companions, and it was only in making such resistance that Naile had been wounded; that the property of the arrested persons had been secured and inventoried in the presence of witnesses, and what had not already been restored was only held because no properly authorized person had asked for it; that Graham was neither a peaceable nor a respectable citizen; that his business, instead of being such as Captain Forrest had been informed, was none other than an illegal traffic in aguardiente, which gathered around him a crowd of vicious neighbors and daily occasioned the most scandalous disorders; that he had been cautioned by the justices of the peace, but only answered with threats, and in every way abused the hospitality he had received in the country; and that, so far as a judicial investigation was concerned, the charges against Graham and the other accused persons had been regularly made out and transmitted with the prisoners for trial before the supreme tribunal of the republic at Mexico. The facts, he continued, would convince Captain Forrest that there had been no such outrage or attack upon the persons or property of citizens of the United States as he had been informed; and if the government had been provoked to enforce the rigor of the law, it was only against a pernicious class of vagabonds, deserters, and horse-thieves. There were numerous citizens of the United States, as well as other foreigners, in the country; and as long as they pursued any honest industry, there was no disposition on the part of the government to disturb them, even though they had no licenses; nor would Graham and his associates have been disturbed if they had been of the class thus represented. In conclusion, he protested that he was as desirous as any one could be to respect and protect the citizens of the United States, as well as all others, in their rights of person and property; to comply in all particulars with everything prescribed by treaty or the law of nations, and to preserve undisturbed and uninterrupted the relations of friendship and reciprocity hitherto existing between Mexico and the United States.

This answer seems to have ended the correspondence between Forrest and Alvarado. But about the beginning of July, Alvarado went to San José and while there he received a communication from David Spence, who, as alcalde, had been left in charge of Monterey, stating that Captain Forrest desired to know when he would return. Spence further wrote that there had been rumors current of an intended attack by Forrest upon the town, and a seizure of the person of the governor; but that Forrest himself had assured him that there was not a word of truth in the rumors; that he not only had no intention, but no authority to make any attack; that, on the contrary, he was about to depart with his vessel from Monterey, and that he desired, before leaving, the pleasure of an interview with the governor, to personally manifest to him his friendship and give him proofs that the injurious reports that had been circulated were entirely without foundation. Alvarado replied, that, as Spence very well knew, the disturbed state of the interior required his presence at San José and other more remote points; that he ought to have left Monterey much earlier than he did, but had delayed twenty days for the purpose of answering any further communication that Captain Forrest might have desired to make, and that if he had waited longer, the consequences of neglecting the interior might have been disastrous. He begged Spence to inform Captain Forrest of the facts; to tender his regrets at not being able to meet him as proposed; to make a ceremonial visit in his name; and to assure him, that, so far as the rumors to which reference had been made were concerned, he did not consider them worthy of notice.

The Graham party, so-called, which had been arrested by Castro and his soldiers, consisted of about sixty persons; but not more than forty-five had been placed on board the "Joven Guipuzcoana," and sent to San Blas. Of these, only Graham himself and three or four others were charged with conspiracy; the others appear to have been sent off as general bad characters, dangerous to the peace of the territory. But in each case regular charges were formulated and transmitted to the minister of the interior. Alvarado also wrote a very lengthy document explaining the charges; and for proofs reference was made to the testimony which would be furnished by Castro who had been duly accredited as a commissioner to the supreme government.

When the "Joven Guipuzcoana" arrived at San Blas, the comandante of that place, on account of some misunderstanding, ordered the arrest of Castro; and he was for a few hours thrown into prison. News of this arrest reached California by the bark "Clarita," in July, and caused great excitement. But in September, upon the return of the "Joven Guipuzcoana," it was ascertained that the imprisonment had not only not been made upon the order of the government, but that on the contrary, as soon as the government at Mexico had been informed of Castro's arrival, it had invited him to come directly to the capital. His prisoners, in the meanwhile, were removed to Tepic and incarcerated there. As soon as the government could look into their cases, it ordered Isaac Graham, Albert Morris, William Chard, and Jorge José Bonilo, who were charged with conspiracy and attempted revolution, to be kept in close confinement; while of the others, such as were married with Mexican women should be released on giving bonds, and the rest expelled from the country, care being taken that they should not return to California. Subsequently, however, at the solicitation of the United States envoy-extraordinary, this sentence was modified as to Louis Pollock, John Higgins, William Boston, George Fraser, and Charles H. Cooper, who were granted letters of security and allowed to return to their former residences.

In December, Alvarado addressed several other communications to the minister of the interior, setting forth the events which had occurred in California after Castro's departure, and especially his correspondence with Captain Forrest. He explained that soon after the interchange of letters, but before Captain Forrest sailed, he had been obliged to leave Monterey on account of information that a party of adventurers from the United States had stolen three thousand horses belonging to the missions of San Luis Obispo and San Gabriel and various private ranches, and were threatening further depredations; and that when he returned to Monterey he found Captain Forrest had gone, leaving, however, a Mr. E. Estabrook as consular agent of the United States at Monterey. He further explained that he had corresponded with Estabrook and pointed out to him the informality of his appointment; and he also transmitted that correspondence. But the matter of most importance, and to which he desired to call especial attention, was the care and circumspection it was necessary to exercise in reference to the statements of such prisoners as had been discharged from arrest, for the reason that those persons would imagine that they could make great fortunes in the way of reclamations against the Mexican nation, and they would not hesitate to attempt it.

Graham and his special associates remained in Mexico until the summer of 1842, when they were discharged. As several of them were citizens of the United States, and the others of Great Britain, and as the representatives of those nations interfered and insisted that there was nothing shown to justify their arrest and detention, the Mexican government deemed it prudent and politic not only to release the prisoners, but to fit them out in fine style, pay all their expenses, and send them back to California in a government vessel. Accordingly, when they landed at Monterey, on their return, in July, 1842, they were neatly dressed, armed with rifles and swords, and looked in better condition than when they were sent away, or probably than they had ever looked in their lives before.

The disturbances which had led to the arrest of Graham and his associates, called the especial attention of the departmental government to the subject of foreigners in the country. Lists were made out in the summer of 1840, for the purpose of giving all the information that could be procured. From these lists it appeared that there were sixteen foreigners permanently residing at San Francisco, not including Richardson, who was then at Saucelito; thirty-one at San José; ten at Branciforte; somewhere about thirty at Monterey; thirty at Santa Barbara; twenty-three at Los Angeles; and seven at San Diego. These lists included only those who had been naturalized, or who were licensed to reside in the country. There were numerous others, chiefly Americans, who had come and remained without permission. These were scattered in various quarters, but chiefly north of the bay of San Francisco. Some were hunters and trappers, and a few made a sort of business, with vagabond Mexicans, of horse-stealing, which appears to have been a comparatively safe occupation for all except Indians. The latter were usually pursued, and as many shot down as could be. In June, 1839, the ghastly head of one of them, who had been decapitated, was stuck up as a warning in the plaza of Santa Clara. In April, 1840, Vallejo, in giving an account of a bloody expedition which he had just made against Indians in the neighborbood of Sonoma, intimated that they were horse-thieves, connected with the hunters and trappers of the Sacramento Valley, and thus justified himself for the slaughter he had made.

Among the foreigners who had thus found their way to and settled in California, in addition to those already mentioned, was Robert Livermore, an English lad, who came in the employ of Juan Ignacio Mancísidor, about the year 1819. Mancísidor was a Spaniard, engaged in trade in the country, who afterwards was obliged to leave on account of the anti-Spanish legislation which followed the Mexican revolution. Livermore, in the course of a few years, was baptized into the Catholic church, and received the baptismal name of Juan Bautista Roberto Livermore, by which he was afterwards generally known, in the same manner as Captain Cooper, after his

Catholic baptism, became known as Juan Bautista Rogers Cooper. Livermore was followed in 1821 by William Welsh. In 1822, besides William A. Richardson, came William Gulnac, an American, James Richard Berry, an Englishman, Edward M. McIntosh, a Scotchman, and George Allen or, as he was afterwards known, José Jorge Tomas Allen, an Irishman, all of whom became well known in the country. In 1823, besides Captain Cooper, came Samuel and William Bocle, Englishmen, and William Smith, an American. Smith was generally known as "Bill the Sawyer." After roving about for a few years, he married a California woman, settled down in the Santa Cruz mountains, and founded the nucleus of the aggregation of foreigners in that region already mentioned, and known as the Graham party. He was joined by James Peace, an English sailor, who deserted from one of the Hudson Bay Company's ships; and afterwards by Charles Brown, who deserted from an American whaler about 1832, and John Copinger, an Irishman, who came to the coast about the same time. Of Copinger it is related that a fond mother purchased for him a lieutenant's commission in the British navy, but that, being either unruly or unwilling to be imposed upon, he quarreled with his superior officer, was reduced in rank, and made to feel the severity of British naval discipline. He managed in time to escape, and finally found his way into the recesses of the Santa Cruz mountains, where he lived in unquestioned freedom, far from the reach of tyrannous restraint. All these men married "*hijas del pais*," and thus became connected with old California families. They were at first engaged principally in the lumber business; and it was not until Graham set up his still, and thus placed himself at the head of the old Santa Cruz population, that aguardiente gained the ascendency.

About 1824 came Daniel A. Hill, an American, David Spence and James McKinley, Scotchmen, and James Dawson, an Irishman. Dawson is said to have been the first man to manufacture lumber in the country. He used a long rip-saw, to give play to which he would dig a pit under the log to be sawed, thus making what was called a saw-pit. He and E. M. McIntosh afterwards became interested in the rancho called Estero Americano, near Bodega. It was arranged between them that McIntosh should go to Monterey and procure a formal grant of it from the government, which he accordingly did; but, instead of acting in their joint names, he took the papers out in his own alone, leaving Dawson out. Upon ascertaining this fact, Dawson was so much incensed that he gave McIntosh a terrible beating, "breaking every bone in his body" metaphorically speaking, and then, taking his saw, he divided the house, which had been built in partnership, into two parts, and moved his half off, determined thenceforth to have nothing more to do with partnerships than he could help.

In 1825, Robert Ellwell and James Thompson, Americans, and John Wilson, a Scotchman, arrived. Ellwell used to boast that he was a Whig, a Unitarian, and a Freemason, and that if these three qualifications would not take a man to heaven, nothing would.

The year of 1826 brought John Wilson and George W. Vincent, Americans; William D. Foxen, an Englishman; David Littlejohn, a Scotchman; and John J. Read, an Irishman. Read, who came out on a voyage with an uncle, took such a fancy to the country that he determined to make it his home, and declined any longer to follow a seafaring life. He went first into the Petaluma valley, but, being disturbed by the Indians, soon afterwards moved down to the neighborhood of Saucelito, some years subsequently married Hilarita, daughter of José Antonio Sanchez, obtained a land grant on the bay shore between Saucelito and San Rafael, settled down and founded a large family.

In 1827 came Henry D. Fitch, John Temple, William G. Dana, Thomas M. Robbins, George Rice and Guy F. Fling, Americans; and John C. Fuller, an Englishman. Fitch, who afterwards sailed to South America for the purpose of finding a priest that would marry him to Josefa Carrillo, came originally in the employ of Edward E. Virmont, a merchant of Mexico, who at that time, and for years afterwards, carried on a considerable trade with California. Temple and Rice settled in Los Angeles, Dana and Robbins at Santa Barbara, Fuller afterwards at San Francisco. It was in this same year, 1827, that Jedediah S. Smith, and his party of hunters and trappers, reached California from the Rocky Mountains. Of this party, or about the same time, came George C. Yount, William Pope, and Cyrus Alexander, natives respectively of North Carolina, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania. Yount and Pope afterwards obtained land grants in Napa Valley, and were the first American settlers north of the Bay. Alexander, though he got no grant, became a land-owner in another way. He entered into a contract with Henry D. Fitch, the grantee of the Sotoyome rancho where the town of Healdsburg now stands, by the terms of which, in consideration of managing the property for two years, he received one-fourth, or two square leagues of it. His land lay to the east of Healdsburg, and was known as Alexander Valley.

Of the arrivals of 1828 were Abel Stearns and Michael Prior, Americans, and Edward Watson, an Englishmen; among those of 1829, were Alfred Robinson, American; James Alexander Forbes, English; and Timothy Murphy and John Rainsford, Irish. All, especially Stearns, Robinson, and Forbes, became well known in the country. Murphy, or "Don Timoteo" as he was generally called, settled down at San Rafael, kept a sort of open house, and was noted far and wide for his hospitality. According to accounts of old neighbors who knew him intimately, as well as of travelers from abroad who visited him, he was one of those "fine, old Irish gentlemen," now, alas, too much "all of the olden time." In 1830 came William Wolfskill and Isaac (sometimes called Julian) Williams, Americans; James W. Weeks, English; and Jean Louis Vignes, a Frenchman. Wolfskill and Vignes, who both settled at or near Los Angeles, became men of special importance to the country. Wolfskill turned his attention to fruit-raising, and may be almost called the founder of the business, which in the course of a comparatively few years grew into one of the industries of the land. Vignes started, so to speak, the French element of California. He turned his attention to the vineyard and wine interest, and did much to aid and establish its early development.

The arrivals of 1831 included John J. Warner, James Kennedy, William Mathews, and Zeba Branch, Americans. Of these, Warner became the most widely known. He settled near the San Gregorio Pass, and in early times his place was the first settlement reached by travelers coming over the desert from the Colorado river. In 1832 came Thomas O. Larkin, Nathan Spear, Lewis T. Burton, Isaacs J. Sparks, Philip O. Slade, Francis D. Dye, Americans; Juan Foster, Hugo Reid, and Mark West, English; and Nicholas Fink, a German. Larkin appears to have come out from Boston with the intention of manufacturing flour, but found other occupation. He became United States consul, and did much towards bringing the country under the American flag. Foster settled near San Diego, and Reid near Los Angeles, and became, to all intents and purposes, identified with the Californians. Spear, Burton, and Sparks became merchants; West settled at what is now known as Mark West, near Santa Rosa, and Fink became the victim of a horrid murder, elsewhere in these pages related. About the same time came Joseph Paulding, who had the honor, if honor it can be called, of making the first billiard tables in California. In the same year a company of Canadian trappers, under Michel Laframboise, found its way into the San Joaquin valley, and established its head-quarters near the present city of Stockton, from which circumstance that place derived its original name of "French Camp."

The immigration of 1833 included Isaac Graham, William Chard, James Wetmarsh, and Thomas G. Brown, Americans; Joseph Snook, English; James Black and Lawrence Carmichael, Scotch; Charles Wolters, German; Pierre T. Sicard, French; and Gregorio Escalante, a Manilaman. Graham, who came from Hardin county, Kentucky, has been already noticed. Chard was one of his companions. Black settled north of the Bay, and became connected with McIntosh and Dawson, previously mentioned. It appears that when Vallejo was sent into the Sonoma country with the object of forming a barrier against the Russians at Bodega, he induced Black, McIntosh, and Dawson to settle at the Estero Americano, and act as a sort of buffer against the Muscovites. They were promised a grant of land for their services, which McIntosh afterwards obtained under the circumstances already mentioned; but Black, in the meanwhile, had moved down into what is now Marin county, obtained a grant, and settled there. He went largely into the stock business, and lived to see his cattle grazing on a thousand hills. Escalante, the Manilaman, afterwards started a drinking saloon at Yerba Buena, and thus originated a business in which he has had too many imitators.

In 1834 came Jacob P. Leese, Alfred B. Thompson, Ezekiel Merritt, George Nidever, and Joseph L. Majors, Americans. Of these, Leese and Thompson were merchants, Merritt a hunter, who played a conspicuous part in the subsequent bear-flag revolution, and Nidever also a hunter. The next year, 1835, brought the Americans Dr. John Marsh, Lemuel Carpenter, George F. Wyman, John M. Martin, and Thomas B. Park. Dr. Marsh, in the course of a few years after his arrival, obtained a grant of land, and settled at Pulpunes, afterwards generally known as "Marsh's Ranch" near the eastern base of Monte Diablo. In 1836 came Dr. Nicholas A. Den, who was afterwards followed by Dr. Richard A. Den. They were Irish; married California wives, and settled, one at Santa Barbara, and the other at Los Angeles. There were several arrivals in 1837; among them John Wolfskill and John Paty, Americans, William Anderson, an Englishman, and Peter Storm, a Dane; and in 1838 came Dr. Edward A. Bale, English, Pedro Sansevaine, French, James O'Brien, Irish, and William H. Davis, a native of the Sandwich Islands. Dr. Bale, in the course of a few years, married, obtained a grant of the "Carne Humana" rancho, north of Yount's, in Napa valley, and settled there. Sansevaine went into the vineyard business near Los Angeles. Davis was a trader in the early days of Yerba Buena, and married into the Estudillo family.

Among the accessions of 1839 were William D. M. Howard and Daniel Sill, Americans; Henry Austin, John C. Davis, William J. Reynolds, John Rose, John Finch, Robert T. Ridley, William Swinbourne, and Henry Kirby, Englishmen; John Sinclair, a Scotchman; John Roland, a German; Juan Bautista Leandry, an Italian; Peter T. Sherrebeck, a Dane; and Jean J. Vioget, a Swiss. In 1840 came William Hinckley, William Johnson, William Wiggins, David Dutton, Augustus Andrews, and Frank Bedwell, Americans; William A. Leidesdorff and Peter Lassen, Danes; and Nicolaus Altgeier, a German. Hinckley and Leidesdorff became prominent among the old settlers of Yerba Buena. Wiggins, Dutton, and Lassen were of a party which crossed the plains to Oregon in 1839. They there, with John Stevens and J. Wright, took a vessel, and in July, 1840, reached Bodega, where Vallejo attempted to prevent their landing. Notwithstanding his threats, however, they went ashore and wrote to the American consul, asking for passports and stating that they would wait for them fifteen days, and, if in that time they heard nothing further, they would consider themselves in an enemy's country, and take up arms for their defense. They were not thenceforth disturbed. Lassen afterwards settled at the foot of the Sierra in the northern part of the Sacramento valley. It is from him that Lassen's Peak and Lassen county derived their names. Altgeier, like Sinclair of the year previous, settled near Sutter's fort—Sinclair on the American river nearly opposite the fort, and Altgeier on the Feather river. The latter, being generally known only by his first name, the place of his settlement got to be known by the same, and gradually grew into the town of Nicolaus.

One of the most prominent of the foreigners in the department in those early days was John Augustus Sutter. He was of Swiss parentage, but born in the grand duchy of Baden in 1803. In 1834 he emigrated to New York; thence moved to Missouri, where he lived a few years; and then started for the Pacific coast, with the intention of settling in California. He made his way to Oregon; thence to the Sandwich Islands; and at length reached San Francisco, with a company of twelve men and two women, all but two or three of whom were Islanders, in June, 1839. His object was to take his people to the Sacramento Valley, and there found a colony; but as he had no license to settle in the country, the authorities of San Francisco refused to allow him to land, until he should have procured the permission of the governor. Sutter immediately, without disembarking, proceeded to Monterey, presented himself to Alvarado, explained his plans, and, after setting forth his purpose of making California his home, becoming a citizen, and founding a colony, asked for and easily obtained the necessary license to land and settle. On August 28th of the next year, he presented his formal application for naturalization papers; and they were issued the next day. He was not only admitted to citizenship, but he was appointed a representative of the government, and entrusted with the administration of justice on the so-called frontier of the Sacramento river. On September 1, 1840, Alvarado wrote him that the maintenance of order on the frontier, and especially its protection against the continuous incursions of savages and the robberies and other damages caused by adventurers from the United States, was a matter of great importance, and that he was authorized to exercise a very extensive jurisdiction on behalf of the government over the entire region. He might pursue and arrest thieves, robbers, and vagrants, and warn off hunters and trappers who were unlicensed; but he should not wage war, except upon notice to, and with express permission of, the government, bearing in mind, also, that the jurisdiction of the military commandant at Sonoma extended as far as the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers.

Sutter, with his people, had already moved up to the confluence of the Sacramento and American rivers, and, on the site of the present city of Sacramento, established his colony of New Helvetia. He was not slow in making use of the authority vested in him. In February, 1841, he wrote that he was about to make an expedition with a respectable force, which he had collected, against horse-thieves; and that he was to have one-half of the horses recovered in payment for his trouble and expense. He also stated what was, however, considerably beyond the scope of the authority granted him, that he had felt himself obliged, in one instance, to execute capital punishment upon an Indian chief, who, instead of furnishing a good example to his tribe, had committed various robberies, and induced it to assist him in them.

In May, 1841, Peter Lassen, the Dane, who had arrived the year before, and was then settled as a blacksmith at Santa Cruz, applied for naturalization; and in July followlowing Agustin Jansen, a native of Flanders, did the same. The latter, in his petition, stated that he had arrived in Mexico in 1825 with his father, who soon afterwards died; that he was then ten years old; that he had remained in Mexico and California ever since; that he desired a grant of land, but had been informed that he could not obtain it without being naturalized; and, therefore, he asked for letters. Jansen's petition explained very clearly the main object that foreigners had in view in becoming naturalized: they not only secured immunity from various annoyances to which, as foreigners, they would have been liable to be subjected, but, generally speaking, the granting of letters of naturalization was followed by the granting of a tract of land.

In January, 1842, Alvarado wrote to the government at Mexico in relation to Sutter, his naturalization, his application for a grant of land for colonization purposes, the favorable impression he had made, the concession made to him of a tract of land, and the foundation of his establishment of New Helvetia in the midst of the savages on the banks of the Sacramento river. He said that Sutter had, at first, been obliged to defend himself with only eight men, for the reason that Vallejo, the comandante at Sonoma, had refused to afford him any assistance; but that he had gradually managed to attract about him some three hundred Indians, who lived in community at his establishment, and were devoted to him; that he had established a primary school among them; that he had accomplished a great deal of good in putting down bands of horse-thieves, who vexed the rancheros of the country, and that the department was indebted to him for much of the tranquillity it enjoyed. In conclusion, he assured the government that the department had no cause to regret its concession to Sutter, and that if, as seemed to be the case, Vallejo was attempting to injure him by prejudicial complaints, it was entirely on personal grounds and with no authority to speak for any one but himself.

At the same time, and in connection with Sutter, Alvarado wrote to the government that the clandestine ingression of American adventurers into the country was becoming serious, and that the department, on account of the weakness of its forces, was unable to prevent their coming. He said that a company of thirty armed men had recently arrived from Missouri; that thirty others had gone to the Columbia river; and he learned that there were two hundred more ready to start from the western United States for the Pacific coast. The prefect of the second district had informed him that another company of one hundred and sixty were on their way from New Mexico, although as to these it was said they had passports. He proceeded to say that he had directed Lieutenant-colonel José Castro, the prefect of the first district, to proceed with a force of volunteers, and look after the first mentioned company; but it was plain to be seen that, if the supreme government did not reënforce the department with a couple of hundred soldiers and the necessary pecuniary resources, it would be likely to have the same fate as Texas had had. He was of opinion that, with the small assistance he suggested, and the probability of thereby being able to sustain the enthusiasm of the people, he might be able to restrain the ambition of the adventurers; but, otherwise, it was doubtful whether the integrity of the Mexican territory and the good name of the nation in California could be preserved.

The supreme government at Mexico, as has been already explained, was not in a condition to afford any effective help to California. It was, however, very well aware of the truth of Alvarado's statements and of the danger threatened by the Americans. As early as May, 1840, various articles had appeared in influential American newspapers at Washington, as to the importance to the United States of acquiring the Californias, and were transmitted by the Mexican minister to Mexico. In one of these articles mention had been made of the Missouri company of emigrants, which proposed to start for the Pacific in May, 1841, and to the arrival of which attention had been called by Alvarado, as has been seen in his letter. It was true that the professions of the Missouri company were peaceful and friendly; but could they be trusted? It was very doubtful, thought the government. Similar professions had been made by the colony of Americans in Texas, and yet, in a short space of time, they had unfurled the banner of rebellion with lamentable consequences to the Mexican nation. In view of all the circumstances, the government urged upon Alvarado the necessity of adopting means to protect the department, and suggested a strict enforcement of the laws against foreigners, and an especially vigilant guard over the ports of the country. But it sent no succor. In other words, it deplored the condition of affairs; but it was powerless to help them.

But while the Americans were thus beginning to pour with ever-increasing streams through the defiles of the mountains, the Russians on the coast were beginning to fold their tents and pass away. They had never manifested any special designs of permanently settling in the country, further than was indicated by their building Fort Ross, founding a few farms in the neighborhood of Bodega, and establishing a few fishing and trading posts at San Francisco, the Farallones Islands, and between there and Fort Ross. But they had done a very large business in their hunting and fishing boats, collecting as many as eighty thousand seal skins at the Farallones in a single season, penetrating all the bays and creeks, and gathering immense quantities of beaver, otter, and other furs. They had been good customers for California wheat and grain, for beef, suet, and fat, for dried meat and some salt; and, notwithstanding the jealousies of the supreme government and of a few narrow-minded Californians, the general public opinion had recognized them as not undesirable neighbors. During recent years, such men as Father Gutierrez would once in a while come out in a flaming manifesto against them; but they had little effect upon the people in general, and the Russians did not mind them or feel in the least disturbed. Their comandante was more comfortably fixed at Ross than even the governor at Monterey. He had fine quarters, fine furniture, a fine library, a fine pianoforte, Mozart's music, French wines, and, in fact, nearly everything to make residence there pleasant; while his subordinates, about eight hundred in number, plied their vocations in every direction, in total indifference to what was said about them. But, at length, the fur seals, the otters, the beavers, and other game became scarce; other customers, and particularly New England merchants, opened new markets for Californian products; and the Russians began to find that their establishments in California, though otherwise in good condition, were no longer remunerative. One of their last projects had been the putting up of a warehouse at San Francisco, for which Pedro Kostromitinoff, the comandante of Ross, procured the license of the governor in 1836; but even by that time the hunting and trade, for which they sought the country, had much slackened, and year by year grew worse and worse for them.

On November 23, 1840, Colonel Koupreanoff, ex-governor of Russian America, then at San Francisco, addressed a note to Alvarado, announcing that the Russians were about abandoning Ross and all their other establishments in the country. This information being transmitted to Mexico, an order came back that Alvarado should take possession and, if practicable, turn them into Mexican establishments. The withdrawal of the hunters and fishermen commenced almost immediately, and every voyage of a Russian vessel northward carried off more or fewer of them. On July 27, 1841, Vallejo wrote to Alvarado from Sonoma, that Kostromitinoff was at his house with the object of negotiating terms of final evacuation. The occasion furnished Vallejo an opportunity for a patriotic outburst. At length, he wrote, were the national colors again to flutter in glorious triumph where a foreign flag had flaunted for twenty-five long years. Soon was the imperial eagle to give up the field to that of the republic, which was now again about to soar aloft and spread its protecting pinions over this fair portion of the national soil, so long and so wrongly withheld. But he did not wish to boast. On the contrary, he wished to repress the pride and vainglory which naturally arose in his breast in contemplating his own coöperation in bringing about this auspicious result. He would therefore only say that simple duty had demanded of him all that had been accomplished, and that, in fact, he had done no more than comply with the innate obligation of every Mexican to contribute to the glory of his country!

This letter was followed by another from the same writer in August. In this he informed Alvarado that in the negotiations which he had attempted to carry on with Kostromitinoff, he had claimed and insisted that the houses at Ross, as they had been built on Mexican soil and with Mexican timber, belonged to Mexico, and were not to be considered as in any sense belonging to any one else; but that the impracticable Russian, who had managed in some irregular manner to ascertain the nature of recent orders from Mexico, had refused to treat upon that basis, and had expressed a determination to visit Monterey and negotiate with the governor personally. Vallejo, in conclusion, did not deem it necessary to communicate at any length his own views upon the subject, being satisfied that his Excellency was persuaded, like himself, that the Mexican nation could not, without loss of dignity, consent to purchase or pay for what already incontestably belonged to it.

The result was, that the negotiations with Vallejo were broken off, and afterwards a contract was entered into between the Russians and Sutter, by the terms of which the latter agreed to purchase all the Russian property for about thirty-one thousand dollars. Though Sutter had no money to pay with, he was placed in possession of the property, and exercised acts of dominion over it. Subsequently an arrangement was made, by which the departmental government agreed to assume the debt of Sutter, and the Russians to cede to it all their rights against Sutter and all their rights of property. Meanwhile, on January 1st, 1842, the final evacuation took place, and the Russians as a body abandoned the country. On January 2d, Alvarado transmitted information of their departure to the supreme government; and soon afterwards he wrote that he had recommended to Vallejo to detail a company of troops to raise the Mexican flag over Ross, but that, on account of the department being in such great distress as it was for want of military resources, it would be impossible to maintain any large or regular force there.

And thus ended the occupation of the Russians in California. They left a few buildings, since gone to decay, a few graves, and a few names, such as Ross and Mount St. Helena. But most even of their names have passed away and are forgotten. The beautiful stream, now known as Russian River, called by the old Californians the San Sebastian, was by the Russians named and known as the Slawianska. Bodega they called Romanzoff, and the stream southeast of Bodega, now known as the Estero Americano, the Avatcha. Their principal farms were called respectively, Kostromitinoff, Vasili, Klebnikoff, and Don Jorge Tochernik. Nature, as well as man, has assisted in destroying the evidences of their twenty-five years of sojourn. On the mountain back of Ross, within a mile or two of their crumbling blockhouses and church, where they cut their timber and where huge stumps still attest their labors, a new growth of trees has sprung up, almost as large as when the Russians first invaded the primeval forest. In a very few years nothing will remain in all the places they once occupied to remind one of their former presence in the country.

Among the various foreigners who were in California in these comparatively early times, were three, Dana, Robinson, and De Mofras, who wrote books of their observations and experiences; and it is from them that most of the reliable information in reference to the social life of the old Californians has to be derived. The Californians themselves, as a rule, were not educated, and those who could write were not authors. In recent years Alvarado wrote a series of interesting historical sketches of the early part of the century, and Antonio Maria Osio wrote a somewhat more connected account of political events from about 1825 to the American occupation. Both were written in Spanish, and exist only in manuscript. Vallejo and others have also written at greater or less length, but published nothing worthy of attention. The most important writings of the old Californians, however, consist of the official records and correspondence and the political, military, and ecclesiastical documents irregularly scattered among the collection of some two hundred and fifty thousand pages of Spanish manuscript, usually known as the California Archives. Of private letters and papers, few of any importance remain.

The first good American book relating to California was the personal narrative of Richard Henry Dana, entitled "Two Years before the Mast." Dana was an undergraduate of Harvard College, and undertook a voyage to California as a common sailor, for the purpose, mainly, by an entire change of life, long absence from books, hard work, plain food, and open air, to cure an affection of his eyes. He shipped in the bark "Pilgrim" from Boston, and sighted Point Conception, after a voyage of one hundred and fifty days around Cape Horn, in January, 1835. The vessel carried out what was called an assorted cargo, consisting of liquors of all kinds, coffee, tea, sugar, molasses, raisins, spices, hardware, tin-ware, crockery, cutlery, clothing, boots and shoes, calicoes, cottons, silks, crapes, shawls, scarfs, jewelry, combs, furniture, and, as Dana says, "everything that could be imagined from Chinese fireworks to English cartwheels." The object of the voyage was to dispose of these goods, and return with their proceeds in the shape of hides and tallow. The vessel was what was known as a "hide-drogher," one of a number engaged in the business of purchasing hides and tallow from the missions, and carrying them to be made use of in manufactories in the United States. The import of assorted cargoes, and the export of hides and tallow, had become a great trade, and constituted the chief commerce of the country down to 1849.

It became a part of Dana's business, while in California, as one of the common sailors of his vessel, to visit the various points along the coast and collect hides. This was no easy matter. The hides, when taken from the animals, were staked out on the ground, so as to dry in the sun without shrinking. They were then folded once, lengthwise, with the hair on the inside, and in this form sent down to the beach and piled up above high-water mark, ready for shipment. There were no wharves in those days, and few places where the surf was not rough even in the calmest weather. For this reason, far from the vessel being able to approach the shore, even the boats had to be anchored outside of the surf, and the hides to be carried to them through the breaking waves by the sailors. As they had to be kept dry, it was found that the only safe and convenient method was to carry them one by one on the head; and it required considerable strength and skill, particularly when the sea was rough and a stiff breeze blowing, to do so successfully. The sailors provided themselves with thick Scotch bonnets to protect their heads, but had to go barefooted, as shoes could not stand the constant soaking in salt water that was necessary. It was, altogether, a wet, hard, and disagreeable occupation, especially where the beach was stony; but in time the student got used to it and became an expert in "tossing a hide," as it was termed. He remained in the country nearly two years, and, though his observations were confined chiefly to the ports and embarcaderos and the people he met there, he had an open eye and a facile pen, and furnished an exceedingly agreeable and interesting account of what he saw. So far as his opportunities extended, he gave all possible information, and in a style always graphic and sometimes splendid. But he had but little intercourse with the prominent people, and, not being familiar with their language, could not converse freely even with those he met. While no one could describe better what he saw, there were many things in the life and manners of the Californians which he had no opportunity of seeing. His book was first published at Boston, in 1840.

The next American who wrote a book relating to the subject was Alfred Robinson. His account was also a personal narrative, under the title of "Life in California." He left Boston as a young mercantile clerk on a trading voyage, in 1828, and reached Monterey in February, 1829. His business required him to travel about the country and become thoroughly acquainted with all classes of the people, high as well as low. The Spanish became familiar to him. In the course of a few years, he married a daughter of José de la Guerra y Noriega of Santa Barbara, and settled in the country permanently. When Dana's book came out there were various observations made in it, in reference particularly to the California women, which Robinson considered unjust; and it was as much to show that Dana's remarks were too sweeping as for any other purpose, that Robinson wrote. His plan was not to criticise Dana, or polemically dispute what he had said, but to give a full and minute account of his own observations and experiences during his residence from 1829 to about 1846, when his book was published in New York. As an appendix to it, he published a translation of Father Geronimo Boscana's work on the Indians, called "Chinigchinick."

Robinson's family relations, business as a prominent merchant, and long residence, gave him in ample measure the opportunities of information and knowledge which Dana lacked. He was somewhat more straightforward and business-like in his narrative, apparently looking at things with older eyes, but also able as a writer, having large perceptive faculties and a clear, forcible, and pleasant style. His powers of description were good; and he furnished many admirable sketches of various old California people and of scenes which he witnessed and in some of which he took part. It cannot be said that either Dana or Robinson wrote with scientific precision ; neither of them attempted to give a complete description of the country; and while Dana was perhaps more or less prepossessed as a New England American against the Mexican character, Robinson was to some extent influenced by the political and social feelings of that particular class and caste of the community into which he married. But both wrote excellent books of their kind.

The most complete book of those days upon the subject of California, however, was that of Duflot de Mofras. He was a French gentleman of learning and culture, attached to the French legation in Mexico, and was commissioned by his government to make a scientific exploration of and report upon the Californias and Oregon, and especially upon their ports and harbors. A passport was issued, for the purpose of enabling him to travel with perfect freedom, by the Mexican government, in May, 1840. He sailed by the way of San Blas, Mazatlan, and Guaymas, and thence, doubling Cape San Lucas, up the coast; and he spent several years in his work. He visited all the points of interest, traveled from place to place, made surveys and observations, examined the country, consulted old books, rummaged among the records, studied the institutions, observed the occupations, character, manners, customs, and daily life of the people of all classes, talked with the governors, military men, priests, and, in fact, every one who had anything of importance to impart, and gathered information of all kinds and upon all subjects connected with his work. In this way he amassed a great amount of matter, out of which he had the skill and judgment to select and arrange a work of marked literary ability, giving a very complete and generally accurate account, not only of the existing condition, but of the main features of the history of the country, with numerous and elaborate maps and charts. The book was written in French, and published by order of the French government at Paris, in 1844. It was entitled "Exploration du Territoire de l'Oregon, des Californies, et de la Mer Vermeille, executeé pendant les anneês 1840, 1841, et 1842. Exploration of the Territory of the Oregon, of the Californias, and of the Vermilion Sea, executed during the years 1840, 1841, and 1842."

It would be difficult to find a more complete account of any comparatively unknown country, made out by order of a foreign government, and containing more varied and valuable information in relation to it, than this work of Duflot de Mofras. It was intended to place France in possession of all that was then known about the northwest coast of America ; and it did so most thoroughly. It was not designed as a history; but still it gave more historical information than any other work of the time. The geography, the geology, the topography, the botany and natural history, the meteorology, the agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, the business done and amusements pursued, the work of the missionaries and the results of secularization, the Indians and their manners, habits, character, and condition, and, in fact, nearly everything that anybody had known or knew about the region, was treated of in plain, clear, and forcible language. Considering the circumstances under which the book was written, and the time in which it was completed, together with its general accuracy and reliability, it may well be called a work of ability, creditable alike to its author and to the government under whose auspices it was published.

Two other works relating to California, of considerable, though not of equal merit or value, were produced about the same time by authors who did not reside or gather their information in the country. The first of these was "California: A History of Upper and Lower California," by Alexander Forbes, an English merchant of Tepic, Sonora. His book was finished in 1835, and sent to England, where it was published in 1839. It was, with the exception of the accounts contained in the voyages of navigators, the first original work upon the subject in English. Its chief object was to call the attention of the people of Great Britain to the Californias, and the feasibility of their acquisition by the British crown.

The second work referred to was "The History of Oregon and California," by Robert Greenhow, translator and librarian to the department of State at Washington. It grew out of a "Memoir, Historical and Political, on the Northwest Coasts of North America and the Adjacent Territories" by the same author, published by order of the United States senate in 1840, and was designed chiefly to throw light on the controversy between the United States and Great Britain in reference to the northwest boundary. It contained a very full account of all the voyages and expeditions to the northwest coast from the time of Cortes down to 1844, in which year it was published. Of the interior history of California, neither Forbes nor Greenhow attempted to give any except very meager information.

Such were the principal books specially relating to California, that were produced from the beginning of the century down to the American occupation. They may be said to have formed a group, all written or published while Alvarado was governor; and it is, therefore, not improper that they should be mentioned in connection with his administration. It had been a comparatively long period since the old books of Venegas, Baegert, and Palou, the pioneers of California literature, appeared; and it was a considerable time afterwards—short in the number of years, but long in the march and progress of events—before the writers of the American occupation commenced their multitudinous labors.

Had all been accomplished for education in California that was desired and attempted by Alvarado, there might have been books of value by native writers of the old stock. In addition to the mission schools for neophytes, there had been from very early times primary schools for white children at the presidios and pueblos. But these schools were usually taught by superannuated soldiers, who had picked up only a smattering of learning in their younger days and knew little except how to maintain discipline. In Figueroa's time, teachers of somewhat more ability were appointed; and a normal school was established. But Alvarado carried the system much further; devoted a great deal of attention to the subject, and gave it all the encouragement he was able. He himself established a new school at Monterey, with teachers whom he caused to be brought for the purpose from Mexico; and, besides the rudimentary branches of reading, writing, and arithmetic, he directed instruction to be given in type-setting and printing. In 1842 he ordered a sum of money to be appropriated for medals to the most proficient scholars of the normal school.

The first printing press and types in California appear to have been brought up from Mexico during Figueroa's time, in 1834. On November 1st of that year, an invitation to a ball, given in honor of the directors of colonization, was issued at Monterey, and seems to have been the first thing printed in the country. From that time forward, various short official documents appeared in print. In 1839 there was what was called the government printing-office at Sonoma, which was afterwards, about 1842, established at Monterey. It was used exclusively for government purposes.

The condition of the secularized missions, at the time Alvarado became governor, was by no means satisfactory, nor did it improve during the discord of the early part of his administration. But on January 17, 1839, almost immediately after the strife was over, and he had been formally recognized by the supreme government as governor, he issued a very important order in relation to them. In view of the fact, he said, that no proper regulations for the government of the administrators of the missions had been published; and as these officers, authorized as they were to dispose of the property under their charge, did not seem to understand the degree of dependence they owed to the political government; and as the departmental junta was not in session to take the steps necessary under the circumstances but it was at the same time plain that the secularization of the missions could not successfully proceed as it was then going on, he would, therefore, in the name and as the act of the government, prescribe a series of provisional regulations, with which the administrators would be required to comply until further order.

In the first place, every person who had acted as an administrator of a mission, should immediately, if he had not already done so, present a full report of his administration; and every person at that time acting as administrator should present his report for the entire period he had been in office, up to the end of December, 1838, together with an exact account of all the debts due from or to his mission. In the next place, no sale should thenceforth be made, and no debt contracted, without the previous knowledge of the government; and any attempted sale made, or debt contracted, in contravention of this provision, should be null and void. No debts to merchants or private persons should be paid without express permission of government; nor without like permission should any cattle be slaughtered, except such as might be necessary for the support of the Indians, and ordinary current consumption. The traffic in horses and mules for woolen goods, which had hitherto been carried on at the various establishments, should absolutely and entirely cease; and those in charge should see that the mission looms were again placed in operation, so that the requirements of the Indians might be thus supplied. Monthly statements of the ingress and egress of all kinds of produce storehoused or distributed should be furnished. The administrators should proceed at once to construct a building at each establishment for their own use and habitation, and vacate those they then occupied; and they should not permit any white person to settle at any establishment while the Indians remained in community. They should furnish censuses, distinguishing classes, sexes, and ages, and noting those who had been emancipated and established on mission lands. They should also furnish lists of all employees, with their wages, so that each establishment might be regulated according to its means; and it was to be distinctly understood that thenceforth no salaries were to be paid in cattle or domestic animals.

These regulations were to apply in all cases, except San Carlos, San Juan Bautista, and Sonoma, which were to be specially provided for; but former administrators of these establishments were to present their reports in the same manner as others. Alvarado also gave notice that he would continue to make such further regulations as might be deemed necessary, and particularly in reference to police matters, and the methods to be observed in making out accounts. And in conclusion he gave further notice that for the examination of accounts, and everything relating thereto, he would appoint a "visitador" or inspector, with a competent salary to be paid out of the funds of the establishments, who was to maintain an office at such point as might be directed and be governed by such instructions as would in due time be furnished.

In March following, Alvarado appointed William E. P. Hartnell, the English merchant of Monterey, who, as will be recollected, had been a resident of the country since 1822, and naturalized in 1830, and was an accomplished accountant as well as a linguist, "visitador-general" of missions, and in April issued a series of instructions to him. In accordance with these instructions, Hartnell proceeded immediately to make what he called his first visit. He went to each of the ex-missions from San Diego to San Fernando, commencing at the former, and gave an exact and very circumstantial account of each of them, with complete inventories of all the property of every kind still remaining, and a note of every matter of interest which he was able to glean in reference to the manner in which they had been administered. His report was a melancholy one. It was pitiable, he said, to see the destruction and misery, and hear the complaints of the Indians. At San Diego they clamored loudly against the administrator, Ortega. At the Indian pueblo of San Dieguito they complained that Juan Osuna, the alcalde of San Diego, had driven them away from their cultivable fields, and left them only lands so impregnated with nitre that it was impossible to maintain themselves. At San Juan Capistrano they clamored against the administrator, Santiago Arguello; but, on investigation, Hartnell was satisfied that the complaints were unjust, and that the trouble had been fomented by a few dissatisfied whites and rebellious Indians, whom it would be well, he said, to remove. At San Fernando they complained bitterly that the rancho of San Francisco had been taken away from them and granted to Antonio Del Valle: their bitterness was, in fact, so violent, that Del Valle was afraid to trust himself and family on the ranch. An idea of the confusion in which affairs were found could be gained from the circumstance that Juan Perez, the administrator, was unable to read or write, and that Madariaga, the person he employed for that purpose, was entirely unworthy of confidence.

Hartnell found difficulty in accomplishing anything of value for the Indians. The mission establishments were already substantially ruined. Most of the Indians were gone. At San Diego there were only two hundred and seventy-four; at San Luis Rey perhaps about five hundred; at San Juan Capistrano not above eighty; at San Gabriel three hundred and sixty-nine; and at San Fernando four hundred and sixteen: in other words, not more than about one-eighth the number there had been in 1833. The miserable condition to which they were reduced induced most of those who remained to think of deserting and flying to the mountains; and many of those of San Luis Rey did so. But it was plainly the earnest desire of the government to prevent their dispersion, to recall the fugitives, and, eitheir by transforming them into citizens capable of supporting themselves, or reorganizing them into communities, to ameliorate their condition. This was the ulterior object of Hartnell's appointment, and orders were given to the prefect of the district to render such assistance as might be necessary.

Before passing northward from San Fernando, Hartnell authorized Juan Bandini, the administrator of San Gabriel, to expend two thousand dollars for the purpose of clothing the Indians of that place; and to feed them he directed the killing of cattle, as he also did at several other missions. He then proceeded to Santa Barbara. In a very short time after arriving there he received a hasty note from Father Narciso Duran, of the neighboring mission, to the effect that the administrator, Francisco Cota, had just made an attack, so violent that it might be pronounced demoniac, upon a couple of Indians, who had fled to him for protection; that he did not know any cause for the assault, except that the Indians had complained of the conduct of the administrator, and that Hartnell's immediate presence with a few soldiers was absolutely necessary to preserve order. After providing for soldiers in case of necessity, Hartnell proceeded to the mission alone, and at the end of a brief investigation, in the course of which he was treated with great indignity by the angry administrator, he suspended him from office. Upon subsequently examining Cota's accounts, he found them in inextricable confusion, and reported the most scandalous neglect, which he believed to be the result, if not of bad faith, of the grossest stupidity. At Santa Inez there were not Indians enough to brand the cattle; most of them had run away, and those that remained had not been clothed for two years.

In August, Hartnell went to the ex-mission of San José, and found it in quite as bad a condition as those of the south. There were about five hundred and eighty-nine Indians remaining, or about one-fourth the number that had been there six years before. They complained bitterly of their treatment by José Jesus de Vallejo, the administrator. They said they were sometimes torn violently from their houses, thrown on the ground, kicked and stamped upon, and sometimes flogged to the extent of a hundred lashes. These lashes, they complained, were very different from those inflicted by the missionaries in former times, which were more like those of a father to his children. They also said they were only half fed, and so badly clothed that many of the women could not show themselves on account of their nakedness; and they charged that the administrator had carted away large quantities of clothing from the mission to his ranch, and that he speculated for his own advantage in what remained. But notwithstanding these charges, which he found to a great extent well founded, Hartnell was of opinion that the government could not find an administrator of greater activity and business knowledge than Vallejo; and he therefore drew up a series of instructions to be strictly complied with for the future, and recommended that no change should be made in the office. By these instructions, the administrator was directed to see that the Indians should attend church, as before secularization, and that the priests should have authority to punish them for staying away, as of old; he was not to permit any labor on Sundays and feast days; he was not to inflict more than twenty-five lashes, and in no case to punish for complaints made to the government; he was to make no purchases or sales, and not to speculate for his own advantage without express permission; he was, in connection with the priest, to prevent the Indians from holding their degrading and superstitious nocturnal dances; and he was to keep a diary of events relating to the affairs of the establishment, and furnish monthly abstracts of it.

It soon became plain, however, that to apply anything like an adequate remedy to the abuses of the administrators, the offices themselves, with their high salaries, would have to be destroyed. Alvarado, having convinced himself of this fact, did not hesitate. On March 1st, 1840, he issued a new series of regulations, with the very first of which he abolished the office of administrator altogether, and provided for that of major-domo in its place. The great discretionary powers vested in the administrators were done away with. The major-domos were to be mere servants, and to receive small annual salaries—the smallest, those of San Diego and San Juan Capistrano, being one hundred and eighty dollars each, and the largest, that of San José, six hundred dollars. They were to take care of the property of the ex-missions; compel the Indians to assist in community labors; aid the priests in watching over their morals; keep and remit accounts of products; act as stewards of the priests, and provide for them on their accustomed visits; attend to the distribution of goods to the Indians; provide, on the orders of government, for military, and other persons traveling on public service; act as hosts to persons traveling on private business, charging for entertainment a reasonable amount proportioned to their means; preserve order; and generally comply with all orders of the visitador and the government. They were not to make any purchases or sales, or hire out any Indians, or slaughter any cattle, except the regular slaughterings ordered by the visitador, without the express previous permission of the government. They and their families were to have free quarters and provisions; and, after one year of faithful service, they were to be entitled, under certain restrictions, to have some help from the Indians in their own private labors.

The office of "visitador-general" was continued, with Hartnell as incumbent, at an annual salary of three thousand dollars. He was to make all contracts with foreign vessels and private persons, for the benefit of the establishments. He was to provide these with the necessary goods and supplies; draw bills for the payment of debts; conduct all correspondence between the government and subordinate officers connected with the ex-missions; recommend major-domos and other employees, and pay their salaries; determine upon such regular and extraordinary slaughterings of cattle as might be necessary; and make such regulations of his office, and suggest such improvements in the general management of his department, as he might deem proper. Notice was given at the same time, that all persons having claims against any of the establishments should present them to the visitador; that the government would listen to any complaints of abuses, and endeavor to apply proper remedies; that specific provision would be made for the maintenance of public worship and the support of the priests, who, until major-domos should be appointed, were to take charge of their respective establishments; and that all former rules and orders in conflict with the new ones were repealed and annulled. These new regulations were to apply in all cases, except San Carlos, San Juan Bautista, Santa Cruz, Soledad, and San Francisco Solano, which were to continue under the immediate control of the government.

Upon the publication of the new system, Hartnell addressed a letter to Father José Maria de Jesus Gonzales, president of the northern missions, desiring to know whether he and the clergy under his jurisdiction were disposed to acquiesce in the new arrangement, and would coöperate with the government in carrying it into effect. Gonzales answered that he was in most cordial accord with the views expressed by the governor, and that he and his ecclesiastic brethren would do everything they could to accomplish the laudable purposes of the government. Hartnell thereupon, in accordance with the regulations, nominated major-domos for San José and Santa Clara, and commenced casting about for suitable persons to fill like offices at San Francisco and San Rafael.

In reference to San Rafael, however, a difficulty was immediately experienced with Vallejo, the comandante-militar at the neighborhood post of Sonoma. He had assumed to take the management of the affairs, and particularly the property of the establishment into his own hands, and objected strenuously to any interference on the part of the government and the visitador-general. On account of his objections, Hartnell at first declined to take any steps in reference to the subject, and asked further instructions; but, upon being expressly directed to act with San Rafael as with any other ex-mission under his jurisdiction, he immediately proceeded to that place, and had a long conference with the Indians. They said they did not wish to remain at the mission; claimed that there were not enough of them to carry on labor; complained that they had already been deprived of their lands; and demanded their liberty and the distribution amongst them of the remaining property, as, they asserted, had been promised them by the comandante. Being asked whom they would obey—the government or the comandante—they replied that they had never opposed, and did not wish to oppose, the government; but at the same time, they did not wish to incur the ill-will of the comandante.

Under the circumstances, Hartnell deemed it prudent, before proceeding further, to have a personal consultation with Alvarado and accordingly left San Rafael, and returned to Yerba Buena, with the intention of going on to Monterey. But as his boat approached the landing place at Yerba Buena, Vallejo, who had been apprised of his visit and was waiting for him with a launch filled with soldiers, ordered him on board the launch and carried him as a prisoner back to San Rafael. The latter asked an explanation, but Vallejo answered there would be time enough for explanations afterwards. At the Read ranch, some six or eight miles from San Rafael, Vallejo disembarked, and proceeded by land, while the launch with Hartnell on board took all night to reach its destination. The next day, upon his arrival, Hartnell was ordered into Vallejo's presence, and informed that he was at liberty to speak. He answered by asking why he had been made a prisoner and treated in the manner he had been. Vallejo replied that he had had no business to go to San Rafael and interfere with its affairs. Whether satisfied or not with this explanation, Hartnell appears to have made no special complaint, but proceeded to discuss terms of accommodation. It was finally agreed that he was to recommend that the San Rafael Indians, of whom there were less than two hundred, should be given their liberty; that one-third part of the cattle, with a few horses and mares, should be distributed amongst them, and that the other property should be devoted to the payment of debts and the maintenance of religious service at the church. This being agreed upon, a boat was placed at Hartnell's disposal, and he returned to Yerba Buena.

Towards the end of May, 1840, Hartnell made a report upon the condition of affairs under the new system at the missions of San Francisco, Santa Clara, and San José. At San Francisco, Tiburcio Vasquez was major-domo, and Francisco de Haro clerk, at a monthly salary of ten dollars each. There were only nine or ten Indian men capable of labor at the mission: all the others were employed in the service of private persons, and many of them against their will. In other words, they were held as slaves, and not as voluntary servants, as the government contemplated in giving license for their employment. At Santa Clara the major-domo was Ignacio Alviso, and the Indians there were satisfied. At San José affairs were also promising under the major-domo, José Maria Amador.

In July, Hartnell proceeded again to the south, and made what he called his second visit. At San Luis Rey he experienced difficulties somewhat similar to those encountered at San Rafael. He appointed José Antonio Estudillo major-domo, but Pio Pico, the former administrator, and Andres Pico, his brother, who was acting under his instructions, refused to deliver up possession, and assumed to manage the establishment and its dependencies of Pala and Temecula, very much as they pleased. The condition of the Indians was pitiable, and particularly so at Pala. All they had to clothe themselves with were rags. The women, especially, who were compelled to resort to tulé aprons, complained that they had devoted their whole lives to the service of the mission, and their only recompense was barely enough food to support life, nakedness, and a heritage of misery. All were violently opposed to the administration of the Picos, and charged them with all manner of oppression. At San Juan Capistrano, Hartnell appointed Ramon Arguello major-domo; but the Indians complained of all the Arguellos; and it was finally deemed prudent to remove him, and appoint Agustin Jansens in his place. At San Gabriel there were complaints against Juan Bandini, the ex-administrator; but that person appeared before Hartnell and satisfactorily explained his conduct; and the establishment was harmoniously turned over to the care of Juan Perez, as major-domo. Meanwhile, the Picos had resorted to various strategems to avoid relinquishing their hold on San Luis Rey, and Hartnell had at length applied to the prefect for the necessary force to compel them to obey the orders of the government. This movement had its desired effect, and Estudillo was finally placed in possession.

During these last visits, there was much said about giving the Indians at several of the ex-missions their liberty, and organizing them into regular Indian pueblos, as had been contemplated by the original acts of secularization. The small number and miserable condition of the Indians at San Francisco, for example, induced Hartnell to recommend that they should be collected together at San Mateo, and formed into a pueblo at that place; at San Juan Capistrano, a somewhat similar proposition for the establishment of a pueblo was made by the Indians themselves: and, if Hartnell had continued in office, it is likely something would have been done for the San Francisco Indians, as was afterwards actually done, or attempted to be done, at San Juan Capistrano. But the many difficulties he experienced in attempting to regulate the disorders everywhere existing, rendered his office extremely distasteful to him. Besides the unpleasant rencounters with Vallejo and the Picos, he in August, 1840, met with a rebuff from the government itself, in relation to the appointment of a major-domo for San Fernando. This thoroughly disgusted him. On September 7th, 1840, he resigned. The resignation was accepted, and the Secretary of State directed to look after the affairs of the vacated office.

One of the great difficulties continually experienced in all attempts to regulate the mission establishments, was their anomalous position in point of law. The mission system had been abolished; the missions themselves had been declared secularized, and in repeated instances the establishments were already called, and in some respects treated as, Indian pueblos. But, on the other hand, they were not pueblos, properly speaking. They had no existence as organized municipalities. Their real condition may perhaps be best explained by saying that their control and internal management had merely passed from the hands of the missionaries into those of the political government. Though ex-missions in law, they were still treated by the government as missions in fact. The Indians were still regarded as held in tutelage, but in tutelage under the civil instead of the ecclesiastical authorities. It was upon the ground that San Rafael was a pueblo, and not a mission, that Vallejo attempted to justify his opposition to Hartnell, though his claim was not admitted. So, although the establishment at Dolores was sometimes spoken of as a pueblo, it was not, properly speaking, a pueblo, but an ex-mission. In 1839, José Castro, the prefect, at the solicitation of the inhabitants, made an application to the government for the organization of a pueblo; and the government did, as a matter of fact, authorize the granting of building lots; but there was no authoritative organization or recognition of the place as a pueblo, in the sense in which either San José, or Los Angeles, or the Indian Las Flores, San Pasqual, and San Dieguito, were pueblos.

The only one of the ex-missions that was regularly erected into an Indian pueblo was San Juan Capistrano. This was effected in accordance with a series of regulations issued by Alvarado on July 29, 1841. They provided that the Indian population should be organized into a municipality; that distributions of house-lots, cultivable fields, cattle, agricultural implements, and other property, should be made, and a regular system of municipal government established. There were various provisions designed to protect the Indians against the whites, and to insure their equal rights; and, if either Indians or whites abandoned the lands granted to them for a year, there was to be a forfeiture of such lands, which might then be granted by the municipality to other persons. To carry into practical operation the plan thus formed, Juan Bandini was appointed commissioner, and in September he proceeded to the spot. Finding the Indians very much divided in opinion, some being in favor of the new pueblo and some in favor of remaining under the mission system, and wishing to ascertain the strength of the respective parties, he divided them into two separate companies, and found that those in favor of the pueblo were seventy, while those in favor of the mission were only thirty, chiefly women and very old men. He spoke to the latter, representing the desire of the government that they should be entirely free from tutelage, so as to enjoy for themselves the entire product of their own labors; and in a short time several of the minority crossed over and swelled the numbers of the majority. He then, in the presence of them all and in the name of the government, proclaimed that what had theretofore been the mission had become, and thereby became, the pueblo of San Juan Capistrano; and from that date the new pueblo commenced a sickly kind of existence. In a short time afterwards Bandini resigned. In the returns made two years later, it appeared that of about one hundred and fifty persons to whom lots had been distributed, sixty-four, including forty-six Indians and all the whites, had forfeited their grants.

After the plan of secularization had been adopted in 1834, by the terms of which among other things the ecclesiastical jurisdictions of the missions were to be changed into curacies and the missionaries to be replaced with curates, it was thought desirable to erect the two Californias, which had hitherto been dependent ecclesiastically upon Sonora, into a separate bishopric. The subject having been brought to the attention of the Mexican congress, that body, on September 19, 1836, decreed that in case such a bishopric were created, the bishop, whom it reserved the right to confirm, should receive a salary of six thousand dollars, and that the pious fund of the Californias should be placed under his care and charge. During the troubles which followed, no further step appears to have been taken in relation to the subject; but on June 22, 1839, about the same time that Alvarado was appointed constitutional governor, a new diocese was created of the Californias, and Father Francisco Garcia Diego, who had first come to the country with Figueroa, in 1833, from the convent of Guadalupe de Zacatecas, was appointed bishop. He took the constitutional oath of office at the hands of the President of the Republic in the city of Mexico, on September 19, 1840, and towards the end of the next year, returning to California, arrived at San Diego on December 11, 1841.

The news of the bishop's arrival was received with the most enthusiastic expressions of joy, especially at Santa Barbara, where he proposed to reside. He reached that place on January 11, 1842, and was welcomed by the entire population. Triumphal arches had been prepared; the troops were called out; and a carriage of state was in waiting at the beach. When he disembarked, and had blessed the multitude, a procession was formed, and, as it moved, the great guns of the presidio thundered forth and were answered in glad acclaim by those of the bark "Guipuzcoana" in the roadstead. As the procession went on towards the mission, the people grew wilder and wilder in their enthusiasm; they took the horses from the carriage and dragged it along themselves. The bishop himself partook of the general excitement. Halting at a small house on the wayside, he alighted, went in, and put on his pontifical robes; and then, resuming his seat, he was carried like a conqueror in triumph to the church, which was to be the seat of his episcopal see.

Almost immediately upon his arrival, the bishop commenced the exercise of his functions, and, among others, those of an ecclesiastical judge. His first case was what the French call a *cause celebre.* Casilda Sepúlveda, daughter of Enrique Sepúlveda of Los Angeles, complained that she had been married to Antonio Teodoro Truxillo against her will, and asked for a decree annulling the marriage. The facts appeared to be that her father had violently assumed to dispose of her hand without her own consent, and, in fact, against her open and express protestations. Being a lady of spirit, she refused to submit, declined to recognize Truxillo as her husband, and appealed to the bishop. The novel character of the complaint, and the prominence in social life of the parties, rendered the case one of extraordinary interest to the Californians of those times. Father Narciso Duran was appointed theological counsel; a great deal of testimony was taken, and finally, after submitting the cause to the arbitrament of God, as was substantially said, the bishop pronounced the marriage null and void. The father was, at the same time, directed by the bishop's sentence to thenceforth treat his daughter with love and kindness, and draw a veil over the past; and he was threatened with severe punishment if he acted otherwise. But neither was Casilda willing to return to her father's roof, nor was her father willing to receive or any longer recognize her as his daughter. Whether it was that the interference of the bishop roused animosities that could not be allayed, or whether it was merely because the same hot blood animated one that animated the other, it is certain that the father and daughter were never reconciled. On the contrary, the quarrel between them appears to have grown more and more bitter, and to have led to several other violent and scandalous quarrels—one between Enrique and his wife, and one between Enrique and the judges of Los Angeles, acting in assistance to the ecclesiastical court. It was an unfortunate business all around.

The bishop entertained grand projects of improvement. He undertook to erect at Santa Barbara a cathedral, an episcopal palace, a monastery, and a theological school. Plans were drawn, and large piles of stone heaped up in various places to be used in the foundations of the new buildings. The people, upon being called on, contributed towards the cost; but the chief reliance for resources was upon the pious fund of the Californias, which, as will be recollected, the Mexican congress in 1836 had ordered to be turned over to the care and management of whoever should be appointed bishop. In February, 1842, however, Santa Anna, who in the political discords of the period had again been lifted to the presidency of the republic, refused to recognize the bishop's right; transferred the administration of the fund, then supposed to amount in value to two million dollars, to one of his subordinate officers, and soon afterwards ordered all the property of which it consisted to be sold in a mass, and the proceeds to be paid into the national treasury. This confiscation deprived the bishop of his strength, and put an end to his projects. It was a long time, on account of disarrangement of the mails, before definite information of these facts reached California; but when they became known, the work at Santa Barbara stopped; and the stone heaps remained stone heaps, and nothing more.

There was a very great difference between the bishop and the government, in respect to the promptitude with which they organized their respective courts and assumed judicial jurisdiction. The bishop, as has been seen, made no delay, but at once intervened as an ecclesiastical judge in the most important relations of civil society. The government, on the other hand, experienced the greatest difficulty in organizing its superior tribunal of justice, or anything above the inferior tribunals known as courts of first instance, which were usually held by alcaldes or justices of the peace. In 1839 Alvarado had particularly urged upon the attention of the departmental junta the importance of organizing a superior court; and, in accordance with his recommendations, four judges and a fiscal or attorney-general, had been appointed; but several of the judges and the fiscal declined to act; and for a year or two nothing further was done. On April 1, 1841, in a proclamation relating to a horrible murder which had been committed in the previous January, upon the person of Nicholas Fink, a German merchant of Los Angeles, Alvarado again called attention to the subject. He said that the murderers had been tried in the court of first instance, convicted, and sentenced to death, and that the sentence had been remitted to the capital of the republic for approval; but that the delays occasioned by this circuitous mode of proceeding, and particularly in view of the anarchical state of affairs at Mexico, were intolerable. There might have been a remedy, he continued, if the superior tribunal had organized, but it had not, and the departmental junta could not at that time be legally convened to fill up the vacancies; and, under the circumstances, he was of opinion that the judges of first instance should, until the superior tribunal could be regularly installed, be authorized to execute even capital sentences.

Within less than a month after this proclamation, another brutal murder was committed upon the person of an Englishman named Anthony Campbell, near Santa Clara. There being no British vessel then on the coast, complaint was made to Captain Forrest, of the United States sloop-of-war St. Louis, then at Monterey; and he at once addressed a note to Alvarado, calling his attention to the subject, and asking that an investigation might be made and justice done. A few months afterwards a somewhat similar letter was received from Duflot de Mofras, of the French scientific expedition then on the coast, complaining of the murder, in 1840, of a Frenchman, named Pierre Duboise, at Sonoma, and also asking for the prosecution of the murderer. About the same time news came from Todos Santos in Lower California, that José Antonio Garraleta, the comandante at that point, had been stabbed to death by Juanita Gastelum, though it appeared from the accounts that the girl had inflicted the mortal blow to save her mother from a threatened assault, and was entirely justified. These repeated reminders of the necessity of effective measures to stem the course of crime, together with the governor's plainly expressed opinions, finally led to an extraordinary session of the departmental junta, for the purpose of filling the vacancies in the superior tribunal of justice and putting that court into working order. The junta met on May 31, 1842, and elected Manuel Castañares fiscal in the place of Juan Bandini, with José Maria Castañares as substitute, and Eugenio Montenegro, Joaquin Gomez, Tiburcio Tapia, and Juan Anzar, substitute members of the court, to fill vacancies that had occurred or might occur. The tribunal organized and did some work; but it cannot be said to have distinguished itself either for learning, diligence, or effectiveness. None of the judges were lawyers, nor were there lawyers in the country. Between 1827 and 1831 there were only two, and when they died there was none. At the end of 1839 there was but a single one.

As governor of Lower California Alvarado did, and could do, but little. Affairs there, ever since the erection of the Department of the Californias under the constitution of 1836, which joined it to Alta California, had been in a very unruly and unsatisfactory state. In 1839, soon after Alvarado was appointed constitutional governor of the department, he suggested to the Mexican president the propriety and importance of making a personal tour of inspection to the various populated points of Lower California, as well as to those of Alta California, for the purpose of reconciling conflicting interests, restoring tranquillity, and regulating the government. But the central authorities, probably deeming Lower California of little account, replied that he should confine his visits to Alta California. At that time Luis del Castillo Negrete, who succeeded Fernando de Toba, in 1837, was acting in the capacity of political chief of Lower California. In 1840, when Alvarado, as governor, issued a decree in relation to the disposition of the property of those mission establishments where there no longer existed any community of neophytes, Castillo Negrete attempted to execute it within his jurisdiction, but the attempt evoked a determined opposition on the part of the missionaries. In a short time the quarrel assumed a bellicose character. Francisco Padilla put himself at the head of the malcontents; marched with a small body of troops against Castillo Negrete at Todos Santos; assaulted and took the place, and on July 10, 1842, compelled Negrete to deliver up the political command. The great distance of the seat of disturbance from Monterey, and the arid, mountainous, and almost impassable character of the country for hundreds of miles south of San Diego, not only prevented Alvarado from taking any part in the controversy but even from ascertaining anything definite about its existence. All he knew, as he wrote to Mexico in June, 1842, was that Lower California, though an integral part of the department, and in law politically dependent upon Alta California, was, as a matter of fact, practically independent of it.

It was in Alvarado's time, and about March, 1842, that gold was first discovered in Alta California. It is true that among the various reports of Drake's voyage, there is one which, in speaking of his landing at New Albion, in 1578, says that "there is no part of earth to be here taken up, wherein there is not a reasonable quantity of gold or silver." But it seems probable that this statement was an interpolation. Whether so or not, it is very certain that Drake saw neither gold nor silver on the coast. There is no pretence that he did in a very minute and circumstantial narrative, entitled "World Encompassed," by his chaplain, Francis Fletcher, who would hardly have omitted a matter of so much importance, if known; nor is there any reference to gold or silver in any of the narratives of the sailors appended to and published with the "World Encompassed." For these reasons, and on account also of the very general, indefinite, and interjectional character of the statement itself, it must be rejected as a fabrication. It is further true, that there were reports that Captain Jedediah S. Smith, the first American who arrived in California overland, found gold in the Sierra Nevada mountains about the year 1826; but his discovery, if it were true, took place on the eastern side of the Sierra, and not within what is now known as California. But in 1841, Andres Castillero, the same person who afterwards discovered the New Almaden quicksilver mine in Santa Clara county, while traveling from Los Angeles to Monterey, found near the Santa Clara river a number of water-worn pebbles, which he gathered up and carried with him to Santa Barbara. He there exhibited them, said they were a peculiar species of iron pyrites, and declared that, according to Mexican miners, wherever they were found, there was a likelihood of gold being also found. A ranchero, named Francisco Lopez, who was living on Piru creek, a branch of the Santa Clara river, but happened at the time to be at Santa Barbara, heard Castillero's statement and examined his specimens. Some months afterwards, having returned home, he went out on a search for strayed cattle. At noon, when he dismounted from his horse for the purpose of resting, he observed a few wild onions growing near where he lay. He pulled them up, and in doing so noticed the same kind of pebbles as those to which Castillero had called his attention. Remembering what Castillero had said about them, he took up a handful of earth, and, upon carefully examining it, discovered gold.

The news of the discovery, the exact location of which was a place called San Francisquito, about thirty-five miles northeast of Los Angeles, soon spread; and in a few weeks a great many persons were engaged in washing and winnowing the sands and earth in search of gold. The auriferous fields were found to extend from a point on the Santa Clara river, about fifteen or twenty miles above its mouth, over all the country drained by its upper waters, and thence easterly to Mount San Bernardino. On May 14, 1842, Alvarado wrote to the prefect of the district, reproving him for not having given official notice of the discovery, and directing him to gather and forward an account of all circumstances of interest relating to the gold for transmission to the supreme government. From that time to this day, there has been more or less working of these mines; but no places of very great richness have been found, and none to compare with those afterwards discovered on the tributaries of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Taking the whole country together, however, from the Santa Clara river to Mount San Bernardino, a very considerable quantity of gold has been extracted. During the first year, though the methods of working were exceedingly rude, it is said that Lopez and a partner, named Charles Barec, with a company of Sonorians, took out about eight thousand dollars. In November, 1842, a package of about eighteen ounces of the gold was sent by Abel Stearns to the United States mint at Philadelphia; and, upon assay, it was found to be worth a little over three hundred and forty-four dollars.

In person, Alvarado was a fine looking, well-proportioned man. In an old military document, made at Loreto in 1797, his father, José Francisco Alvarado, then twenty years of age, was described as a little over five feet one inch in height, hair chestnut, eyes gray, color white, nose sharp and inclined to aquiline, face without beard or scar; and this description, increasing the height a few inches and darkening the hair and eyes, would apply also to the son. He was strong, active, and athletic. In 1839, while governor, at the age of thirty, he married Martina, daughter of Francisco Maria Castro, of San Pablo. It was a marriage by proxy, Alvarado being at the time in Santa Clara, while the bride was at home. Soon after the ceremony she was conducted by her brothers to her husband's house at Monterey, and the pair continued to live there until 1848, when they removed to San Pablo. Their eldest children were "born in the purple" at Monterey.

Notwithstanding his good constitution and excellent general health, Alvarado, in September, 1841, had a severe attack of illness, and found himself obliged to retire for a number of months from the cares of office. He accordingly devolved the government temporarily upon Manuel Jimeno Casarin, the "primer vocal" of the departmental junta. But on January 1, 1842, having recovered his health, he again resumed his position as head of affairs. Meanwhile, his representations to the supreme government at Mexico of the defenseless condition of California, the great number of Americans that were commencing to pour in, and the danger of the country's experiencing the fate of Texas, induced Santa Anna, then again in possession of power, to appoint a new governor in the person of a general of brigade in the Mexican army named José Manuel Micheltorena, who had been with him in the Texan campaign. On September 24, 1842, upon hearing of Micheltorena's arrival at San Diego, Alvarado issued a proclamation to the people of the department, announcing that he had asked to be relieved from office, and congratulating them upon the appointment of a successor so well spoken of for military ability and nobility of character.

On December 20, 1842, before Micheltorena arrived at Monterey to take possession of his office, Alvarado having another attack of illness, he again devolved the government upon Jimeno Casarin for delivery to his successor, and finally withdrew. His administration had lasted from December 20, 1836, when he took the oath as revolutionary governor of the free and sovereign State of Alta California, until his resignation as constitutional governor of the Department of the Californias, a period of exactly six years.

Theodore H. Hittell.

FULFILLMENT.

All the skies had gloomed in gray,
Many a week, day after day.
Nothing came the blank to fill,
Nothing stirred the stagnant will.
Winds were raw; buds would not swell:
Some malign and sullen spell
Soured the currents of the year,
And filled the heart with lurking fear.

In his room he moped and glowered,
Where the leaden daylight lowered;
Drummed the casement, turned his book,
Hating nature's hostile look.

Suddenly there came a day
When he flung his gloom away.
Something hinted help was near:
Winds were fresh and sky was clear;
Light he stepped, and firmly planned,—
Some good news was close at hand.

Truly: for when day was done,
He was lying all alone,
Fretted pulse had ceased to beat,
Very still were hands and feet,
And the robins through the long
Twilight sang his slumber song.

E. R. Sill.

ZEGARRA: A TALE OF THE SCOTCH OCCUPATION OF DARIEN.

I.

"THIS Darien scheme of M. De Lesseps," said Colin Fletcher, "is neither new nor wise; though that is little to discredit it, for novelty and wisdom are somewhat at a discount now-a-days, and therein we imitate the example of our ancestors."

"Timothy sows, the other chap waters, and the middleman takes all the profit," was the comment of young Sparks, who came from the West, and made up in Granger enthusiasm what he lacked in Biblical lore.

"Yes," continued Fletcher, "from the time the Spaniard stood upon the heights of Panama, and turned his gaze from the stormy Atlantic to the great ocean that stretched to the shores of India and Far Cathay, down to the Paris hocus-pocus and proposed lottery to capture the populace, the cut across the Isthmus has been the dream of mariners, and the problem of engineers. And, by the way, an ancestor of my own was early in the field of Darien possession, and but for the collapse of the Paterson colony at Acta, I might have been a creole; and I might have been a girl."

"In these times," remarked Sparks, "any change would be for the better."

"Thank you," said Fletcher, "but your remark is foreign to the issue. I was about to propose a reference in the nature of reminiscences, to the part the Fletchers played in the early Darien scheme. I might have imparted some historical information, by the convenient channel of a story. You Grangers, however, seem to prefer depressing anticipation to instructive retrospection. I don't want to intrude, but—"

When a Fletcher begins in that vicious strain, there is a quarrel impending, and on this occasion it required our united placation and persuasion to clear the charged atmosphere. Even Sparks expressed a desire to hear the story his inflammable friend was bursting to tell.

"Well, then," said Fletcher, "here goes."

On the 26th of July, 1698, the inhabitants of Edinburgh flocked to the seaport of Leith to bid farewell and God-speed to the colony of twelve hundred men and six ships, which, under command of William Paterson, set sail that day for Darien. Paterson had been to America, and, being a sharp, shrewd man, was impressed with the importance of the Isthmus in a military, no less than a commercial sense. On his return to England, he vainly tried to interest the English merchants and government in a colonization scheme which had some flavor of conquest in it, but not enough to rouse martial ardor, or stimulate national cupidity. In the Low Countries he fared badly, while trying to induce the Dutch to seize the opportunity of dominating the commerce of the world. Disheartened and weary, he retraced his steps to Scotland, his native land, and, after many hardships, finally fell in with Fletcher of Saltoun, from whose family I am come.

That celebrated Scot was neighbor to Tweeddale, the marquis, and representative of Scotland at the English court,—for this was before the Act of Union, and while the English and Scotch were virtually two nations. The minister caught warmth and light from Fletcher of Saltoun, entered with vigor into Paterson's scheme for national aggrandizement, and procured from the English Parliament and King an act of incorporation and charter for the Darien colony. Hundreds of thousands of pounds were subscribed in Edinburgh, London, and La Hague; and though the Dutch and English merchants withdrew their subscriptions when, through court-craft, William III., the phlegmatic Orange King of England, was turned against the project, there was cash and vim enough in Scotia to keep the scheme afloat.

Twelve hundred men were called for; twelve thousand volunteered, and the men who sailed from Leith that day in 1698 were the pick of Scotland's bone and sinew, pluck and worth.

On the quay at Leith stood Elsie Maclean, and from the deck of the "Lomond," Paterson's own ship, Andrew Fletcher, nephew to him of Saltoun, waved her a farewell.

Save for the space of four years, which he had spent in the Spanish city of Cadiz as correspondent for his father's commercial house in Edinburgh, there had hardly elapsed a day, from her infancy up, that Elsie had not seen Andrew Fletcher. They had been in plighted troth for some months now, and but for this venture to the Spanish Main in far America, would have been married within a twelvemonth. His readiness in the Spanish tongue, and his mercantile connection with the traders of Spain and the Isthmus, made Fletcher a valuable acquisition to the venturesome band under the enthusiastic leadership of Paterson.

Midway between Portobello and Carthagena, near fifty leagues from either, at a place called Acta, now Port Escosas, in the mouth of the river Darien, there was a natural harbor, capable of receiving the greatest fleets, and defended from storms by islands. Above it was a promontory, on which might be erected defensive works. On the other side of the isthmus, and in the same tract of country, there were natural harbors equally capacious and well defended. The two regions were connected by a ridge of hills, which, by their height, created a temperate climate in the midst of the most sultry latitudes. And here, in this land, which seemed an Eden by contrast with hard-favored Caledonia, the adventurers landed, after a perilous voyage of two months.

They knew full well that they had to encounter the hostility of the Spaniards, jealous of intrusion into their El Dorado; but fear had so little control in the breasts of those hardy colonists, that in little bands, and not seldom alone, they penetrated the forests in all directions for game; followed the Darien river, or fished in its sluggish waters; or climbed the high land, to feast their eyes on the fairy landscape. The natives were friendly; in fact, they were intensely hostile to the Spaniards, and early learned to regard the Darien colonists as their friends. So, until they came to Swatee, eighteen miles away east of southerly, and Tubugantee, eight miles further on, their way was entirely free from molestation by the jealous Spaniard.

In these solitary expeditions young Andrew Fletcher exceeded all his comrades; and as he brought back little game, they concluded that he was roaming love-lorn, and mourning about Elsie Maclean, who, they knew, was waiting in Bishop-close for tidings of her Andy over the sea.

One morning in January, 1699, Fletcher approached the landward gate in the stockade which formed the primitive defense the new-comers had erected, when he was accosted by one evidently in authority with the demand: "Where are ye gaun sae soon i' the day, Andy Fletcher, an' for why d' ye no obey the wishes o' the Assembly anent the attendance at kirk?"

"Tush!" said Fletcher angrily. "'Tis enow to be coopit up sax hours on the Sabbawth, list'nin' to the clapper-clawing o' they three dreary expounders; but o' Weensday, too, an' the sun just peltin' on they guardhoose, fit to melt baith body an' heart o' the most obdurate—I tell 'ee, Campbell o' Finab, it's a folly."

"Ye're no to be the judge," replied Campbell, "the General Assembly an' Kirk o' Scotland charged they divines wi' oor spiritual care, an' if they direct that it will be twal' hours an' sax days i' th' week, we maun aye be content to listen to th' word."

"Liberty o' conscience, then, accordin' to Paterson an' the Kirk, is just the liberty to endure a' the preachin' the wakin' hours will permit?" queried Fletcher.

"Thot's as may be," replied Campbell, "but where are ye gaun?"

"Tubugantee towards."

"Is it for game ye go?" again asked Campbell.

"Aye—an' sic a game," muttered Fletcher to himself. Then turning his face to the gate, he called back over his shoulder to Campbell, "I'll be back on the morrow, before my watch is called." The sentry at the gate nodded him a "good-day," and Fletcher plunged into the tropical forest.

Now, traveling through a forest in New Granada, where the path that was trodden yesterday is all overgrown with mimosa and trailing vines today, and the fact of a path is resolved to a little less chopping and hewing with the heavy *machete* than when one encounters the unbroken tract, is a terrible task. Though he had started out before four o'clock, it was after twelve when he stopped just without the border of a glade between Swatee and Tubugantee, and seated himself to rest in the loop of a snake-like vine which swung between two gigantic trees. At the upper edge of the glade, which sloped toward the North where he stood, was a house that, in an architectural sense, was a vast improvement on the usual Isthmian hut, but which in our country and day would scarcely be considered a rival to a Maine lumberman's shanty. Yet in 1699, and on Darien, the residence of *El Capitan* Zegarra was ranked as a palace, and cited as a marvel.

José De Lopez Zegarra had been in supreme command at Portobello before the advent of Commander Carriljo, and his transfer to the distant miasma-infested district of Tubugantee almost cost Spain the services of a gallant officer. In his disappointment and resentment, he removed his family, consisting of Señora Zegarra, and their children, Inez and Eduardo, to his new command; and discovering the beautiful glade to the westward of the town, he took up his quarters there, leaving Lieutenant Eduardo in charge of the garrison. The intrusion of the Scotchmen between Tubugantee and Portobello cost him no uneasiness; it rather pleased him, for their implied antagonism and supposed desire to cut communication between the various Spanish posts afforded him excuse for not writing, and explanation in case he should be called to account for his remissness. So, since the first of October preceding, he had neither written to, nor received writing from the hand of, the hated Commander Carriljo.

Fletcher was dozing and nodding to a fall from his insecure perch. Under the vertical sun the forest was hushed; chattering monkey and paroquet, the myriads of gay-colored insects and humming-birds were silent; not even a serpent stirred the tendrils of the vines, or gleamed in the fronds of the palm.

Across the shining sward, braving the scorching rays, a slight girlish form, clad all in white, her face shaded by a broad-leafed hat, tripped rapidly from the hacienda to the forest. It was Inez, the princess of Darien. The war-scarred Don, her father, and all the household were forgetting the heat in the noon-tide siesta, and she seemed the only living thing astir. In the shadow of the *palo de vacca*, she stopped, and smilingly observed the drowsy Scot.

"Andreas," she called, "I thought a soldier never slept on his post."

"I can only plead fatigue," he replied, "and throw myself upon the mercy of the court."

"A weak court for so grave an offense. I am glad you came today, for tomorrow the rains come on, and *El Capitan* says the 20th of this month always brings the storm. Then for weeks the journey from the river to Swatee is impossible for a native."

"But not for a Scotchman in love," rejoined Fletcher, with a gallantry born of determination. "I have been on the Tay and Guadalquiver when the floods were out, and even a tempest on Darien will fail to daunt me."

"I can well believe," said Inez, "that the brave Inglese, who could peril his life, and, single-handed and without weapon, attack and slay the fierce puma that threatened the life of the poor Señorita Inez Zegarra, would face the storm to tell his love to the grateful girl he saved; but the storm brings out the wild beasts and serpents, a thousandfold more fierce and deadly then, and it would be worse than madness to attempt the journey."

"But the Spaniah troopers that are afoot between Swatee and New St. Andrew, spying out our location and our plans, will be housed, and their presence I have more reason to dread than the beasts or serpents."

"Spanish troopers?" queried Inez.

"Yes! And we have supposed they came from Tubugantee."

"Indeed, no! My brother Eduardo was at the hacienda yesterday, and told us how the soldiers there were eating their hearts in very inaction, and now for four weeks they will be perforce kept idle. They are afraid they will not be made to move before El Veranito di San Juan—the Little Summer of St. John."

"They are hardly from Portobello," mused Fletcher.

"No!" said Inez, catching the words, "they must be from over the range—Panama, you know."

"That means concerted danger, then," thought Fletcher.

A bustle about the wattled and thatched huts that stood near the hacienda betokened the hour of four o'clock, and the appearance of the sleepers; and, with an embrace and "*hasta la mañana*," the Northman and the dark-skinned daughter of Spain separated.

II.

"GIN yon Andy Fletcher makes the gate the nicht, ye'll bring him to the guard, and ca' me up," was the charge that Paterson gave to Peter MacLaren, as that trusty son of Inverness took his evening station at the stockade.

Peter had been five weary hours watching the twinkling gleam of the fire-flies, and slapping vigorously to protect himself from the swarms of mosquitos, indulging between whiles in complimentary references to Peterhead and the comparative discomforts of Acta, when Andrew Fletcher emerged from the black shadow of the forest, and crossed the open space to the gate.

"I'm to hale ye to the guard," was MacLaren's greeting; "there's like to be trouble in store for ye, Andy, an' I doubt ye've gude reason to set yerself fair before the council."

"Whose business is it to interfere wi' me?" asked Fletcher. "An' what do they say?"

"No much, but that ye're foregathering wi' the Dons."

"And then?"

"And then? mayhap ye'll be able to tell whaur they came frae, what they want, and how mony there may be to enforce their demand."

The tone of MacLaren's reply set Fletcher's blood tingling in his veins. "They suspect me, then, of covenanting wi' the Spaniard?"

"You alone of all in New Caledonia have the tongue; an' 'a Fletcher makes the best shaft for his ain sel',' I've heard them say in Inverness."

"The inference being that I would sell my countrymen for Spanish gold?"

"I'm to hale ye to the guard, an' not to be counsel nor accuser," was MacLaren's decisive reply.

Had Fletcher been left until the morrow to himself, he would have told Paterson and the Council what he had learned concerning the garrison at Tubugantee, and the probable source from which the troopers of the enemy came. MacLaren's imprudent speech had put him on his mettle, and to his questioners that night he simply remarked that he "had been taking his tent, and feared the Spaniards as little as he meditated treason."

He was informed that he was to consider himself under surveillance, and on no account to go beyond the forest or the water's edge without specific leave.

Andrew Fletcher's private grief was only part of the sorrow that brooded over Paterson's doomed colony in New Caledonia. Famine threatened them, and open discontent, because the gold they fancied was to be had for the mere picking up did not appear, broke out in murmurs and mutiny. By order of the Orange King of Britain, given to curry favor with the treacherous Spaniard, the English colonies and possessions in America were forbid to supply the people of New Caledonia with food or munitions. It would have fared hardly with the unfortunate Scotchmen, had not the friendly natives volunteered themselves as purveyors of fish and game, and kept the colony alive until the rains came on and drove the Indians to their distant tracts.

Then the rainy season set in. "On the Isthmus," says Dampier, "the rains are ushered in by a perfect deluge tumbling from the sky; the trickling streams swell suddenly into roaring and destructive torrents; the plains are quickly flooded, the whole country is swamped. All the while a close and terrible heat pervades the darkened atmosphere; noisome insects fill the air and swarm upon the ground. To breathe is an effort, and miasma creeps into the lungs at every labored respiration. When the rain ceases for some time in the night, the wan moon gleams down upon a ghastly world of waters, whence, among drowned groves, rises up pestilence in the visible form of murky vapors."

No wonder that the prospect of extermination at the hands of the Don, added to the score of miseries already set against them, made Andrew Fletcher an object of suspicion when the colonists received and entertained the impression that he was in communication with their most dreaded enemy. As death stalked among them and left not one in ten alive and well, they said that the Spaniard and Andrew Fletcher only bided their time, while their ally, disease, made havoc in the Scottish ranks.

In the midst of their calamity they were surprised, one morning, by the appearance of a Spaniard and two blacks paddling across the mouth of the Darien to Fort St. Andrew and its artificial island. Such of the men-at-arms as could still handle musket and wield claymore were hastily summoned and drawn up to the defense of the gate, from which issued Campbell of Finab and young Torwoodlee. The Spaniard responded to their hail by waving a white flag and crying "*amigo*," for he could speak no word of English. Paterson was away from the fort, and Andrew Fletcher was the only man therein who could hold converse with the Spaniard. He at once recognized the stranger as *El Capitan* Zegarra, for, unseen himself, he had frequently watched the coming and going of Inez's father about the hacienda.

At his first word of greeting *El Capitan* interrupted him, to ask if he were not "Andreas," on which a look that boded no good to Fletcher was exchanged among the bystanders.

"I am Andrew Fletcher," was the quiet response, though Fletcher realized how unfortunate for him was this query.

"Then," said the Spaniard, "here is a letter for thee. I have brought also for thee anodynes against the fever, and simples which the natives here cull in the rainy season as nature's antidote for the vapors of death which then arise."

Securing the letter in his bosom, Fletcher turned away from the package the Spaniard held towards him, exclaiming: "Not for me. Unless for all, Andrew will none of thy simples or anodynes. I thank *El Capitan* Zegarra for his kindness, and beg that he will send us here these medicaments for our hospital, now full with fever-stricken men."

"Who told thee my name?" demanded the Spaniard; then added under breath, "The Scot who lurked in the forest!"

That expression, faintly overheard, removed the doubts that had arisen in Fletcher's mind regarding the honesty of the old Spaniard's intentions. From having been singled out to receive the letter and remedies, he thought the father had discovered in him the heretic lover of Inez, and, in the guise of a benefactor, had come to poison, infect, or otherwise do him mortal harm. But the Spaniard's expression testified to the ignorance he had been in as to the man or his motive who had been seen among the trees.

"A spy," thought the Don, as he regarded Andrew with a contemptuous look. As if his unspoken words had found echo in living breasts, the cry arose from a body of the Scotch, who had been talking apart, "A spy, a spy," and they fell upon *El Capitan* Zegarra and bore him to the guard-house before Campbell of Finab or Fletcher could interpose a word.

A second hasty consultation ended in the seizure of Fletcher, who was thrust with Zegarra into the narrow, damp, and death-breeding "strong-room" of the guard-house.

At the hasty court which was convened, Peter MacLaren was chief spokesman for the accusers, and his efforts were ably seconded by the preachers, whose authority had been decried by Fletcher. These zealous chiefs of what they pleased to consider a theocracy, inflamed the minds of their listeners with all uncharitableness, and denounced Fletcher as a rebel against the Kirk and a "foregatherer wi' the heathen." In vain did Campbell speak words of wisdom and counsel moderation. The sufferings of the colonists demanded a sacrifice, and Fletcher and the Spaniard were demanded as victims to their fury.

During the brief time they had been left together, Fletcher had satisfied himself that Zegarra was unconscious of the passion his daughter had conceived for the scion of the alien race, and viewed the Scotchman's visits to Swatee and Tubugantee with a soldier's and not a parent's apprehension.

When called upon for his defense, Fletcher answered not a word for himself, but pleaded for the Captain, who had come as a friend and benefactor. He did not advert to the letter which he had read and destroyed, and which contained merely expressions of good will from Lieutenant Eduardo, who had been moved to write and send the simple remedies to the Scot by the representations of Inez. His plea, however, was of no avail against the exaggerations of MacLaren, the denunciations of the preachers, and the misconstructions which were placed on his frequent absences from the fort. He was too brave and too loyal to acknowledge Inez's love for him, and his forgetfulness of Elsie Maclean.

The judgment of the court, delivered at the mouth of the ruffian, Captain Pennicuik, was that Andrew Fletcher, traitor, scoffer, and false Scot, and the insolent Spanish spy, should be shot at morning's light of the second day, on the beach below the fort.

III.

The blacks had paddled hastily away when they saw their master seized, and, before pursuit could be made from the fort, had shot into the leafy curtain overhanging the river, and, turning into one of those tortuous and forest-bordered lagoons which fringe ali tropical rivers, were soon beyond reach of capture. It was scarcely afternoon when they reached the hacienda of the Zegarras, where the story of their master's seizure was received with the utmost dismay. Don Eduardo and the dozen carbineers who had accompanied him from Tubugantee, declared themselves ready on the instant to start for St. Andrews, storm the fort, perform prodigies of valor, and release the incarcerated master; but the utter impossibility of such an undertaking made itself apparent to them while yet their resentment was at its height.

"I knew them to be brave and uncompromising," said Don Eduardo to his sister, "but I never suspected that the Scot would be so treacherous as to seize an unarmed man on a friendly mission, or so cruel as to outrage an old man, whose only intent was to do them good."

"Bah! those Northerners are all a mean, suspicious, trustless crew," retorted a *caballero.*

"I was a fool to have trusted even one whose fortitude was no index to his treachery," said Don Eduardo; "but having, in a moment of weakness toward the preserver of my sister's life, periled my father, I shall rescue or suffer with him."

"Your impetuosity is as vain as your father's hardihood," replied the *caballero.*

"It was his idea," continued Don Eduardo, "to visit the Scots in their abandonment and misery, and treat them as a man, forgetting the Spaniard and the mandates of Holy Church, which forbid succor to its enemies.

"He that toys with the bushmaster, the deadliest snake of the savanna, will touch his fangs," was the *caballero's* proverbial response.

Ghooba, one of the blacks who had accompanied *El Capitan*, approached Don Eduardo, and receiving a signal to speak, said: "If the young soldier will listen to the Icaymaca, the way may be found from the Northern's prison to Tubugantee."

"Go on," said Don Eduardo, testily.

"The Indian Arivolho, whose life the young soldier spared in the fight at Panama, is with his tribe upon the ridge which overlooks the Eastern Sea. Ghooba will send him to the whites, whose friend he is, and he will bring back *El Capitan.* Arivolho is secret as the sloth, and noiseless as the serpent."

Before the black had finished, the Indian stood beside them, and respectfully returned the salute of Don Eduardo.

"I know, I know," said he, anticipating Eduardo's communication, "I saw *El Capitan* taken by the Scot, and hastened to my king to tell him of it. He has sent messengers to the fort, and bade me come hither, with his assurance."

"Thanks," returned Eduardo, "but I have little confidence in messages or diplomacy now, and would enlist your cunning, in case the interference of your king should fail."

"It is well," said Arivolho; "my life is yours."

Inez had been an agitated auditor of the consultation, and when the Indian withdrew she followed him, overtaking him on the edge of the forest.

"I am going with you," was all the explanation she gave the Indian's look of astonishment.

"The fair daughter of *El Capitan* is no companion on such a dangerous errand."

"I am going with you," was the quiet but determined reply.

Arivolho answered not another word; but, placing himself in advance of the damsel, plunged deeper into the forest, hewing a path with his broad, heavy *machete.* He showed greater signs of fatigue than the slight girl, when, after six hours of toil, they stood on the landward brink of the narrow channel which separated Fort St. Andrew from the main land.

They had stood thus but a few minutes, when they were joined by Don Eduardo, the *caballero*, and a full dozen of the trustiest carbineers, who had followed in their path the moment that Inez's absence was noticed.

"Sister," exclaimed Eduardo, "what would you on such a mission as this?"

"Our father is there," replied Inez, indicating the fort, "and whatever danger is incurred in his rescue or his remaining there, I will share it."

"It is men's work," said Eduardo, "and not for such as thou art."

"I will at least be here to welcome his release; and shall not go hence without him," was Inez's final reply.

In the meanwhile the Indian had slipped into the water, and, with a few vigorous strokes, crossed the narrow channel. Drawing himself up under the shadow of the dripping fronds of the fringing ferns, Arivolho marked the beat of the sentry inside the rough enclosure, and timing his motions to the turning Scot, he passed the limit of his watch. By slow degrees, he made his way to the part of the wall opposed to the guard-house, and swiftly and silently as a serpent he rose over the wall and dropped within. A friendly growth of mimosa received and concealed him.

It was an hour's task to cross the few yards from the wall to the black shadow of the guard-house; and even that would not have sufficed had it not been for the blunted sense of the half-sick and wholly tired boy, who wearily waited for the midnight relief. Once under the guard-house wall, Arivolho's errand was half fulfilled, for he was instantly in communication with the anxious, wakeful prisoners within. By another half-hour his useful *machete* had tunneled a way under the guard-house wall, and the Indian crept into the room. Instantly he cut the thongs that bound the prisoner's arms, and half dragged the Spaniard to the opening.

"Haste," he cried, "in another half-hour the climbing moon will shine upon the western wall, and the Scot will cut off our retreat. Already the shadow has crept half way to the dirt heap without."

It was in vain that *El Capitan* urged Fletcher to make his escape.

"To go would be to confess," replied Andrew to the urgent solicitation, "and I have no sin upon my conscience."

"Better to live innocent, than to die innocent," said *El Capitan.*

"Better to die falsely accused than to live accursed," was Fletcher's sturdy reply, as he withdrew to the upper end of the narrow room.

"Haste," cried the Indian, with such impetuosity that Zegarra, mindful of the faithful fellow's safety, as well as his own, hastily wrung Fletcher's hand, and followed Arivolho through the opening.

They reached the channel undiscovered, and were just lowering themselves into the water, when the sentry—none other than Peter MacLaren—discharged his musket, at almost point blank range at the Indian. Of the two figures, he chose the one he saw was not the Spaniard.

A few lusty strokes sufficed to land the fugitives on the bank, where Inez and Don Eduardo and his followers awaited them.

"And Andreas—the Scot, I mean—" queried Inez, "he has not perished?"

"A brave man, but a stubborn," replied *El Capitan*; "he would not flee from his countrymen. But the soundest heart is softer than a bullet, and his will prove it so."

"He is to die?" asked the fair daughter of Castile.

"Tomorrow, at day-break."

His daughter's cry told him what Andrew had withheld—that they were more than friends.

"*Baste!*" exclaimed the Don; "so you have made me but Pander, to trip with love missives between you two?"

"Nay, father," interposed Don Eduardo; "the letter bore no word nor token of love. I wrote it, and it contained the thanks of a brother, who will now write them rather with the sword than the pen."

As yet they had not moved, and had hardly done speaking, when half a dozen of the Scotchmen broke upon them.

The intruders, expecting to find only the two fugitives, were sadly discomfited when they found themselves surrounded by more than twice their number of well-armed and determined men. The pursuers were in neither health nor heart to fight, and at the first word of challenge desisted from show of hostility.

Don Eduardo, who spoke some English, approached the leader of the band, young Torwoodlee, and in half a dozen words told their peaceful intentions, now their mission of releasing his father was accomplished. Andrew Fletcher's part was then explained, to the great relief of Torwoodlee, who loved him well, and was in some sort his kinsman.

Then the parties went their several ways, the Scots assured that, though *El Capitan* Zegarra was a Spaniard, his treatment had been such as to make him no enemy, if not the avowed friend, of the Northerns.

Next day, Paterson returned to St. Andrew, and Fletcher's honesty was cleared from imputation. The men who had so lately stood his accusers were none the less delighted that Fletcher had been so bold and manful, and that his clearance had come from without.

IV.

FROM day to day the condition of the ill-starred colonists became worse and worse. The expected relief and addition from Scotland came not. Alice, the patient, faithful wife of William Paterson, sickened and died. The graves about the fort were ten times in number the haggard men who haunted its close and decaying huts, and the two remaining ships that had sailed so merrily from Leith were scantily furnished for return.

At length a breeze sprung up, and the leaky, sun-scorched ships, with tattered sails and spectral crews, moved out—away from Darien. As its last peak was about to disappear from the horizon, the feverish eyes of the broken-hearted leader turned toward it for a moment—then closed to shut out that last, last vision.

Andrew Fletcher stood on the deck of the "Lomond," and caught sight of a white speck on the crest of the distant inland ridge.

"*Hasta la mañana*" he had said to the weeping Señorita the day before.

"*Hasta la mañana*," was the tearful, fearful response.

The "tomorrow" was never to be for Inez. Within a year she slept in Darien's mould, and Andy Fletcher had already married Elsie Maclean.

George Dudley Lawson.

ROUGH NOTES OF A YOSEMITE CAMPING TRIP.—II.

August 2.—Started this morning up the valley. As we go, the striking features of Yosemite pass in procession before us. On the left, El Capitan, Three Brothers, Yosemite Falls; on the right, Cathedral Rock, Cathedral Spires, Sentinel Rock. Cathedral Spires really strongly remind one of a huge cathedral, with two tall, equal spires, five hundred feet high, and several smaller ones. I was reminded of old Trinity, in Columbia. But *this* was not made with hands, and is over two thousand feet high. Stopped at Hutchings's and took lunch. In the afternoon went on up the valley, and again the grand procession commences. On the left, Royal Arches, Washington Column, North Dome; on the right, Sentinel Dome, Glacier Point, Half Dome. We pitched our camp in a magnificent forest, near a grassy meadow, on the banks of Tenaya Fork, under the shadow of our venerated preacher and friend, the Half Dome, with also North Dome, Washington Column, and Glacier Point in full view.

After unsaddling and turning loose our horses to graze, and resting a little, we went up the Tenaya Cañon about a half mile to Mirror Lake, and took a swimming bath. The scenery about this lake is truly magnificent. The cliffs of Yosemite here reach the acme of imposing grandeur. On the south side, the broad face of South Dome rises almost from the water, a sheer precipice, near five thousand feet perpendicular; on the north side, North Dome, with its finely rounded head, to an almost equal height. Down the cañon, to the west, the view is blocked by the immense cliffs of Glacier Point and Washington Column; and up the cañon to the east, the cliffs of the Tenaya Cañon and Clouds' Rest, and the peaks of the Sierras in the background.

On returning to camp, as we expected to remain here for several days, we carried with us a number of "shakes" (split boards), and constructed a very good table, around which we placed logs for seats. After supper, we sat around our camp-fire, smoked our cigarettes, and sang in chorus until 9.30 P. M.; then rolled ourselves, chrysalis-like, in our blanket cocoons, and lay still until morning.

Already I observe two very distinct kinds of structure in the granite of this region, which, singly or combined, determine all the forms about this wonderful valley. These two kinds of structure are the concentric structure, on an almost inconceivably grand scale; and a rude columnar structure, or perpendicular cleavage, also on a grand scale. The disintegration and exfoliation of the granite masses of the concentric structure give rise to the bald, rounded domes; the structure itself is well seen in Sentinel Dome, and especially in the Royal Arches. The columnar structure, by disintegration, gives rise to Washington Column, and the sharp peaks, like Sentinel Rock and Cathedral Spires. Both these structures exist in the same granite, though the one or the other may predominate. In *all* the rocks about Yosemite there is a tendency to cleave perpendicularly. In addition to this, in many, there is also a tendency to cleave in concentric layers, giving rise to dome-like forms. Both are well seen combined in the grand mass of Half Dome. The perpendicular face-wall of this dome is the result of the perpendicular cleavage. Whatever may be our theory of the formation of Yosemite chasm and the perpendicularity of its cliffs, we must not leave out of view this tendency to perpendicular cleavage. I observe, too, that the granite here is very coarse-grained, and disintegrates into dust with great rapidity.

I observed today the curious straw and grass-covered stacks in which the Indians store and preserve their supplies of acorns.

August 3.—This has been to me a day of intense enjoyment. Started off this morning with six others of the party, to visit Vernal and Nevada Falls. There are many Indians in the valley. We do not think it safe to leave our camp. We, therefore, divide our party every day, a portion keeping guard. The Vernal and Nevada Falls are formed by the Merced river itself; the volume of water, therefore, is very considerable in all seasons. The surrounding scenery, too, is far finer, I think, than that of any other fall in the valley. The trail is steep and very rough, ascending nearly two thousand feet to the foot of Nevada Falls. To the foot of Vernal Falls, the trail passes through dense woods, close along the banks of the Merced, which here rushes down its steep channel, forming a series of rapids and cascades of enchanting beauty. We continued our way on horseback, until it seemed almost impossible for horses to go any farther; we then dismounted, unsaddled, and hitched our horses, and proceeded on foot. We afterwards discovered that we had already gone over the worst part of the trail to the foot of Vernal Falls before we hitched; we should have continued on horseback to the refreshment cabin at the foot of the falls.

The Vernal Falls is an absolutely perpendicular fall of four hundred feet, surrounded by the most glorious scenery imaginable. The exquisite greenness of the trees, the grass, and the moss, renders the name peculiarly appropriate. The top of the falls is reached by a step-ladder, which ascends the absolutely perpendicular face of the precipice. From the top the view is far grander than from below; for we take in the fall and the surrounding scenery at one view. An immense natural parapet of rock rises, breast-high, above the general surface of the cliff, near the fall. Here one can stand securely, leaning on the parapet, and enjoy the magnificent view. The river pitches at our very feet over a precipice four hundred feet high, into a narrow gorge, bounded on either side by cliffs such as are seen nowhere except in Yosemite, and completely blocked in front by the massive cliffs of Glacier Point, three thousand two hundred feet high; so that it actually seems to pitch into an amphitheater, with rocky walls higher than its diameter. Oh, the glory of the view! The emerald green and snowy white of the falling water; the dizzying leap into the yawning chasm; the roar and foam and spray of the deadly struggle with rocks below; the deep green of the somber pines, and the exquisite fresh and lively green of grass, ferns, and moss, wet with eternal spray; the perpendicular, rocky walls, rising far above us toward the blue arching sky. As I stood there, gazing down into the dark and roaring chasm, and up to the clear sky, my heart swelled with gratitude to the great Author of all beauty and grandeur.

After enjoying this view until we could spare no more time, we went on about a half mile to the foot of Nevada Falls. Mr. P—— and myself mistook the trail, and went up the left side of the river to the foot of the falls. To attain this point, we had to cross two roaring cataracts, under circumstances of considerable danger, at least to any but those who possess steady nerves. We finally succeeded in climbing to the top of a huge boulder, twenty feet high, immediately in front of the fall, and only thirty or forty feet from it. Here, stunned by the roar and blinded by the spray, we felt the full power and grandeur of the fall. From this place we saw and greeted with Indian yell our companions on the other side of the river. After remaining here an hour, we went a little down the stream and crossed to the other side, and again approached the fall. The view from this, the right side, is the one usually taken. It is certainly the finest scenic view, but the power of falling water is felt more grandly from the nearer view on the other side. The lover of intense ecstatic emotion will prefer the latter; the lover of quiet scenic beauty will prefer the former. The poet will seek inspiration in the one, and the painter in the other.

The Nevada Fall is, I think, the grandest I have ever seen. The fall is six hundred to seven hundred feet high. It is not an absolutely perpendicular leap, like Vernal, but is all the grander on that account; as, by striking several ledges in its downward course, it is beaten into a volume of snowy spray, ever changing in form, and impossible to describe. From the same cause, too, it has a slight S-like curve, which is exquisitely graceful. But the magnificence of the Yosemite cascades, especially of Vernal and Nevada Falls, is due, principally, to the accompanying scenery. See Mount Broderick (Cap of Liberty) and its fellow peak, rising perpendicular, tall, and sharp, until actually (I speak without exaggeration), the intense blue sky and masses of white clouds seem to rest supported on their summits. The actual height above the fall is, I believe, about two thousand feet.

About 3 P. M. we started on our return. There is a beautiful pool, about three hundred feet long, and one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet wide, immediately above the Vernal Fall. Into this pool the Merced river rushes as a foaming rapid, and leaves it only to precipitate itself over the precipice, as the Vernal Fall. The fury with which the river rushes down a steep incline into the pool, creates waves like the sea.

August 4.—This has been to me an uneventful day; I stayed in camp as one of the camp-guard, while the camp-guard of yesterday visited the Vernal and Nevada Falls. I have lolled about camp, writing letters home, sewing on buttons, etc.; but most of the time in a sort of day dream—a glorious day dream in the presence of this grand nature. Ah, this free life in the presence of great nature is indeed delightful. There is but one thing greater in this world; one thing after which, even under the shadow of this grand wall of rock, upon whose broad face and summit line projected against the blue sky, with upturned face I now gaze—one thing, after which even now I sigh with inexpressible longing, and that is home and love. A loving human heart is greater and nobler than the grand scenery of Yosemite. In the midst of the grandest scenes of yesterday, while gazing alone upon the falls and the stupendous surrounding cliffs, my heart filled with gratitude to God and love to the dear ones at home; my eyes involuntarily overflowed, and my hands clasped in silent prayer.

August 5.—Today to Yosemite Falls. This has been the hardest day's experience, yet. We thought we had plenty of time, and therefore started late. Stopped a moment at the foot of the Falls, at a saw-mill, to make inquiries. Here found a man in rough miller's garb, whose intelligent face and earnest, clear blue eye excited my interest. After some conversation, discovered that it was Mr. Muir, a gentleman of whom I had heard much from Mrs. Professor Carr and others. He had also received a letter from Mrs. Carr concerning our party, and was looking for us. We were glad to meet each other. I urged him to go with us to Mono, and he seemed disposed to do so.

We first visited the foot of the lower fall, which is about four hundred feet perpendicular, and after enjoying it for a half hour or more, returned to the mill. It was now nearly noon. Impossible to undertake the difficult ascent to the upper fall without lunch. I therefore jumped on the first horse I could find and rode to Mr. Hutchings's, and took a hearty lunch. On returning, found the rest of the party at the mill. On learning my good fortune, they also went and took lunch.

We now began the ascent. We first clambered up a mere pile of loose debris (talus) four hundred feet high, and inclined at least 45° to 50°. We had to keep near to one another, for the boulders were constantly loosened by the foot, and went bounding down the incline until they reached the bottom. Heated and panting, we reached the top of the lower fall, drank, and plunged our heads in the foaming water, until thoroughly refreshed. After remaining here nearly an hour, we began the ascent to the foot of the upper fall. Here the clambering was the most difficult and precarious I have ever tried; sometimes climbing up perpendicular rock faces, taking advantage of cracks and clinging bushes; sometimes along joint-cracks, on the dizzy edge of fearful precipices; sometimes over rock faces, so smooth and highly inclined that we were obliged to go on hands and knees. In many places a false step would be fatal. There was no trail at all; only piles of stones here and there to mark the best route. But when at last we arrived, we were amply repaid for our labor. Imagine a sheer cliff sixteen hundred feet high, and a stream pouring over it. Actually, the water seemed to fall out of the very sky itself. As I gaze upwards now, there are wisps of snowy cloud just on the verge of the precipice above; the white spray of the dashing cataract hangs, also, apparently almost motionless on the same verge. It is difficult to distinguish wisps of spray from wisps of clouds. So long a column of water and spray is swayed from side to side by the wind; and also, as in all falls, the resistance of the rocks at the top, and of the air in the whole descent, produces a billowy motion. The combination of these two motions, both so conspicuous in this fall, is inexpressibly graceful. When the column swayed far to the left, we ran by on the right, and got behind the fall, and stood gazing through the gauzy veil upon the cliffs on the opposite side of the valley. At this season of the year, the Yosemite Creek is much diminished in volume. It strikes slightly upon the face of the cliff about midway up. In the spring and autumn, when the river is full, the fall must be grand indeed. It is then a clear leap of sixteen hundred feet, and the pool which it has hollowed out for itself in the solid granite is plainly visible twenty to thirty feet in advance of the place on which it now falls.

We met here, at the foot of the fall, a real typical specimen of a live Yankee. He has, he says, a panorama of Yosemite, which he expects to exhibit in the Eastern cities. It is evident he is "doing" Yosemite only for the purpose of getting materials of lectures to accompany his exhibitions.

Coming down, in the afternoon, the fatigue was less, but the danger much greater. We were often compelled to slide down the face of rocks in a sitting posture, to the great detriment of the rear portion of our trowsers. Reached bottom at half past five P. M. Here learned from Mr. Muir that he would certainly go to Mono with us. We were much delighted to hear this. Mr. Muir is a gentleman of rare intelligence, of much knowledge of science, particularly of botany, which he has made a specialty.

After arranging our time of departure from Yosemite with Mr. Muir, we rode back to camp. I enjoyed greatly the ride to camp in the cool of the evening. The evening view of the valley was very fine, and changing at every step. Just before reaching our camp, there is a partial, distant view of the Illilouette Falls—the only one I know of in the valley.

[Our party did not visit the Illilouette Falls, but on a subsequent trip to Yosemite I did so. The following is a brief description, taken from my journal, which I introduce here in order to complete my account of the falls of this wondrous valley:

August 15, 1872.—Started with Mr. Muir and my nephew to visit the Illilouette Falls. Hearing that there was no trail, and that the climb is more difficult even than that to the Upper Yosemite, the rest of the party "backed out." We rode up the Merced, on the Vernal Fall trail, to the junction of the Illilouette Fork. Here we secured our horses, and proceeded on foot up the cañon. The rise, from this to the foot of the falls, is twelve hundred to fifteen hundred feet. The whole cañon is literally filled with huge rock fragments—often hundreds of tons in weight—brought down from the cliffs at the falls. The scramble up the steep ascent over these boulders was extremely difficult and fatiguing. Oftentimes the creek bed was utterly impracticable, and we had to climb high up the sides of the gorge and down again. But we were gloriously repaid for our labor. There are beauties about this fall which are peculiar, and simply incomparable. It was to me a new experience and a peculiar joy. The volume of water, when I saw it, was several times greater than either Yosemite or Bridal Veil. The stream plunges into a narrow chasm, bounded on three sides by perpendicular walls nearly one thousand feet high. The height of the fall is six hundred feet. Like Nevada, the fall is not absolutely perpendicular, but strikes about half way down on the face of the cliff. But instead of striking on projecting ledges and being thus beaten into a great volume of foam, as in the latter, it glides over the somewhat even surface of the rock, and is woven into the most exquisite lace-work, with edging fringe and pendant tassels, ever changing and ever delighting. It is simply impossible even to conceive, much less to describe, the exquisite delicacy and tantalizing beauty of the ever changing forms. The effect produced is not tumultuous excitement or ecstasy, as by Nevada, but simple, pure, almost childish delight. Now, as I sit on a great boulder, twenty feet high, right in front of the fall, see! the mid-day sun shoots its beams through the myriad water drops that leap from the top of the cascade, as it strikes the edge of the cliff. As I gaze upwards, the glittering drops seem to pause a moment, high in air, and then descend like a glorious star-shower.]

August 6.—Some of the party stiff and sore; I am all right. The camp-guard of yesterday visited Yosemite Falls today, and we stayed in camp. Visited Mirror Lake this morning, to see the fine reflection of the surrounding cliffs in its unruffled waters, in the early morning. Took a swim in the lake; spent the rest of the morning washing clothes, writing letters, and picking and eating raspberries.

To a spectator, the clothes-washing forms a very interesting scene. To see us all sitting down on the rocks, on the banks of the beautiful Tenaya River, scrubbing and wringing and hanging out! It reminds one of the exquisite washing scene of Princess Nausicaa and her damsels, or of Pharaoh's daughter and her maids. Change the sex, and where is the inferiority in romantic interest in our case? Ah, the sex—yes; this makes all the difference between the ideal and the common—between poetry and prose. If it were only seven beautiful women, and I, like Ulysses, a spectator just waked from sleep by their merry peals of laughter! But seven rough, bearded fellows! think of it! We looked about us, but found no little Moses in the bulrushes. So we must e'en take Mr. Muir and Hawkins to lead us through the wilderness of the high Sierras.

In the afternoon we moved camp to our previous camping ground at Bridal Veil meadow. Soon after leaving camp, Soulé and myself, riding together, heard a hollow rumbling, then a crashing sound. "Is it thunder or earthquake?" As we looked up quickly, the white streak down the cliff of Glacier Point, and the dust there, rising from the valley, revealed the fact that it was the falling of a huge rock mass from Glacier Point.

We rode down in the cool of the evening, and by moonlight. Took leave of our friends *in* the valley; sad leave of our friends, now dear friends, *of* the valley—the venerable and grand Old South Dome, under whose shadow we had camped so long; North Dome, Washington Column, Royal Arches, Glacier Point; then Yosemite Falls, Sentinel Rock, Three Brothers. By this time night had closed in, but the moon was near full, and the shadows of Cathedral Spires and Cathedral Rock lay across our path, while the grand rock mass of El Capitan shone gloriously white in the moonlight. The ride was really enchanting to all, but affected us differently. The young men rode ahead, singing in chorus; I lagged behind and enjoyed it in silence. The choral music, mellowed by distance, seemed to harmonize with the scene, and to enhance its holy stillness. About half past eight P. M. we encamped on the western side of Bridal Veil meadow. After supper we were in fine spirits, contended with each other in gymnastic exercises, etc.; then gathered hay, made a delightful, fragrant bed, and slept dreamlessly.

August 7, Sunday.—Got up late—6 A. M. —as is common everywhere on this day of rest. About 11 A. M. took a quiet swim in the river. During the rest of the morning I sat and enjoyed the fine view of the opening or gate of the valley, from the lower side of the meadow. There stands the grand old El Capitan in massive majesty on the left, and Cathedral Rock and the Veiled Bride on the right. There is considerable breeze today; and now, while I write, the Bride's veil is wafted from side to side, and sometimes lifted until I can almost see the blushing face of the Bride herself—the beautiful spirit of the Falls.

At 3 P. M. went again alone—to the lower side of the meadow, and sat down before the gate of the valley. From this point I look directly through the gate and up the valley. There again, rising to the very skies, stands the huge mass of El Capitan on one side, and on the other side the towering peak of the Cathedral, with the Veiled Bride retiring a little back from the too ardent gaze of admiration; then the cliffs of Yosemite, growing narrower and lower on each side, beyond. Conspicuous, far in the distance, see! Old South Dome and Cloud's Rest. The sky is perfectly serene, except heavy masses of snow-white cumulus, sharply defined against the deep blue of the sky, filling the space beyond the gate. The wavy motion of the Bride's veil, as I gaze steadfastly upon it, drowses my sense; I sit in a kind of delicious dream, the scenery unconsciously mingling with it.

After supper, went again alone into the meadow, to enjoy the moonlight view. The moon is long risen and "near her highest noon," but not yet visible in this deep valley, although I am sitting on the extreme northern side. Cathedral Rock, and the snowy veil of the Bride, and the whole right side of the cañon is in deep shade, and its serried margin strongly relieved against the bright, moonlit sky. On the other side are the cliffs of El Capitan, snow-white in the moonlight. Above all arches the deep black sky, studded with stars gazing quietly downward. Here, under the black, arching sky, and before the grand cliffs of Yosemite, I lifted my heart in humble worship to the great God of Nature.

August 8.—Today we leave Yosemite; we therefore get up very early, intending to make an early start. I go out again into the meadow, to take a final farewell view of Yosemite. The sun is just rising; wonderful, warm, transparent golden light (as in Bierstadt's picture) on El Capitan; the whole other side of the valley in deep, cool shade; the bald head of South Dome glistening in the distance. The scene is magnificent.

But see! just across the Merced river from our camp, a bare trickling of water from top to bottom of the perpendicular cliff. I have not thought it worth while to mention it before, but this is the fall called "Virgin's Tears." Poor Virgin! she seems *passée;* her cheeks are seamed and channeled and wrinkled; she wishes she was a Bride, too, and had a veil; so near El Capitan, too, but he will not look that way. I am sorry I have neglected to sing her praises.

Our horses have feasted so long on this meadow that they seem disinclined to be caught. P——'s ill-favored beast, Old 67, gave us much trouble. He had to be lassooed at last. We forded the river immediately at our camp. Found it so deep and rough that several of the horses stumbled and fell down. We now took Coulterville trail; up, up, up, backwards and forwards, up, up, up the almost perpendicular side of the cañon below the gate. The trail often runs on a narrow ledge along the almost perpendicular cliff. A stumble might precipitate both horse and rider one thousand feet, to the bottom of the chasm. But the horses know this as well as we. They are very careful. About the place where Mono trail turns sharp back from Coulterville trail, Mr. Muir overtook us. Without him we should have experienced considerable difficulty; for the trail being now little used, except by shepherds, is very rough, and so blind that it is almost impossible to find it, or, having found it, to keep it.

Made about fourteen miles, and by 2 P. M. reached a meadow near the top of Three Brothers. Here we camped for the night in a most beautiful grove of spruce (*Picea amabilis* and *grandis*) chose our sleeping places, cut branches of spruce, and made the most delightful elastic and aromatic beds, and spread our blankets in preparation for night. After dinner lay down on our blankets, and gazed up through the magnificent tall spruces into the deep, blue sky and the gathering masses of white clouds. Mr. Muir gazes and gazes, and cannot get his fill. He is a most passionate lover of nature. Plants, and flowers, and forests, and sky, and clouds, and mountains seem actually to haunt his imagination. He seems to revel in the freedom of this life. I have talked much with him today about the probable manner in which Yosemite was formed. He fully agrees with me that the peculiar cleavage of the rock is a most important point, which must not be left out of account. He farther believes that the valley has been wholly formed by causes still in operation in the Sierra—that the Merced glacier and the Merced river and its branches, when we take into consideration the peculiar cleavage, and also the rapidity with which the fallen and falling boulders from the cliffs are disintegrated into dust, has done the whole work. The perpendicularity is the result of cleavage; the want of talus is the result of the rapidity of disintegration, and the recency of the disappearance of the glacier. I differ from him only in attributing far more to pre-glacial action.

I may, I think, appropriately introduce here my observations on the evidence of glacial action in Yosemite. It is well known that a glacier once came down the Tenaya Cañon. I shall probably see abundant evidence of this high up this cañon, tomorrow and the next day. That this glacier extended into the Yosemite has been disputed, but is almost certain. Mr. Muir also tells me that at the top of Nevada Falls there are unmistakable evidences (polishings and scorings) of a glacier. There is no doubt, therefore, that anciently a glacier came down each of these cañons. Did they meet and form a Yosemite glacier? From the projecting, rocky point which separates the Tenaya from the Nevada cañon there is a pile of boulders and debris running out into the valley near Lamon's garden, like a continuation of the point. Mr. Muir thinks this unmistakably a central moraine, formed by the union of the Tenaya and Nevada glaciers. I did not examine it carefully. Again, there are two lakes in the lower Tenaya Cañon: viz, Mirror Lake, and a smaller lake lower down. Below Mirror Lake, and again below the smaller lake, there is an immense heap of boulders and rubbish. Are not these piles terminal moraines, and have not the lakes been formed by the consequent damming of the waters of Tenaya? These lakes are filling up. It seems probable that the meadow, also, on which we camped has been formed in the same way, by a moraine just below the meadow, marked by a pile of debris there, also. Whether the succession of meadows in the Yosemite, of which the Bridal Veil meadow is the lowest, have been similarly formed, requires and really deserves further investigation. I strongly incline to the belief that they have been, and that a glacier once filled Yosemite. I observed other evidences, but I must visit this valley again and examine more carefully.

After discussing these high questions with Mr. Muir for some time, we walked to the edge of the Yosemite chasm, and out on the projecting point of Three Brothers, called Eagle Point. Here we had our last, and certainly one of the most magnificent views of the valley and the high Sierras. I can only name the points which are in view, and leave the reader to fill out the picture. As we look up the valley, to the near left are the Yosemite Falls, but not a very good view; then Washington Column, North Dome; then grand old South Dome. The view of this grand feature of Yosemite is here magnificent. It is seen in half profile. Its rounded head, its perpendicular rock face, its towering height, and its massive proportions are well seen. As the eye travels round to the right, next comes the Nevada Fall (Vernal is not seen); then, in succession, the peaks on the opposite side of the valley, Glacier Point, Sentinel Dome, Sentinel Rock, Cathedral Spires and Cathedral Rock; then, crossing the valley and behind us, is El Capitan. In the distance, the peaks of the Sierras, Mount Hoffman, Cathedral Peak, Cloud's Rest, Mount Starr King, Mount Clark, and Ostrander's Rocks are seen. Below, the whole valley, like a green carpet, and Merced River, like a beautiful vine, winding through. We remained and enjoyed the view by sunlight, by twilight, and by moonlight. We then built a huge fire on the extreme summit. Instantly, answering fires were built in almost every part of the valley. We shouted and received answer. We fired guns and pistols, and heard reports in return. I counted the time between flash and report, and found it nine to ten seconds. This would make the distance about two miles in an air line.

During the night, some of the horses, not having been staked, wandered away, and some of the party were out two hours recovering them. They found them several miles on their way back to the fat pasture of Bridal Veil meadow. On my fragrant, elastic bed of spruce boughs, and wrapped head and ears in my blankets, I knew nothing of all this until morning.

Coming out of the Yosemite today, Mr. Muir pointed out to me, and I examined the Torreya (California nutmeg). Fruit solitary, at extreme end of spray, nearly the color, shape, and size of a green-gage plum, and yet a conifer. The morphology of the fruit would be interesting.

August 9.—I am cook again today. My bread this morning was voted excellent. Indeed, it was as light and spongy as any bread I ever ate. About 12 M. we saw a shepherd's camp, and rode up in hopes of buying a sheep. No one at home, but there is much sheep meat hanging about and drying. As we came nearer, a delicious fragrance assailed our nostrils. What could it be? Here is a pot, nearly buried in the hot ashes, and closely covered. Wonder what is in it? Let us see. On our removing the cover, a fragrant steam arose, which fairly overcame the scruples of several of the party. Mutton stew, deliciously seasoned! Mr. Muir, who had been a shepherd himself, and had attended sheep here last year, and was thoroughly acquainted with shepherds' habits, assured us that we might eat without compunction—that the shepherds would be pleased rather than displeased—that they had more mutton than they knew what to do with. Upon this assurance, we all fell to, for we were very hungry, and the stew quickly disappeared. While we were yet wiping our mustaches, the shepherd appeared, and was highly amused and pleased at our extravagant praises of his stew. We went on a little farther, and stopped for noon at a small, open meadow. While I was cooking dinner, Hawkins bought and butchered a fat sheep. We expect to live upon mutton until we cross the Sierra.

This afternoon we went on to Lake Tenaya. The trail is very blind, in most cases detectible only by the blazing of trees, and very rough. We traveled most of the way on a high ridge. When within about two miles of our destination, from the brow of the mountain ridge upon which we had been traveling, Lake Tenaya burst upon our delighted vision, its placid surface set like a gem amongst magnificent mountains, the most conspicuous of which are Mount Hoffman group, on the left, and Cathedral Peak, beyond the lake. From this point we descended to the margin of the lake, and encamped at 5 P. M. at the lower end, in a fine grove of tamaracks, near an extensive and beautiful meadow.

After supper, I went with Mr. Muir and sat on a high rock, jutting into the lake. It was full moon. I never saw a more delightful scene. This little lake, one mile long, and one half mile wide, is actually embosomed in the mountains, being surrounded by rocky eminences two thousand feet high, of the most picturesque forms, which come down to the very water's edge. The deep stillness of the night, the silvery light and deep shadows of the mountains, the reflection on the water, broken into thousands of glittering points by the ruffled surface, the gentle lapping of the wavelets upon the rocky shore—all these seemed exquisitely harmonized with each other; and the grand harmony made answering music in our hearts. Gradually the lake surface became quiet and mirror-like, and the exquisite surrounding scenery was seen double. For an hour we remained sitting in silent enjoyment of this delicious scene, which we reluctantly left to go to bed. Tenaya Lake is about eight thousand feet above sea-level. The night air, therefore, is very cool.

I noticed in many places today, especially as we approached Lake Tenaya, the polishings and scorings of ancient glaciers. In many places we found broad, flat masses, so polished that our horses could hardly maintain their footing in passing over them. It is wonderful that in granite so decomposable these old glacial surfaces should remain as fresh as the day they were left by the glacier. But if ever the polished surface scales off, then the disintegration proceeds as usual. The destruction of these surfaces by scaling is, in fact, continually going on. Whitney thinks the polished surface is hardened by pressure of the glacier. I cannot think so. The smoothing, I think, prevents the retention of water, and thus prevents the rotting. Like the rusting of iron, which is hastened by roughness, and still more by rust, and retarded, or even prevented, by cleaning and polishing, so rotting of rock is hastened by roughness, and still more by beginning to rot, and retarded or prevented by grinding down to the *sound* rock, and then polishing.

August 10.—Early start this morning for Soda Springs and Mount Dana. Ph—— and his mare entertained us while getting off, with an amusing bucking scene. The interesting performance ended with the grand climacteric feat of flying head foremost over the head of the horse, turning a somersault in the air, and alighting safely on the back. After this exhilarating diversion, we proceeded on our way, following the trail on the right hand of the lake. Onward we go, in single file, I leading the pack, over the roughest and most precipitous trail (if trail it can be called) I ever saw. At one moment we lean forward, holding to the horse's mane, until our noses are between the horse's ears; at the next, we stand in the stirrups, with our backs leaning hard against the roll of blankets behind the saddle. Thus we pass, dividing our attention between the difficulties of the way and the magnificence of the scenery, until 12 M., when we reach Soda Springs, in the splendid meadows of the upper Tuolumne river.

Our trail this morning has been up the Tenaya Cañon, over the divide, and into the Tuolumne Valley. There is abundant evidence of an immense former glacier, coming from Mount Dana and Mount Lyell group, filling the Tuolumne Valley, overrunning the divide, and sending a branch down the Tenaya Cañon. The rocks in and about Tenaya Cañon are everywhere scored and polished. We had to dismount and lead over some of these polished surfaces. The horses' feet slipped and sprawled in every direction, but none fell. A conspicuous feature of the scenery on Lake Tenaya is a granite knob, eight hundred feet high, at the upper end of the lake, and in the middle of the cañon. This knob is bare, destitute of vegetation, round and polished to the very top. It has evidently been enveloped in the icy mass, and its shape has been determined by it. We observed similar scorings and polishings on the sides of the cañon to an equal and even much greater height. Splendid view of the double peaks of the Cathedral from Tenaya Lake and from the trail. Looking back from the trail soon after leaving the lake, we saw a conspicuous and very picturesque peak, with a vast amphitheater with precipitous sides, to the north, filled with a grand mass of snow, evidently the fountain of an ancient tributary of the Tenaya Glacier. We called this *Coliseum Peak.* So let it be called hereafter, to the end of time.

The Tuolumne meadow is a beautiful grassy plain of great extent, thickly enameled with flowers, and surrounded with the most magnificent scenery. Conspicuous amongst the hundreds of peaks visible are Mount Dana, with its grand, symmetrical outline, and purplish red color; Mount Gibbs, of gray granite; Mount Lyell and its group of peaks, upon which great masses of snow still lie; and the wonderfully picturesque group of sharp, inaccessible peaks (viz, Unicorn Peak, Cathedral Peaks, etc.), forming the Cathedral group.

Soda Springs is situated on the northern margin of the Tuolumne meadow. It consists of several springs of ice-cold water, bubbling up from the top of a low reddish mound. Each spring itself issues from the top of a small subordinate mound. The mound consists of carbonate of lime, colored with iron deposited from the water. The water contains principally carbonates of lime and iron dissolved in excess of carbonic acid, which escapes in large quantities in bubbles. It possibly also contains carbonate of soda. It is very pungent and delightful to the taste.

About 3 P. M. began saddling up, intending to go to Mount Dana. Heavy clouds have been gathering for some time past. Low mutterings of thunder have also been heard. But we had already been so accustomed to the same, without rain, in the Yosemite, that we thought nothing of it. We had already saddled and some had mounted when the storm burst upon us. "Our provisions—sugar, tea, salt, flour, etc.—must be kept dry!" shouted Hawkins. We hastily dismounted, constructed a sort of shed of blankets and india rubber cloths, and threw our provisions under it. Now began peal after peal of thunder in an almost continuous roar, and floods of rain. We all crept under the temporary shed, but not before we had gotten pretty well soaked. So much delayed, that we were now debating, after the rain, whether we had not better remain here over night. Some were urgent for pushing on, others equally so for staying. Just at this juncture, when the debate ran high, a shout, "Hurrah!" turned all eyes in the same direction. Hawkins and Mr. Muir had scraped up the dry leaves underneath a huge prostrate tree, set fire, and piled on fuel, and already, see—a glorious blaze! This incident decided the question at once. With a shout we all ran for fuel, and piled on log after log until the blaze rose twenty feet high. Before, shivering, crouching, and miserable; now, joyous and gloriously happy.

The storm did not last more than an hour. After it the sun came out and flooded all the landscape with liquid gold. I sat alone at some distance from the camp, and watched the successive changes of the scene—first the blazing sunlight, flooding meadow and mountain; then the golden light on mountain peaks, and then the lengthening shadows on the valley; then a roseate bloom diffused over sky and air, over mountain and meadow—oh, how exquisite! I never saw the like before. Last, the creeping shadow of night, descending and enveloping all.

The Tuolumne meadows are celebrated for their fine pasturage. Some twelve thousand to fifteen thousand sheep are now pastured here. They are divided into flocks of about two thousand five hundred to three thousand. I was greatly interested in watching the management of these flocks, each by means of a dog. The intelligence of the dog is perhaps nowhere more conspicuous. The sheep we bought yesterday is entirely gone—eaten up in one day. We bought another here, a fine, large, fat one. In an hour it was butchered, quartered, and a portion on the fire, cooking. After a very hearty supper, we hung up our blankets about our camp-fire to dry, while we ourselves gathered around it to enjoy its delicious warmth. By request of the party, I gave a familiar lecture, or rather talk, on the subject of glaciers and the glacial phenomena we had seen on the way.

LECTURE ON GLACIERS AND THE GLACIAL PHENOMENA OF THE SIERRAS.

In certain countries, where the mountains rise into the region of perpetual snow, and where other conditions, especially abundant moisture, are present, we find enormous masses of ice occupying the valleys, extending far below the snow-cap, and slowly moving downward. Such moving, icy extensions of the perpetual snow-cap are called glaciers.

It is easy to see that both the existence of glaciers and their downward motion are necessary to satisfy the demands of the great, universal *Law of Circulation*. For in countries where glaciers exist, the amount of snow which falls on mountain tops is far greater than the waste of the same by melting and evaporation in the same region. The snow, therefore, would accumulate without limit if it did not move down to lower regions, where the excess is melted and returned again to the general circulation of meteoric waters.

In the Alps, glaciers are now found ten to fifteen miles long, one to three miles wide, and five hundred to six hundred feet thick. They often reach four thousand feet below the snow level, and their rate of motion varies from a few inches to several feet per day. In grander mountains, such as the Himalayas and Andes, they are found of much greater size; while in Greenland and the Antarctic Continent, the whole surface of the country is completely covered, two thousand to three thousand feet deep, with an *ice sheet*, moulding itself on the inequalities of surface, and moving slowly seaward, to break off there into masses which form *icebergs*. The icy, instead of *snowy*, condition of glaciers, is the result of pressure, together with successive thawings and freezings. Snow is thus slowly compacted into glacier-ice.

Although glaciers are in continual motion downward, yet the lower end, or *foot*, never reaches below a certain point; and under unchanging conditions, this point remains fixed. The reason is obvious. The glacier may be regarded as being under the influence of two opposite forces; the downward motion tending ever to lengthen, and the melting tending ever to shorten it. High up the mountain the motion is in excess, but as the melting power of the sun and air increases downward, there must be a place where the motion and the melting balance each other. At this point will be found the foot. It is called the lower limit of the glacier. Its position, of course, varies in different countries, and may even reach the sea coast, in which case icebergs are formed. *Annual* changes of temperature do not affect the position of the foot of the glacier, but *secular* changes cause it to advance or retreat. During periods of increasing cold and moisture, the foot advances, pushing before it the accumulating debris. During periods of increasing heat and dryness, it retreats, leaving its previously accumulated debris lower down the valley. But whether the *foot* of the glacier be stationary or advancing or retreating, the *matter* of the glacier, and therefore all the debris lying on its surface, is in continual motion downward. Since glaciers are limited by melting, it is evident that a river springs from the foot of every glacier.

Moraines.—On the surface, and about the foot of glaciers, are always found immense piles of heterogeneous debris, consisting of rock fragments of all sizes, mixed with earth. These are called *moraines*. On the surface, the most usual form and place is a long heap, often twenty to fifty feet high, along each side, next the bounding cliffs. These are called *lateral moraines*. They are ruins of the crumbling cliffs on each side, drawn out into continuous line by the motion of the glacier. If glaciers are without tributaries, these lateral moraines are all the debris on their surface; but if glaciers have tributaries, then the two interior lateral moraines of the tributaries are carried down the middle of the glacier as a *medial moraine*. There is a medial moraine for every tributary. In complicated glaciers, therefore, the whole surface may be nearly covered with debris. All these materials, whether lateral or medial, are borne slowly onward by the motion of the glacier, and finally deposited at its foot in the form of a huge, irregularly crescentic pile of debris known as the *terminal moraine*. If a glacier runs from a rocky gorge out on a level plain, then the lateral moraines may be dropped on either side, forming parallel debris piles, confining the glacier.

Laws of Glacial Motion.—Glaciers do not *slide* down their beds like solid bodies, but *run* down in the manner of a body half solid, half liquid; *i. e.*, in the manner of a stream of stiffly viscous substance. Thus, while a glacier slides over its bed, yet the upper layers move faster, and therefore slide over the lower layers. Again, while the whole mass moves down, rubbing on the bounding sides, yet the middle portions move faster, and therefore slide on the marginal portions. Lastly, while a glacier moves over smaller inequalities of bed and bank like a solid, yet it conforms to and moulds itself upon the larger inequalities like a liquid. Also, its motion down steep slopes is greater than over level reaches. Thus, glaciers, like rivers, have their narrows and their lakes, their rapids and their stiller portions, their deeps and their shallows. In a word, a glacier is a stream, its motion is viscoid, and for the practical purposes of the geologist, it may be regarded as a very stiffly viscous body.

Glaciers as a Geological Agent.—Glaciers, like rivers, wear away the surfaces over which they pass; transport materials, and deposit them in their course or at their termination. But in all these respects the effects of glacial action are very characteristic, and cannot be mistaken for those of any other agent.

Erosion.—The cutting or wearing power of glaciers is very great; not only on account of their great weight, but also because they carry, fixed firmly in their lower surfaces, and therefore between themselves and their beds, rock fragments of all sizes, which act as their graving tools. These fragments are partly torn off from their rocky beds in their course, but principally consist of top-debris, which finds its way to the bottom through fissures, or else is engulfed in the viscous mass on the sides. Armed with these graving tools, a glacier behaves toward smaller inequalities like a solid body, planing them down to a smooth surface, and marking the smooth surface thus made with straight parallel scratches. But to large inequalities it behaves like a viscous liquid, conforming to their surfaces, while it smooths and scratches them. It moulds itself upon large prominences, and scoops out large hollows, at the same time smoothing, rounding, and scoring them. These smooth, rounded, scored surfaces, and these scooped-out rock-basins, are very characteristic of glacial action. We have passed over many such smooth surfaces this morning. The scooped-out rock-basins, when left by the retreating glacier, become beautiful lakes. Lake Tenaya is probably such a lake.

Transportation.—The carrying power of river currents has a definite relation to velocity. To carry rock-fragments of many tons' weight requires an almost incredible velocity. Glaciers, on the contrary, carry on their surfaces with equal ease fragments of all sizes, even up to hundreds of tons weight. Again, boulders carried by water currents are always bruised and rounded, while glaciers carry them safely and lay them down in their original angular condition. Again, river currents always leave boulders in secure position, while glaciers may set them down gently by the melting of the ice, in insecure positions, as *balanced stones.* Therefore, large, angular boulders, different from the country rock, and especially if in insecure positions, are very characteristic of glacial action.

Deposit: Terminal Moraine.—As already seen, all materials accumulated on the face of a glacier, or pushed along on the bed beneath, find their final place at the foot, and, therefore form the terminal moraine. If a glacier recedes, it leaves its terminal moraine, and makes a new one at the new position of its foot. Terminal moraines, therefore, are very characteristic signs of the former position of a glacier's foot. They are recognized by their irregular, crescentic form, the mixed nature of their materials, and the entire want of stratification or sorting. Behind the terminal moraines of retired glaciers accumulate the waters of the river that flows from its foot, and thus, again, form lakes. Glacial lakes—*i. e.*, lakes formed by the action of former glaciers—are, therefore, of two kinds, viz: 1, The filling of scooped-out rock-basins; 2, The accumulation of water behind old terminal moraines. The first are found, usually, high up; the second, lower down the old glacial valleys.

Glacial Epoch in California.—It is by means of these signs that geologists have proved that at a period very ancient in human, but very recent in geological chronology, glaciers were greatly extended in regions where they still exist, and existed in great numbers and size in regions where they no longer exist. This period is called the Glacial Epoch. Now, during this Glacial Epoch, the whole of the high Sierra region was covered with an ice-mantle, from which ran great glacial streams far down the slopes on either side. We have already seen evidences of some of these ancient glaciers on this, the western slope. After crossing Mono Pass, we shall doubtless see evidences of those which occupied the eastern slope. In our ride, yesterday and today, we crossed the track of some of these ancient glaciers. From where we now sit, we can follow with the eye their pathways. A great glacier (the Tuolumne Glacier) once filled this beautiful meadow, and its icy flood covered the spot where we now sit. It was fed by several tributaries. One from Mount Lyell, another from Mono Pass, and still another from Mount Dana, which uniting just above Soda Springs, the swollen stream enveloped yonder granite knobs, five hundred feet high, standing directly in its path, smoothing and rounding them on every side, and leaving them in form like a turtle's back; then coming further down overflowed its banks at the lowest point of yonder ridge—one thousand feet high—which we crossed this morning; and after sending an overflow stream down Tenaya Cañon, the main stream passed on down the Tuolumne Cañon, into and beyond Hetch-Hetchy Valley. From its head fountain, in Mount Lyell, this glacier may be traced forty miles.

The overflow branch which passed down the Tenaya Cañon, after gathering tributaries from the region of Cathedral Peaks, and enveloping, smoothing, and rounding the grand granite knobs which we saw this morning just above Lake Tenaya, scooped out that lake basin, and swept on its way to the Yosemite. There it united with other streams, from Little Yosemite and Nevada Cañons, and from Illilouette, to form the Great Yosemite Glacier, which probably filled that valley to the brim, and passed on down the cañon of the Merced. This glacier, in its subsequent retreat, left many imperfect terminal moraines, which are still detectible as rough debris piles just below the meadows. Behind these moraines accumulated water, forming lakes, which have gradually filled up and formed meadows. Some, as Mirror Lake, have not yet filled up. The meadows of Yosemite, and the lakes and meadows of Tenaya Fork, upon which our horses grazed while we were at "University Camp," were formed in this way. You must have observed that these lakes and meadows are separated by higher ground, composed of coarse debris. All the lakes and meadows of this high Sierra region were formed in this way. The region of good grazing is also the region of former glaciers.

Erosion in High Sierra Region.—The erosion to which this whole high Sierra region has been subjected, in geological times, is something almost incredible. It is a common popular notion that mountain peaks are *upheaved.* No one can look about him observantly in this high Sierra region and retain such a notion. Every peak and valley now within our view—all that constitutes the grand scenery upon which we now look—is the result wholly of *erosion*—of mountain sculpture. Mountain chains are, indeed, *formed* by igneous agency; but they are afterwards *sculptured* into forms of beauty by rain. But even this gives as yet no adequate idea of the immensity of this erosion. Not only are all the grand peaks now within view, Cathedral Peaks, Unicorn Peak, Mount Lyell, Mount Gibbs, Mount Dana, the result of simple inequality of erosion, but it is almost certain that the slates which form the foothills, and over whose upturned edges we passed from Snelling to Clark's, and whose edges we again see, forming the highest crests on the very margin of the eastern slope, originally covered the granite of this whole region many thousand feet deep. Erosion has removed it entirely, and bitten deep into the underlying granite. Now, you are not to imagine that the whole, but certainly a large portion of this erosion and the final touches of this sculpturing, have been accomplished by the glacial action which I have endeavored to explain.

About 9 P. M., our clothing still damp, we rolled ourselves in our damp blankets, lay upon the still wet ground, and went to sleep. I slept well, and suffered no inconvenience.

To any one wishing really to enjoy camp-life among the high Sierras, I know no place more delightful than Soda Springs. Being about nine thousand feet above the sea, the air is deliciously cool and bracing, and the water, whether of the spring or of the river, is almost ice-cold and the former is a gentle; tonic. The scenery is nowhere more glorious. Add to this, inexhaustible pasturage for horses, and plenty of mutton, and trout abundant in the river, and what more can pleasure-seekers want?

Joseph Le Conte.

THE WILLOW TREE.

Willow Tree, O Willow Tree,
Why cast down so utterly?
Earth's heart freed from frosty rest
Beats beneath her grassy breast,
And the warm blood of her veins
To thy topmost limb attains;
Sky is blue with June—the sun
Thrills each other leafy one.
Sunlight chiding shunneth thee,
Willow Tree, O Willow Tree!

Willow Tree, O Willow Tree,
Thine is silent threnody.
Speechless motion of thy leaves
On the grass a darkness weaves.
Men are dreamers of a dream,
Life is myth, and fate supreme,
Earth a mound-scarred tomb to thee,
Willow Tree, O Willow Tree!

Willow Tree, O Willow Tree,
I inhale thy sympathy.
I did lay a loved form low
'Neath the frozen turf and snow.
Lids like fringéd petals drew
Close for aye o'er hearts of blue.
Smiles that lit her latest breath
Lingered on in waxen death.
I became like unto thee,
Willow Tree, O Willow Tree!

Willow Tree, O Willow Tree,
Peace to futile elegy!
Winter's day of anguish done,
Sky is blue with June—the sun
Brings new blossoms where the blast
Rent the dead leaves of the past.
June doth stir my sluggish blood,
Life again with hopes shall bud;
All my grief I bury deep
In thy drooping, sunless sleep.

Alas, I shall come oft to thee,
Willow Tree, O Willow Tree!

Wilbur Larremore.

THE WYOMING ANTI-CHINESE RIOT.

It is not the purpose of this article to excuse the recent assaults upon Chinamen in Wyoming, and those threatened in Washington Territory. It is repugnant to the sense of justice of Americans, as it is to their humanitarian ideas, to make the individual suffer for the inconvenience or disasters produced by the masses. The number of persons who have taken pleasure in the annoyance of individual Chinamen in California, or have contributed to it, is comparatively very small, while the number of those who seriously deprecate the influx of this race, and seek to resist it, is overwhelming. It does not follow, as some of our Eastern critics seem to believe, that because the Pacific Coast people are nearly a unit against Chinese immigration, and demand of the national government adequate measures to prevent it, they are ready with the bowie knife and torch to massacre and expel the Chinamen now in their midst. On the contrary, there would probably be as large a vote cast against such illegal violence upon the Chinese, if occasion offered, as there has heretofore been, and would again be, cast for their permanent exclusion. There is no necessary connection between acts of cowardly aggression upon Chinamen, and earnest opposition to the influx of this race to our shores. In fact, the clear-sighted opponents of Chinese immigration see that every criminal act of oppression of this people tends to excite sympathy for them in Eastern circles, and furnishes arguments deemed to be conclusive by a class of minds, why legislative measures to keep them out should be defeated.

An Eastern senator, eminent for ability and personally very estimable, recently took occasion to speak bitterly of the late assault upon Chinese in Wyoming, and to class the opposition to the incoming of this people therewith. From the imperfect report of the speech of the gentleman in question that has reached the writer, this seems to have been its tenor; and this inference is supported by formerly expressed views of the orator on the floor of the United States Senate. It would probably be impossible to convince Mr. Hoar that the vast majority of the people of the Pacific Coast, who contest Chinese immigration inch by inch by lawful means, detest as bitterly as any of his auditors could any personal assaults upon them. Yet this is true; and our Eastern legislators can never comprehend this question until they are able to draw a distinction between the desire of this people to peacefully and lawfully extirpate a great evil, as they see it, and the reckless and unthinking impulse of a minority, that is impatient under Chinese absorption of its means of livelihood.

It is true that such peaceful and lawful opposition to Chinese immigration is considered to be in itself an offense by our radical opponents; differing only in degree, not in kind, from the crimes of violence to which we refer. It is unreasonable and unjust hostility to the bettering of the condition of a part of the human family! It is in defiance of God's law, who has "made of one blood all the nations of the earth!" It is contrary to the traditions of the fathers of the republic, who made this land the home of the oppressed of all nations! We are, therefore, inhuman, irreligious, and unpatriotic, because we would exclude the Chinese; and what more are those who put the torch to the hut of the Chinaman, and shoot him as he flees over the hills? These prepossessions against us seem to those holding them to be grounded so deeply upon principle, that any argument drawn from the peculiarities of the Chinese, their modes of life and acting, their propagation of disease and bad morals, their absorption of the means of living, and exclusion of white labor from employment, their unassimilability to the American, their continuance as strangers in the land after years of residence, their entire want of characteristics (except industry) desirable in citizenship, and the overwhelming numbers in which they may be poured upon us; all these and other kindred considerations are deemed as touching only expediency, and are unworthy of consideration when absolute right is in question. Were it not too serious, it would be amusing, to observe how all such practical objections to Chinese influx are waived aside by the opponents of restrictive measures. The writer once procured photographs of lepers who were about being sent back to China, certainly hideous and repulsive to the last degree, and exhibited these pictures to senators as an evidence of one of the dangers to which the United States is exposed, by allowing the unrestrained coming of Mongolians. The only observation he obtained from the worthy gentlemen referred to was that it was wrong to hold up to ridicule these unfortunate beings. If ridicule had been the object, the observation would have been just. As illustrating the introduction of a new and terribly loathsome disease—new to the United States, but as surely accompanying the Chinese as do the smell of opium and sandal-wood—the evidence presented was worthy of deeper study.

As the mixture of the elements of the old Asiatic civilization with those of our newer civilization distributes to the latter the seeds of this mysterious disease, so it involves consequences to the political and social health of our people. The insensibility of our opponents to both is akin. Yet the fact that the presence of Chinese in the workshops, in the mines, in all agricultural pursuits, leads to more or less frequent riots, in which they are killed or their houses burned, is a reason why they should not be allowed to come in numbers. While the law should protect them when here, and put down as enemies of society those who molest them, public policy dictates that public peace should not be made to rest solely on the strength and omnipresence of the law. In semi-despotic countries, where a large military force is always at hand, and the ordinary agents of the law are numerous, and organized for the work, it is possible to rely upon force to compel obedience and submission to what the ruler may dictate. But this republic is not organized upon that plan, and is unable to cope with difficulties that arise from sudden gusts of popular passion. It must remove causes of discontent, when possible, rather than rely upon suppressing it.

It is a singular fact that the Chinese, go where they will, soon become objects of intense dislike to native races. While it is difficult to detect all the subtle causes of this dislike, some of them lie on the surface. These have been urged over and over again, in all forms of explanation and with all earnestness of spirit, by the people of this coast, with but partial effect upon the dull ears of Eastern legislators and executive officers. But one feature that follows Chinese immigration is now developing itself in the United States, repressed by law and public opinion in great measure; but nevertheless ominous of future mischief, as the Chinese greatly increase in numbers, and make the conditions of life harder for the white laborer. Where the Chinese go, the latter can get the necessaries of life for their families only in competition with them, and the Chinese are not burdened with such encumbrances. Family life is practically unknown to the Chinese in America. Only one wilfully blind can fail to see that the Caucasian race will not allow itself to be expelled from this country, or totally impoverished, without a bloody struggle to prevent it. If the law does not measure the difficulty and obviate it, the laboring masses will. This is not a threat; it is a prophecy. Such opposition is not a new feature elsewhere; though the conditions under which it has been active have been unfavorable to success. The Chinese are expert colonizers. They have crowded their way into all the islands and countries neighboring to them by their numbers and persistency; but this only after the *avant-garde* had been many times massacred by the infuriated natives, desirous of keeping alien hordes out of their country. Massacres have never deterred the Chinese. They seem rather to have stimulated their immigration. New ranks of Chinamen have always stepped readily into the place of those falling, and so the invasions have gone on until resistance was futile. Thus it has been in localities in the vicinity of China. In this remote region there is better chance that violent obstruction might succeed. Yet the demoralization consequent to our own people would be a fearful price to pay for a victory so gained, and it is to be deprecated on every ground of humanity and every principle of self-interest. The alternative is exclusion by law, and the measurable success which has attended the imperfect restrictive law now in force gives promise of complete success when a better law is enacted.

Those who condemn the conduct of the miners in Wyoming, and yet declare for the unlimited influx of Mongolians, are illogical, in view of the necessities of the situation. It is impossible that there can be a peaceful joint occupation of the United States by Americans and Chinese. It is best to look this fact in the face. The history of the latter race elsewhere tends to prove it. The Chinese are, where strong in numbers, aggressive and domineering. The sporadic cases of violence against the Chinese in this country already occurring, tend to prove the incompatibility of the two races. Useless as *émeutes* have proved to be, to prevent the influx of these people, the dislike which they excite is invincible, and leads to regrettable violence. All the denunciations of eloquent pulpits, all the disfavor of law-abiding people, will not prevent these scenes. The matter touches the moral health of the people, and these oft-occurring crimes are one of the worst incidents of an immigration which is not desirable from any point of view.

The theories of such men as Henry Ward Beecher imply that a mixed population of Asiatics and Europeans would be better for the United States than one of pure European origin. We must believe such to be their view, for they persistently demand that the present bars be let down, so that the coming of Chinese may be facilitated by existing steam lines, and by every ocean tramp that covets the profit made in a semi slave-trade. These public teachers must be condemned as unpatriotic, or else it must be conceded that they think this to the interest of this country. Certainly, they would not sacrifice their own country for the advantage of China or Chinese! Yet no fact is better known than that mixed races are the most corrupt and worthless on earth, especially where one of the compounds is Asiatic. A learned German has said of mixed races: "To define their characteristics correctly would be impossible, for their minds partake of the mixture of their blood. As a rule, it may be fairly said that they unite in themselves all the faults, without any of the virtues, of their progenitors. As men, they are generally inferior to the pure races, and as members of society they are the worst class of citizens."

Here in California we have no part in the opinion that American society is improved by a Chinese element. We know what this implies by long observation and experience. The Chinese are a caste by themselves, as distinct from the remainder of the community as Brahmins are from Pariahs. There is little danger of mixture of blood, for they remain, after years of residence, Chinese, exclusive in all their ways and thoughts, and their children born here continue like their fathers. The admixture is of another nature. It is a state within a state. Their great number in this city makes them a colony by themselves, occupying the heart of the city, street after street, block after block, given over exclusively to the sights and sounds and smells of Peking. Such a colony would occupy New York city proportionally from the Battery to Twelfth Street, and a dozen blocks solidly each side. Such an one would occupy all the streets for a quarter of a mile around Beacon Hill in Boston. The streets so occupied by the Chinese colony in San Francisco were once filled with handsome shops, residences, hotels, churches, etc. Now, only the Mongolian is found there, or, with some exceptions, debased whites who ply shady vocations in their vicinity. The newspaper or periodical finds few customers among the thousands who crowd those teeming streets. It is, in all its aspects and all its regimen, a little China.

It is only nominally governed by the city authorities. The real power, even to life and death, is with the Chinese guilds. The gentlemen to whom reference has been made bear very philosophically the existence of this plague spot on distant San Francisco. Whether the immutable principles they proclaim would be qualified by considerations of expediency if the danger of such colonies, of the due proportion, were threatening New York city or Boston, can only be matter of conjecture.

Yet these are only the outward aspects of the case. The Chinese are here for industrial purposes, except those who prey upon the vices of others. Hence they crowd into every avenue of employment, and underbid the Americans for labor in all directions. This is the real irritation of the situation. Their presence could be better endured, did it not tend directly to expel other workers, who cannot compete in sordid living with the Mongolian, and hence must go elsewhere to find employment, no longer by him to be had at home. So the miner or artisan finds his way to distant territories. Soon the Chinese have followed him there, and there also increased in numbers, again underbidding him in labor, perhaps compelling a new migration. It is not entirely strange if patience gives way, and violent means are resorted to in an outlying settlement, which a fear of the law or public sentiment would deter in populous centers. These considerations may not be urged as an excuse for crimes; they are valuable as showing tendencies.

It might seem unnecessary to demonstrate that it is better for this country if the employers and employed continue of the same race. A radical class line drawn between these, sharply defined by the most odious of distinctions—race dominance and inferiority, where there can be no community of interest or sympathy—would be a blighting curse. In those parts of this country where the Chinese are most numerous, the tendency has been to draw this line, by the exclusive employment of Chinese in all departments of manual labor. The effect has been to arrest white immigration, breed discontent among idle mechanics and laborers, and create bitter enmity against capitalists. To this cause may be traced the spirit that dictated the New Constitution of this State, many of the provisions of which were avowedly inserted "to cinch capital." This spirit of discontent and of hostility to capital is to be deprecated. Its growth and causes are recommended to the attention of those who think the gain from trade with China is more to be coveted, than injury to our social life from the incoming of vast hordes of Asiatics is to be feared.

Let us have a homogeneous population, and we shall have peace. The slight differences between the native population of this country and the immigrants from any part of Europe will never lead to serious disturbances; while it may be safely predicted that all such disappear in a generation. But the differences between the Asiatic and American are radical and enduring. These views are not open to the criticism that we would exclude a class from the country because there is a prejudice against it. There exist prejudices in narrow minds against Jews, against Irishmen, against Hungarians, and others, and it is alleged triumphantly that our theories call for the exclusion of these. If the cases were parallel, the deduction would be sound. But there are, on the contrary, only accidental and slight resemblances between the immigration of other foreigners and the Chinese. The former come voluntarily, to make a home with us; they bring families with them; they soon sink into the body politic, and their children are not distinguishable from other native born; they do not come, or threaten to come, in countless hosts, like the swarms of Attila; as a rule, they bring no strange diseases, and have no unnatural vices. Where they inordinately crowd the avenues of labor, it is usually because the cupidity of capitalists has imported them as contract laborers, as most of the Chinese are imported, and thus defiled the pure and placid stream of immigration.

Further, the contention of Californians is not that Chinamen now here under the existing and past treaties should be deported. For such, sure of the cessation of the immigration, they would have the utmost patience. Their appeal is to stay the flood in prospect. They admit whatever may be claimed for any occupant of our soil, in the way of equal protection of the laws. Right comes by occupancy. But the law of self-preservation is invoked to prevent the submergence of this State and coast by those who have as yet no right here, and whom we as certainly may prevent from acquiring such right, as we may prevent the European States from emptying their prisons and lunatic asylums upon us. We would deal with the Chinaman in China, not with the Chinaman in the United States.

The Wyoming riot was only a form of the constantly recurring labor troubles, of which every country has had experience, and the United States has had its full share. As we write, there is news of the street-car riots in St. Louis, and of the strike of laborers on the Shore Line Railroad in New York. The Pittsburgh riots a few years ago show how easily excited are the fears and jealousies of the workers, and how destructive their passions when aroused. It is not worth while to hold up hands in horror over Wyoming, and overlook the deeds done near at home. It is not worth while to content one's self with declaiming against the acts of rioters, and ignore the causes of their discontent. Experience should teach that it is better to eradicate the latter where possible, and not to insist upon aggravating them. The result is the same to the laborer, whether his employer reduces his wages from dull times, or because a convenient coolie can be thrust into his place. The result is the same to him, whether one or the other cause throws him out of employment, or reduces him to starvation rates. Both lead up to labor troubles, and these are aggravated if there is suspicion of injustice. No wise legislator can afford to ignore the danger arising from such troubles, which are more fatal to business prosperity than all other causes combined.

In view of the fact that this question of Chinese immigration is a part of the labor question of the day; that it is steadily making its way eastward; that like causes can but produce like effects in the East as on this coast; that the material interests of our artisans and their families are involved, and their discontent and resistance must follow invasion of their right to earn a living;—it is better to discard the *rôle* of doctrinaire, and seriously determine what is best in the premises for our own people, and legislate to secure it.

We present these considerations, because California must necessarily demand further and more efficient legislation to arrest Chinese immigration. The present law, under the refinements of courts, and by virtue of unconscionable perjury, and perhaps the bribery of subordinate officials, for which the existing law gives too much opportunity, is lamentably ineffectual. While it has somewhat diminished the numbers coming, many have illegally forced their way through its meshes. A mountain dam, holding back a great body of water, which bursts through every crevice and cranny of the logs and sheathing, and leaks at the bottom and sides, is a fit figure of the condition of the law under the pervading, persistent pressure of the coolies to get through it, and thus gain admission to this coveted land. It would be well to revert at once to the original ten-passenger bill, and cease playing with so serious a question. To that bill should be added a section repealing treaty provisions inconsistent therewith. It would next be China's turn to speak. The testimony of our representatives at Peking is to the effect that China is indifferent upon the subject. Were it otherwise, self-preservation is the first law of nature, and we should enforce it.

No constitutional lawyer doubts the power of Congress to repeal a treaty by law. The Supreme Court of the United States has repeatedly passed upon the question, sustaining the power. China could not consistently object to its exercise in this instance, even if disposed to do so, as it would probably not be; for it has loftily disdained to aid the United States to execute this treaty, or provide any means for the identification of those of its people having a right to come here under the treaty, and so left the door open for numberless frauds upon the United States, and made the restrictive features of the treaty practically a nullity.

If the general plan of the present law is to be kept, there are defects of detail which might be corrected, so as to lessen the chances for fraud. An obvious one is to have stubs in the certificate book, each stub to bear the number of the certificate, and contain the name and description of the person to whom it is issued. The certificate itself should not contain the description, or name, or state the sex of such person. This would make the transfer of certificates impossible, because the fraud would be instantly detected on testing the holder by the description on the stub.

We trust our Eastern friends will not be impatient at what appear to be increasing demands from this coast upon this subject. We stand just where we stood when Mr. Hayes vetoed the first restrictive bill—demanding effectual remedy for a boundless evil. Until that demand is met by legislation adequate to the object, it will be continued. Fortunately there is a growing appreciation of this great question among the people of the other States. Their voice will be heard by aspiring politicians, when ours is lost in the distance.

A. A. Sargent.

"I'M TOM'S SISTER."

The mail stage was somewhat behind time that night, and, in consequence, when the four steaming horses came dashing up the street at their showiest gait, a larger crowd than usual had assembled to welcome their arrival, and exchange pleasantries with the driver. He was generally nothing loath for such encounters, being equally expert with his lash or tongue. But on this occasion, instead of parrying any of the good-natured quips with which the air was filled, he called out in a cautioning way, "Boys!" and motioned back towards the stage. This silenced them instantly; they had believed the stage was empty, and had not seen the pale, frightened face of a young girl, who was peering out through the darkness at the noisy crowd.

She was quickly reassured, however, by the appearance of the agent, who politely inquired if she had acquaintances in town, or would like to go to a hotel. She replied in a timid, perplexed way:

"I think I should like to see the post-master first, please. Will you direct me to him?"

Her request was complied with, and as I saw her approaching, I started towards her, but failed to recognize the beautiful face of my visitor. There was no hesitation on her part, however, for, as she extended her hand towards me as to an old friend, she introduced herself by saying: "I'm Tom's sister."

I then knew that I had never met her before, but the terrible significance of those words coming from her lips completely unnerved and stunned me. I could make no reply; but she read the story of her loneliness in my face, and laying her hand upon my arm, cried out with the most piteous, beseeching look, as though I were the arbiter of her destiny: "Oh, please don't tell me that I am too late!"

"Miss Armitage," I replied, as soon as I could command my voice, "you must allow me to act for you in his place now. I cannot explain to you here, for you see we are attracting much attention. I must first select a suitable refuge for you, for I will not listen to your going to a hotel. If you will go with me to the kind-hearted widow with whom I make my home, you will be sure of a warm, motherly welcome from her; and then, after you have had the rest and refreshment you so much need, you shall hear all."

Struck dumb by the dreadful blow that had so suddenly fallen upon her, the poor girl silently took my arm, and passively consented to my guidance.

I had made no mistake as to the nature of her welcome; one look at her sweet, tearful face was sufficient to cause the heart of my hostess to warm towards her, and a few whispered words of explanation and caution completed the conquest; and then, with the plea of immediate urgent business at the office, and promising to return in a short time, I hurried away, my brain in a whirl and a deathly feeling at my heart.

I did not turn towards my office, however, but sought for solitude, and there, alone, beneath the stars, I tried to form some plan of action.

But here let me explain who this brother was, and what he was, or rather, what he had been.

Some months before, a stranger called at the office, and handed me an order, signed "Thomas Armitage," for the delivery of his mail to the bearer until further notice; and when, some time afterward, I accidentally discovered the stranger was a gambler in one of the lowest dens in the place, I attached no importance to the discovery, knowing nothing about Armitage. My suspicions were naturally aroused, however, about two months before this young girl's appearance in my office, by the reception of a letter directed to the postmaster, in the same neat hand I had noticed on the Armitage letters. It was from "Lucy Armitage," written at her home in Virginia, asking for information of her brother. He was all she had left on earth to love, she wrote; had been in California about two years, and though he had changed his residence quite often, had been regular in his correspondence until recently; but this silence had alarmed her, for Tom had always been such a kind, considerate brother, that she felt sure that, if he were alive and well, he would have written, etc. I was constantly receiving similar letters, to which I often had to send sad answers.

On hunting the gambler up, I found he was known to his associates only by the name of "Shorty." I asked him for information about Armitage, and gave him my reasons for so doing. He told me that Tom was an old chum of his, was engaged in mining in the mountains, and as he had chances, occasionally, to send his letters to him, he liked to oblige him. "I suppose," he added, "he has been careless about writing lately, but I'll stir him up about it. He's been very sick, too, and it will do no harm to mention it to her now, as he is getting better. I think, also, it will be safe for you to say that she'll most likely hear from him before long."

I was obliged to be content with this rather unsatisfactory information for Miss Armitage, but placed it in the best light I could, referring to my informant as an old friend of her brother.

About the time she was reading my letter, a terrible tragedy occurred in our town. Shorty had been caught in the act of robbing a safe belonging to some fellow gamblers, and in attempting to escape had killed his man, and been in turn shot down. I was on the scene before the arrival of the coroner, and during the confusion secured unnoticed two letters I saw in the breast pocket of the dead man's coat. I did this without any scruples, for I had given them to him the day before for his friend. I knew whose hand had penned them, and felt it my duty to prevent her name from being associated with his death.

To say that I was surprised and indignant when I found that her letters had been opened, but feebly expresses it; but the next moment a few penciled lines upon the envelope had revealed the fearful truth to me. "This, then," thought I, "was Thomas Armitage; this was the man on whom all the love of that poor girl's heart is centered; this the brother in whose uprightness and integrity she believed as truly as she did in the existence of her God. He was intending, no doubt, after securing this gold, to return at once to her, for now I hold the key to what was in his thoughts when he sent her that last message. Thank God, he had the grace to hide the family name! I am, I feel sure, the sole custodian of this secret, and as I hope for peace hereafter, it shall not escape me while she lives." And it was with a feeling of relief I watched her letters crumbling into ashes.

Can you wonder, now, that with Tom's sister sitting at yon window, waiting anxiously for the particulars of his death, I found it difficult to put my plans into shape? No intimation of the truth must reach her; on that point I was resolved—for what would follow? A life of ceaseless misery; her every breath a breath of torture; her every glance at her kind a glance of shame; and in a little while another mound, all through no fault of hers. No, no, this must not be. That he is dead, she already knows, although the words have not been spoken. Her thoughts must be turned away from here, for a dozen words of description that any one around could give would cause her to recognize that man. Tom, *her* Tom, must die elsewhere, and his grave must be where human foot never trod. The deception can harm no living soul; and I seemed to hear voices around me, saying, "Save her, man, save her, and do your work well! Hedge the truth in so densely that it will never reach her. Obliterate all trails, close all avenues for future inquiry; and if you can so tell the story as to cause some ray of light to fall upon her path, surely your own will never be the darker for it."

I believed at last I saw my way, and passing through the now deserted streets to my office, I selected a partly-filled memorandum book, and framed my story as deftly as I could.

Once more that night I found myself in her presence, and speaking of my long absence as having been unavoidable, I said to her, partly to test my voice, "Miss Armitage, we postmasters have so many sad cases to deal with, that we find our best plan is to make notes of all unusual occurrences for future reference"—then, opening the book, I read as follows:

"The case of Thomas Armitage, from whose sister I recently received such a beautiful and touching letter of inquiry, is a very sad one. I had never met him, to my knowledge, and the following particulars I obtained from his partner, a Mr. Christian. They had been engaged in prospecting in the mountains for a long time previous, with but poor success; they were pocket miners, and, as often occurs amongst this class, after months, or even years, of unsuccessful search, a few days' work had recompensed them for all their labor. Mr. Armitage had been quite sick for some time, but the finding of a rich pocket by his partner, combined, no doubt, with the prospect of an immediate return to his old home, hastened his recovery. He had quite likely put off writing to his sister, because he had no news of success to send her, and was constantly thinking he might be a passenger on the next steamer, and would then soon be with her. At all events, as soon as he found himself in possession of a sum far in excess of what he had dared hope for, he made preparations for an immediate return, Mr. Christian accompanying him as far as San Francisco. On the day before the steamer sailed, they engaged a boat for a short sail around the Bay. When near Alcatraz, they lost control of it, and it was instantly swamped. Mr. Armitage sank at once, dragged down, no doubt, by the weight of the belt he wore, in which he had placed his well-earned gold. Mr. Christian reached the shore in an exhausted condition; and although the accident was witnessed by some fishermen on their way outside, it was impossible for them to render the least assistance. His body was no doubt swept out to sea; and thus ended the career of a life full of great promise. It will be a great trial to me to have to send these tidings to that poor waiting sister, but it must be done. It will most assuredly tend to alleviate her grief, to know how truly her brother loved her—that she was constantly in his thoughts, and that, when the cruel waters closed over him, her name was upon his lips; for the cry of 'Lucy, darling,' mingled with the murmur of the waves, reached the ears of some strollers on the shore."

The poor girl had been lying, sobbing bitterly, in the arms of her newly-found friend, during the reading of the above; and, without giving her time to question, I turned over a few leaves in my diary, and, saying there were a few lines more that might be of interest to her, I continued my reading: "Mr. Christian called on me today, to bid me good-by; he belongs to that class of men who are not satisfied except when on the wing. On my asking him as to the disposition of his mail, he replied that as he had not a relative living, no letters ever followed him in his world-wide ramblings."

As the long, weary days for poor Lucy rolled by, I had not dared to trust myself alone with her, fearing some unconsidered word might escape me that would arouse her suspicions. She was anxious to return home at once, but I had persuaded her to remain with us a few weeks, that she might have the pleasant companionship of some of our neighbors, who then proposed making an Eastern visit. It was only on the evening before her departure that I gave her the opportunity. I felt sure she desired to talk over with me alone the recent events in her brother's life.

It was a memorable Sabbath evening to me, for I was almost overcome with nervous anxiety as to the result of our interview, and I knew I had read her thoughts aright when I saw the look of pleased surprise with which she accepted my invitation to take a short stroll with me. We reached the summit of a little hill near the town, just in time to see one of the most gorgeous of our many beautiful sunsets; and she became so enthusiastic in her admiration of the scene, that I once more caught a glimpse of the face of "Tom's sister," as on that first eventful night. There were some stray cattle grazing along towards us, so I opened a little gate that led into our "City of the Dead," and motioning to her, we silently entered therein; thoughtless in me, you may well say, but men have so little tact!

I would not recall the long conversation we had, as we sat there until the lone evening star had been joined by all her innumerable companions, nor could I. It is sufficient to say it was all about Tom, and that it required the most constant watchfulness and care to keep my secret safe. When I noticed a light blast of the cool night air rustling her garments, I suggested, as she was thinly clad, that we should move a short distance to the protection of a neighboring hedge. We had been seated thus some time, before she noticed a little mound near by. She seemed startled when she first recognized its nature, but it was only for a moment; and as she again turned towards it, and glanced at the stake at its head, I said to her, as though she had questioned me as to its object, "There is only a number on it."

"Only a number," she repeated, slowly; "that seems very sad."

"Perhaps it is just as well," I replied, "for if each of these mounds near us had a costly stone above it, the only inscription upon them, I fear, would be 'Unknown.'"

"And yet," said she, after a short pause, laying her hand gently upon the grave, "he no doubt had dear friends—possibly a sister, who would give the world to be where I am now."

At last my time had come! And my heart ceased its throbbing, as I silently handed her a little bunch of flowers I had gathered one by one as we came up the hill. She understood my thoughts—or believed she did—and taking them, held the little wild beauties for a moment to her lips, then laid them, very lovingly and tenderly, upon the grave; and then, her sense of loneliness renewed, she cried: "Oh, if I could but do as much for Tom!" and bowing her head over them, she wept piteously and long.

And yet I could not tell! But surely his spirit will rest easier now; for has not a loving sister made a long and weary pilgrimage to cheer and comfort him, and sitting by his grave, with him only in her thoughts, laid her heart's offering thereon, and sanctified it with her tears?

William S. Hutchinson.

THE LEGEND OF THE TWO ROSES.

[*Translated from the German of Ernest von Wildenbruch.*]

Before the gates of a great city, where dwelt many men, both the rich and the poor, there lived a gardener, the owner of a large, magnificent rose garden. There grew roses of every kind and hue, for the gardener was master of his art; he reared the roses with great skill, and nursed and tended them with all care, not for love of the flowers themselves, but for the sake of the profits he reaped by selling them to the people of the city.

His industry bore rich fruits, for men came in large numbers to buy his roses. They planted them in their gardens, and adorned their houses with them—but of course only the wealthy could do this, for the gardener demanded a high price for his flowers, which put them beyond the reach of the poor.

One day, when the sun had again led forth summer, his beloved child, by the hand, that he might frolic upon the earth and fill all things with gladness, there blossomed out, in the middle of the garden, two roses, fairer than all others that had ever bloomed in that garden. They each grew on a separate bush, but the bushes stood in one and the same flower bed, so close together, that when the roses bent their heads a little, they almost touched each other.

Therefore it came about that these two roses grew to be intimate friends; they called each other "thou"; and, although they were not quite the same in looks, the one having soft, yellowish petals, with a reddish calyx, and the other being all snow-white, even into her very heart, and although they were of different lineage, yet they called themselves sisters, and confided all their secrets, one to the other. When they did this, so sweet an odor came from their lips that the whole garden round about floated in a sea of perfume, and their caressings were so beautiful to look upon, that the tiny beetles, which run busily over the earth, stood still together and said: "See! the roses are telling a secret again. I wonder what it can be!"

The subject about which the roses chatted was their future; they were still very young, and had no past to talk of, therefore the more fondly and the more often did they speak of their future, for it was composed of naught but exquisite dreams. That they were the fairest flowers in all that garden they knew well; they learned it every day in the shining eye of the gardener as he looked upon them; they heard it from the lips of the passing stranger; they felt it every morning when the morning-wind came blustering into the garden, swept away the night, and tapped the roses upon their little heads until they nodded and bowed. This was ever like an act of homage that the garden offered to these two.

But at length it became clear that these two roses, although deep down in their hearts as good and kindly as the majority of roses, were growing a little proud, and entertained great expectations in regard to their future. Only a king could it be, or a prince, or, at least, some immensely wealthy man, who would some day buy them and carry them home; in this they were agreed; and their only trouble was that then they might be separated and carried away, one in one direction, and the other in another. This was their sorrow, for they had become warmly attached to each other; and whenever the thought came to them the roses wept, each a single big tear, which, if it were morning, lay in their hearts like a glistening drop; and that was again beautiful to look upon. Yes, it was so fair a sight that the morning wind, who had traveled far and wide over the land, and was therefore a connoisseur of flower beauty, stood still before them, filled with wonder, and made them his obeisance, saying:

"Genuine beauty wears all things gracefully, even pain itself."

Then the rose sisters nodded to him in a friendly fashion, and replied:

"Ah, what a charming young man you are, Mr. Morning Wind, that you can be so clever thus early in the morning."

The morning wind felt greatly flattered; he gathered up the skirts of his coat, and flew on his way further.

As the days passed by, many, many a visitor and purchaser came to the garden, but none for the two roses. They, as all knew in silence, were destined to some extraordinary fortune. Now, it happened on one lovely summer afternoon, as evening approached, that an elegant open carriage rolled up, and stopped before the garden gate. The two roses could look right down the broad path through the trellis, and when they saw the carriage, their hearts quivered as if with forebodings that this brought their fate. They laid their cheeks against each other, and whispered their thoughts softly, quite softly. On the box of the coach sat the coachman, and next him the footman; both wore coats and hats trimmed with broad golden galloons, and because the roses were still so ignorant of the world, they thought these two on the box above were the chief personages. But a little lady-bird came sailing hither through the air—she had moved much in the houses of the noble, and once, even, had sat on the finger of a real princess—and when she heard the remarks of the roses, she said:

"No, indeed; those on the box, let me tell you, are only servants; those who sit within the carriage, at them you must look."

Then, truly, the roses opened their eyes wide; but the people in the carriage did not suit their fancy exactly, for the one was a lady who was no longer young and not at all pretty; the other was a gentleman who, to be sure, had a splendid black beard, but no handsome face to set it off becomingly. While the roses were making remarks about them, the lady-bird spoke again:

"But let me tell you, you know nothing at all of the world, you two; for, do you not know that that man yonder is the wealthiest banker in the whole city, and that the lady is his wife? What need, then, have the rich to be beautiful? They leave that to the poor, who have nothing else."

Then the roses were ashamed of their ignorance, and they blushed a faint crimson in their embarrassment, which was indeed very becoming.

Meanwhile, the lady and gentleman had alighted from their carriage, and behind them came scrambling down a little dog with almost silver-white hair, and so plump that it could only waddle along very slowly; it snarled up its face, and, from time to time, it barked shortly, which sounded as if it cried, "Go 'way! 'way! 'way!"

The gardener stood at the gate; he had lifted his hat from his head, and now made a low, low bow. The gentleman nodded to him slightly, but the lady swept past him with head in the air. And when the lady-bird saw this, she called out to the roses:

"There is a chance for you to learn something. See, rich people must act as this lady does; she understands what it is to be rich!"

But again the roses felt ashamed of their wretched taste, for this behavior had not pleased them in the least.

By this time the grand lady and gentleman were coming down the broad garden-path, right towards the spot where the two roses stood, and at every step the lady took, her silken dress rustled and crackled, so that it sounded as if it cried out to Nature round about: "St, st, I am from Paris; I am from Paris!"

Close behind them the gardener came, always with head bared. He pointed now to the right and now to the left, now at this rose-bush and now at that, and from time to time the lady stopped, and raised her glasses, which hung by a golden cord about her neck, to her eyes. Whenever the gardener spoke long and eloquently in praise of his roses, until he grew quite red in the face, she only pressed her lips together a little, and said:

"Humph, all that amounts to nothing!"

The gardener looked downcast; the little dog barked, as if it cried: "Pshaw, pshaw, pshaw!" and the lady's husband nodded his head to the gardener, and said: "Only the very best suits my wife."

In this way they at length reached the two roses, who were awaiting them with wide-open eyes, and here, for the first time, the lady stopped of her own accord; she raised her glasses to her eyes to examine the two roses.

But they, when they saw the scrutinizing glasses directed upon them, hung their heads in shy confusion; a quiver of embarrassment flew over their bodies and made their bosoms heave; and as they stood their with heads modestly drooped, they were more beautiful than ever before—so lovely that even the lady could not resist the power of their beauty. Therefore, to express her delight, she said:

"That might do for me, perhaps."

Then her husband, at whom she glanced as she spoke, seeing that he also might now venture a word, added quickly:

"Two superb species, indeed. What is their price?"

Thereupon the gardener named a sum at which the lady exclaimed, "Whew!" and clapped both her hands to her ears, while her husband said: "A very high price, indeed."

"Besides, I mean only the yellow one," continued the lady; "the white one would be of no use tô me; but the yellow one might do for my tea roses, perhaps."

"Indeed," said her husband, "the thought occurred to me, too, that it might be suitable for thy collection ôf tea roses"; then turning to the gardener, he said: "My wife, let me tell you, has a collection of tea roses such as you can find nowhere in all the city."

After a little business discussion, it was agreed that on the next day the gardener should take the yellow rose to their home. Then the lady, her husband, and the little white dog reseated themselves in their elegant carriage and drove away. And now, when the roses were left alone again, they grew very sad, for they knew that the hour had come when they must part—perhaps for a lifetime—and they laid their cheeks together and wept, each into the heart of the other, while the white rose whispered softly to her sister: "O, thou happy one! O, thou fortunate one! shall I, too, meet such a splendid fate, I wonder?"

Then from deep, deep down in her gentle breast, uprose a bitter little drop of jealousy; for the lot of her sister seemed to her very enchanting, and she was obliged to confess that she had seemed less beautiful in the eyes of the visitors than her friend.

Thus stood the two roses, so lost in each other as to take no note that other strangers had come thither, and had cast their eyes upon them. Only when they heard two children's voices cry: "Oh, father, father, the white rose, it is so beautiful!" did they look up; and now they saw a man standing there, holding by the one hand a little boy, by the other a little girl. These were the children who had just now cried out, and all three stood in rapt wonder before the white rose.

But she felt no joy at this admiration, for this man seemed quite different from the wealthy gentleman just gone; he wore a threadbare coat and a round, felt hat; the children, too, were shabbily dressed. It did not please her in the least to be admired by the poor after she had been scorned by the rich, and she turned away her dainty head, almost disdainfully, as if to say, "Go your way. I am not meant for you, I am sure."

The gardener, who just now returned from the garden gate, seemed to be of the same opinion, and stared in amazement when he saw these three standing in front of his two finest roses.

Now, however, the white rose could scarcely believe her ears, when she heard the man ask the gardener what might be the price of the rose. He did so quite timidly, to be sure, but then he did so, and even that seemed to the rose like an unheard-of piece of boldness. She exulted, therefore, in her innermost soul, to hear the enormous sum the gardener demanded, and to see the despondent nod of the poor man thereto. But the two children pressed close to their father, and the little boy pleaded earnestly, "Oh, dear father, I pray thee, please buy this wondrous fair rose!" and the little maiden cried, "Only think, I pray thee, dear father, how happy mother at home will be, if you take her this beautiful rose."

Then, for the first time, a feeling of quite an evil nature stirred in the heart of the white rose, for she was moved with bitter hatred towards the two children, and would gladly have pricked them with her thorns.

The poor shoemaker, however—for such the man was—gazed silently at his children, and marked with his stick on the sand, as if calculating something; then, turning to the gardener, he said, in excuse for his boldness, "My wife has been very sick, and is just beginning to grow a little better; and so, because I would like to give her a real pleasure, and because she is so very fond of roses, especially of white ones—I thought—"

"But I can deduct nothing from the price," interrupted the gardener, and the white rose breathed in silence, "That is right, that is right."

Then the two children gazed up silently and anxiously into their father's face, while he thought and pondered, drew forth his purse from his pocket, and counted and counted, and the white rose trembled from her root to her head in dumb, bitter dread.

But suddenly she felt as if a storm of hail had struck her down, and as if she must sink in mortal faintness, for she heard the shoemaker's words, "Well, then, it is indeed a large sum, but so be it, I will take the plant."

She wound her arms about the neck of her sister, and wept and struggled, but her passion and despair only made her the more beautiful; the children clapped their hands in glee, and it was all to no purpose. The gardener received his money, then dug up the plant from the ground; the white rose, shuddering and quivering, must needs let the poor shoemaker take her in his hand and carry her thence, out of the garden, away, nevermore to see her lovely, fortunate sister—oh, so much more fortunate than she.

Her sister, on the next day, as had been arranged, was carried by the gardener to the establishment of the wealthy couple. She looked as proud and as happy as a princess who is summoned to the marriage-bed of a young king.

She had, indeed, every reason to be satisfied, for the new home to which she was brought was a magnificent one. The house of these rich people was situated in the suburbs of the city where only the aristocracy dwelt, and on the street where it stood dwelt again only the wealthiest of the wealthy. The street was of such distinction that if a carriage drove through it the horses trod softly, lest they should disturb the quiet of the residents; and in the houses lay such a wealth of treasures that the air was as if filled with gold-dust; and the sparrows, whenever they flew through the street, came out with their little tails gilded.

In front of the house, next the street, was a little garden, with yellowish-brown gravel walks, into which one could look from the outside through an artistic net of iron lattice; behind the house lay the true garden, and it was large and spacious. A brick wall enclosed it, so that no one could look in.

This, then, was the new home of the yellow rose, and the moment she entered the garden she perceived that she had come into distinguished company.

In the middle of the garden was a large, round grass-plot; the grass was as trimly kept as the head of the man who visits his hair-dresser every day. Round about the grass-plot were beds, and in the beds flowers of every imaginable variety, filling all the place with the sparkle and glow of their hues and scents.

But in the middle of the grass-plot, there was yet another bed—a circular one. This was the most illustrious spot in the whole garden; there stood a little forest of rose-bushes, containing none but pure yellow, yellowish, greenish-yellow, and reddish yellow roses; this was the collection of tea roses of which the gentleman had spoken the day before. Toward this spot, the gardener, who carried the yellow rose, turned his foot-steps.

Then, for the first time, there stirred in the heart of the yellow rose a wicked feeling;

for when she saw how all the flowers in the garden round about put their heads together and gazed after her, and pushed against one another, and drew one another's attention to the new inhabitant of the grass plot, then a measureless vanity arose within her, and while she cast proud glances about her, she thought to herself: "What are you all compared to me?" But her vanity disappeared, and she even became quite embarrassed when she had arrived in the middle of the grass plot, and had received her spot of standing room; for she saw how all the tea roses gazed, full of curiosity, upon the new-comer. She felt as though their glances searched her through, even into the very depths of her heart. At the same time she heard such a hum and murmur of eager, whispering voices as almost to deafen her. That it was she who had caused all this buzzing and whispering was natural, and from the general hum of voices, a word, here and there, fell on her ear.

"Still a new one—have you found that there was too much room here?"

"On the contrary, these are getting to be very close quarters."

"I would really like to know what our gracious lady is thinking about."

"Evidently, we were no longer handsome enough for her—ha! ha!"

"Pray, have you seen the new rose yet?"

"Yes, yes; passable, passable."

The yellow rose, who had kept her eyes cast down, now made a deep bow, and then lifted up her head all aglow.

Then she noticed among those nearest her some elderly rose matrons, who nodded to her in a friendly, patronizing fashion, much as the chief maids of honor nod to a poor little novice, who for the first time sets her timid feet upon the polished floor of the court.

But beautiful were the rose matrons—that she must acknowledge—and beautiful were all the roses with whom she stood; and this one thing suddenly became clear to her—that she was no longer, as hitherto, the peerless one; but that she was only one among many of her like.

What lent to the roses a peculiar air of distinction were small, neatly-worked labels, one of which each rose wore about its neck; on these labels were written the name of each rose, its species, and its native place. And what remarkable things were these she read: there were roses that came from China, some from Japan, others again from East India, and one even from the Isle of Bourbon. Yes, the company in which she found herself had indeed been gathered together from afar.

Now the gardener approached with the little label intended for the yellow rose, and as he hung it about her neck the buzzing and whispering was hushed; every rose strained her neck in breathless suspense to see exactly who and what this new-comer might be.

But scarcely had the gardener stepped back, when the noise broke forth anew, this time much louder than before, and really in quite a scornful and disagreeable tone. For that she, as it stood on the label, was of good aristocratic rose blood, was true—that went without the saying; for how otherwise would she have been brought thither at all?—but the birth-place! the birth-place! "*Born here in this town!*"—so it read on the tag. One can imagine what airs of superiority the roses from China and Japan, from East India and from the Isle of Bourbon assumed! Like wildfire it spread from one to the other: "Only think, she is from here, simply from here!"

And one of the stately rose dames bent down to her quite compassionately, and said: "But, poor child, you must, then, have lived a very joyless youth; for, of course, you could have had no companionship at all?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," answered the yellow rose quickly; "I had one friend, a white rose, with whom I grew up and became tall."

At this the rose dame drew her lips together, and said in a horrified tone: "But, dear child—a white rose?" and it sounded as if she would like to add: "Do not speak so loudly; they will laugh at you."

And a second rose matron acted as if she had not heard aright, and said aloud: "With a white rose you have associated? Really? with a white rose?"

Already the poor yellow rose began to feel quite forlorn, for she heard it tittered around, "A white rose was her friend"; and she could not understand what was so disgraceful in that. However, the first rose matron turned to her again, and said :

" Dear child, I can scarcely allow myself to think that. A white rose—she is, indeed, no companion for you—she is something quite ordinary."

Then a feeling of deep mortification came over the yellow rose that she was still so entirely unsophisticated in the ways of the highborn, and that she had so little appreciated her own worth ; and she said quite shyly : " Well, if I said we were friends, perhaps I said a little too much."

" That is just what I thought myself," replied the rose matron ; " probably this person pressed her acquaintance upon you, and you were too kind-hearted to turn her away."

And as the yellow rose saw all eyes directed towards her questioningly, her courage failed, and she said in a faint voice : " Well, yes, that was the way of it."

But scarcely were the words spoken when she felt a heaviness upon her heart, the weight of the wicked thing she had just now done ; she thought of her poor white sister to whom fate had been so cruel, so unkind; and then she silently bowed her head, and neither saw nor heard anything more of all that took place around her. In secret, she wept to herself in her trembling bosom.

Meanwhile, the white rose had continued on her way to the city in the arms of the poor shoemaker. Her passionate grief had gradually subsided into dumb, dreary despair. Resistance was useless, she had learned, therefore she gave herself up to her wretched fate ; listlessly she submitted to it all, and her fair head drooped, languid and sad unto death.

The way was endlessly long; the shoemaker had no money to ride, so he was obliged to go on foot. He walked ahead, and the two children tripped on behind, hand in hand. As they went ever deeper and deeper into the heart of the city, where the streets grew ever hotter and damper, and when they saw how the poor rose drooped her head, then the little boy said to his sister: "Oh, only see the poor rose, she looks so tired ; it must be too warm for her," and the little sister answered : " She must be thirsty, and as soon as we get home we must give her a drink of water."

Then the children laid their tiny hands underneath the head of the rose, so that the blood might not rush to her head when she hung it down so low. They took turns with each other—now the little brother supporting her, and now his little sister, and all the time they kept saying : " Oh, thou poor, sweet, precious rose—only wait until we are home."

The white rose consented to this, as indeed, she did now to everything, but she closed her eyes, and would not look at the children ; it was towards them she felt the angriest, for they had been guilty of all her misfortune.

At last, at last, when it had already grown quite dark, they came to the home of the poor shoemaker. Then the white rose opened her eyes and looked up. The street was quite fine, and the house they entered seemed quite a stately one—but—but—when they had stepped into the entrance hall, and had locked the house-door behind them, then, at the left hand side of the hall, the children opened a glass door, and from the glass door steps led down below—suddenly, it was clear to the white rose that she would have to live in a basement. Such was the case, in very truth, for the poor shoemaker was door-keeper in this fine house.

A basement ! This, then, was the fulfilment of her dreams for the future. Once more despair struggled in the heart of the white rose ; she had now only one thought, one wish, that soon, very soon, she might die.

But the children had already clambered down the stairs, and their voices could be heard within, calling : "Mother, mother, only see what we have brought thee."

On a plain sofa that stood within the room a pale, feeble woman lay. She raised herself up, and while the children clung to her, and threw their little arms around her, the poor shoemaker stepped before his pale-faced wife, held up the white rose in both hands, and showed it to her without a word.

Two tears stood in the big, wide-open eyes of the pale woman; she silently folded her hands, and looked, now at the rose, and now at her husband, so that one could not have told whether she did so from rapture at sight of the splendid rose, or because she was thanking God in silence that he had given her so kind a husband.

Then she spoke quite anxiously: "Ah, what a magnificent rose; but it is far too beautiful for us, this queenly rose; so take care, children, that she receives nothing but kindness here among us."

It was not necessary to say this twice to the children; they ran outside, and came back soon with a great big flower-pot, filled to the brim with beautiful, soft, dark garden earth. In this the white rose was planted; then they placed the flower-pot on the table, and brought water in a little sprinkler, and poured it on the earth in the pot.

There stood the snowy rose on the table, in the middle of the humble room of these poor people, and as her head drooped on its stem, she looked like the pale child of a king, who has been stolen from the palace and carried far away into lowly exile.

Now it was time for the children to have their evening meal—only a piece of bread with a very little butter on it, that was all; but they seemed contented with it. They seated themselves on a chest right opposite the table on which the rose stood; they let both legs hang down, and ate their scanty bread and butter, while all the time they gazed over at the white rose, and nodded to her. After this they were sent to bed. Soon the older ones lay down to rest, the light was blown out, and then it was deep, still night.

Everything slept, only the white rose could not sleep; heavy, bitter thoughts kept her awake. But suddenly it was light, and look! it was the moon that had come and glanced in at the window. He sent a broad, silver-white ray down into the room to his dear, snow-white rose, with whom he so many a time had sported with sweet caresses. The rose was gladdened by the sight, for she knew now she had not been quite forgotten, and she bathed herself in the soft, white light.

But now, whether it might be the magic light of the moon, which conjures up wondrous thoughts and dreams for those who drink its rays too thirstily—enough, the rose fell, as it were, into a dream; a strange, wonderful dream. It seemed to her two angels stepped into the room—two little, charming, lovely angels, who glided over the boarded floor upon their naked feet, with long, flaxen hair, and wee white limbs clothed only in a little white robe. They pushed two chairs up to the table, and climbed up on the chairs, and put their faces down close to the face of the rose, kissing her quite gently, gently, on the leaves, and in the sweet fragrant heart. The rose quivered and trembled, and drank, in deep, quiet joy, the breath of the youthful lips, and knew not what to make of this heavenly wonder.

Then the tiny angels sprang down from their chairs again, pushed them one side, and with a happy little giggle, disappeared —whither? There, where the two children had gone when they were sent to bed; and then the rose started. Could it have been possible—these two, who had seemed so lovely to her, whom she had taken for angels—that these had really been only the two children? This thought, indeed, destroyed all her delight in the supposed dream, for she wished now to feel again all the old resentment towards the children. In spite of this, however, she could not escape from the memory of how sweet it had been to kiss the beautiful lips.

When daylight came, and the shoemaker's family entered the room, the rose glanced up and looked at the two children; this, indeed, was the first time she had done so; for until now she had ever kept her eyes closed before them. Now she saw that they were indeed two winsome, pretty little ones, with sunny hair and big eyes, and dear, kind faces, and there was no doubt that they it had been who had slipped from their beds at night to kiss and to pet her in secret.

As soon as breakfast was eaten, the father said to his children: "Today is a glorious day, and we will put our rose in the garden."

Thereupon the children took the flower-pot in which the rose stood, and carried it up the steps, out of the house door, into the little front garden, which was separated from the street by an iron railing; there they set her down in the midst of the warm, radiant, morning sunshine. Now could the rose look out on the street, and she saw the carriages that drove by, and the people who passed up and down the street. All this was to her a novel and pleasant sight; and, although she would not acknowledge it to herself, she felt quite comfortable.

Directly behind her, even with the ground, was the window of the shoemaker's abode; it was wide open, and within sat the shoemaker on an elevated chair, while he worked and cobbled on his boots and shoes.

The rose looked at him and glanced into the room beyond. There, already, the morning sun was looking in with kindly ray; the room did not seem so gloomy as on the evening before, but quite neat, and bright, and cheery.

Then the children came out of the house again, with book and slate, on their way to school; and as they passed by the railing, they pressed their faces against it, and nodded to the rose, crying, "Good-by!" And, though the rose would not acknowledge it to herself, it was a very pretty sight.

While still meditating upon this, she heard a shrill voice behind her, which piped:

"Good morning, Mistress Rose."

She turned, and saw a little canary bird that hung in its cage in the open window. He had two knowing little black eyes, and a tiny white bill with which he chirped again, "Good morning, Mistress Rose. I did not have the opportunity of greeting you yesterday. Permit me to introduce myself to you; my name is Peeping."

The canary's polite manner pleased the white rose; she gave him a friendly nod and entered into a conversation with him, asking him how old he was, and how long he had been living with the shoemaker. Then Mr. Peeping sighed, and told her that he, alas, was no longer a young fellow, for he was now a year and two days old; day before yesterday they had celebrated his birthday; but he had been living at the shoemaker's for the last three months, and hoped he might stay with him his whole life long. And when the rose asked him again whether he liked it so much at the shoemaker's, he rolled his little eyes in his head, and said they were as good as angels, especially the children; then he was so moved by his feelings that he must quickly take a swallow of water, else the tears would come.

The sun ascended higher, and it began to grow warm for the rose; but just then the children returned from school. They lifted up the flower-pot again, and carried the rose into the room behind, where it was now shady and cool. Thus they did today, thus they did the next day and the following days, ever the same, and everything else kind and good they could possibly think of for the rose.

And through their care and nursing, something was felt to stir in the heart of the rose—a sweet, mysterious life awakened in her blood, and her body began to bud. When, however, the bud was ready to press through, and the whole of the shoemaker's family were looking in silent expectation for the moment when this would happen, there arose again in her heart the wicked, angry feeling of resentment. She would not grant them this pleasure, and so took no nourishment, and with all the strength of her will opposed herself to the pressures of nature; and behold! the young shoot was starved, the bud burst not forth, and the hope of the poor people was unfulfilled.

Then they grew very sad; and at that moment the master of the house, a very wealthy man, came by. He saw what had happened to the rose, and said: "That is what I should have expected; how, pray, could the beautiful rose thrive down here with you? I wish to speak a word with you: I will buy it of you, and plant it in my garden."

He offered a sum for the rose even greater than the one the shoemaker had paid for it. But the poor man replied:

"Ah, gracious sir, it is indeed true, all that you say; but see, we have become so much attached to the rose, and when we look at it, it is as if we possessed a whole garden; therefore, if you will not take it amiss, I would like to keep the flower a few days longer, to see whether it will not, perhaps, even yet bear a blossom; and if nothing comes of it again, then in God's name, I will sell it to you."

The master of the house departed, and one could see that he was vexed. But in the soul of the white rose, who had overheard all this, flickered a ray of happiness: now, indeed, the hope was present with her, that she might go away, out of the hated basement. She had only to will it in order to find a fair, brilliant destiny in the garden of the rich man. This she determined to do.

When it grew night, however, and everything was hushed in sleep, again there was a sound of tiptoeing in the room, soft, quite soft; and again, as before, it was the children, barefooted, and clad in their nightdresses, just as they had sprung out of bed, looking like two little angels. But this time there was no happy giggle, and when the moon shone upon their faces, they looked white and sorrowful.

And tonight, as on that other night, they moved two chairs near and climbed up on them; and tonight, as on the other night, they kissed the rose; but while they did so, they wept, and their tears trickled down into the heart of the rose. "Now we have nothing more," they whispered; "now we have no rose and no garden any more; now we have nothing more." And with that they went away, back to their beds.

When they had gone, the rose closed her eyes and tried to sleep; but she found no rest, for on her heart something glowed and burned. It was the children's tears that had fallen there.

The next morning, while it was yet very early, and no one had arisen, hark! a knocking at the window, and the morning wind came flying in.

The rose had not seen him before since she left the garden, therefore she was rejoiced at his visit. The morning wind blustered up and down the room, and blew the dust from the furniture and knick-knacks. One could easily see that he was excited.

"I have just now come from your sister," he said, "from the yellow rose."

Then the white rose was anxious to hear how it fared with her; but the morning wind, who was once such a merry-hearted fellow, became quite serious.

"Ah," said he, "that is a sad story; she is in trouble. The tea-roses among which she stands so forlorn that I can scarcely distinguish her from any other, are malicious and hateful to her, and soon all this radiant beauty will come to an end."

"What do you mean?" asked the white rose.

"Well, then," said the morning wind, "do you know what caprices are?"

"No," answered the rose.

"Listen, then," continued the morning wind; "they are small black beetles, which, however, are very rare and costly, and therefore are kept only by the wealthy."

"Pray, what use do they make of them?" questioned the rose.

"They play with them to while away their superfluous time," answered the morning wind. "They let them fly about the room, then they catch them and put them on their heads."

"How strange!" said the rose.

"Yes, but then it is the fashion. Now, the banker's wife, in order to show that she is the richest in every respect, keeps, as you may suppose, a great number of these beetles; every day she uses at least one, generally two or three. These she places on her head, and lets them stay there until they pinch and nip her well, for these beetles, you must know, have sharp little nippers; then she begins to scream and to cry until her husband comes. He must take them from her head and throw them out of the window. With this amusement, they chase away the hours every day. Now, you must know still further, that when people have these beetles sitting on their heads, very strange thoughts and fancies come to them always. So it suddenly came into the mind of the banker's wife, that the tea roses were growing tiresome to her, and that she would plant camellias in their stead. This is soon to happen; when the autumn comes the tea roses will be torn from the ground."

"And what will become of them?" interrupted the white rose, quite anxiously.

"They will be thrown away," answered the morning wind, "and our poor yellow rose, your sister, with them. Now do you understand why I am so sorrowful?"

"Yes, yes," he continued, when he saw the white rose standing there quite dumb. "You have met with a happier fate; you are being nursed and cherished, and here there are no little black beetles which you need fear." With that he heaved a sigh, gathered up the skirts of his coat, and flew away through the window.

Still the white rose was quite speechless, and when the morning wind had already flown far away, she yet imagined she heard his words, "You have met a happier fate." Suddenly in her heart, a whispering and a rustling began, and when she looked within to see what was going on, she saw it was shame that had entered there, and was making himself at home.

Yes, the rose felt ashamed of herself, and if she looked down into her heart, shame glanced up at her and said, "Thou ungrateful one"; and when the shoemaker's family entered, and she saw the mournful faces of the children, again, in their eyes, she read the reproachful words, "Thou ungrateful one."

Then a shock seemed to pass through her whole being; it was as if she had been sleeping until now, and had been suddenly awakened. When the children carried her into the front garden today, she drank from the pure, cool water they gave her, and ate of the rich, soft, dark garden earth, so that Mr. Peeping called out to her, "God bless your meal, Mistress Rose, God bless your meal."

Then the rose felt as if her whole inner self had been transformed into liquid fire; her blood and sap flowed upward and downward like welling springs, and scarcely had two days passed before her body began to bud anew, and one shootlet shyly peeped out. And when the children, who had tended her incessantly, came running in breathless haste and called their parents out to see the lovely thing that had happened, then the rose smiled to herself in silent joy, and look! a second bud burst forth, and after the second, as if she did not wish any longer to be chary in granting favors, a third. And now, one morning, when the poor shoemaker with his pale wife and his two pretty children stepped over the threshold into the room, they stood still, as if spell-bound by a wonderful picture; for on the table they saw the fair head of their dear white rose bent low, in motherly love, over two little infant snow-white roses, which had blossomed on the plant over night.

The rose bent and bowed herself, and from her whispering lips came a sweet fragrance which transformed the dwelling of the lowly people into a little paradise; and if they had understood the language of flowers, they would have heard the rose murmur: "In return for your love, in gratitude for your kindness."

Through the whole house rang the joyful shouts of the children. All who dwelt in the house came hither to see the beautiful flower-wonder, and when the rose family were carried today into the front garden, the passers-by stopped on the street, and the white rose celebrated a great triumph in honor of her beauty.

All were rejoiced excepting the master of the house; he was vexed. The thought gnawed and ate its way continually into his heart, that the poor shoemaker had dared to deny him his wish, and to refuse to sell him the rose. And since, as you know, resentment is such a noxious weed that, if it is not quickly rooted up from the soil of the heart, it grows and spreads; so, from day to day he became more hostile and bitter towards the poor man. And one day, when autumn stood before the door, there sat the poor shoemaker's family with careworn faces and weeping eyes. The master of the house had discharged the father, and they were obliged to leave their home.

Then through the soul of the rose went a deep, cutting reproach; for who bore the guilt of these poor people's misfortune—who other than she?

Again came the night, and again, with the night, came a vision; but this time no pleasant, delightful dream as before, but a gloomy and fearful one; not the two children, but a gasping, frightful old man, who entered from without with shuffling footsteps, and sneaked into the room where the children lay in their little beds. Never had the rose seen anything so ghastly as his figure; never had she heard anything so horrible as the hoarse mutterings that came from his hideous, toothless mouth; and when now she saw him step into the bed-room, she grew numb with a paralyzing fear.

A strange and ghostly yellow light was spread round about the figure, and by the glimmer of the light the rose saw how the frightful object bent over the children, and stretched out his lean hand toward their heads, and how from the sweet little faces the flush disappeared, and how they were distorted in bitter distress. Then a nameless woe took possession of the rose; she lifted her head to heaven, and her lips murmured: "Save them, save my poor little innocent darlings!"—and from her trembling lips went a perfume, like a cloud, through the room, even into the bed-chamber. Then the hideous old man raised himself, and, stepping out, cried to the rose: "Exhale not so sweet an odor. Thou hast no longer any right to remain or to be here. I now am master here—I, Starvation, Starvation, Starvation!"

But once more the rose offered her supplications, still more fervently, to heaven, and cried: "O, let me repay them, these poor people, for all the love they have given me; let me repay them through what is dearest and most precious to them—through their children!"

Ever more powerful, ever more intoxicating, became her rich perfume; ever more enraged were the glances which the monster shot at her; but it was of no use, he could not master her fragrance, he could not go back into the chamber because the sweet breath of the rose moved like a veil between him and the door. Suddenly he turned; dazed and reeling, he vanished from the room.

A few days later the poor shoemaker, who, day after day, had been seeking employment, came home, and his clouded face was brighter—he had found a situation. In the wealthiest suburbs, so he told it, there stood a new house. It belonged to a banker, who was reported to be the wealthiest man in the whole city.

Then the white rose listened intently—there was a familiar sound about it, and yet, exactly why, she did not know; but in her heart awoke a sweet suspicion that the offering of her perfume had reached its right place up above, and that there, overhead, her prayer had been heard.

It was an elegant house into which the shoemaker's family now moved, and its owner was very, very rich. "Only think," said the father, one day, to his family, as he entered the room, "how rich our master is. The gracious lady of the house has ordered all her beautiful rose bushes, which have cost so many thousand marks, to be uprooted, in order to plant camellias in their stead next spring. The gardener has given me one of the lovely roses, because, he said, it had grown sick, and could not be sold again." With these words, the shoemaker held out a paper in which a gorgeous yellow rose was wrapped. Then the white rose felt as if struck by a flash of lightning, for this was the one with whom she had grown up and become tall, in gay, brilliant dreams of the future—her yellow rose, her sister.

The yellow rose had also recognized her snowy sister, but she could only smile faintly and sadly at her, for, through the cruel treatment that had fallen to her share, she had grown weary and sick unto death. And when the children, had provided her likewise with a flower-pot, and had placed her near the white rose, and when she saw her sister standing near her in the sweet fullness of love and happiness, then she twined both tired arms about her sister again. Once more the faces of the two sisters rested cheek upon cheek, and the yellow rose spoke:

"Once thou didst call me fortunate, and didst envy my fate—that was in the beginning of our days. Today I call thee fortunate, and envy thy lot, and this I do at the end of my days; therefore, my word of today has more weight than thine of that day; and because I now must leave this earth, which made promise to me of so much, and granted so little, take thou for thyself alone all the happiness that was meant for us both, and bear it long and joyfully, for I see thou art deserving of it."

When she had thus spoken, the yellow rose bowed her beautiful head, and the children, when they entered the room next morning, said sadly: "Oh, woe! the yellow rose is dead."

But then the little sister seized her brother by the hand, and said, gently and secretly: "Ah, only see how our rose grieves over it; she has been weeping,"—and so it was indeed, and the tears glistened on her heart.

Then, however, a strange thing happened: for suddenly the eyes of the boy grew big and shining, as they had never been before, and he gazed, mute and motionless, at the white rose, as if he saw her today for the first time. Then, without saying a word, he took his slate, and keeping his eyes on the rose, began to draw. The little sister looked at him, but she, too, said not a word, and they both sat and sat, and forgot their breakfast and all else, and not until it was time to go to school did they stir. Then he put his slate in his school-bag, so that no one should see what he had made there, and it was as if he carried with him a deep, sacred secret.

Two days later, however, the poor shoemaker sat by his pale, delicate wife, and said softly: "Marie, Antony's teacher spoke with me today. He told me we ought to encourage our young son, for he has lately seen something of his—a rose, which he had drawn—and he believed that our Antony could become a great and celebrated painter. What sayest thou to that?" But the wife said nothing, only her eyes grew big and wide open.

The shoemaker had spoken very softly, lest some one should hear him, as if it were a deep, sacred secret. Yet one, indeed, had heard him. It was the white rose; but she said not a word, only a sweet suspicion came into her heart—that the offering of her perfume had reached its right place up above, and that there, overhead, her prayer had been heard.

But what became of the little Antony, you would like to know? That, perhaps, I will tell you some other time.

Fannie Williams McLean.

THE CRUISE OF THE "PANDA."

THE "Panda" was not a mythical craft. It is not necessary to dwell upon the graceful proportions of her hull or the taper of her spars. We do not propose to invent a tale of blood-curdling character: we shall deal with sober facts, and not romance. Ours is an authentic story of events that took place some fifty years ago. The "Panda" committed an act of piracy, and the incidents of her cruise and her subsequent capture were at the time the sensation of the day.

The trial of the twelve Spanish pirates took place in my young boyhood; it made a deep impression upon me at the time, and now lives amongst my earliest recollections. My father was summoned as a witness at the trial. Why he was summoned was not apparent to him, nor could he ascertain why he should be connected with the case, although making diligent inquiry. By dint of a little special pleading, I was permitted to attend court with him, and young as I was, can well remember the excitement of that day, and in my mind's eye see again the twelve criminals brought to the Halls of Justice in the "Black Maria," and marched into the judicial presence, attached to each side of a long chain for security. Crowds gathered about the court house at the hour for opening, and the poor devils passed in through a passage-way of curious citizens. Probably ere this all those connected with that trial have passed away, or, if any yet survive, they have reached a green old age. But to proceed with the narrative:

In the month of August, 1832, one of those traditional long, low, black schooners lay quietly at anchor in the harbor of Havana. Her figure-head was suggestive, being that of a Panda (a species of wildcat) in the act of springing upon its prey. Her appearance in general was sufficient to proclaim her a slaver, and a motley-looking crew gave the impression that piracy as well as slave-stealing *might* be added to her regular calling, should the opportunity ever be offered.

It was a common thing for slavers to be fitted out from Havana; their presence and their calling were well known, but the authorities chose to wink at the traffic, and it was only necessary for the slavers to "assume a virtue if they had it not," and no obstacles would be placed in their way. Well-known slave-stealers frequented the public places, and enjoyed all the privileges of the best citizens. Often some swarthy Spaniard, dressed in the height of Cuban fashion and bedecked with jewelry, would be pointed out in the market-place as a celebrated slave captain and owner. Nor was this freedom of the city the privilege of the slave-trader only, for during the piratical times, the pirate enjoyed the same immunity from arrest and punishment. Some ten years previous to events here related, my father was in command of the armed brig "General Macomb," trading between the ports of Boston and Matanzas, in Cuba—armed for fear of encountering the Spanish pirates before entering Matanzas, for their attacks were made in plain sight of the Cuban shores. On one occasion the brig had to fight her way into port, beating off the same scoundrels that shortly after attacked and scuttled the brig "Attentive," and murdered Capt. Grozier, by forcing him to "walk the plank." These same gentlemanly cut-throats might afterwards mingle freely with the citizens without fear. In fact, Cuba was the head-quarters of freebooters of all descriptions. It was no surprising thing, therefore, that the "Panda" had completed her outfit without molestation; and at an early hour on an August morning, ere the land breeze had died away, she spread her broad white wings in flight, bound to Cape Mount, Coast of Africa, with a cargo of rum, cloth, powder and muskets.

The course steered by the "Panda" immediately after leaving Havana is not known. She may have called in at some outlying port; she may have proceeded directly on her voyage; or, as the supposition was, she may have pased up the Gulf of Florida to the north of the Bahama Banks, to take advantage of the Gulf Stream, and perhaps fall in with some outward-bound merchantman from the United States. Her real course, however, is unknown, as her log-book was never produced to tell the tale.

Three days after the departure of the "Panda" from Havana, the brig "Mexican," Captain Butman, sailed from the port of Salem, Massachusetts, with a valuable cargo of merchandise and $20,000 in specie, bound for Rio Janeiro, on one of her regular trading voyages. The "Mexican" was no clipper, but a fair sailing vessel, and made her way toward the equator, as her log book shows, encountering light winds and calms, intending to cross the line at about longitude 24° West, the usual crossing.

At a point in mid-ocean, situated in latitude 33° North, and longitude 34°.20 West, these two vessels were destined to meet. The "Mexican," delayed by light, baffling winds, was twenty-two days in reaching this point, while the "Panda" occupied twenty-five days. At sundown on this twenty-second day from port, Captain Butman was not a little disturbed at discerning a treacherous-looking craft crossing his bow under easy sail, apparently in no hurry to speed on her way. As soon as she was discovered, every effort was made by the "Mexican" to escape. The course of the vessel was changed, and as night closed in, every glimmer of light was extinguished, and the vessel steered by the stars. Sails were wet down to hold the wind the better, and orders given that no word should be spoken aloud. The schooner, however, kept within easy distance, altering her course to suit the occasion, but made no effort to approach uncomfortably near. A close watch was kept upon the suspicious vessel during the night, and as the morning dawned, the watch reported the schooner as sailing around them at no great distance during the whole night. Daylight discovered the "Panda" on the starboard quarter of the "Mexican," and about one mile distant, and the two vessels kept company, the "Panda" declining all the courtesies extended to her in the way of signals, and making no response to the display of the national flag, hoisted on board the brig.

During the early forenoon, this black, buzzard-like craft sailed around in circles, its broad wings spread, tacking and wearing like a bird of prey watching its victim. The actions of the vessel were anything but reassuring to Captain Butman, who was using every effort to escape. Every eye on board watched the maneuvering with solicitude, and the anxiety of the Captain gave way to fear, as he saw, later on, the course of the "Panda" was changed toward the brig. Being to windward, she bore down with distended canvas, and rapidly approached. Luffing up cleverly on her quarter, she fixed a gun and hailed the "Mexican" in the Spanish language. Upon receiving a "*No entiende*" response, a second hail in broken English ordered the vessel to heave to. Captain Butman looked anxiously at the piratical neighbor; her decks seemed crowded with villainous looking men in red caps, and the vessel armed with a Long Tom and two small guns. His own was entirely unarmed, his crew numbered but seven men, without weapons, while the speed of the panther-like craft that dogged his footsteps enabled her to choose any position desired, and, if need be, batter his vessel to pieces at leisure. Again the "Mexican" was hailed in broken English, and the captain ordered to come on board the "Panda" with his own boat. "Might makes right," and, heaving his vessel to, Captain Butman obeyed the injunction, and, taking two men with him, proceeded to the "Panda."

When he came alongside, five men fully armed leaped into the boat, and ordered it back to the brig, which lay at a short distance away, with sails aback, waiting the return of the master. Reaching the vessel with a swagger, and a defiant glance at the crew assembled in the waist, the pirates proceeded to business. The few men composing the crew of the "Mexican" soon saw that opposition was useless, and decided to let things take their course, and peradventure save at least their lives by quiet submission.

The crew were ordered to the forecastle, and the officers to the cabin, and there searched. In the search for treasure, knives were freely handled, and pistols thrust into the faces of captain and mates, to terrify them if possible, and to intimate a readiness to enforce the demand of "your money or your life." Pretending ignorance of the language, and offering tobacco, as if in the supposition that it was what was desired, they finally excited the ire of their swarthy visitors, who then began a course of brutal treatment, pricking their victims with the points of their knives, and at the same time prosecuting the search with more vigor.

Twenty thousand dollars in silver, for the purchase of return cargo, secured in boxes, had been placed in the "run" of the vessel, beneath the cabin floor, the hiding place known only to Captain Butman. Searching everywhere, above and below, the pirates at last broke into the "run," disclosing a box of treasure. A hatchet was seized, and the iron-bound boxes were torn apart, revealing a deposit of Spanish milled dollars, which soon caused a commotion amongst the freebooters. They danced in great glee upon the cabin floor, and, rushing to the deck, the boatswain in command of the cut-throats, standing on the rail of the quarter-deck, hailed the "Panda," and holding aloft his hands, spilled a handful of bright dollars into the sea, exclaiming, "*Mucho dinero aqui.*" Cheers from the "Panda" were the response, and a boat was immediately sent for the treasure, and made short work in transferring it to the schooner. Then, after robbing the officers of their money and watches, and the sailors of their spare clothing, the pirates prepared to depart.

The second mate of the "Mexican," although thoroughly demoralized, and expecting every moment to be thrown overboard, was nevertheless shrewd enough to scrutinize closely the faces of the desperadoes, in order to be able to recognize them again, should their lives be spared, and fate ever place them in the hands of justice. He remarked particularly a blemish in the right eye of one who seemed the boatswain, from his command of the men.

Before leaving their victims, the pirates fastened the crew securely in the hold of the vessel, and the officers in the cabin, by effectually fastening the doors and windows. The compasses and nautical instruments were broken up, and the running rigging cut up. They then set fire to the galley, in which they placed a tub of combustibles, and lowering down the mainsail, spread it over all, and departed, leaving the vessel and crew to their fate. Fortunately, while securing the cabin doors and windows, they had overlooked a small hatch in the "lazarette," which communicated directly with the cabin below. Through this, the second mate climbed to the deck, in time to see the "Panda," under a cloud of canvas, hastening away like a guilty thing, afraid to look upon the final scenes of the tragedy. Releasing the crew, they succeeded by great effort in getting the fire under control, and by use of oakum created a dense, black smoke, in order to screen them from observation, and not alarm the freebooters, should they discover the fire subdued, and be inclined to return. Patiently they waited till the hull of the Panda descended below the horizon and disappeared from view.

The brig was then put in all possible order and condition, and started on her homeward course, without compass or other instruments, steering by the sun by day and the stars by night. Fortunately, a passing vessel supplied them with a compass, and the "Mexican" safely returned to Salem, arriving there October 2d, after an absence of little more than one month, and about eighteen days after the robbery.

The news of this extraordinary event was soon spread far and wide. The United States government took immediate measures to disseminate the information of what had taken place throughout foreign countries, and after a great length of time the story reached the coast of Africa. Those were not the days of cables and telegraph; even steamships were unknown, and news traveled by sailing packets or a chance conveyance. In modern times the news of the piracy would reach Africa before the actors in the affair could escape, and perhaps even before they could reach the coast; but it was two years after the occurrence before the culprits were placed on trial. It so happened that His Britanic Majesty's Brig of War Curlew (for this was before *Her* Majesty Victoria's reign), Captain Trotter, while cruising off the coast of Africa, received the information of the piracy. Circumstances led Captain Trotter to believe that the schooner "Panda," a slaver, which he was blockading, and which was then lying in the river Nazareth, was the vessel in question, and he immediately took measures to capture her at all hazards.

It appears both brig and schooner had been watching each other for days, the one engaged in the suppression of the slave-trade, and the other awaiting her opportunity to escape to sea with her human freight. The boats of the man-of-war were assembled alongside and filled with armed men before the dawn of day, with the intention of boarding and capturing the "Panda" before daylight should reveal their operations. But the stealthy approach was discovered, and after laying a train to the magazine, the piratical crew escaped to the jungle.

The "Panda" was captured; no papers were found on board, and the vessel shortly blew up, killing and wounding several of the crew of the "Curlew." The exasperated "Britishers" hunted the pirates in the jungle, and by means of bribes and offers of reward, succeeded, with the aid of the shore authorities, in securing a part of the crew. Others were afterwards taken along the coast, and from the whole number captured, twelve, including captain and mate, were selected as having been attached to the "Panda" at the time of the piracy, and answering well to the description forwarded. These twelve were taken with the rest to England, and after a lapse of nearly two years from the meeting of the "Panda" and "Mexican," in latitude 33° north, the British gun-brig "Savage" arrived at Salem, bringing as actors in the drama twelve prisoners, under charge of Lieutenant Looney, who surrendered them to officers of the United States government, saying that His Majesty's government waived the right to bring the prisoners to trial, in favor of the United States, against whose citizens the principal offense had been committed.

The news of this arrival spread through the country, and the landing of the prisoners was witnessed by the whole town of Salem, and their preliminary examination before Honorable Judge Davis, in the Town Hall, drew together a large audience of the townsmen of the "Mexican's" officers and crew, who had read of "Captain Kidd as he sailed," but could now have the opportunity of looking upon living pirates, shorn, however, of the romantic surroundings of novels. The result of the examination was to transfer the prisoners to Boston for trial.

This celebrated trial took place in October, 1834, and lasted about two weeks, before Judge Joseph Story (the eminent jurist), and Judge John Davis, as associate; Andrew Dunlap, District Attorney, and George S. Hillard, and David L. Child, counsel for the prisoners. The twelve Spanish pirates answered to the following names: Pedro Gibert, captain, married, age 38; Bernardo de Soto, mate, married, age 28; Francisco Ruiz, carpenter, unmarried, age 32; Antonio Ferrer, colored cook, unmarried, age 27; Nicola Costa, cabin boy, age 17; Juan Montenegro, seaman, age 23; Manuel Boyga, seaman, age 40; Manuel Castillo, seaman, age 33; Domingo Guzman, seaman, an Indian, age 29; Antonio Portana, seaman, age 20; José Velasquez, seaman, age 30; Angel Garcia, seaman, age 29.

The comparative youth of this band is noticeable: the oldest is but forty years of age, and the youngest seventeen. The average age of the twelve is less than twenty-nine years. This fact gave rise to more or less sympathy at the beginning of the trial, but as it proceeded, the hardened nature of this precious dozen was exhibited to such an extent that sympathy was found to be misplaced.

As the men were all Spaniards, or accustomed to the Spanish language, the services of an interpreter were necessary, and Stephen Badlam was duly sworn to the position. Every facility was given the prisoners to maintain complete knowledge of the proceedings, the interpreter during the whole of the trial sitting by the criminals, informing them of everything that passed. They were allowed, also, to consult freely with their counsel. Captain Gibert, and his mate, de Soto, availed themselves of their right of challenge to its full extent, and the full number, twenty, were peremptorily challenged. Thirty-six jurors in all were summoned, and twelve finally selected and sworn, after the usual sparring between counsel as to bias among the jurymen was brought to a close. The jury was composed of men of position in the community, good, honest, and capable, and no doubts were entertained but that they would render an honest verdict.

Delay was asked to afford time to procure papers from foreign countries. This was refused by the court, on the ground that the court was unable to issue any process which would be effectual in procuring such papers. Inch by inch the counsel for defense fought to maintain the legal points involved, and the usual exceptions were taken to the ruling of the judge, as his Honor gathered up one by one the obstacles sought to be placed in the path of justice. The court was now ready for the testimony, and some of the more important witnesses were excluded from the court room.

Joseph Perez, one of the most intelligent of the crew, had turned State's evidence, and was accordingly not indicted. He was placed upon the stand, and related the story of the cruise of the "Panda," in the Spanish tongue, in a clear and concise manner. In his statement he testified that he had himself buried the stolen money, assisted by Velasquez. During the recital, and, in fact, all the time he was upon the stand, he was constantly interrupted by the low, muttered curses of the prisoners; Captain Gibert getting up in his seat and shaking his fist at the witness, called down the judgments of Heaven upon him. Throughout his whole testimony, the court-room was the scene of wild excitement; the rage of the prisoners was not easily controlled, and it required the constant efforts of the officers of the court to keep them from tearing the witness to pieces upon the stand. Indeed, in consequence of the vociferous talking amongst themselves, the court had very nearly determined to place them widely apart from each other. The story of the piracy was told in all its details, being substantially the same as related by the officers of the brig "Mexican."

Two of the prisoners had confessed at Fernando Po to having a share in the enterprise, but laid all blame upon the captain. The second mate of the "Mexican" was placed upon the stand, and, accompanied by an officer, he went amongst the prisoners and selected the five who had boarded the "Mexican," especially the boatswain with the blemish in his eye, and also Ruiz, Boyga, Castillo, Garcia, and Montenegro. The same five were mentioned by Perez by name in his testimony, as the men who were sent on board the brig. Captain Butman related his story, and identified Captain Gibert and de Soto as the officers he had seen on board the "Panda," when commanded to come alongside. He also identified the boat's crew, more particularly the boatswain, whose evil eye was to prove his destruction.

Next, two or three old, experienced shipmasters, who had spent years in regular voyages to and from the island of Cuba, were called to the stand, and my father was now to learn why he had been summoned in the case. The greatest secrecy had been observed, and not until he was placed upon the stand as a shipmaster of experience in Cuban navigation, did he get a glimmer of what was desired of him as a witness. The chart of the North Atlantic Ocean, used by the "Mexican" in her voyage, was placed in evidence and sworn to by the master, as containing the route pursued by his vessel up to the point of meeting with the "Panda," and the question was asked, whether the "Panda," sailing from Havana, bound to the coast of Africa, on the 20th day of August, would be likely to meet the "Mexican," sailing from the port of Salem, on the 23d of the same month, bound for Rio Janeiro, in latitude 33° North, and longitude 34°.30, or if not likely, would it be possible? This question was to cut an important figure in the case. The counsel for the prisoners were taken by surprise, for they had proposed to insist upon the impossibility of meeting, in their argument before the jury. Both sides wrangled over the question for some time, the court finally deciding it a proper question to ask, and that it was not a leading question, but a matter of nautical skill, experience, and opinion. If the vessels could not have met there, the case was for the prisoners.

The witness answered the question, after examining the chart closely, and decided that the meeting of the two vessels at the point indicated was altogether probable in any event. The "Panda" had three days the start of the "Mexican," and the point of meeting was some six hundred miles farther from Havana than from Salem, which would consume these three extra days. It lay a little to the northward of a direct course to Cape Mount Africa, but adverse winds may have caused the deviation; or should the "Panda" have passed up the Gulf Stream, from Havana to the north of the Bahama Banks, a route often pursued, she would reach the exact latitude of 33° North, after getting clear of the Gulf and laying her course for the African coast. On this question of nautical experience, the answers of all the witnesses were substantially the same. Here another objection was urged as to the evidence offered, and was based upon the fact that the log-book of the "Panda" was not produced, and it was claimed that the log-book was the only legal evidence of the date of the sailing of the "Panda." After argument, the court ruled against the objection, and denied that the log-book was the only legal evidence of the date of sailing.

Here the government rested their case. It was fully proved that the offense had been committed, and the prisoners fully identified as the actors in the drama. The defense were now put to their wits' end to disapprove the direct testimony of the prosecution. The evidence, circumstantial and real, was clear and explicit, and had woven a web around the victims difficult to break; in fact, the defense had no testimony to offer in rebuttal of the facts testified to, and the only course to pursue was to contest the matter point by point. They argued that the cargo of the "Panda" clearly indicated she had not started on a piratical voyage, but for slave-stealing; and this should be taken as proof of her regular calling. They claimed that connecting the prisoners with the crime was merely a matter of mistaken identity. They argued that the prisoners should be tried separately, if they so desired, and they had expressed such desire. They argued in behalf of a part of the criminals, that those only are guilty who actively coöperate. That circumstantial evidence should be taken "*cum grano salis*," and that such evidence should not weigh against the lives of the accused. They argued that in law, convictions for murder could not obtain when no body was found.

In mitigation of punishment, or in the hope of securing an acquittal for de Soto, the defense placed a witness upon the stand, one Daniel F. Hale, who stated that he was a passenger on board the American ship "Minerva," bound from New York to New Orleans, in 1831, which vessel had stranded on the Bahama Banks, and that the seventy-two persons on board would have found a watery grave, but for the humanity of the prisoner, Bernardo de Soto, captain of a Spanish vessel, who came to their relief, took them on board, and carried them to Havana.

Here the defense closed, and something over three days were occupied by counsel in presenting the case to the jury. The counsel on both sides went into a review of the evidence, and pointed out the salient points, counsel for defense reviewing the evidence, only to throw discredit upon it, and show its improbability.

The court decided upon the questions raised by the counsel for defense, that the weight and character of circumstantial evidence belongs to the jury to determine; that all who are present, acting and assisting in acts of piracy, are to be deemed principals; thatit was legal and proper to produce parole evidence to establish the time of sailing of the "Panda," and to prove the course and termination of the voyage.

The case was now ready for the charge to the jury, and the greatest interest was felt in this, as indicating the condition of the judicial mind. The judge dwelt upon the solemn character of their deliberation, where twelve human lives were at stake, instead of a single life, and the great importance of thoroughly sifting the testimony, and weighing the evidence; and upon the scrutiny with which they should consider circumstantial evidence, which he averred was the best evidence, if a completed chain could be made out so complete in itself that it could not be gainsaid. He charged the jury that they were to decide, first, whether a robbery of the "Mexican" had been committed; second, did the prisoners at the bar form any or all of the officers and crew of the "Panda," which was the vessel alleged to have been concerned in the robbery; third, if so, did all or only a part, and, if a part, who were the guilty parties. He referred to the objections raised by counsel, and said that conviction *may* take place when the "*corpus delicti*" is wanting. That in case of a murder committed upon the high seas, the body cannot be found, and it was a bad rule to be invented. He instructed the jury that simple presence was not sufficient, and only those are guilty who actively coöperate, unless they *start* on a piratical voyage, which in this case was not proved. The judge then went minutely into the whole of the evidence, and left the facts with the jury. He added, at the conclusion of the charge, that by the evidence, if any were guilty of the crime, the captain and mate must be, for they controlled the whole. He thought no direct coöperation was proved against Portana, Guzman, Ferrer, and Costa, and the sole evidence against Velasquez was that he assisted in burying the treasure, as testified by Perez.

The judge concluded his charge, and the case was given to the jury for deliberation. During the whole of the trial, lasting fifteen days, the jury had been kept together night and day. It was agreed between counsel in open court that the jury might have refreshments, and might communicate with friends respecting their business affairs, and if ill, call a doctor to attend them. After a long deliberation, the jury brought in their verdict. There were found *guilty*, Captain Gibert, age 38; Bernardo de Soto, mate, age 28; Ruiz, carpenter, age 32; Boyga, seaman, age 40; Castello, seaman, age 33; Garcia, seaman, age 29; Montenegro, alias Castro, age 23: *not guilty*, Costa, cabin boy, age 17; Ferrer, cook, age 27; Guzman, age 29; Portana, age 20; Velasquez, age 30. The average age of the convicted was thirty-two years, and of the acquitted not over twenty-five years. It is a singular fact that nearly all of the oldest were convicted, and the youngest acquitted.

De Soto was recommended to mercy, on account of his noble and self-sacrificing conduct in saving the lives on board the "Minerva," as testified to during the trial. De Soto had shown real despondency throughout the trial, while Captain Gibert's face remained unchanged during the whole proceedings.

After the verdict, and before judgment was pronounced, counsel for prisoners moved for a new trial, and a day was set to hear the argument in support of the motion. In the motion they averred that the jury had not been kept secluded, and were allowed to communicate with friends, and to read the daily papers during the trial; that the prisoners had been tried together and not separately, although they had requested a separate trial; that the jury had been allowed the use of ardent spirits; that the direct communication between counsel and the prisoners had been abridged; and finally, that they have affidavits of the acquitted men relating to material points in the case. For three days the court listened to the arguments for a new trial, and rendered its decision: that with reference to a collective or a separate trial of the prisoners, the matter was entirely in the discretion of the court to decide upon the manner of trial; that the jury had been kept strictly together, and that any communication to a member of the jury was required to be and was witnessed and heard by a sworn officer of the court. Newspapers had been inspected, and everything relating to the trial carefully cut out before they were given to the jury; and both the officers and the jury swear that the jury never saw anything in the newspapers relating to the trial, and there is no reason to believe that these papers influenced the verdict in the least. It might be irregular for officers to give the newspapers, but it is not every irregularity that would justify a court in setting aside a verdict, and granting a new trial. The court was satisfied that the irregularity had not been in the slightest manner prejudicial to the prisoners. The use of ardent spirits had been agreed to in open court; as some of the jury were sick, moderate indulgence was granted, and there is no proof that such privilege was abused. Every indulgence had been given to counsel to communicate with the prisoners, and it had been freely used. The affidavits of the acquitted men in the new evidence relied upon swore to facts, if true, utterly inconsistent with the testimony; they denied that they ever met or robbed the "Mexican," denied that they had any intention or made any attempt to destroy the "Panda" at river Nazareth; their testimony was utterly irreconcilable with strong, direct testimony of officers and crew of the "Mexican," seven in all, who spoke positively as to the identity of Ruiz, Boyga, and others; and if Perez was to have any credit at all, when he was confirmed by other testimony, it was utterly irreconcilable with the whole substance of his testimony. Besides, their character detracted from the confidence we should have in their testimony. Acquittal is not always proof of innocence, and the court would not be justified in granting a new trial on affidavits of acquitted prisoners which would imply a belief that good men had perjured themselves.

The counsel asked the court to respite the execution, to give time to send to Havana and England to clear up this dark affair; and the court replied it should be allowed, and if the time was not long enough, executive clemency would extend it by reprieve.

On the 16th of December, the arguments and postponements came to an end. A solemn silence pervaded the court room, as the judge sentenced the guilty men to be hanged on March 11th, between the hours of nine and twelve o'clock, in the yard of the county jail. Upon receiving the sentence, which was duly translated to the condemned, Captain Gibert simply bowed his head, but was otherwise unmoved. Ruiz was greatly excited, and muttered vehemently, and with clenched fists defied the judge. Garcia, with the rest, found fault and grumbled that all did not fare alike, saying they were all in the same ship. Costa, the cabin boy, appeared reckless, and showed a total disregard of the mercy extended to him in granting him an acquittal.

About three months were to elapse before the sentence of the court was carried out. During that time, the friends of de Soto were not idle. Much sympathy was excited in his behalf—a young man of twenty-eight years and fine appearance; and now the arrival of his pretty Castilian wife, whose efforts to obtain a pardon were untiring, gave renewed interest in his case. The ladies espoused his cause, and every man of prominence was appealed to, to use his influence for the pardon of the young mariner. But men not easily moved by impulse reasoned that de Soto was a dangerous man. To be sure, in the case of the "Minerva," he rescued seventy-two souls from a watery grave; but common humanity would have done that, and only a year after we find him the second in command of a band of cut-throats. This very fact, however, was urged to support the theory that piracy was not intended at the start, but an after-thought of the African voyage, and the appearance of the "Mexican" offered the temptation; that it was a sudden impulse that involved de Soto in Captain Gibert's crime.

The Castilian wife secured all possible aid in the way of an extensively signed petition, and wended her way to Washington, and on her knees asked President Andrew Jackson for the life of her husband. The petition for pardon was granted by the humane president, and the faithful wife returned to Boston, armed with the precious document, which was to unbar the prison doors and allow her to lead her husband forth a free man. The couple returned at once to Cuba, and he was heard of afterwards in command of a vessel trading from Havana.

The day appointed for the execution of the condemned arrived. The Spanish government had sought in vain for some pretext to save the lives of their subjects. Upon the morning of the execution, the house-tops of buildings in the vicinity that overlooked the jail-yard were filled with curious spectators. Ruiz, in anticipation of his fate, had cut his throat the night before, but as he failed to sever an artery, the wound was sewed up, and he met his fate with the rest. Justice long delayed had been meted out at last. The cruel villains, who, not content with robbery, would have made a holocaust of ten innocent mariners, had been captured at last, and although ably defended by the best legal talent, paid the penalty of their crimes on the scaffold. Truth was mighty, and it did prevail.

J. S. Bacon.

ASHES OF ROSES.

Two time-stained papers by me lie,
Covered with tender bits of rhyme,
Written in years long since gone by,
And little meant to reach my eye
In this far western clime.

My grandsire wrote them in the days,
When in his youth he wooed the dame
That, moved by these enticing lays,
So neatly framed to sing her praise,
My grandmother became.

With careful touch each word is made,
As if the foolish lover thought
With every line so lightly laid
A soft caress could be conveyed
To her for whom he wrought.

The verse is filled with sighs and tears,
And budding roses wet with dew,
With hope that leaves no room for fears;—
Lovers have learned in seventy years
But little that is new.

And lovers then, as now, made bold
By force of youth's impulsive fire,
Defied the years to make them old;
They should not make their hearts grow cold,
Nor bid their passion tire.

But, spite of love that laughed at fate,
Old Father Time kept on his way;
These youthful lovers grew sedate;
Did love, I wonder, never bate,
As slacked their pulses' play?

Full thirty years have gone their round,
Since these once ardent hearts grew still.
Where side by side they lie, no sound,
No movement stirs the quiet ground,
No feeling makes them thrill.

Yet dare not say their trust was vain
That time would spare a love so pure:
If aught of self the soul retain
In other worlds, such loves remain,
Forever to endure.

I read the verses soft and low,
I fold them tenderly away,
Thinking how much of joy and woe,
And greater issues than we know,
Hang on a maiden's yea.

Charles S. Greene.

THE NEW MILLS COLLEGE, ITS PAST AND FUTURE.

A PLEASANT drive of five miles eastward from Oakland, the terminus of the Pacific Railway, brings the traveler to Mills Seminary and College. If he prefer quicker transit, he has the opportunity four times daily of making the journey by rail to Seminary Park station, where he will always find a conveyance in waiting to take him to the Seminary itself, a mile and a half away. The road leads in a direct line from an arm of San Francisco Bay towards the hills of the Coast Range, or the foothills, as they are more familiarly known. Farm houses and pleasant country homes, among them that of Thomas Hill, the artist, are passed on the way, and just as you seem face to face with the near slope of the hills, and further travel barred by trees and fences, your driver turns suddenly to the left, and crossing the wide bridge which spans a willow and alder shaded creek, you find yourself in the Seminary grounds.

A broad, graveled driveway encircles a spacious lawn, on the north side of which stands the main building, three stories in height, presenting a front of two hundred and twelve feet, and having a wing one hundred and thirty-six feet in depth. A little back from this building, on the west, is a large three-story structure, having on the lower floor an ample gymnasium, and above, the studio and museum. This building contains also several class-rooms. Farther away are the engine-house, and steam laundry with its appurtenances, the gas house, servants' houses, stables, etc. East of the main building stands the Sage Library, named from its donor, Miss Sarah Sage, of Ware, Massachusetts. Among the paintings that adorn its walls are a Holy Family, by Correggio, and two large views of California scenery, by R. D. Yelland. There are also gifts of statuary from graduates of the institution, and at the east end is a beautiful memorial window, placed there by the alumnæ in remembrance of Doctor Mills. Upon the shelves of the various alcoves, a library of five thousand volumes is accessible to the students.

The buildings thus equipped, and eighty-five acres of land in the midst of which they stand, constitute a property valued at $275,000, which is unencumbered by any debt. Such an institution, on such a basis, is worthy of notice as Californians search for the foundation stones which underlie the "Building of a State."

Achievements like this are not the result of accident or unexpected good fortune. They are the outcome of forethought, wisdom, never-tiring diligence, and never-ceasing care. A little more than eighteen months ago Doctor Mills was laid to rest on a sunny slope near the Seminary Buildings. Little more than a month has passed since the newly-elected president of the institution arrived here to carry on the enlarged work to the completeness which was in the minds of its founders from the first. It is a favorable time to glance at the past history, the present condition, and the future outlook of the work.

Thirteen years after Henry Durant, the father of our State University, finished his course at Yale, Cyrus T. Mills graduated with honor at Williams College. After completing his studies at Union Theological Seminary, he was married in September, 1848, to Miss Susan L. Tolman, who had for six years, as pupil and teacher, been a member of Mount Holyoke Female Seminary. While they were learning the lesson of wisdom which none could better impart than President Hopkins and Mary Lyon, the gold and the silver lay undisturbed in the beds of its streams and the depths of its mountains; but in the early part of the year in which these learners united their fortunes and set forth consecrated to the life work of teaching, the precious secret had been discovered, and the tide of gold-seekers had set towards the Pacific coast. Mr. and Mrs. Mills, too, set out for California at the same time as multitudes of '49ers, though their destination was all unknown to themselves, and many years were to elapse before their adventurous predecessors should have made due preparation for the planting of a female college. They sailed for India, where for six years Doctor Mills was President of Batticotta Seminary, in Ceylon, conducting its affairs with marked ability, both educationally and financially. Hard work and the enervating climate compelled an unwilling return to America, where he remained a few years. But the lines of his favorite chant, sung at his graduation, and to be sung many years later at his funeral, were still ringing in his ears:

> "The voice of my departed Lord,
> 'Go, teach all nations,' from the eastern world
> Comes on the night air and awakes my ear,
> And I will gladly go."

For four years, in obedience to this call, he discharged the duties of President of Oahu College, at Honolulu. His remarkable executive ability freed the College from a burdensome debt, and rendered it independent of the American Board of Missions.

At this time Miss Atkins, a pioneer teacher, whose name is still held in dear remembrance by hundreds of California women, had become worn with her work at Benicia, and started on a voyage around the world. At Honolulu she met Doctor and Mrs. Mills. A tropical climate had again made serious inroads on Doctor Mills's health, and Miss Atkins, seeing that he could not remain there long, urged him to go to California and carry on the work she had begun. The proposal was not immediately acted upon, but as the necessity for a change became imperative, it was carefully considered, and appeared to offer the opportunity desired for carrying out the educational work so long planned.

The purchase was finally made, and in 1865 the Benicia school was opened under its new auspices. It continued under the same direction for seven years, growing during that time to a size which demanded more ample accommodations. Doctor Mills, with that business sagacity for which he was remarkable, had provided for this emergency by purchasing the eighty-five acres which form the present site. The selection was most happy; near enough to San Francisco to be easily accessible, and yet as secluded and isolated as if it were fifty miles from human habitation; commanding an ample water supply, and in a location sheltered from wind and fog, and free from malaria.

Public spirited citizens aided the enterprise, and appreciating the value of an institution like the one proposed, offered pecuniary inducements to secure its location among them. In all, about $30,000 were given by outside parties in money and other gifts, with no legal pledge, but with the full understanding of Doctor Mills's ultimate design to found on an enduring plan a Christian college for the young women of California.

The school flourished from its beginning. Year by year new facilities were added for carrying forward its educational work, while externally new beauties appeared in lawn and garden, orchard and meadow. It was by no niggardliness in the management of affairs that Doctor Mills in five years reduced the debt of $80,000 to $50,000.

He told a friend not many weeks before his death that he had not been free from bodily pain for a single day during thirty years. A chronic disease of the liver, contracted no doubt in those earlier Indian days, added to the subsequent years of constant toil, had made serious inroads upon his health, and he hastened to mature his long-cherished plan of placing the Seminary on a permanent and enlarged basis, which would at the same time lighten the burden of responsibility hitherto borne by himself and Mrs. Mills alone.

At the annual commencement, June 1, 1876, Doctor Mills named twelve gentlemen whom he solicited to act with him as trustees of the Seminary. They consented, and organized August 30, 1877; a few weeks later the institution was legally incorporated, and the large property transferred by Doctor and Mrs. Mills to the following board, who chose Doctor Eells as their first President: James Eells, D.D., I. E. Dwinell, D.D., Rev. H. D. Lathrop, Rev. T. K. Noble, Rev. A. S. Fiske, Governor H. H. Haight, Judge E. D. Sawyer, Robert Simson, A. J. Bryant, J. O. Eldridge, W. A. Bray, William Meek, C. T. Mills, D.D.

By the desire of the trustees, Doctor and Mrs. Mills were to have entire control of the affairs of the Seminary for five years, and at the expiration of that time the arrangement was renewed. During all this time Doctor Mills was still striving to free the enterprise from the debt on which he had in fact, at the time of his death, paid more than $50,000 in interest alone. He was aided by the trustees, of whom Mr. J. P. Pierce of Santa Clara contributed $3,000, Doctor Eells secured a gift of $1,000 from the late Mrs. M. S. Percy, of Oakland, Doctor Dwinell, $1,000 from Mr. Charles Crocker, and $3,000 was given by Hon. W. Hyde and family, of Ware, Mass.

But still the debt remained. It could never be met from the income of the school, whose plans demanded and received a constantly increasing outlay.

In the summer of 1882, Doctor Mills, while visiting Southern California, saw an opportunity which promised to his sagacious foresight the lifting of the long-endured burden, and the possibility of at least a part of the endowment necessary in order to carry out the original plan of a college in addition to the Seminary.

He organized the Pomona Land and Water Company, retaining for himself the presidency and control, and as soon as the scheme was an assured success, arranged at once for the liquidation of the debt out of his own property.

He said to an intimate friend soon after: "If I can only live five years, I think I can accomplish what I desire for the Seminary." But in less than six months his life-work was finished. Long years of labor had enfeebled a frame never rugged, and a slight injury received at Pomona developed a disease in the bone of the arm, which necessitated amputation. The first shock was well sustained, but blood-poisoning succeeded, and April 20th, 1884, he passed away as gently as a tired child falls asleep in his mother's arms.

The Seminary, now for fourteen years established in its new home, stood free from debt. More than sixteen hundred pupils had received instruction there, of whom three hundred had graduated. The records show an aggregate of three hundred years of teaching done by alumnæ, and in various parts of our country others in private life are exerting an influence which cannot be measured in numbers, but cannot fail to be more sweet and healthful for the lessons of their school days. Of the graduates, about two hundred have become professing Christians, most of them during their school life.

Nine scholarships have been founded to aid worthy pupils of limited means, viz: two of $2,500 each, by Mr. William Raymond, of San Francisco; one of $2,000, by Mrs. William Hyde and Miss Sarah Sage, of Ware, Massachusetts; two of $2,500 each, by Mrs. James Williamson, of New York; one of $3,000, by Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bailey, of the Sandwich Islands; one of $3,000, by Mrs. M. S. Percy, of Oakland; one of $2,000, by Mrs. William E. Dodge, of New York; one of $1,000, by Rev. L. H. Hallock, of Portland, Maine.

In furtherance of Doctor Mills's plans, and by Mrs. Mills's request, the Board of Trustees immediately took steps for the organization of the college proper. To provide for all future contingencies, a change in the law of the State was necessary. A bill drafted by Warren Olney, attorney for the

Seminary, was passed by the Legislature, and under the revised law, Mills Seminary College was legally incorporated.

With a success almost beyond their hopes, the Trustees induced Doctor Homer B. Sprague to leave a position of distinction in Boston, and take the Presidency of the infant College. He reached his new field of labor September 30, and was formally inaugurated October 24, 1885.

Doctor Sprague, in outlining his plans and hopes for the institution in its new departure, says: "The establishment of the college proper will be a gradual process, and in proportion to its growth it is likely that there will be a diminution of the elementary preparatory work. No one favors the substitution of a second-rate college for a first-rate academy. It is not proposed to lower the standard of collegiate instruction. No one will be admitted to the Freshman class next July, unless fully up to the standard required at the best Eastern colleges. It is probable that among all those found to be prepared, large pecuniary rewards will be equally distributed upon admission. It is probable that no prizes will be offered for *relative* superiority; *absolute* attainments will be handsomely recognized and rewarded. Better motives to industry and fidelity will be employed than the mere desire *to outdo others* in intellectual attainments.

"Special effort will be made not to proselyte, but to develop a noble and broad Christian character, and a disposition to be in the highest degree useful to the world.

"It is hoped that unusual attention will be paid to the study of the English language and literature. To speak and read and write English well, and to appreciate the best works of the best authors, will be a prominent object.

"Physical grace, strength, and health will be regarded as matters of prime importance, and no pains will be spared to secure them.

"It is hoped that more intimate relations will exist between the lady professors and pupils than is commonly the case in colleges. The value of companionship between gifted instructors and students is too often ignored. If men fill the professors' chairs, they will be strong, mature, and inspiring, and so situated that no romantic attachments can spring up between them and their pupils."

Plans like these successfully executed can not fail to bring large rewards to the women of California. The trustees no doubt appreciate the difficulty of the work they have undertaken. The great obstacle to be encountered is lack of material for a sufficient clientage to warrant a complete equipment The entire population of California is less than a million—not equal to that of New York city. Of those girls who fill the higher schools which should be tributary to the college, the majority belong to two classes. First are those who, looking forward to teaching as an easy and reputable means of livelihood, without the shadow of a suspicion that any depth or breadth of culture is desirable for this occupation, confine their studies to those technicalities which will enable them to pass an examination and gain a teacher's certificate. In the second class are those who regard a certain amount of education as a factor in social success. These pay special attention to the so-called "accomplishments"—music, drawing, painting, dancing, a little French, less German, a skimming of history and literature—and are ready for "society."

We are glad to recognize a small and slowly increasing third class, made up of those who love learning for its own sake, and to whom the taste which they get in our higher schools serves only to create an appetite for deeper draughts. This latter is largely in the minority.

The popular outcry against the higher education, the frivolous spirit of the age, and, above all, the restrictions of our State constitution in regard to High Schools, are also serious obstacles to the success of a college in California for either sex. Especially must a college for girls be of growth so slow as to discourage its projectors, unless they are possessed of unwearying patience, strong faith, dauntless courage, and boundless enthusiasm. The trustees have been fortunate in securing as their President a man whose long and successful experience in similar work elsewhere must have fostered the growth of these very requisites. No gift of greater value can be bestowed on our State than a college which shall be, not only theoretically, but practically and continually, what Doctor Sprague proposes in the words quoted above, "fully up to the standard of the best Eastern colleges." We have more than enough, throughout all our Western States, of pretentious schools a little above the grade of a good grammar school, which call themselves colleges. But we need, desire, and shall prize for our girls an institution which shall combine the highest, broadest, and deepest mental training, with the most careful physical and moral culture, in a refined, Christian home.

If the proposed college has difficulties to overcome, it has also many and valuable aids and encouragements. The first hard struggle is long ago past. The Seminary is an assured success on a self-supporting basis, having a large body of alumnæ devoted to its interests, an unencumbered property of great and growing value, a wide spread and enviable reputation. The trustees are hampered by none of those political complications which have so limited and crippled the work of our State University. An irresponsible report had some currency at the time of the application for a college charter, to the effect that the property had been offered to the State. Nothing could be farther from the truth, nor from the desires and plans of its owners. It is *of* the State and *for* the State, but will never be subject to State control. It was founded as a *Christian* college. Yet it is not a sectarian institution. The charter expressly provides that no religious sect shall be represented by a majority of the trustees, while at the same time a part must be Christian ministers.

The friends of female education welcome so able a coadjutor as Doctor Sprague, and feel that a college carrying out the plans proposed will be an incentive and source of power and enthusiasm, both to teachers and pupils, in every school of our State.

The standard for admission is high, embracing Latin and Greek, which are required also in the Freshman year, but are elective during the rest of the course. French is required in Sophomore year; German in Junior year. Higher mathematics are obligatory for the first two years, supplemented in the last two by their application in physics; moral and mental science, rhetoric, and a due proportion of physical sciences, make up the regular course. To this is added a long list of elective studies, which will doubtless be modified as the Faculty discover a need for it. It is certainly a good place and a good time in which to check the increasing tendency of Young America to hold the reins, and not only direct its own course, but override in its triumphant career the experience and judgment of parents and of teachers, from Plato down to the present time. If concessions are to be made, they should not be of a nature to render a degree valueless, or to make the name of the higher education a cloak for superficiality and sham. To quote the words of a wise and successful teacher, "Scholars should graduate, not by their weakness, but by their strength." Evidently, it is a discouragement and hindrance, almost beyond computation, to the preparatory schools, if ill-fitted pupils, whom they endeavor to hold to high standards of excellence, be admitted to college and university without the necessary training. Progress is good; we should, indeed, press onward to occupy the ever-widening fields of thought, but not, meanwhile, "forgetting the things that are behind," in the sense of dropping them entirely from memory, or failing to give due consideration to the methods of study which made the sturdy scholars of the past. There is no better motto for a student than "*Non multa sed multum.*"

Women are pressing forward as never before into the various avenues of industry. This is as it should be. In our complex life, the process of differentiation must be more and more marked, as new discoveries open new fields of labor. But it still remains that brain is more than brawn; that the inventor is greater than the machine; that the real source of all material and social progress is found in the trained intellect, the broadened culture, of the wisely-educated men and women of the time. Great thoughts are born in minds that have learned *how* to think. Great inventions are the fruit of keen perceptions, trained to look below the surface, and a well developed judgment, accustomed to investigate the logical relations of discovered truths. Real material progress results from trained minds guiding skilled hands.

The two mischievous tendencies which the teacher of the present age has to combat, are the superficiality born of frivolous views of life already mentioned, and that more potent, because more specious, enemy voiced in the clamor for *practical education*, which, being interpreted, means the ability to earn money at the earliest possible age. This latter is by no means an obstacle in the education of boys alone. Many times has the writer, when urging upon girls the broad culture which language and literature give, been met with the reply: "I shall not need that for a teacher's examination"; and, on the other hand, when advocating the study of more technical branches, or the extension of a short school course, has had the answer: "I don't see of what use it would be to me to learn anything more; I don't intend to teach school."

The new President of Mills Seminary and College is known as one who will fight both these chimeras valiantly; and in this contest he is doing battle, not for one institution alone, but for the great cause in which all true educators stand shoulder to shoulder.

The future prosperity of this new College is largely dependent on the material aid which shall be given by those who have the means and the disposition to endow the necessary professorships. As has been already said, the death of Doctor Mills interrupted the completion of his plans for even a partial endowment. *The Seminary will still continue its course*, and valuable aid will no doubt be given to the larger work of the College by the present Faculty. But there is need for large-hearted men and women, like those who have endowed Smith, and Wellesley, and Vassar, to nurture on these western shores an institution in every sense as well equipped as they. The founders of the Seminary have taken those first steps, usually so slow and difficult. No money is needed for ground or buildings, but all donations go to a permanent endowment fund, which should be ample enough to call to the college professorship the best talent in the land. This is a work, not for *our* time only, but for *all* time—a work which should fitly crown that which California has already done; that as her flowers and fruits, her gold and grain, are the wonder of the age, so her daughters may glean the fuller harvests of thought, and fathom the richer mines of wisdom and truth.

Katharine B. Fisher.

RECENT SOCIOLOGICAL DISCUSSIONS.

We said last month that the various discussions of social questions coming before us seemed to point to the class problem as the pressing one now before society, and to indicate the impossibility of any single or simple solution and direct the student to all the various ameliorations of social conditions—religious, moral, educational, and economic reforms—in the hope that a concerted effort all along the line of these will go far to solve the problem. They showed the fallacy of all hopes to wholly rearrange the social order, and the inability of any revolutionary powers at present in existence to do so, but at the same time, their ability to throw society into disorder by their attempts; a danger which might be avoided, perhaps for generations, by vigorous pressing of all means of improvement possible. To the present reviewer it seems clear that the real problem on which turns the whole fate of human society, is something deeper and more difficult than the labor problem, which is its most conspicuous outgrowth: viz, the tendency of the human race to increase in its lower types more than in its higher, contrary to the rule of all other species in the animate kingdom. The danger of the final pressure of population upon the means of subsistence is merely a corollary of this problem, for it will probably be conceded that if all the human race could be assimilated in mental and moral character and physical type to the best specimens now in existence, this danger could be easily managed. At present, however, the strong tendencies away from such assimilation seem to be more significant than the strong tendencies toward it. The danger seems to be absolutely beyond the present power of the race to grapple with, and even intelligent discussion of it is rare, and mostly of a very preliminary nature. All consideration of it must lead back to the same conclusion arrived at above: that for the present, little is possible beyond ameliorating effort all along the line, which shall tend always to the same end—the improvement of the *quality* of the race; and it is not impossible that such efforts, increased in quantity, and more intelligently directed than heretofore, will prove sufficient to control the course of human evolution and decide the fate of society.

The number and variety of these special efforts to improve the race are, of course, vast. Many of them are exceedingly fatuous. Those which come under our review this month are all reasonable and intelligent. The monograph which bears most directly of those before us upon the problem of poverty is *Public Relief and Private Charity*,[1] by Mrs. Josephine Shaw Lowell. This is an admirable tract, designed to urge the very doctrine we have indicated as the essential one in practical sociology: the need of improving the *quality* of men—or, rather, its converse, the danger of injuring their quality in the attempt to improve their condition. Mrs. Lowell says in her preface: "I have compiled this little book because I believe some such restatement of the principles upon which the modern methods of charity are based is needed"; and no reviewer can more justly describe the "little book" than she herself goes on to do: "There is not, perhaps, an original thought or suggestion in it; an important part of it is direct and verbal quotation; and to every student of the subject it will be apparent that almost the whole of it is taken from the writings of wise men and women who have lived during the past hundred years. Yet I do not apologize for offering it to my fellow-workers and the public, for there is nowhere a small book in which the principles underlying our science can be found clearly stated." The book—it is one of the Putnams' "Questions of the Day" series, and can be had in cloth or in cheap paper form—is divided into two parts, one of which treats of public relief, and the other of private charity.

Of course, the experience of England with her poor-laws must figure most largely in any investigation of the question of public relief, for any experience we have on the subject, in this country, is comparatively small. Following Mrs. Shaw's own principle, we can better give her views by a series of fragmentary and condensed quotations than in any other way: "About the end of the last century, the upper and middle classes of England came to the conclusion that every man ought to be able to make a living for himself and his family, and that, if he could not make it, it should be furnished him; and for about fifty years there was no man in England who, however idle, vicious, or even dangerous he might be, could not obtain from the "rates" the means of supporting himself and his family of six, ten, or twenty children and grandchildren." It will be observed that there is a startling analogy between this benevolent theory of the last century, and the most modern doctrine of socialism, as stated by Mr. Chamberlain and others—that it is society's business to see to it that every one is cared for. "Instead, however, of increased comfort and prosperity and of diminished suffering, the tide of poverty, most unaccountably, rose higher and higher, and the flood of pauperism seemed about to engulf not only the paupers themselves, but the whole population of England." The multitude of official and unofficial reports called out by this frightful increase of crime and pauperism all present "the same picture of unmitigated woe and deep and growing degradation." Parliamentary commissions report on the growing disinclination to save among the poor, and consequent increase of drunkenness; the recklessness in marriage, the loss of sense of obligation toward helpless relatives, and the great deterioration of character in every respect among the laboring classes. "It appears to the pauper that the government has undertaken to repeal in his favor the ordinary laws of nature; to enact that children shall not suffer for the misconduct of their parents; that no one shall lose the means of comfortable subsistence, whatever be his indolence, prodigality, or vice: in short, that the penalty which, after all, must be paid by some one for idleness and improvidence, is to fall not on the guilty person or his family, but on the proprietors of the lands. . . . Can we wonder if the uneducated are seduced into approving a system which aims its allurements at all the weakest parts of our nature, which offers marriage to the young, security to the anxious, ease to the lazy, and impunity to the profligate?" "When a parish has become pauperized, the laborers not only avoid accumulation, but even dispose of and waste in debauchery any small property which may have devolved on them." "It appears from the evidence that the great supporters of the beer-shops are the paupers. In Cholesbury, where, out of one hundred and thirty-nine individuals, only thirty-five, including the clergyman and his family, are supported by their own exertions, there are two public houses." Still more important: "The character and habits of the laborer have been completely changed. The poor man of twenty years ago who tried to earn his money and was thankful for it, is now converted into an insolent, discontented, surly, thoughtless pauper." "I can decidedly state as the result of my experience, that when once a family has received relief, it is to be expected that their descendants for some generations will receive it also. The change made in the character and habits of the poor by once receiving parochial relief is quite remarkable; they are demoralized ever afterwards. If once a young lad gets a pair of shoes given him by the parish, he never afterward lays by sufficient to buy a pair. The disease is hereditary, and when once a family has applied for relief, they are pressed down forever. Whether in work or out of work, when they once become paupers, it can only be by a sort of miracle that they can be broken off. All the tricks and deceptions of which man is capable are resorted to; the vilest and most barefaced falsehoods are uttered." The effect of pauper relief in lowering the wages of those who continued industrious was found to be enormous. Nor did the belief that people's own sense of independence would make them prefer industry, prove well founded. Lord Brougham, summing up the evidence of the report, says: "We have a constant proof, in every part of the country, that able-bodied men prefer a small sum in idleness to a larger sum in wages" that must be earned. Even the once hardy Kentish sailors had taken to remaining ashore and living on the parish. Paupers considered themselves entitled to easy living, and complaint was made if they were asked to work as hard as outside laborers. The connection between rioting, discontent, and hatred of the upper classes, and large expenditure in relief, was shown to be constant. Some amendments to the poor laws have modified their evils a little, but on the whole, they remain a dead weight on England's prosperity.

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[1] Public Relief and Private Charity. By Josephine Shaw Lowell. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.

Again, Mr. Fano, "one of the highest authorities on matters relating to the condition of the poorer classes in Italy," says: "The growth of that misery in our country is largely due to those very institutions that were created for its suppression. The very profusion of charities is one of the principal causes of the spread of mendicity in our country. In Italy there are 1,355,341 indigent persons, but no system of legal charity exists. But the multitude of charitable institutions and the improvident manner in which their funds are frequently applied, are vices which have for us the same effects as legal charity. I persist in thinking that in Italy mendicity is an imposture, and not produced by real destitution."

Swiss reports tell the same story, of the greatest misery, indolence, and poverty in the cantons where the most relief is given.

In the United States the system of public out-door relief has not progressed very far, but it exists "in many of our cities" (and Mrs. Lowell might have added, counties, as is the case in California, where the evil is becoming serious, constantly increasing claims being made on the supervisors, and granted with careless good nature and little investigation). The Massachusetts State Board of Charities, upon investigation, found the same evils following the system as in England, yet had not quite the courage to give it up; and the New York Superintendent of the Poor says: "I know of nothing which does so much to encourage pauperism and educate paupers for the next generation. There is nothing except intemperance which is more demoralizing to the head of a family, or more ruinous to children, than to become imbued with the idea that the public is bound to provide for them. If people could only realize when they recommend a family composed in part of bright children to the superintendent of the poor, and insist on aid being furnished, that such an act was almost sure to ruin those bright children, and educate them for paupers or criminals, it seems to me that such people should exhaust every other resource before incurring the fearful responsibility." The State Board of Charities and Reform of Wisconsin also reports: "All experience shows that the demand for poor relief grows with the supply, and that a large amount for poor relief does not indicate a large amount of suffering which needs to be relieved, but a large amount of laxity or corruption on the part of officers, and a large amount of willingness by able-bodied idlers to be fed at the public expense."

Mrs. Lowell accepts herself the doctrine that society is bound to save its members from starvation, but brings strong evidence to show that private charity is entirely adequate to do this, with a very little help from the public; but that neither public nor private help should take the form of alms-giving. Her admirable conclusions and practical suggestions are the most interesting parts of the book—although, as they would lose much of their weight apart from the data that lead up to them, we have preferred to quote from these, and to refer the reader to the book itself for the conclusions. We quote only a few of the most significant sentences: "Discipline and education should be inseparably associated with any system of public relief." "There is still another point to be insisted on: while . . . every person, born into a civilized community, has a right to live, yet the community has the right to say that incompetent and dangerous persons shall not, so far as can be helped, be born to acquire this right to live upon others. To prevent a constant and alarming increase of these two classes of persons, the only way is for the community to refuse to support any except those whom it can control. . . . It is certainly an anomaly for a man and woman, who have proved themselves incapable of supplying their own daily needs, to bring into the world other helpless beings, to be also maintained by a tax upon the community."

Our Penal Machinery and Its Victims[2] goes a step farther down in the social scale —or perhaps a step higher—from paupers to criminals. The arrests made by the police of Chicago in 1882 numbered *five per cent.* of the population. This excludes the arrests made by State and Federal officials. Mr. Altgeld estimates the annual arrests in the whole country at two and a half million and the first arrests at one and a half million. These figures give some idea of the standing army of hostiles to society steadily in campaign among us. An analysis of their occupations from the reports of jails shows

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[2] Our Penal Machinery and Its Victims. By John P. Altgeld. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co. 1884. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

that the great majority, men and women, came from humble life—laborers and servants contributing the largest number; that far more of them are between twenty and thirty years of age than at any other period of life; that a very large proportion had no homes, or bad ones; and a still larger, very limited schooling or none. Of five hundred convicts examined in one institution, over four-fifths were without home influence at eighteen years and under; two-fifths had never attended school, and another fifth had only the most imperfect education. "I have read every available thing on crime, its cause and cure; on prisons, their discipline, etc.," says Mr. Thompson, the chaplain of the Southern Illinois penitentiary. "I have talked freely with the convicts as to their early lives, . . . and I have come to the conclusion that there are two prime causes of crime—the want of proper home influence in childhood, and the lack of thorough, well-disciplined education in early life." Of those who did go to school, the truant and refractory pupils prove to be the material from which convicts are made. The multitude of convicts, then, are the young and ill-disciplined. Mr. Altgeld then considers, with much good sense and force, the sort of training they get out of the penal system, which should obviously be planned to meet and correct the defects of their early training. He now and then leans a little toward sentiment, but is, in the main, very practical. The two evils that he brings out most clearly are the perpetual, aimless repetition of useless punishments—as small fines, or terms of a few days, for drunkenness; and the inequality of sentences, and entire failure to proportion them to guilt. In the State prison of Michigan, for instance, eight prisoners were recently serving out terms for assault with intent to kill. There seems to have been no great difference in the character of the crimes, but the terms ranged from one year to forty-five. These inconsistencies prevent the convict from acquiring an idea of justice in connection with punishment. Mr. Altgeld urges a system of indeterminate punishments, whose principle shall be to keep the prisoner until he has been trained to reasonable probability of better things. We have not space to speak of other suggestions, but must linger to mention the very wise one that prisoners should be not only allowed but made to earn money, from which the cost of their maintenance and care should be appropriated to the State, and the surplus should go to their families, or be laid up for their future use, as the case may be. The regular outside rates should be paid for labor to prevent clashing with free labor. The length of the indeterminate sentence could be decided by the amount of surplus earnings laid up—no one to be discharged before a certain amount had been earned. This would be an inducement which would persuade the laziest to acquire habits of work.

Coming into the field of political corruption, we have *Defective and Corrupt Legislation*,[1] again in the Putnams' "Questions of the Day" series. We have scarcely left ourself space from the more directly sociological subjects to say much of this. It brings out strongly the great evil which all our States suffer from the flood of private bills, many of them corrupt, which our legislatures grind out, to the neglect of legitimate business and the injury of every class in society; and propounds what would seem to be a very sensible remedy, in "A division of local and special laws from general laws, treating the former as private petitions, to be tried before enactment," at the petitioner's risk, as regards expense. The plan is explained in detail, and seems simple and effective, and more just than the total prohibition of private bills as in this State.

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[1] Defective and Corrupt Legislation: The Cause and the Remedy. By Simon Sterne. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885.

RECENT FICTION.

There is a tacit understanding between publishers and the public that the light novels shall be reserved for the summer and the heavy ones for the winter. We do not know that it follows that all the melancholy ones belong to the winter class; for tragic novels may be as sprightly and as easy reading as the most cheerful ones; and one would suppose it was better to be depressed in summer, with long days and sunshine in which to recover, than in the dull weather and early darkness of winter. This winter's novels, however, present a harrowing collection of tragedy—madness, and murder, and heartbreak, and despair—in quite an unusual proportion to the cheerful stories. There are four or five new editions of old American books, a translation from Balzac, some half-dozen reprints of English current novels, and then a considerable number of new American novels—not a large number compared to the flood of stories that issue steadily from English presses, but still one that shows a continual increase in novel-writing among us. It is gratifying to observe that the authors of these last almost invariably respect their art and treat it as a serious one. By this sincere art-intention, American novel-writing, whatever its crudities, appears very advantageously in contrast with the present sort of English work. The English stories are sometimes well-told and sometimes ill-told; but there are scarcely half a dozen writers among the whole English corps who write with the art-conscience and direct reference to nature as a model that never fails to appear in every month's issue of American novels, quite successfully in many, but present at least as a blundering attempt in almost every one.

None of the exceptional, "scarcely half a dozen writers," appears among the English reprints now before us, and the difference between them and the American novels would almost dispose one to think that fiction is becoming as distinctly an American art as engraving. One or two of them have qualities that give them some hold on the memory; but the rest are scarcely to be distinguished one from another after reading. Of these latter, two are by the same author, *The Parson o' Dumford*[1] and *Sweet Mace.*[2] They are not as inane as a good many novels that get printed, and bear no marks of illiteracy about them, as some do; but it is hard to imagine why any intelligent person should care about reading them as long as he can get better. If novels were to be classed with precision from first-rate to fifth-rate, these would be set down as fourth rate. The "Parson o' Dumford" is an athletic young man, who poses rather offensively in the hail-fellow fashion, even to the beer-drinking, in order to make friends with his rough factory parish, and spends the rest of his time rescuing from mobs and other scrapes the vicious young factory owner, his successful rival in love. The author has been unable to observe any economy of bad traits in fitting out this wicked youth, making him coward or bravo, passionate or calculating, just as the exigency of the story demands. He would have been intolerable to any woman, but in the story has the affections of both the heroines, till the novel has been dragged on to the due length, when the girls revert to their deserving lovers. *Sweet Mace* has rather more invention about it; its action takes place in the reign of James I., but the author does not trouble himself much about historic color. There is a fair daughter of a choleric powder and cannon manufacturer, competed for by a buccaneer captain and a court gallant; a jealous baronet's daughter, and a witch; a powder explosion, which kills the heroine for a year, after which she comes to life, insane, and hidden in a cave; she recovers her wits, and marries her buccaneer. Of a better sort is *The Old Factory*,[1] a story of a Lancashire manufacturer in the first half of the century. Nominally, it is the story of his son's love affairs; but the only part that amounts to anything is that which traces the fortunes of the father from a laborer to a rich manufacturer, able to look forward to "founding a family." We should judge there was real knowledge of, and sympathy with, English lower middle class dissenting life here; and it is interesting to see some common traits come out between this and American life, that are not seen in other phases of English society. *Struck Down*[2] is a detective story, and a very ordinary one indeed. It has a frank and direct way of telling the story; but so inefficient is the attempt at a detective plot, that after a not very complex web of evidence has been woven about the wrong person (the reader being all the time privately assured by the author's obvious sympathy that this *is* the wrong person), a tame bit of testimony turns suspicion directly to the right one, and then the author, apparently satisfied to have extricated his favorite, hastily winds up by saying that "a good deal of slight confirmatory evidence" was got together, and "two days' impartial investigation resulted in overwhelming evidence against the prisoner," and he was convicted and sentenced to the extreme penalty of the law.

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[1] The Parson o' Dumford. By George Manville Fenn. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[2] Sweet Mace. By George Manville Fenn. London, Paris, and New York: Cassell, Petter, Galpin, & Co. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

More noticeable is the latest story by Florence Warden, *A Vagrant Wife.*[3] This is by no means a novel to be praised, but, on the contrary, one to be censured in every respect. It is impossible in plot, absolutely without high motive, either moral or artistic, full of melodramatic absurdities; but it has ability behind it. Nothing could bring out more strikingly the difference we have noted between the English and the American attitude toward novel-writing as a serious art, than the fate of this young woman's work, compared to that of several young American women who have made a hit with a first novel —Miss Howard, or Miss Woolson, or Miss Litchfield. What serious acceptance of the work as a lofty one, on the one side; what honest study of the art; what improvement, and attainment of a dignified place—whether great or small, still dignified—in the literary world: on the other side, what an evident conception of a novel merely as a thing to sell; and what a steady deterioration, book after book. One is almost disposed to think that a difference must exist between the two countries in the class of society—always excepting a few names—that does the novel-writing; that it must be an occupation regarded there with some social disesteem, and so rarely thought of by the men and women of most ability—while here it is well known what a source of social prestige a successful novel is; great physicans and admirals long for the novelist's laurels; and inconceivable as it is that Matthew Arnold should undertake a novel, we have seen our poet Longfellow and our essayist Holmes both attracted to that form of literature. There are degrading conditions attached to English novel-writing (for new authors, at all events) in that favorable notices have to be solicited. This is likely to repel the best men from the field. Anthony Trollope records that he never bent to the custom, but his independence cost him years of waiting for success. Miss Warden dates her success—in being read and making money—from a favorable notice obtained by solicitation. This was enough to destroy all high ideas of her art from the first. Had she had and kept such, it seems certain that she might have accomplished much. Even this worthless story, *A Vagrant Wife*, has excellent writing in it: she does not stumble in her sense of humor; the talk is almost always clever and natural, the figures distinct, and she usually hits the effect she aims at.

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[1] The Old Factory. A Lancashire Story. By William Westall. London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. 1885.

[2] Struck Down. By Hawley Smart. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

[3] A Vagrant Wife. By Florence Warden. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

Mr. James Payn is a novelist who is respected among his own people, and has good rank with English critics. He writes intelligently, and probably knows his London. But he has doubtless been too prolific, and his last book, *The Luck of the Darrells*,[1] shows very faint gleams of ability, and many signs of weakness. It is ineffective, and does not seem worth the telling. The heroine is a pretty creature, and lovable, and that is about the best one can say for the story. We are surprised to note that a young lady of education and refinement says, without jest or quotation, that a sick girl "seems quite peart today." Mr. Payn probably knows whereof he speaks, but it is unexpected to find the word in England, and in good standing.

The repellant title of *Houp-La*[2] proves to belong to no rowdy tale, but to a touching little story, told with a straight-forward earnestness that makes it seem more like an ingenious narration of real events than like fiction. If one looks at it coolly, it is a trifle sentimental (not in a lover's way, for it is not a love-story), but so is many another touching thing. It is not in the manner of the day, but has an old-fashioned air. In one chapter, the soldiers sit telling each other stories, and we have never seen anything of the sort better done in a modest way, or more worthy of a quiet laugh; while the soft-hearted reader is very likely to cry over other chapters.

A bridge which spans perfectly the gap between the English and American novels of our present collection is J. Esten Cooke's *The Maurice Mystery*.[3] It is curious how often whatever folly is in a man will come out when he undertakes to write a novel. Novel-writing is popularly supposed to be the easiest form of literary effort; but we are disposed to think it the one which requires the severest special training. It is certainly the one in which any defect of taste appears most glaringly; and this is natural, for novels are behavior and human relations, and something of the extreme difficulty we find in regulating these properly in life must assail us when we try to do the same thing on paper. More than once, lately, men of high repute in their own calling have attempted novel-writing, and—to be frank—made fools of themselves. Now comes a scholar and historian of no mean rank (and, moreover, one who achieved a very pretty little historical novel, "My Lady Pokahontas," a few months since), who in his new book has not come out as much above folly as could be wished. It is a semi-detective story, and the detective part of it is not ill-managed; the complications are unwound well, and the final solution sprung upon the reader with due unexpectedness. But the love-making, the conversation, much of the character drawing, are of the weakest; they are ruined by an attempt at jocose sprightliness, of a sort which in any but a Southern novel would indicate inferior social training. But whatever the reason may be, defective humor is not uncommon in old school Southern writing; it is not "broad," but it is silly. Yet the story has spirit and movement, and that is much.

Another old-fashioned story, obviously not the work of a professional novelist, is a home-production, and as such calls for kindly criticism—for we are disposed to think that in a region where the literary impulse is rare, every respectable effort toward literature is a good omen, rather than that a good native literature can only be created by sternly rebuking all but the best. *Endura*[4] is a story of three generations of a New England family, who, beginning in the first as poor and rugged pioneers, prospered, and in the third found themselves heirs to an enormous foreign estate; as it is a French one, the wet blanket of Minister Phelps's recent manifesto to "American heirs" is escaped. The story is very naïve and sincere, and (one or two points excepted) excites rather friendly feeling in the critic by its spirit. It rambles on with little reference to its plot, and an evident determination to put in about all the author remembers of New

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[1] The Luck of the Darrells. By James Payn. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1885.

[2] Houp-La. By John Strange Winter. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1885.

[3] The Maurice Mystery. By J. Esten Cooke. New York: Appleton & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

[4] Endura: or, Three Generations. By B. P. Moore. San Francisco: Golden Era Publishing Co. 1885.

England, whether it comes into the story or not. The New England that appears in it is evidently drawn from boyhood memories; but the mere fact that the village remembered is a Baptist and Methodist village, shows that it is not to be considered in the least a typical one, for these denominations —except, indeed, in Rhode Island—formed an inconsiderable part of New England's population at the time of the story, and did not give the characteristic color to its society. A great deal of stress is laid upon the decay of the New England village, which is credited largely to bigotry; but, in view of the way in which many towns in the middle West thrive upon this same bigotry, it is not worth while to join issue upon the point. The preface is well worth reading, for the sake of the author's ingenuous exposition of the trouble he had with his plot.

We judge *A Social Experiment*[1] to be a first book. We do not think it a very pleasant one, but as we have already said, the novels of the season do not run to pleasantness and peace. It deals with a young factory girl, who was "taken up" by a capricious lady of fashion for her innocent beauty and delicate nature, made a social success, and then dropped, to the shattering of all her schemes of life. The moral is intended to be the cruelty of the patroness, and the careless selfishness of the girl in trying to separate herself from her duties in that walk of life whereto it had pleased the Lord to call her; but, in fact, the thing that spoiled her life was the selfish urgency of a rustic lover, who entrapped her into a secret marriage before she had entered the great world. The author's sympathies are—we think erroneously—given to the lover. The story contains impossibilities—first, in the rapidity and completeness with which the factory girl could be transformed into a refined and intelligent lady; and second, in such a lady's recovering —even at the point of death—the capacity of contentment in her other life. Yet it is well and prettily written.

One ought to find something much better when he comes to Bret Harte and Julian Hawthorne; but the novels of both these gentlemen now before us are far from leaving a sense of satisfaction. Both begin with the skillful handling that in the first dozen words reveals the touch of a man who knows how to write; and both leave us possessed of little besides good writing, when all is done. Mr. Harte's *Maruja*[2] shows more than any previous book a falling-off in the vividness of his memory of California, and the plot is rather whimsical than dramatic. Yet, there is an endless picturesqueness in everything he does, an effectiveness in grouping of people, and incidents, and scenery, an intelligence and keen perception in the touches of satire (for satire it always is, rather than pure humor—Mr. Harte takes the attitude of covertly ridiculing the world even when he sentimentalizes), which makes one like to read the book, and even to read it again, in spite of his recognition that it is essentially worth little. Mr. Hawthorne has not nearly so high a degree of literary power, and, accordingly, the graces of his story do not so nearly excuse its vices. He almost invariably begins a book in a peculiarly graceful and engaging tone, an echo of his own father and still more of Thackeray, an air of one bred in the very best traditions of the novelist's art; sketches in his characters in outline with a firm and pleasant touch, and foreshadows an excellent plot; and then "flats out" (to use an expressive old phrase), weakens and destroys his characters in the development, substitutes bizarre fancy for sustained invention in plot, and ends with some weak and sensational catastrophe. *Love, or a Name*[3] has these virtues in a lower degree than usual, and these vices in a higher degree. It has some uncommonly disagreeable incidents, and leaves an unpleasant impression. The theme is a gigantic political plot, by which a gentleman of unbounded wealth and ability, who represents the best school of American statesmanship, proposes to secretly and fraudulently capture the government, and convert it from a democracy to a dictatorship, in the interest of virtue and purity, which are lost under the present system; and this scheme, on the eve of success, is thwarted by the seduction of his high-bred and accomplished daughter, out of revenge, by a coarse, unattractive subordinate, whom he had offended. The story comes down about the reader's ears in a crash of suicide, despair, and destruction, from which the couple whose love affairs have been wound up in the course of events emerge free and happy. There is neither serious politics nor serious art about it all.

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[1] A Social Experiment. By A. E. P. Searing. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[2] Maruja. By Bret Harte. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[3] Love, or a Name. By Julian Hawthorne. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1886.

From Mr. Hawthorne's prententious undertakings and weak completions, we turn with real relief to Nora Perry's modest and charming little story, *For a Woman.*[1] It is among novels what her verses are among poetry. It is fresh, healthy, and refined; has plenty of feeling, yet nothing dramatic; and is, we think, correct and wise in its reading of life and love. Its very completeness within its own degree excludes much comment. It is not one of the books that "every one should read"; but it is one that a great many people should, and we refer our readers to the story itself for farther knowledge of it.

Two collections of short stories, *Color Studies,*[2] and *A Lone Star Bopeep*[3] contain much that is good. *Color Studies* consists of the four stories which the author contributed to the "Century." Their trick consists in the use of names of colors for the characters, as "Rose Madder," "Vandyke Brown"; which, as they are all about artists and are located in studios, and full of their shop-talk, is a neat one, and proved taking. Of the four, "Jaune d'Antimoine" is the only one that has, apart from these ingenuities, much merit, but it is good enough to carry the rest. They are all written with a playful manner that is occasionally overdone, but for the most part not unpleasant. The stories of the other collection are of Texas ranch-life. The imitation of the Harte school is obvious, but not altogether successful. Harte's finer qualities of manner are not caught, while a certain burlesque tone, which he himself imitated from Dickens, is exaggerated. Thus: "I may remark parenthetically at this point that the gentlemanly proprietor of the Eden Saloon, as aggregating in his collective individuality the functions of hotel-proprietor, bar-keeper, and gambler, typified in the mind of Penelope the serpent of Biblical story, with the general outlines of whose disreputable advice to confiding womanhood and subsequent depressing influence upon mankind in general, she was mistily familiar." Now, this sort of thing is false style, whether Dickens, or Harte, or a young disciple writes it. It is bad because it is cumbrous and hard to read, and worse because it is artificial; and that it is more or less clever does not altogether excuse it — the author should manage to keep the cleverness and avoid the cumbrousness and artificiality. Like the sample, the stories are clever and somewhat artificial; they are vigorous and picturesque, jocose in their prevailing tone, and pressed down and overrunning with local color, much of which seems excellently caught. They do not always keep on the safe side of the line in their jocose treatment of the rowdy element. "A Wandering Meliboeus" is beyond comparison the best of them as a study, and the most sincere.

Of all the uncomfortable stories of the season, the palm lies with *As it was Written.*[4] It is a very well-written thing, but ghastly and repulsive in plot. Any one who does not mind this, will find it quite worth his while to read it. It is said to resemble "Called Back," and perhaps it does in manner, but the melodrama of "Called Back" is child's play to the gloomy effort of *As it was Written* after the utmost tragedy conceivable. Not that the story is of a noisy sort; it is very quiet. It claims to be a story of the

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[1] For a Woman. By Nora Perry. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1885.

[2] Color Studies. By Thomas A. Janvier. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[3] A Lone Star Bopeep, and Other Tales of Texas Ranch Life. By Howard Seely. New York: W. L. Mershon & Co. 1885.

[4] As it Was Written. A Jewish Musician's Story. By Sidney Luska. New York: Cassell & Co. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Jewish quarter of New York, and interesting as a study of Jewish life; but there is no study of manners or life about it. The motive is supernatural, and the Jewish element merely incidental. Scarcely less unpleasant than *As it was Written*, and even better told, is *A Wheel of Fire*.[1] This is by an author already more or less known. Its subject is hereditary insanity, and the worrying into madness of a lovely girl by the very fear of it, intensified by the question whether she might or might not marry, her lover and her love and her scruples and the conflicting advice of doctors tearing her to and fro in an agony of doubt which it is harrowing to read of. The gradual steps by which the beautiful young creature was fairly forced into the doom which she might have escaped are only too well told; and so real is Damaris made, and so lovely, that the reader perforce follows her story with painful interest, and cannot reconcile himself to the final catastrophe. The surroundings — an ancestral home of the bluest blood in New England, with all its picturesque accompaniments— are well drawn, and the sombreness is a little relieved by a subordinate pair of lovers who come out all right. There are some unusually well-said things in it. For instance: "This power of human nature to suffer has so stamped itself upon the consciousness of mankind, it has so deeply penetrated the very inmost soul of the race, that there is scarcely a mythology which does not insist upon the incarnation of deity in the flesh, as the only means by which even omniscience could obtain a just appreciation of the intolerable anguish of human existence." Good, too, is the mention of "a Wainwright of the last century, who had broken his neck while fox-hunting on the estates of an English cousin, a method of leaving this world which had commended itself to his contemporaries as so eminently respectable, that his memory still preserved in the family the aroma of clever achievement."

Still other two uncomfortable stories are *Andromeda*[2] and *Criss-Cross*.[3] They are not nearly so bad as the two just noticed, however, involving no madness nor despair, but only heart-breaks. In *Andromeda*, the Italian hero, who is the most noble of men, and has all his life had his own happiness postponed to that of others, and bestowed much affection and received little, finds personal happiness at last come to him in the form of an English sweetheart, whom he soon has to renounce, finding that her heart has strayed to his nearest friend. The story is well told, but not so well as to make the heart-break very painful to the reader. *Criss-Cross*, though less mature, is more effective. It is instructive to note that this is Miss Litchfield's third book only, since she made a hit, in a small way, with a first one, some two years since; while in a considerably less time since *her* hit with "The House on the Marsh," Florence Warden has run her books up to five. Miss Litchfield's writing, we think, improves; and the genuine study which she puts into it is evident. *Criss-Cross* is a study of a flirt—a subject to which the author has before given attention, and with very fair success; but this time she has done it with more than fair success. We doubt if there is anywhere as delicate, penetrating, and complete a study of the genus flirt. Miss Litchfield has caught admirably the lovableness which makes this class of women so dangerous; the baffling union of sweetness with the coolest selfishness; the temporary *reality* in them of the feelings which a shallower observer would say they pretend; the puzzling genuineness of their falsehoods. Mr. Black made a very good study of the type in "Shandon Bells," and it is testimony to the accuracy of both studies that they coincide in so many traits, too subtle for imitation to be possible. But "Freddie" is a more typical specimen than "Kitty." It is the more to Miss Litchfield's credit that she should draw her so justly and appreciatively, because she does not at all approve of her. Her sympathies are entirely with the good, earnest girl who loves one only, but whom she makes rather more sentimental than is attractive. The moral of the book is the cruelty and wickedness of flirting, and it is well emphasized; but preaching the cruelty and wickedness of her sport will never reform a flirt; to make her see its vulgarity is the only way to reach a vulnerable point in the vain little soul. We do not think that "Freddie" would, in fact, have refused Davenant; still less that Lucy would have finally discarded him—though she would probably have done so very positively for a while, to yield at last to the pressure that he, if he knew anything of women's hearts, would have brought to bear. When women really and irretrievably love men, they do not renounce them for a notion. But it would have blunted the point of Miss Litchfield's moral if Lucy had been thus human.

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[1] A Wheel of Fire. By Arlo Bates. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[2] Andromeda. By George Fleming. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[3] Criss-Cross. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York & London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

Of a decidedly lower literary quality is *The Bar Sinister.*[1] It is a novel with a purpose, intended to be the Uncle Tom's Cabin of Mormonism. It has not, however, sufficient merit to accomplish very much in the way of rousing people. It is fairly well told; but a story must be more than fairly well told to be much of a reforming power. It is not so violent in setting down all Mormons as depraved brutes as previous books have been, but it adds really nothing new to any one's comprehension of the question, and does not even touch upon its most difficult elements.

The two most important novels of the year are yet to be mentioned—*The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains*[2] and *The Rise of Silas Lapham.*[3] Both are books of real significance in literary history. They make a curious contrast: the Southern woman's, luxuriant, full of sentiment and lavish diction, and of sympathy with her own characters; and the Northerner's, the very perfection of the observant school. We are disposed to believe the critics who say Miss Murfree's dialect is not absolutely correct; we are disposed to go farther, and question whether the high souls she places among her stolid mountaineers do really exist there, or whether the commonplace types with whom she always surrounds them are not in fact all there are. At all events, whether from life or her own imagination, she has made a beautiful story, highly poetic in its character, and entirely unique. Except for some superficial resemblances, "Charles Egbert Craddock" is not of the Harte school. She enters into her story seriously and sympathetically; they construct theirs from the outside. Whether any suggestion came to her from Harte or not, she is no one's imitator. Her vein is narrow, and we do not know how much longer she can work it; but for the present it is even increasing in promise.

It is very gratifying, too, to be able to say, after all the wonderful work Mr. Howells has done, that perhaps his last book is the best of all. It is always possible to criticise Howells: to say that he sometimes oversteps the line of good taste; that he is at bottom cynical and never heartily sympathizes with his characters, and so fails to catch in his stories the final glow of secret fire that would make them great and very great. But it is much better to appreciate what Mr. Howells is, than to seek out the few things that he is not. He is the most significant figure in American literature today, and still on the up-grade; he is the man who has given American novel-writing its standing; who has achieved some virtues of insight and of expression that are new to literature. It is impossible to do justice to the precision and perfection with which he "takes off" every-day life and speech; and more than that, he has only to turn his scrutiny upon the most bare and unromantic phase of life, and the reader sees it in its true light, as it appears to the one that is living it. When was the romance of business—the anxiety and pain and desire that do, in fact, make business life almost as full of human emotion as love affairs—so brought out, as in *The Rise of Silas Lapham?* Moreover, there is a warmer quality in this than in any previous book—a movement toward the higher plane yet, that his admirers have always longed to see him rise to. It must be granted that *The Rise of Silas Lapham* ends unsatisfactorily—the general criticism to that effect seems to us just. The enthusiasm and interest with which the reader follows it along, receive an impalpable chill in the last chapter. It is hard to say why, for the conclusion is well judged; but there seems to be a relaxation of the author's own interest—the writing sounds if he had grown tired of his characters, and meant to hustle them out of the way as soon as he could, and had done it a little too hastily for dignified exit from the stage. Nor can we acquiesce in his handling of one minor point—the giving the sympathy of third parties to the sister who openly took a man's suit for granted without warrant, instead of to the one who had kept silence, and allowed her sister to arrogate to herself the lover whom both desired. Mr. Howells's own sympathies are apparently with Penelope, and we think he would have been more true to nature if he had turned those of all except the parents the same way. It is hard, too, to believe that proud New England rural people, like the Laphams, would ever have let a suspicion of Irene's discomfiture reach the Coreys. But waiving criticisms, it remains that both the love-romance and the business romance are carried through with an almost unparalleled comprehension of character and feeling, and perfection in expressing them. Lapham himself is, of course, the central figure, and nothing could be more perfect than the rough man of success, all whose gentlemanly virtues at bottom cannot make him agreeable. No social study has ever made so clear the inevitable differentiations that create themselves in even a democratic society.

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[1] The Bar Sinister. A Social Study. New York: Cassell & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[2] The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Boston & New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[3] The Rise of Silas Lapham. By William D. Howells. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

The new editions of old novels that we mentioned above are of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*[1] and *The Scarlet Letter*[2]— editions neat in appearance and clear in typography, though their object is cheapness of price. The one is preceded by an "account of the work, by the author," and the other has an introduction by G. P. Lathrop. We have, besides, a translation of Balzac's *Père Goriot*,[3] the first volume, we take it, of a beautiful edition of his complete works. We postpone any review of the translation till it is farther advanced.

There remains to be noticed a collection of the Saxe Holm Stories,[4] the popular interest in which has been renewed by Mrs. Jackson's death. No authoritative statement of her authorship of them has been made, but little doubt seems to be felt that she had at least a share in them. To us, it seems that, however unlike her later fiction they undoubtedly are, it cannot be questioned that the same hand was in them and in the "No Name" novels now acknowledged as Mrs. Jackson's. Mercy Philbrick and Draxy Miller are sisters. The insistence upon love of beauty, and upon extreme sensitiveness to impressions, are identical in the acknowledged and unacknowledged writings. The very details of people's behavior, their ways of adorning their rooms, coincide. The stories are not up to the reputation of "H. H." "Joe Hale's Red Stockings," for a simple trifle, and "How One Woman kept her Husband," for a wise and powerful bit of fact or fiction, are simply and strongly told. But the rest, though they always possess some good qualities, have more or less crudity and a sort of unreal attitude. There are dreadful bits of bad taste in dress and furnishing, as in the dress embroidered with a lapful of pond lilies; but these are not without parallel in "Mercy Philbrick's Choice." "H. H." must have been too good a critic not to know that these stories did not represent her real powers, or her deliberate taste.

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[1] Uncle Tom's Cabin. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[2] The Scarlet Letter. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[3] Père Goriot. By Honoré de Balzac. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Samuel Carson & Co.

[4] Saxe Holm Stories. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885.

ETC.

An important event in the history of the State has just taken place, in the appointment of a president to the State University. If the new president—who is an astronomer of high rank—prove to possess executive qualities equal to his scientific attainments, we may look to see a new era open for the University. It is necessary that a college president—and very much more a University president—should be a man of catholic interests, peculiarly well balanced between the demands of science and letters; a man of tact, who "gets along with" people well; and a man of great administrative capacity. Although Professor Holden is a specialist, he may well prove to possess all these qualities. Everything that is known of him to this State is admirable, and the friends of the University are awaiting his advent with high hopes.

We cannot but note with a good deal of misgiving the recent action of the Presbyterian denomination in this State toward establishing a denominational college. The State already contains, besides its own University, two Methodist colleges, and the Baptist denomination has already committed itself to the plan of a Baptist college; there is the new Mills College for girls; and there are still other "colleges," with power to give degrees, whose existence we know only from the pages of reports. Now, while it is probably true that this State can scarcely afford to support but one institution for the higher education, that if all the funds were put into the State University, it would still be little enough, and if all the students were sent there, they would receive a broader education than at any of the lesser colleges, and a degree of more value; still, we have no criticism to make of two supplements to the State University—one, a girls' college; the other, a religious college. For while the education of girls with boys has produced none of the direful results prophesied, the majority of parents will not, for a generation or two, believe that it does not, and their girls will go uneducated unless they can be educated in a girls' college; and while the State University does not, in fact, have a demoralizing effect upon the religious faith of students, there are many who will not believe that it does not, and whose sons would lose a college training altogether were a religious college inaccessible. Moreover, while the religious prejudice against the University is largely temporary, produced by foolish and hasty talk in the papers and founded on erroneous information, there is a much more sound and permanent reason for the existence of religious colleges: that is, the permanent conviction of a great number of intelligent people, who are in sympathy with the intellectual ends of education, that all teaching should be closely connected with religion. The drift of the best opinion seems to be away from this belief, and in favor of conducting education as entirely for its own sake as building a bridge, leaving religious training to the home, the church, and the religious press. The necessity, too, of finding ground on which Protestant, Catholic, Jew, and agnostic can unite, enforces this secular view of education. But so great a number remain who cannot acquiesce in it, and have consistent and intelligent reasons for not doing so, that even in a small population there is reason enough for the diversion of strength from the University to a single Christian college, provided that this college can be made a good one. But unless it can be made an honestly good one, according to the severest standards, it should be let alone; and for the existence of a college for each sect we can see no excuse. Some of the noblest colleges in the country, it is true, were founded by a single denomination and are still controlled by it; but we do not recall an instance in which more than one of the sort has attained any considerable rank within a limited area, and with a small college population to draw upon. There may be a difference between Greek syntax or trigonometry viewed in a Christian light, and the same things in an agnostic light; but hardly between the Methodist and the Baptist views of them; while the multiplication of denominational colleges not only tends to weaken each one by division of forces, and to narrow education by treating trifling differences as important, but to discredit the denominations themselves by bringing the degrees of their colleges into disrepute. A matter of $50,000 or $75,000 is scraped up—enough to endow a single professorship in a good college, or even to start in modest fashion an excellent preparatory school—and an attempt made, which must necessarily be futile with any such sum of money, to take a creditable stand in the family of colleges. What with inadequate means for professorships, forcing the managers to look to those whose denominational zeal is high, irrespective of other qualifications, and with the natural temptation to find places in the college for those whom the denomination honors as vigorous church workers (whose very activity in ecclesiastical lines must have more or less interfered with scholarship), —it is almost impossible to give any standing at all to one of these meagerly-endowed colleges. Where it is the only one on the ground, no endowment can be too small, if joined with endless energy and self-sacrifice and tenacity, to start with. So far from despising the day of small things in such a case, nothing is more to be honored; as in the case of the old College of California. But when entered upon merely for the sake of denominational difference, such struggles cease to be heroic.

NEVERTHELESS, we do not underrate the difficulties in the way of denominational union in building a college. An attempt has been made already to establish a Christian college here by coöperation of the denominations, but it proved hopelessly futile. The fault is not so often in the projectors of the college as in the money-contributing laity, who take no interest in providing means for a union college, but respond fairly well to appeals for one owned by their own denomination. It is perhaps true, as it has been said, that it is easier to get money for six denominational schools than one-sixth of the money for a union one. Still, we think this and other difficulties are things which should be contended with, not yielded to. One denomination—the Methodist—has already the ground, and has made a respectable beginning, with the great advantage of a liberal-minded man for a president. It would seem to us that the right course for both the Presbyterians and Baptists to take would be, either to make a very earnest effort to unite forces with this Methodist beginning, concessions being made on both sides, or else, like the Congregationalists and Episcopalians, to put their money each into a good denominational academy. Apart from the general objection to multiplication of denominational colleges, however, the plan of the Presbyterians seems peculiarly judicious and promising; for there is no intention of scraping up money enough for one professorship, and then setting up a weakling college full-blown; but of allowing their theological seminary, now well endowed with over a quarter of a million, to expand downward, as demand arises, into college classes, thus allowing a college to create itself by a natural and healthful process of evolution. So judicious does this seem, that were not the Methodist college already on the ground, we should say that in this extension of the Presbyterian seminary lay the the promise of a nucleus for the future religious college of the coast, to which the other denominations should bring accretions. It is true that the connection with the seminary would tend to produce a decided sectarianism, unfavorable to union; but the experience of Princeton, for instance, shows that intimate connection with a theological seminary need not prevent a college's expanding beyond strictly sectarian bounds.

Women and Politics in Paris.

[The following account of a women's political meeting in Paris is from a private letter written by an American lady sojourning in that city.]

My dear C——: I was so stupid the other day when I wrote to you as quite to forget to tell you about a political meeting I had been to the night before. This was a meeting called by the Republican Socialists to hear addresses from a number of the women candidates for seats in the Chamber of Deputies. I am told by the French themselves that, taken as a whole, French women are more capable, business-like, energetic, and pushing than the men, and I believe it to be true. Of course, they don't surpass the race masculine in the higher reaches of the arts, sciences, belles-lettres, etc.; but in all the every-day, ordinary occupations of life—the keeping of little shops, the running of small farms, hotels, etc., etc.—they are "the man of the house." Sometimes it's a very large business they manage, too. For instance, there is an immense dry goods establishment here, the Bon Marché, where you can buy not alone dry goods of every description—but all necessaries for house furnishing of every sort and kind, and where there are hundreds of employés. The head owner of this *really grand* and interesting establishment is a woman—and a good woman, too. Her employés form one large family, who all board and room under the one roof of the great store. She takes care of them if they are sick, provides amusements for their evenings, and, I am told, looks after them morally as well as physically. Then another woman is at the head of the Duval Restaurants, which are not to be numbered, they are so many. So you can see from all this, as also the history of the France of all ages has shown, when women meddle with politics here, it's a meddle not to be despised. So I went to the meeting the other evening, expecting to be really interested and enlightened—and I was.

As we went into the hall, various campaign documents were handed us, and those given to me were offered with a "*Voici, Citoyenne*," that gave me an instant First Revolution, Robespierre sensation; the feeling didn't go away, either, and two or three events of the evening deepened it much. There were present a large audience—more than half men; but after a few words of introduction by one of the Republican Socialist party who had convened the meeting, a president, three vice presidents, and secretary, all women, were chosen, and all was supposed to be ready for the speeches of the candidates. But first a prominent member of the party wished to make some explanatory remarks—a handsome gray-haired old gentleman he was, and I expected his simple appearance, so benevolent and dignified, would obtain for him a quiet hearing. But no; it was time for the candidatesses to speak, and no manly discourse was wanted, so he was at first politely asked to retire. He refused, whereupon, in one body, the president, the three vice presidents, the secretary, and a candidate made one rush, seized the old gentleman, and in less time than it takes me to tell it, he was dragged, pulled, or pushed off the stage and behind the scenes. The last glimpse of him was just as he disappeared; somehow, he had managed to get hold of a chair, which, as he backed out, he held up before him, as some sort of protection. That was the end of him and his speech. In the meantime, the president, the three vice presidents, and the candidate calmly returned to their places, paying no attention to the ten or twenty men that had mounted the platform and were rushing about, evidently in a wild search for the captive man. As for the audience, all was dire confusion, and for half an hour nothing was done, nothing could be heard but cries of "*Ou est Legru?*" (the name of the old gentleman); "*Madame la Presidente, ou est Legru?*" The first vice president rung wildly the president's big bell, which was supposed to command order. The president's baby cried, and some kind soul in the audience handed up baby's bottle. That tickled the audience into a better humor, and after some time of waves of noise and intervals of comparative quiet, it became sufficiently quiet to allow a commencement of the speeches.

There were some half-dozen. Every one of the speakers spoke as easily as though she was in her own room at home, with but an audience of one. All were *interesting*—that is to say, without an atom of dullness—on the contrary, bright, sparkling, vivacious. All used excellently smooth, pure language, but in more than one case they were illogical. The most interesting speaker for me was an interloper—that is to say, not a candidate. They called her Louise. She is absolutely the type of the women of the First Revolution or the Commune, I am sure. She is an avowed anarchist; and that there were many anarchists in the audience was proved by the attention and applause she received. I should think she was twenty-six years old. She had very black hair and eyes, a thin, sallow face, a mouth so clearly cut, so determined. Her words flowed faster than thought almost, gestures accompanying every phrase; the whole air, the intonation, the manner, absolute defiance. So when finally she said: "But why do we listen to these candidates? What do we want of candidates? What do we want of a House of Deputies? We want *no* rulers, but liberty, equality"—one was not surprised. It hardly took one by surprise, when, as *finale* to her speech. she descended suddenly by table and chair from the platform to deal summary and personal vengeance on some one of the audience who had dared in an insulting manner to interrupt her, and who paid for his temerity by being obliged to retire earlier than he would have preferred.

Oh, it's a strangely undisciplined, chaotic thing—this sister republic of ours. The present government is too good, and, alas! too weak. They don't dare insist. For instance, at a large political meeting last Sunday, held in the Merchants' Exchange, nothing could be accomplished—all was simply one dreadful row. They broke to pieces chairs and tables, the platform erected for the occasion, took the water decanter and glasses—everything they could get hold of—to fight with, finally resorting to firearms. And the police dared not interfere.

People who watch things carefully and anxiously, predict another revolution in a year. The good people—and they are many—are so easy; they wish for quiet and peace so much that they won't even fight for it, and so the Anarchists and the Socialists and the Communists get the upper hand. And it's such a shame to think of the peril for all the treasures of art—for all the beautiful parks and noble buildings of this most magnificent city of the world.

Politics over here are far more exciting than with us; for here, alas, everything may turn in incredibly short time to tragedy. There is always the overhanging war cloud—while with us it's only words—much noise; but we need to have no fear of ourselves, or of encroaching neighbors.

There's no doubt about it, we're a wonderful people; made up of so many diverse and contradictory elements, and yet pursuing the even tenor of our national way, accepting grand changes of party with such unruffled serenity of the national temper. We have great cause for thankfulness—we Americans—as well as for pride. *L. H. T.*

Paris, September, 1885.

With Gloves.

Go, happy little messengers,
I envy you your lot;
To clasp her dainty finger-tips
Must blissful be, I wot.

To think a little senseless kid
Such privilege shall own,
Unvalued and unmerited,
Compels a heart-felt groan.

But I shall see you, blessed things,
I may e'en gently touch;
I'll be so glad I'll ill restrain
The passion-prompted clutch.

And if I chance to press full hard
The tender hand you hold,
Pray do not let your mistress feel
That I am over-bold.

C. A. M.

Tecumseh not Killed by Colonel Johnson.

EDITOR OVERLAND MONTHLY:

The June number of the "Century Magazine" contained a communication, from which it appeared almost conclusively proved that the noted Shawnee chief, Tecumseh, was killed by Colonel Richard M. Johnson. I ask for a few lines in your valuable magazine, to give publicity to the story told me by an eyewitness of his fall, who was with him almost daily during the three years previous to his death.

Let me say, in passing, that it may not be generally known just where the famous chief was born. He was born in the year 1770, between the third and the fourth moons, near Station Pond—a body of water on Mad River, in Green County, Ohio, some four miles south of Springfield, and within a mile and a half northwest of the town of Fairfield, Greene County, Ohio, where I was born in 1836, and near where I lived until 1852. During these, my boyhood days, I became familiar with the following unwritten history regarding Tecumseh. My informant was William Casad—or, as he was always called, "Old Uncle Billy"—who was born about 1772, in Virginia, and was living about a mile from Fairfield, Ohio, at the time of my father's settlement there, in 1832, and how much longer I cannot say; but this I know, that he was surrounded by numerous relatives, extending to the fourth generation, numbering at least twenty families—the descendants of which are scattered into nearly every State in the Union, a number of the name still remaining in Ohio, and one, Martin Casad, being now a resident of this city. He will be able to corroborate the following facts, and perhaps add to them. I have sat for hours listening to "Old Uncle Billy's" stories of hair-breadth escapes from Indians, bears, wolves, or panthers, when he was hunting in the mountains of Virginia, and the forests of the West. Among them was this:

During the protracted war with the Indians from 1800 to 1810, he was a hunter by trade, hunting bear especially, and also smaller game. He sometimes spent nine months at a time in the western wilds, without seeing the face of an Indian, let alone that of a white man. He always hunted alone, and became so attached to the woods that he could scarcely tolerate any other life. During the fall of 1810, while on a hunting expedition, he was taken prisoner by a band of Shawnees, who carried him hundreds of miles in a direction he had never been. His Indian-like appearance, courage, and ability to stand as much hardship and privation as any Indian, caused his adoption as one of them, and finally into Tecumseh's own family. He slept in Tecumseh's tent for more than two years, and was allowed to carry the War Hatchet in battles, which was quite an honor among them. He had many interesting personal reminiscenses of Tecumseh—among others, of his musical turn, especially with the flute; he would lie on his back and play a sort of march on the flute, which "Uncle Billy" had never heard before or since, and which the chief himself called "Tecumseh."

Casad made his escape from the Indians the day that Tecumseh fell, and was within fifty feet of him at the time he was killed, at the Battle of the Thames, Canada, October 5th, 1813. "It has been reported for years," "Uncle Billy" would say, "that Colonel Dick Johnson killed him; and Colonel Dick Johnson thought he did; but he did not. Tecumseh was killed by a common soldier." He gave the soldier's name, but I have forgotten it. The cause of the mistake was this: Tecumseh never went into battle with his chief's or general's suit on (he was a British brigadier-general from February, 1813); but some Indian of his own tribe was always found brave enough to wear the habiliments of the chief for that day. On the day that Tecumseh fell, fell also, and by the hand of Colonel Johnson, the brave who wore Tecumseh's suit. "I often asked the soldier who killed Tecumseh," said Casad, "why he did not write to the War Department, and claim the honor of having killed the chief of the Shawnees; but he always answered: 'Oh, I am only a common soldier, and it would do me no good; whereas, to one in the position of my commander, it will give additional honor.'" Perhaps some reader of this will be able to supply the name of the soldier that "Old Uncle Billy" used to give.

There existed a legend among the surviving descendants of Tecumseh who remained near Station Pond up to the time they were sent to Indian Territory, that Tecumseh's bones and all his war trophies were carried back from Canada and buried on the spot of his birth. Respectfully yours,

L. P. McCarty.

San Francisco, October, 1885.

The "Golden-Thread."

WITHIN the cañons dim, where grasses lush
  Bend down the stream, or struggle tall and rank
  With twisted willows and the mosses dank;
Where manzanita reddens in the flush
Of tardy dawn; where grand in awful hush
  The mountains tower with torn and jagged flank;
  Where scarcely venturing to the dizzy bank
The thirsty deer disturbs the brooding thrush;

Strong boughs of shrubs, rock-rooted, thick and young,
  The tangled skeins of golden-thread ensnare
With parasitic tendrils subtly flung;
  Anon shines forth its beauteous death-light flare
O'er trees that die, by its embraces stung:
  Even Nature says "Of gold's soft gleam beware."

Amelia Woodward Truesdell.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Coming Struggle for India.[1]

THIS is a plea in behalf of English as adverse to Russian civilization, and an appeal to the people of Great Britain to stay the further progress of Russia into Afghanistan on its way to India. It is written by a Hungarian, a professor in the university at Buda Pesth, a scholar in the oriental languages, a traveler and resident in central Asia at intervals extending over some twenty years, and a frequent writer upon questions relating to the politics of the countries with which he has so long been familiar. He disclaims being moved simply by any spite against Russia, because of its treatment of his native land; but urges, with some force, that he is moved by "motives strictly humanitarian," in no way influenced "by any special predilection for, or unconditional admiration of, the English." After a study of the history of the Russian advance to Tashkend, the conquest of the Three Khanates, the material and moral victory of the Russians at Geok Tepe, the further progress from Ashkabad to Merv, and the further encroachments towards Herat, the author took up the question and discussed it in a course of lectures in various localities in England. Encouraged by the sympathies which he apparently succeeded in arousing among his hearers, and in a spirit of gratitude therefor, he has written this volume, hoping thereby to arouse "the masses also to the necessity of an active, patriotic, and decisive policy as to Russia." The story of the advance of Russia is necessarily brief, but very interesting, and as an *ex parte* statement of the case in behalf of England is forcible. The author includes in this discussion, arguments upon the importance of Herat, Russia's chances of conquering that place, the chances in favor of the English defense, and her best method of that defense. He compares the result of Russian civilization in the new countries, in which it has supplanted the more barbarous native tribes, and the result of English civilization, as displayed in the occupation of India; and, finally, sets forth the grounds on which England should retain India, which, by her inaction, the author believes she is certain to lose to Russia. The author appeals to English statesmen as well as to English people, and can scarcely suppress his indignation at the government that apparently supinely allows Russia to advance, when but a few more steps will, in his opinion, bring her so near to India that her progress and conquest over that country will be inevitable. As a plea on one side of the great debate, it is meritorious and convincing. If its influence shall be considerable among those to whom it is chiefly addressed, and so great that it shall become known among those whom it specially attacks, it may be that it will call forth from Russian sources statements of Russia's position, and the world be better taught in a great question, which were much better determined by intelligent arbitrament than by the commoner resort to the god of battles.

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[1] The Coming Struggle for India. By Arminius Vambery. London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne: Cassell & Company, Limited. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Briefer Notice.

THE Philistinism that gives the name to the Reverend R. Heber Newton's book of sermons[1] is modern materialistic scepticism, and its Goliath is Ingersoll, whom the preacher calls "the blatant mouthpiece of the crude thought of the day." Yet these sermons have drawn upon the Rector of All Souls' the criticism of many well-meaning people, both in and out of his communion. He expresses in the preface a mild surprise that it should have been so, being "conscious of an earnestly constructive aim." It is difficult to see how he could have expected any other result from some of his utterances. For instance: "The popular notion of the Trinity is undoubtedly utterly grotesque—a sort of Midsummer Night's Dream of a Divine Being, at once one and three, of whom no conceivable thought can be formed better than that which the popular imagination of India cast into the monstrous form of an image with three heads" (p. 58). True, he goes on to build up a new conception that may be clothed in the language of the received formulas; but the sentences that cling in the memory and make the deepest impression are those like the above. Mr. Newton is more fearless, more intellectual, and more liberal than most of his brethren. He cares not where his logic leads him; he studies Huxley and Tyndall and Spencer; he quotes from Theodore Parker, and pronounces him "the greatest American preacher of the last generation." There are two introductory sermons on historic Christianity, in which the results of recent criticism are discussed; three on dogmatic theory, in which the doctrines of the Trinity, original sin, election, atonement, the resurrection of the body, and future punishment are developed in the old forms and in the newest thought concerning them; and seven sermons on the essential Christian faiths. In these, modern science is put on the witness stand, and made to testify regarding mind and matter, design in nature, the problem of pain, both animal and human, Jesus the Christ, and immortality. Spiritualism, the mind cure, and other modern ideas, are discussed in connection with these last subjects. It will be seen that Mr. Newton's book is one that thinking people will like to read, and it is a book that invites, almost demands, a second and third perusal. That is sufficient praise for a book of sermons.——"Due West," by M. M. Ballou, published some time ago, was successful enough to lead to the publication of a new book by the same hand—*Due South*[2]. In the earlier book the author, starting from Boston, contiued his westward course till he reached his home again. It would be rather unreasonable to expect an attempt at the same plan in the present book; for that would condemn the voyager to a perpetual home in the Antarctic regions. In point of fact, Mr. Ballou's present book deals with Cuba. Not having so much ground to cover as in the former volume, the narrative is more detailed and more enjoyable. The history of the island is briefly given, but the greater part of the book is filled with description of her present condition and resources. The picture is painted from the New England standpoint, and does not lack for dark shadows to offset the high lights. Mr. Ballou considers the present a crisis in Cuban history. Despite the merciless extortion of taxes that bankrupt the natives, Cuba is an expense to the crown, and thousands of the soldiery of Spain are sent there every year to maintain the garrison. Twenty-five per cent. of these soldiers die during the first year. Spain, always in financial and military distress, cannot endure the drain much longer, and Mr. Ballou predicts and justifies the acquisition of Cuba by the United States.——*The Philosophy of Art in America*[1] is an attempt, accompanied by many digressions, to prove the advisability and even the necessity of establishing a department of Fine Art and Art Industries in the Government. As a secondary object, the author pleads for the abolition of the duties on art subjects. It cannot be said that Mr. De Muldor is successful in his attempt. As regards his primary object, he does not even apprehend the objection of those that oppose the paternal idea of government, but thinks it sufficient to show that several European nations have such departments with apparently good results. He is under the delusion, too, that to make his work philosophical it must be written in a style so stilted and involved that it would, indeed, take a philosopher to discover the meaning of the page-long sentences.——No. 14[2] of Geo. M. Baker's series of selections contains fifty readings of fair average merit. At first it is a little doubtful whether the claim of entire novelty can be allowed to a collection opening with "Virginia" from the "Lays of Ancient Rome"; but on reading the garbled version given, it is sufficiently certain that Macaulay would not care to own it.——Dr. Benson's comedy, *Frolicsome Girls*,[3] contains no strong situations, no depth of plot, no telling hits, and nothing new or attractive.——The translation by Ada S. Ballin, from the French of Professor Darmesteter, College of France, of his book[4] on the Mahdi, will be welcome to those who wish to understand the Soudan problem. The term Mahdi, the One who is Led, is a generic one; there have been very many of them from a time within fifty years of the death of Mahomet till now. The principal Mahdis of the past, and the doctrines and beliefs concerning the Mahdi, form the main part of the present volume. The story of the Mahdi of '84 is told very briefly, and the problem of keeping the Soudan open is as briefly discussed. The solution of that problem Professor Darmesteter finds in building up Abyssinia, a Christian power which commands the Soudan from its most vulnerable quarter. The translator adds as appendices two articles; one, an interesting account of the private character of the Mahdi, with two letters of his, and the story of the rise of a rival Mahdi; the other, a most quaint recital by an Egyptian soldier of the events in Khartoum during the siege.——G. P. Putnam's Sons have done well in adding to their Traveler's Series a reprint of Mr. Clarence Deming's letters to the "Evening Post,"[5] which they published in more elaborate style two years ago. These letters are happy in the novelty of their subjects and in the charm of their style. A re-reading of some of them confirms the favorable opinion expressed when they first appeared in book form.——The Chatauqua Literary Society begins, as it seems to us, the department of activity in which it can be most useful—that is, bringing out, and distributing through its far-reaching channels, first-class books—by the publication in a series, called the "Garnet Series," of selected *Readings from Ruskin*[6] and *Readings from Macaulay*[7] upon Italy. The former has an introduction by Professor Beers, the latter by Donald G. Mitchell. The other two of the four volumes that make up the series are more or less in keeping (one more and the other less) in subject, being *Michel Angelo Buonarotti*[8] and *Art and the Formation of Taste*.[9]——*The Biglow Papers*[10] are the last addition to the Riverside Aldine series; and it is a great deal to be able to say of any book-making, as we must say of this, that it adds a new pleasure to reading the Biglow Papers. It was, of course, necessary to devote one volume to the first series, and the other to the second series; but it makes a marked discrepancy in the thickness of the two volumes.

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[1] Philistinism. By R. Heber Newton, Rector of All Souls' P. E. Church, New York. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

[2] Due South. By Maturin M. Ballou. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by C. Beach.

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[1] The Philosophy of Art in America. By Carl De Muldor. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1885.

[2] The Reading Club. No. 14. Edited by Geo. M. Baker. Lee & Shepard, Boston. For sale in San Francisco by C. Beach.

[3] Frolicsome Girls: A Comedy. By Dr. W. H. Benson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1884.

[4] The Mahdi. By James Darmesteter. Harper's Handy Series. New York: Harper & Bros. 1885.

[5] By-ways of Nature and Life. By Clarence Deming. Traveler's Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Son's. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[6] Readings from Ruskin: Italy. Boston: Chatauqua Press. 1885.

[7] Readings from Macaulay: Italy. Boston: Chatauqua Press. 1885.

[8] Michel Angelo Buonarotti. By Charles C. Black. Boston: Chatauqua Press. 1885.

[9] Art and the Formation of Taste. By Lucy Crane. Boston: Chatauqua Press. 1885.

[10] The Biglow Papers. By James Russell Lowell. The Riverside Aldine Series. Boston: Houghton Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

THE

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DEVOTED TO

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE COUNTRY.

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THE LICK OBSERVATORY.[1]

THE completion of the task entrusted to the Lick Trustees by the provisions of Mr. Lick's deed of trust is now apparently near at hand. This task was to construct and to erect "a powerful telescope, superior to and more powerful than any telescope ever yet made, with all the machinery appertaining thereto, and appropriately connected therewith . . . and also a suitable observatory."

The present Board of Trustees was appointed in September, 1876, and has therefore had this object continuously in view for the past nine years.

In the course of this time members of the Board have visited many of the leading observatories of this country and of Europe; the principal astronomers of the world have been advised with personally and by correspondence; thousands of letters have been written to them, to architects, contractors and builders, and to instrument-makers; and every detail of the construction and equipment of a vast astronomical establishment on the summit of a mountain four thousand feet in height and twenty-six miles distant from the nearest town, has been personally superintended. It is impossible to convey in a few words any adequate idea of the multiplicity of separate interests which have been considered—from those of the practical astronomer to those of the day laborer—nor of the distressing legal complications which have arisen, and which are now happily settled; but it will be interesting to those who may read the first and the succeeding volumes of the publications of Mr. Lick's Observatory, to remember the very exceptional nature of the duties confided to his Trustees.

They have been obliged to make the summit of Mount Hamilton accessible by road; to remove seventy thousand tons of rock in order to get mere standing room for the instruments; to arrange a good and sufficient water-supply on the top of a barren mountain; and to carry out in the best and most economical way the real object of their trust—which was to present to the world an astronomical observatory of the very highest class, which should be permanently useful to science.

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[1] The first volume of the Publications of the Lick Observatory of the University of California is now in course of preparation under the direction of the Lick Trustees, by Captain Richard S. Floyd and Professor Holden. At the request of the Editor of the OVERLAND MONTHLY, Professor Holden has made an abstract of those parts of it which are of general and popular interest, and this is here printed with additional paragraphs.—EDITOR.

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The difficulties were far from being merely practical and material in nature. At the very beginning of the work it was a matter for scientific determination whether the most powerful telescope should be a reflector or a refractor. The procuring of the rough glass castings for the object glass has alone required six years, and has but just been accomplished after twenty unsuccessful trials, each one lasting several months. The plans of the observatory buildings had to be conceived and executed so as to accomplish the ends in the most efficient and at the same time in the most economical manner.

In every one of these tasks, the Trustees have been cordially aided by all who have been called upon. The county of Santa Clara has provided and now maintains a magnificent mountain road from San José to the summit. The State of California has assumed the charge of publishing the astronomical observations already made. The United States has liberally granted the site for the observatory. Astronomers all over the world have been consulted, and have willingly given their time and their advice.

The original plans for the observatory were fixed on in Washington, in 1879, by Captain Floyd, President of the Trustees, Mr. Fraser, Superintendent of Construction, and Professors Newcomb and Holden, of the United States Naval Observatory.

These plans have proved to be entirely adequate, and have been closely followed. Many other astronomers have been deeply interested in the work, and have shown by personal visits and by correspondence their appreciation of the importance of the undertaking. Among these should be especially named the late Doctor Henry Draper, of New York; Mr. Burnham, of Chicago; Doctor Johann Palisa, of Vienna; Professor Krueger, of Kiel; and Professor Auwers, of Berlin.

It would be of extreme interest if one could give a truly adequate view of the character of Mr. Lick, and of the motives which led him to dispose of his large fortune in public gifts, and especially of the motives which led him to found an astronomical observatory.

Certainly, no sufficient exposition of either his character or of his motives has yet appeared in print. There is no doubt that a desire to be remembered by his fellow-men influenced him largely. He wished to do something which should be important in itself, and which should be done in a way to strike the imagination. He was only restrained from building a marble pyramid larger than that of Cheops on the shores of San Francisco Bay, by the fear that in some future war the pyramid might perish in a possible bombardment of the place. The observatory took the place of the pyramid.

The beauty of the one was to find a substitute in the scientific use of the other. The instruments were to be so large that new and striking discoveries were to follow inevitably, and, if possible, living beings on the surface of the moon were to be descried, as a beginning.

It would, however, be a gross error to take these wild imaginings as a complete index of his strange character. A very extensive course of reading had given him the generous idea that the future well-being of the race was the object for a good man to strive to forward. Towards the end of his life at least, the utter futility of his money to give any inner satisfaction oppressed him more and more. The generous impulses and half-acknowledged enthusiasms of earlier days began to quicken, and the eccentric and unsymmetrically developed mind gave strange forms to these desires. If he had lived to carry out his own plans, there is little doubt that his fellow citizens would have gained less from his gifts than they will now gain. If his really powerful mind could have received a symmetric training, there is no question but that the present disposition of his endowment would entirely satisfy him.

He has been most fortunate in having his desires studied and given an ultimate form by successive sets of trustees, who had no ends in view but to make this strangely acquired gift most useful to the city, the State, and the country. He will be buried in the base of the pier of the great equatorial on Mount Hamilton, and will have such a tomb as no old world emperor could have commanded or imagined.

Mr. Lick's first deed of trust was dated July 16th, 1874, and provided for the construction of his observatory at Lake Tahoe, or at some other point, if this should prove to be unfavorable. The first Board of Trustees ceased to hold office in September, 1875, and a second board assumed its duties.

A further consideration of the proposed site of the observatory at Lake Tahoe led to the conclusion that whatever might be the advantages of this situation, the disadvantages arising from the extremely severe winters would probably outweigh them. Mr. Lick himself was convinced of this, and was advised to examine mountains further south. During the summer of 1875, Mr. Lick sent Mr. Fraser, his agent, to report on Mount St. Helena, Monte Diablo, Loma Prieta, and Mount Hamilton, with special reference to their accessibility, and to the convenience of establishing extensive buildings on their summits.

Mr. Fraser's visit to Mount Hamilton was made in August, 1875. In many respects, this seemed to be the best situated of all the mountain peaks. Yet the possibility that a complete astronomical establishment might one day be planted on its summit seemed more like a fairy tale than like sober fact. It was at that time a wilderness. A few cattle ranches occupied the valleys around it. Its slopes were covered with chapparal, or thickets of scrub oak. Not even a trail led over it. The nearest house was eleven miles away. There were three sharp peaks connected by two saddles: the east peak (properly northeast peak), 4,448 feet high; the middle peak, 4,318 feet; and finally Mount Hamilton, 4,302 feet. The last seemed to be the most satisfactory, but it was obvious that immense quantities of the hard greywacke rock, of which the mountain is composed, would have to be removed in order to secure a level platform for the houses and instruments. In fact, over seventy thousand tons of solid rock have been so removed, the surface having been lowered as much as thirty-two feet in places. The expense of constructing a practicable road to the summit would certainly be great (in fact, it has cost about eighty thousand dollars), and finally the question of water-supply was a serious one. This latter difficulty has been surmounted by the discovery of springs 300 feet below the summit level, and only 4,300 feet distant from the observatory.

Mount Hamilton presented immense advantages on the score of its nearness to San José, where two railways meet, and especially because it was known that the fogs which cover the Santa Clara Valley at nightfall, and which last until the sun is quite high the next day, did not, at least usually, extend to the peak. On these grounds, chiefly, Mr. Fraser recommended, and Mr. Lick practically accepted, Mount Hamilton as the site for the future observatory.

During the summer of 1876, the Trustees were engaged in correspondence with various astronomers and opticians, and one of their number visited personally many observatories in Europe. In the autumn of 1876, the third (and present) Board of Trustees was appointed.

In 1875, Mr. Lick had proposed to Santa Clara county to definitively place his observatory on Mount Hamilton, if the county would construct a road to the summit. This proposition was accepted in 1875 by the supervisors and the road was completed in 1876.

No more magnificent mountain road exists in the United States, when all the circumstances of fine scenery, excellent road-bed, and extensive and commanding views are considered.

The road rises four thousand feet in twenty-two miles, and the grade nowhere exceeds six and a half feet in one hundred, or three hundred and forty-three feet to the mile. Most of the road is materially less steep than this.

The first four miles (of the twenty-six) is a fine, nearly level avenue, laid out in a perfectly straight line in the Santa Clara valley. The ascent of the foot hills is then commenced, and the road begins a series of twistings and turnings, which are necessary in order to keep the gradient low. Toward the end of the route the road winds round and round the flanks of the mountain itself and overlooks one of the most picturesque of scenes. The lovely valley of Santa Clara and the Santa Cruz mountains to the west, a bit of the Pacific and the Bay of Monterey to the southwest, the Sierra Nevada, with countless ranges to the southeast, the San Joaquin valley, with the Sierras beyond, to the east, while to the north lie many lower ranges of hills, and on the horizon, Lassen's Butte, one hundred and seventy-five miles away. The Bay of San Francisco lies flat before you like a child's dissecting map, and beyond it is Mount Tamalpais, at the entrance to the Golden Gate. Monte Diablo lies to the northeast, forty-one miles distant. Mount St. Helena is not visible. Mount Hamilton dominates all its neighbors, and holds a singularly isolated and advantageous place.

The land for the site (1350 acres) was granted by Congress on June 7, 1876, and a purchase of 191 acres was subsequently made by the Trustees, to enable them to control the access of the reservation.

Mr. Lick died on October 1, 1876. At his death a number of legal questions arose which required some years to settle. It was not until 1879 that the financial affairs of the trust were in such a condition that active preparations for the observatory could be begun.

In the summer of this year, Mr. Burnham, a most distinguished observer of double stars, was asked by the Trustees to transport his own very perfect telescope to the summit of Mount Hamilton, and there to actually make an extended series of observations similar to those he was constantly making at Chicago, his home, or at the observatories of Dartmouth College and of Washington, where he was a frequent visitor. In this way a very satisfactory judgment of the fitness of Mount Hamilton for an observatory site could be had.

Mr. Burnham spent the months of August, September and October on the summit, in a small canvas-covered observatory, which was perched on the narrow saddle of the mountain peak.

His report to the Trustees gives a sober but an enthusiastic account of the prevailing conditions. Of sixty nights, no less than forty-two were of the very highest class, seven were quite suitable for observations, while eleven were cloudy or foggy. This estimate of high class nights does not rest simply on the observer's judgment. He has left an extensive series of actual measures of difficult double stars, and a catalogue of forty-two new doubles discovered by him during this short period. It is to be noted that in many cases Mr. Burnham's new double stars bear peculiar witness to the excellent conditions of vision. He was examining with his six-inch telescope the stars which had been described as double by the elder Struve, with the nine-inch telescope of Dorpat. Struve's telescope collected two and one-fourth times more light than the other, and was one and a half times more efficient in pure separating power. Yet stars which Struve had catalogued as *double*, were found by Mr. Burnham to be *triple*. Other new stars of great difficulty were found.

Mr. Burnham says: "Remembering that these stars were discovered with what, in these days of great refractors, would be considered as a very inferior instrument in point of size, we may form some conception of what might be done with an instrument of the power of that at the Naval Observatory (twenty-six inch aperture), or with the Pulkowa glass (of thirty inch aperture)."

The large telescope of the Lick Observatory is to have an aperture of thirty-six inches, and a length of sixty feet.

Another most important point is not specially noted by Mr. Burnham. Not only are many nights of the highest excellence, but a large proportion of the remaining ones are very suitable for work. There are many astronomical researches where it is of great importance that a series of observations should be continuous; and for all such researches Mount Hamilton is an almost unrivalled site. This stay of Mr. Burnham's was a convincing proof that the site for the future observatory had been well chosen.

The Trustees have followed a wise policy in inviting various astronomers to spend short periods at Mount Hamilton, and to advise them upon the work of construction and equipment. These invitations have been so timed as to enable the visiting astronomers to render material aid in the construction of the observatory, by setting up the various instruments in the best manner, or so as to permit these instruments to be thoroughly tested by actually making observations of permanent value by their aid. In this way, the Trustees have obtained observations of the Transit of Mercury (1881) and of the Transit of Venus (1883), in addition to securing competent professional judgments on the work then completed, and valuable opinions on that still remaining to be done.

The actual work of construction was begun in 1880, under the personal supervision of Capt. R. S. Floyd and the superintendent of construction, Mr. Fraser. Their unceasing care, great practical knowledge, and ready comprehension of purely astronomical requirements have contributed to the excellence of the observatory in no small degree.

The summers of 1880 and 1881 were spent in obtaining a suitable platform for the observatory buildings, by blasting the rock away until a level surface was obtained thirty-two feet lower than the original summit. A sufficient water supply was obtained and utilized at once. In later years the earlier and temporary arrangements have been replaced by permanent ones.

All the buildings of the observatory proper are now completed, except the dome for the large equatorial. A suitable dwelling house has been erected, others will be required. All the principal instruments of the observatory but one have been designed, ordered, constructed, inspected, and are now suitably mounted so that observations could be at once begun. Most of the minor apparatus is also in place.

An extensive astronomical library is required, which is in course of formation. In order to do valuable and original work, it is necessary to know exactly what has been done by others. Hardly any gift to the observatory would be so useful as a permanent library fund.

The terms of Mr. Lick's deed of trust do not allow the Lick Trustees to begin at once to pay salaries to astronomical observers. Their duty is to build and equip an astronomical observatory of the most perfect kind, and to transfer this to the Regents of the University of California, together with the unexpended balance of the $700,000 originally given by Mr. Lick. The organization of the astronomical force is entrusted to the Regents, who appoint the director of the observatory and the various astronomers, and who pay the salaries of the latter from the income of the observatory. Probably this income, when it is available, will be sufficient for the purpose. In the mean time, there are astronomical observations which should be begun at once, but which cannot be unless the salaries of the competent assistants can be provided for.

It is of the first importance to find some means of paying the salaries of one or two observers for the years 1886 and 1887, in order that the magnificent equipment may be at once put to its legitimate uses. No great sum is required, but a few thousand dollars at this time would be of real service.

In any event, it will not be very long before the observatory enters into activity. The only questions yet remaining are the fabrication of the large object-glass and the preparations for its use. The rough glass is now in the hands of the makers, Messrs. Alvan Clark & Sons. There is no reason to doubt their success in an undertaking for which they have served a magnificent apprenticeship, in making the equatorials at Madison, Princeton, Washington, University of Virginia and at Pulkowa.

A dome of about seventy feet in diameter and an elaborate mounting for the telescope must be ready for the objective when it leaves the hands of the makers. These constructions must be most carefully studied, but it is certain that they can be successfully made. In a comparatively short time the generous gift of Mr. Lick to his fellow-citizens of California is sure to bear fruit.

The new observatory is magnificently built, endowed, and placed; and it has a field of work before it which is in many respects unique. Everything will depend upon the faithfulness of the astronomers who are privileged to utilize these perfect instruments in a perfect situation.

Edward S. Holden.

JOHN McCULLOUGH.

Personal admirers, friendly critics, and distinguished members of the dramatic profession have paid their tribute to the dead tragedian, in praise of his manly qualities, his social nature, and his kindness of heart; but in noting the career of the popular actor, the great reason for his success in his profession has been overlooked. He has been spoken of as a chairmaker, who, on some almost unremembered occasion, appeared in a small part in a comedy played at one of the Philadelphia theaters; as a suddenlypromoted utility man, entrusted with the delivery of a few words in the tragedy of "Julius Cæsar." But there must needs have been many months of patient work, and of earnest study of authors and of the dramatic art, to have enabled the hitherto uncultured chairmaker to appear as a leading tragedian before very large audiences in nearly every city in the United States, and even to win unstinted praise from the London critics, who are usually cynical when called upon to admit that an actor from America is the possessor of a spark of dramatic talent. In the country where Edwin Forrest had been chilled by cold reviews of his performances, McCullough won recognition on his merits as an actor, and made many warm friends among the patrons of the drama. Dion Boucicault had predicted a great London success for his impersonation of Virginius, and the prediction was fully verified.

John McCullough did not pose as a student, did not wear a preoccupied air when brought in contact with people off the stage, nor wrinkle his brow, as if in deep thought; he laid no plans to be pointed out as "one of the most diligent students in the profession": and thus the man who did not act when out of the theater, who could find time to exchange salutations with his friends, iudulge in a chop at a rotisserie, or play a game of billiards at a hotel, was rated as a "genial gentleman and a delightful companion; a pretty good actor in some parts; but he doesn't study—he will never rank with Doleful Lugubrious as a star." Occasionally, however, it would be noted that the man with the unaffected manner and cheerful disposition had, in his early career, always "understudied" the other parts in the plays in which he appeared, and that the precaution thus taken at such great pains, had frequently made his services available in the case of sudden illness of the person whose lines had been understudied. It is also related that on one occasion, when the indisposition of the great star necessitated the substitution of another play or the closing of the theater, and subsequent great loss to the manager, the warm-blooded young actor volunteered to give a performance and accept any play that the company had recently played in, or that the members were most familiar with—and did appear in one of the most difficult of the legitimate tragedies that evening, to the great delight of those who composed the audience. It seems to have never occurred to some of the writers whose utterances go to make up public opinion, that a man may be a diligent student, and yet have time to mingle with the world as they themselves mingle; and the fact has apparently been overlooked that John McCullough was earnestly devoted to his profession with rare unselfishness, and that too much study probably caused the breaking down that resulted in his untimely death.

Long before the time when Mr. Forrest engaged him as leading man, the young actor had eagerly read such works on the drama as were accessible to him; and on being encouraged to make use of the extensive library collected by the great tragedian, the student spent every available minute of his time in devouring the contents of the many valuable works which had been thus placed at his command. Mr. Forrest took frequent occasion to satisfy himself that the young actor was profiting by his study, and would frequently question him as to his understanding of the plays he had read, or as to the meaning of passages that are regarded as obscure. In these questionings the young man frequently responded with whole pages of the text from memory; but mere repetition of the words would not suffice the tutor; an answer was required that would show a knowledge of the meaning of the author. It was before the time when the phrase was invented that permits the popular actor to claim that he has "created the character" in the play which has for the time struck the fancy of the public. The tutor held that the province of the actor was not only to conscientiously deliver the language of the playwright, but to faithfully portray the character created by the author, and this could only be accomplished by diligent study of the whole play. As the student turned over the leaves of a volume of Shakespeare, and his eye rested on the tragedy of "Hamlet," he inquired why that tragedy was no longer included in the list of plays to be presented in the engagements made by the great tragedian. This opportunity to test the young man's memory and understanding could not be overlooked:

"Don't you know that the Prince of Denmark, according to popular idea, should be played by an actor of juvenile appearance—a stripling not yet of sufficient age to succeed to the throne left vacant by the death of his father? And yet the author does not furnish the basis for the popular idea. How does Shakespeare describe Hamlet physically?"

The reply was instant: "As a man of thirty years of age, an athlete, and of full habit."

"Quote the lines that warrant that description."

"They are to be found in the fifth act, in the scene with the grave-digger; in the acceptance of the challenge delivered by young Osric; and in the fencing scene. I will read the colloquy between Hamlet and the First Clown, as he is called in the volume:

"*Hamlet.*—How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. . . . How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1st Clown.—Of all the days 'i the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Hamlet.—How long is that since?

1st Clown.—Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that. It was the very day that young Hamlet was born; he that was mad, and sent into England.

Hamlet.—Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1st Clown.—Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there, or, if he do not, it 's no great matter there.

Hamlet.—Why?

1st Clown.—'T will not be seen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Hamlet.—How came he mad?

1st Clown.—Very strangely, they say.

Hamlet.—How strangely?

1st Clown.—'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

Hamlet.—Upon what ground?

1st Clown.—Why, here, in Denmark. I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

. . . .

1st Clown.—. . . Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Hamlet.—Whose was it?

1st Clown.— . . . This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the King's jester.

Hamlet.—This?

1st Clown.—E'en that.

Hamlet.—Let me see. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times.'

"After the acceptance of the challenge, Horatio expresses his fear that Hamlet will lose the wager with Laertes, and Hamlet replies: 'I do not think so: since he went into France I have been in constant practice; I shall win at the odds!

"And during the fencing bout, in the presence of the court, the Queen completes the description, while expressing her fears at the result:

"'*King.*—Our son shall win.
Queen.— He's fat and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The Queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.
. . . . . .
Come, let me wipe thy face.'"

Many years after his conversations with Mr. Forrest, McCullough expressed his gratitude to his patron for the benefit derived from his association with him, and even for the hard work that fell to his lot, in relieving the star of the drudgery of rehearsal at the different theaters where he played. McCullough rehearsed the part to be taken by Mr. Forrest, and instructed the members of the company in the "business" of each scene. Even in the play of "The Gladiator," the single manuscript copy of which was jealously guarded by its owner, McCullough was able to give the cues by repeating the speeches of Spartacus, which he had memorized by hearing them delivered during the play.

After accepting an engagement at Maguire's Opera House, when Mr. Forrest had practically retired from the stage because of his sciatica, McCullough's contract required him to support such actresses as Mrs. Bowers, but he could decline to support any male star, unless one of the first magnitude. In the intervals occasioned by the appearance of such performers as Dan Bryant, McCullough had the privilege of making a venture in Virginia City on his own account, and at once captured the impulsive citizens of that then prosperous place. On the day of his benefit the men about town inaugurated a plan for insuring the greatest receipts for any single performance ever given in that place: at each cigar-stand where tickets for the benefit were on sale, a dozen men were engaged in shaking dice to determine which one of the number should pay for twenty tickets of admission; and after the tickets were delivered to the winner, they would be instantly destroyed, and another "shake" entered upon. The benefit yielded over two thousand dollars, though the theater would hold only six hundred. It was not the money that gratified him, so much as the fact that he found a community so friendly that they would tolerate any kind of performance, as he expressed it, and he "trespassed on their good nature by appearing as Richelieu." He continued: "It has been my ambition for some time past to appear as the Cardinal, but I could not have mustered up courage to try it with any less friendly audience; but they have asked me to play it again on my next visit!"

After four presentations of the play, he said: "Now I feel that I may put the character on my list, but it was an awful trial to give it for the first time."

Love for his art predominated—no sacrifice was too great where any good could be accomplished by surrender of rights, or dignity, or profit. When Mrs. Lander played an engagement at the Metropolitan Theater to empty benches, she was very much embittered against the people of California for their lack of appreciation. Mr. McCullough persuaded her to play two weeks at the California Theater, not only setting aside an attraction that was bringing in good returns, but volunteering to take any part in any of the plays in her repertoire; and more than that, he visited his personal friends, and asked them to attend the performances as a tribute to the great actress. McCullough appeared with her in the plays "Marie Antoinette," "Queen Elizabeth," and "Marie Stuart," but his courtesy was severely tested when he was asked to appear in "Masks and Faces" (the play selected for her benefit). It was easy for the beneficiary to step down from her throne to play the part of Peg Woffington, because old-time custom had sanctioned the presentation of a comedy by a tragedienne on a benefit night; but there was scarcely anything to justify the appearance of so ponderous an actor as McCullough in the part of Triplet. But the audience accepted the performance, without knowing the reason for the odd cast.

Walter Montgomery's appearance at the Metropolitan Theater had been equally unfortunate, and Mr. McCullough gave him an opening at the California Theater at the sacrifice of good business. It was during this engagement that Mr. Montgomery made his hit in "Louis XI." Before the close of the engagement, Mr. McCullough treated the San Franciscans to another Shakesperian revival—"Julius Cæsar"—with a cast of characters surpassing any previous presentation, and that will not be equaled for many years — Walter Montgomery as Mark Antony, John McCullough as Brutus, Lawrence Barrett as Cassius, Harry Edwards as Julius Cæsar. The characters were alternated on four successive nights.

His modesty as to his merits was remarkable. After playing Othello for the first time, he called on a journalist whose duties kept him late in the office, and apologized for his intrusion.

"When you are quite through with your work, I wish to talk about my performance—I saw you in the audience—and I cannot rest until I know whether I have disappointed you. Some of the blemishes that I know of I can remedy at the next performance, but I want to learn whether there are too many to justify me in keeping the character on my list."

He afterwards had the satisfaction of being warmly complimented by Walter Montgomery and Edwin Booth, as the very best Othello on the English-speaking stage.

After the death of Ralston, his backer in the California Theater, McCullough found that $60,000 paid in by him to the bank had not been placed to his credit. Before producing the receipts for the payments, he said:

"If this transaction will reflect on Ralston's memory, I will tear up the papers."

The matter was never satisfactorily adjusted, and McCullough found it necessary to continue his tour as a star, to make money enough to meet his debts. The remainder of his career is fresh before us—a series of brilliant successes, a sudden collapse of the power that had been overtaxed, and a bright light dimmed forever.

> "O, ruined piece of nature! This great world
> Shall so wear out to nought."

A SUGGESTION ON THE INDIAN QUESTION.

In addition to the flood of ill-considered matter which has been published on the Indian question, some of it colored by narrow prejudice, and a still greater portion by false sentiment, able papers have been written by men of practical views and of long experience in Indian affairs. It is not the object of this paper to criticise what has been written, or to enter into any general discussion of the subject, but simply to call attention to one vicious feature of the policy hitherto pursued, and which seems likely to be continued in the future.

The actual number of Indians within the limits of the United States is something over two hundred and sixty thousand. This is exclusive of those in Alaska, but includes the semi-civilized tribes, or "Nations" of the Indian Territory, and also about six thousand negroes, ex-slaves, and runaways, and their descendants, who have been adopted into the tribes, and may to all intents and purposes be considered Indians. This number seems insignificant when compared with our large and rapidly-increasing population. It is only the anomalous civil status of the Indian, the obstacles in the way of his civilization, and the uneasy consciousness that he has suffered wrongs at our hands which require atonement, that make the problem a perplexing one.

With few exceptions, those who may be supposed best qualified to fix our Indian policy seem to have arrived at the same general conclusions. These may be briefly stated as follows: Tribal relation should be broken up as far as possible. Land should be allotted to the heads of families in severalty, said land to be exempt for a term of years from all taxation, sale, mortgage, or judgment of any court. All Indian children should be educated (by compulsion, where necessary) in industrial and other schools. In the meantime, government aid should be gradually withdrawn, as the Indian progresses in his knowledge of agriculture and other civilized pursuits, until he becomes able to stand alone and assume the duties and privileges of an American citizen. Comparatively little has as yet been done toward carrying out the practical common-sense policy thus outlined, though at first glance it might seem an easy matter for a nation so wealthy and powerful as ours.

We have shown as a people an honest desire to deal justly with our wards; but, in spite of our good intentions, vacillation, uncertainty, and too often injustice, still mark the course of our Indian policy.

The reasons for this may be found in frequently changing administrations and congresses, party exigencies, and, above all, private and local interests, intrigues, and prejudices. Cattlemen and others on the skirts of almost every reservation anxiously await the time when the reservation will be thrown open for settlement, or greatly reduced in size, and to accomplish this object bring to bear every engine known to our politics.

The prevailing sentiment in the vicinity of an Indian reservation is, that "It is a shame for the Indians to have such a fine body of land," and that they "ought to be removed," no matter where to, so that they are removed. The daily view of large bodies of unoccupied land, near the railroads and towns it may be, produces a feeling of irritation in the white man, and, aided by a touch of race prejudice, would of itself cause him finally to hate the Indian, who is innocent of the abuse, if there be one, and is simply living where he has been placed by the government. Settlers from the East, even Christians, and those of high intelligence, who have always regarded the Indian (at a distance) with kindness, soon fall in with the prevailing sentiment. The settler knows that missionaries have been among the Indians for many years, yet he sees them passing to and fro in savage garb, ignorant, idle, filthy, and, as he soon comes to view it, paupers upon the bounty of the government; and the feeling of rather benevolent curiosity with which he at first regarded him is changed to disgust. Near the larger reservations, also, even at the present day, a sense of constant insecurity fills the very air, which can only be understood by those who have felt it. The settler witnesses the frantic orgies of the Indian, listens to the weird music of his midnight incantations, and remembers the tales of Indian massacres which fill so many pages of our history. He soon looks upon the Indian as an uncanny and dangerous creature, possessing few human attributes; and becomes as unscrupulous as any "old-timer" as to the means for getting rid of him. Let an "Indian scare" arise, and the thin veneer of civilization gives way. He becomes as savage as any Indian. No other hatred is so bitter and unreasoning as that prompted by fear. It is no use to tell the settler that the Indian will remain peaceable if justly treated, for he knows that injustice is very likely to be committed, and hates the Indian in anticipation of the revenge he fears. If his family is to be slain, it will console him not a whit that they have fallen as an expiatory sacrifice for the sins of his own race. He prefers, at any sacrifice of justice or solemn obligations, to have the Indian removed at once.

It would be asking too much of human nature to expect just views on the Indian question from settlers in the vicinity of reservations; yet, in the long run, they have more influence than any other class in the decision of questions pertaining to the removal or location of Indians.

There are but two possible final solutions of the Indian question. The Indians may be exterminated by war, famine, whisky, and disease, or they may undergo the euthanasy of merging into and being absorbed by the "superior race." At one time the former solution seemed the more probable one. It was a generally accepted theory that the race was inherently incapable of civilization, and was doomed by some mysterious law to wither away and become extinct when placed in contact with the white race. This theory is not entirely abandoned yet, and the story is still told and believed by some, that no matter what degree of education and training may be bestowed upon an Indian, he will, sooner or later, resume his blanket and breech-clout. The uniform testimony, however, of the unselfish men who have devoted their lives to the spiritual and material uplifting of the Indian, refutes the revolting belief that the failures of the past are due to any fatal defect in the character of the Indian; while the results attained in some instances during recent years justify the hope that with judicious management the Indians still remaining may yet become homogeneous members of our body social and politic. Looking back over the last decade, it will be seen that many tribes have made decided advancement. Let us not forget, in the pride of our strength and knowledge, that it has required many hundreds, perhaps many thousands, of years for us to struggle up to the plane (not such a lofty one as could be desired) which we now occupy.

If we may trust the figures of the Indian Bureau, the Indians are at present slowly increasing in numbers, the decrease in certain tribes being rather more than compensated for by the increase in others. The complete change of diet and habits which they are obliged to undergo during the civilizing process is fatal to many, but as the Indian becomes accustomed to his new modes of life, the natural laws of increase again assert themselves. The final absorption of the Indian by the white race is inevitable; is, from every point of view, desirable for both races; and anything which delays the final result is to that extent mischievous and expensive. There will be an Indian problem so long as any considerable numbers of Indians live together on a reservation or other body of land (whether owned in severalty or otherwise) constituting a separate class, with special interests differing from and sometimes incompatible with those of the people around them. The policy of gathering the Indians together in large numbers on extensive reservations, has been a most pernicious one. It isolates them to a great extent from civilizing examples and influences, and has the direct effect of fostering their pride of race, keeping alive their traditions of ancient glory, and allowing full scope to the practice of savage rites and customs. The expiring embers of savagery and heathenism should be scattered, not heaped together.

The work of civilizing a large mass of savages by means of the small handful of leaven contained in an agency and mission station is painfully slow. This is the case, no matter how able and earnest the agent may be. The Indian agent is the popular scapegoat for all our sins and shortcomings toward the Indian. Much of this denunciation is unjust, for some agents labor zealously and intelligently, in the face of obstacles and trials which must be seen to be appreciated. Many of them, however, are selected for reasons other than fitness, and although their tenure of office is nominally for four years, they practically have no fixed tenure whatever, and the most efficient and honest agent is sooner or later removed. Under these circumstances, a majority, perhaps, of the agents, even if fairly honest as agents go, perform their duties in a merely perfunctory manner.

The education of Indian children at Carlisle, Hampton, and other schools in the East, is in the right direction, and ought to be undertaken much more extensively than it is. The farther such schools are removed from the tribes to which the pupils belong, the better for obvious reasons. The good effect of such education, however, is in great measure counteracted by returning the children so educated to a large reservation, where they will be deprived of all civilized example and support, except such as may be found among the agency employés.

The true policy is to segregate and isolate the small tribes from each other as far as possible, instead of herding them together. It is probably impracticable to undo what has been done in this respect, but our western States and Territories are still dotted with comparatively small reservations occupied by Indians too few in number to excite the serious apprehensions of their white neighbors. If these reservations are too large, let the surplus land be sold, with due precautions against the schemes of land-grabbers, whose plans are always laid; and the remainder (under proper restrictions) be allotted to the Indians in severalty: but it would neither be wise nor just to break up these smaller reservations and concentrate the Indians on larger ones, as seems likely to be done, in the supposed interest of economy. The Indians on these smaller reservations have, in nearly every instance, already made considerable advancement in civilized modes of life. Owing to their small numbers, and the close proximity around them of the whites, they are constantly exposed to civilizing influences of every kind. Their children learn to speak our language, in some instances attend the same schools with white children, and the traditions of their race are constantly weakened in a thousand ways. With judicious encouragement, the assistance of the government may be gradually withdrawn; they will rapidly merge into the population around them, and their existence as a separate race will soon be only a fading tradition. Some of the removals carried out in pursuance of the policy of concentration have been with the consent of the Indians, particularly that class who cling most tenaciously to their savage mode of life, and who resist most strenuously all efforts to civilize them. They prefer to live on a large and populous Indian reservation, as far as possible from the sight of white people. Almost without exception, those who realize that the old order of things is passing away, who manfully accept the inevitable, and are doing what they can to adapt themselves to new and higher conditions, are strongly, sometimes agonizingly, opposed to these removals. The most pathetic chapters of Indian history are those that relate to the uprooting of Indian communities which had painfully acquired the first rudiments of civilization, and their removal, in spite of tears and protests, to some strange and perhaps unhealthy locality, there to recommence under new and unfamiliar conditions, and in the face of opposition from still savage tribes—for the Indian who is not yet ready to accept civilization for himself always opposes covertly or openly every attempt at advancement by members of his race. Instances of such removals will readily occur to all who are familiar with the history of our dealings with the Indians. The remembrance of these things rankles keenly in the breast of the Indian, and, in many cases, greatly discourages him in his efforts to improve his land, and to acquire property. It cannot be otherwise, when it is remembered that by a simple executive order he may be required to abandon his improvements and move on. In recent years compensation has generally, perhaps always, been offered for the property abandoned, but the wound is one that cannot be healed by dollars and cents.

A committee of distinguished gentlemen have recently been visiting our Indian reservations, with a view to ascertaining their condition and necessities, and recommending to our next Congress such legislation as they may judge wise. If these gentlemen are correctly reported by interviewers, it is their intention to recommend that "most of the smaller reservations be abandoned, and the Indians removed to some of the larger reservations." However this may be, should the policy of the past few years be continued, we may expect before many years to see three or four new Indian Territories, the effect of which will simply be to prolong the existence of the Indians as a separate race for a few generations longer than would otherwise be the case, and thus to hand down to our posterity a problem which, whatever new phases it may assume, will be an annoying one. The policy of concentration delays instead of hastening the final solution of this question, and is therefore a vicious one, though an immediate economy might obviously be effected by reducing the present number of Agencies, about seventy, to seven, thereby rendering unnecessary a large number of employés now in the Indian service. The saving in land would be inconsiderable, as the surplus land ought to be thrown open to settlers in any event, and doubtless will be disposed of in some way before very long. While unnecessary expenditure should be guarded against in all branches of the government service, there is danger in questions of this kind, that ideas of economy may be carried so far as to blind the vision to far weightier and higher considerations. While practicing a wise economy, and generously dispensing our broad domain (inherited from the Indian) to the oppressed peasantry of Europe who seek our shores, let us also deal generously, justly, and mercifully toward the remnants of a proud and sensitive race who have suffered unspeakable wrongs at our hands.

E. L. Huggins.

"THE WYOMING ANTI-CHINESE RIOT."—ANOTHER VIEW.

A few years before the war which resulted in Emancipation, a murder occurred in an Eastern county seat. The hostler in a hotel stable was a drunkard and unreliable. The landlord dismissed him, and employed a sober and honest colored man. The dismissed white man, carrying out his threat, borrowed a gun, went to the stable, and shot the colored man, who died instantly. The murderer was arrested, and lodged in jail. Many of the people said: "Served him right. It was only a nigger. He had no right to underbid or supplant a white man. The landlord had no right to give preference to one of another race." The murderer was tried, and found guilty of manslaughter, or of murder in the second degree, and sent to prison. The people soon petitioned for his pardon or for commutation, and ere long the man was at large.

At that time most of the people of color were slaves. The free were shut out from the public schools, and they were not permitted to exercise the elective franchise. In almost every way they were an ostracized people. They were not of "the Caucasian race." Then "on the side of their oppressors, there was power"; and even the supreme Federal judge declared that "colored men had no rights that white men were bound to respect."

Everybody has heard that "history repeats itself." The Eastern senators and other friends of humanity, against whose opinions the able article of A. A. Sargent in the last Overland is intended as a defense of the California sentiment on the Chinese question, were always opposed to the then popular sentiment in our country that justified slavery or apologized for the wrongs done to the people of color. Right on the question of human freedom then, when millions were arrayed with the slave-holder against the oppressed, these same Eastern senators and people are now on the side of the wronged Chinese, and opposed to Senator Sargent's theories. Thus far, the presumption is in their favor.

From the well-known character of the ex-senator, and from the high positions he has filled so honorably, we should have expected that after the infamous massacre of so many unoffending men at Rock Springs, he would use his vigorous pen in rebuke of the spirit that led to the slaughter of unarmed and almost friendless foreigners—in rebuke of the murderers, and to prevent similar riot and bloodshed elsewhere. But we are disappointed. The main tenor of his article is rather to apologize for feelings that led to the riot, than to rebuke the bloody rioters. And like nearly all that is written in California against anti-Chinese riots, or any wrongs done to the Chinese, the violence is deprecated mostly because it does harm to our anti-Chinese cause, and strengthens the Eastern opposition to our restriction law, rather than because of wrongs done to humanity, or of the infamy which attaches itself to our commonwealth, when wholesale murder goes unrebuked. Is it not to be feared that the public heart may be or may become so callous as to be insensible to the wrongs done to a weak and despised people? Some of us have not forgotten that before emancipation, and before the ballot was given to the people of color, they were the victims of all manner of wrongs and violence against which they had no redress. Then there was a sad truth in the words of the wise man: "I considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun: and beheld the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power; but they had no comforter." And it may be that even in a Christian republic, the memorable words:

> "Right forever on the scaffold,
> Wrong forever on the throne,"

have not lost their significance.

But this Chinese question is not to be settled by articles, however able, in the magazines. Nor should it be viewed only from the standpoint of the California workshop. It involves the interests of humanity, and rises high above all local questions of labor and capital. Nor is it a question of today only, but it involves interests as future as the ages. We should look at it from other and better standpoints, and not shrink from the investigation. But before doing this *directly*, it is due to the excellent article under review that some of its doubtful positions have respectful notice. It must be brief.

"The presence of Chinese in the workshops, in the mines, in all agricultural pursuits, leads to more or less frequent riots, in which they are killed or their houses burned, and is a reason why they should not be allowed to come in numbers."

Their presence in those places may be the *occasion* of the riots; it is not the *cause.* This lies in the unwillingness of the rioters to permit other laborers to work where they are wanted, and where they have a right to work if they can find a lawful employer. The logic of the senator is lame. It deprives unoffending people on the other side of the Pacific of the exercise of their natural rights, because outlaw rioters massacre the unoffending on this side. The unwillingness of the colonists to pay taxes without representation was not the cause of the war of the Revolution. The cause was the oppression of the British government—the wrong done to the people who knew their rights. The Chinese are not blameworthy in seeking employment and giving labor for wages voluntarily offered. The wrong is done by the rioters, who forcibly interfere with industrious and honest men exercising their God-given rights. Government should stop the riot and punish the rioters, the wrong-doers, and not do injustice to the innocent.

"The Caucasian race will not allow itself to be expelled from this country, or totally impoverished, without a bloody struggle to prevent it. If the law does not measure the difficulty and obviate it, the laboring masses will." Our senator says this is not a threat, only a *prophecy*. Can the wish be the father to the prophecy? By just such sentiments, expressed by senators and others, and echoed by the secular press so freely, rioters and murderers are incensed. With such expressed sentiments by men of influence as a wall of protection behind, the Kearneys and O'Donnells are emboldened in their incendiary harangues.

Says the senator: "The alternative" (of riot, because of their presence) "is exclusion by law." Before this a consideration arises —have we a *right* to exclude by law? And the assumed right includes power to enforce the law. And this power exercised leads to violence and injustice to the weak and unoffending. But whence is the right derived? Not from the consent of the excluded, who, as men—as children of a common Creator and Father—have the natural right to seek labor and bread wherever they choose to go, provided always they do not trespass upon the rights of others. Not from the consent of the government from which the immigrants come, for the government has not the right to grant power to others to prevent its own people from exercising their own inherent and inalienable rights. Not from the divine Author of all rights, for he is no respecter of persons; and geographical or political lines are of no consequence to the all merciful Father.

But we must distinguish between the Chinese on the two sides of the Pacific. "Right comes by occupation," says Mr. Sargent. Therefore, he argues, those already here have the right to remain, and we must not exclude them; only keep out those not yet in. But a restriction law, or any statute, does not *give* rights. Governmental laws only *declare* what is right. If the Chinese had no right to come, they have no right to stay. If they have the right to remain, they had the right to immigrate. And if these had the right to immigrate, others yet in China have a similar right. For the right of expatriation is not derived from the government left, nor is the right of immigration derived from the government of the country entered. Both are inalienable, inherent in man. God, the

Creator, who bestows this right upon his creatures—the right to choose their own place of abode—in that bestowal knows no political lines. "Right comes by occupancy?" The assumption is a fallacy. Then would the thief have a just claim upon the horse he has mounted! Then had the master a right to the possessed slave bought with his money, and to which purchase the enslaved had given his consent! Then the man who had taken his neighbor's wife as his own is her lawful owner, if her former husband and she consent to the new husband! No! Right comes not by occupancy. Nevertheless it is true, as our good senator probably holds, that as the Chinese now here came by our legal consent, we should not drive them out. This is far more generous and honorable than the doctrine and determination of the old sandlot, "The Chinese must go." But the fallacy lies in the false assumption that the right to come or go—the right of expatriation or of immigration—is derived from government. If Senator Sargent should wish to travel or live in Germany, or Italy, or China, to compel him to ask permission of any government, or to forcibly prevent him from so traveling or living, would be a gross act of injustice to him. No right is more inherent or more claimed by the lover of liberty, than that of locomotion and of choosing his own place of residence. And right is of no color or race.

In the article under review, two things are everywhere assumed—that because of "the incompatibility of the two races," the individuals of the foreign race must be excluded perforce; and that Eastern people, such as Senator Hoar and Henry Ward Beecher, desire the wholesale influx of Mongolians.

The incompatibility of the two races is undeniable. They are very dissimilar. In the present state of society and in the condition of both races, they are not likely to assimilate. They should not. And yet time and Christianity are great levelers. The people of the two nations are very wide apart, not because they are of different races, but because of the great difference in their civilizations and their religions. The present great incompatibility might almost disappear, under favorable circumstances, if the pagan race were thoroughly molded by Christian influences and Christian graces. Besides, the incompatibility of some of the classes of our own race in the United States is almost as great. What concord, what association, is there between Italians in Boston and the Puritans of that city? What affiliation is there in San Francisco between the Portuguese and New Englanders or native Americans? Even between Irish, or French, or Spanish Catholics or American Protestants there is almost no affiliation. It is not because either is in the fault; but the religions, or the language, or the national customs, of the two are so different. The incompatibility is so great we cannot expect association. Does it follow that we American-born citizens may enact restriction laws, and close our ports against the people of any land—pagan, Jew, Catholic, or freethinker? If serious evils are occasioned by the excessive influx of foreigners from either Europe or Asia, let those evils be met, resisted and overcome by the intelligence and religion of the people of a Protestant nation. The first, the most essential thing is, to do right. Doing this, we may expect the blessing of Him whose divine aid Christian patriots have ever invoked.

The other assumption is certainly a mistake. It is not probable that any, whether in the East or on this Coast, whether as Christians or humanitarians, *desire* the influx of Chinese. It is more probable that Eastern senators and Eastern clergymen, and the whole class, east or west, to which they belong, only ask that no wrong be done to humanity, and that the reciprocity of nations be respected. The writer of this is probably a fair specimen of the class to which Mr. Sargent alludes; and he (the writer), as a Californian, wishes to say here, that he does not favor the influx of Chinese, or indeed of any foreigners. Especially does he fear the constantly incoming tide of foreigners who are not capable of soon becoming such citizens as are needed to build up a great and permanent Christian commonwealth. Senator Sargent must know that in the tides of immigration from some European States there are elements far more threatening to the well-being of our country, and to Christian and civil institutions, than any that are borne to us by the western waves. These are foreboding: those are fearfully threatening. No: we do not desire, from either Asia or Europe, any overflow of peoples who, for want of those influences that led to the founding of our Christian nation, are incompatible with the children of the founders. But there is another and better way of solving the great problem before the American people. And the evils that are feared as consequences of unrestricted immigration must be met and overcome by other means. They are within our reach, if we choose to use them. It is only asked that in all our acts of legislation, State or federal, right be done—that the law of the God of Heaven and the Arbiter of Justice be accepted as supreme, higher than all human statutes. In this voluntary acceptance lies our strength, our highest good.

There is no force in the supposed parallel of "European States emptying their prisons and lunatic asylums upon us." One nation and government should prevent attempted wrong by another. European States should be made to punish their own criminals and feed their own paupers. And so should we do, if the Chinese people or government should send to us their prisoners or their lunatics. But the immigrants from China are laborers, and come voluntarily, and only in the exercise of their own rights. Besides, if England's poor miners, or Ireland's poor farmers, or Germany's poor and lovers of freedom come voluntarily to us to seek labor and food, for mercy's sake don't say, You can't come. Let God and the poor of any land be the judge. You may do well to persuade them to stay at home, but the earth is the Lord's, and he has given it to the children of men—not to Protestants or Catholics, not to Christians or to Jews, or to unbelievers, not to pagans or to Yankees, but to *men.* If evils, great or small, flow from or accompany excessive immigration, battle with them, repress them, overcome them as other evils, but never by wrong. Certainly, the descendants of the Puritans of England and of the Covenanters of Scotland may dare to do right.

J.

VIOLETS AND DAFFODILS.

To ———.

Right royal are the gifts, my friend,
That pass 'tween you and me;
For richer hue than that I send
Sidonian purple could not lend,
That monarchs loved to see.

Nor did the hoard of Midas hold,
In all its shining store,
A deeper shade of yellow gold,
Than your gay daffodils unfold,
In burnished cups, a score.

Better than gold or purple dye,
And far more precious still,—
The gifts we send, both you and I,
Possess a charm no wealth can buy,
The fragrance of good-will.

Charles S. Greene.

A CELESTIAL TRAGEDY.

For a long time prior to 1839, the Chinese Government had made efforts to prevent the importation of opium into the Central Kingdom, as the Chinese call their country. As early as 1821, the foreign opium vessels at Whampoa were subjected to such serious annoyances from the authorities, that they were removed to the island of Lintin, in Macao Roads, at the mouth of the Canton River, where permanent storeships were established. But though they were removed so far from Canton, the trade suffered hardly any diminution. The Chinese dealers paid for the opium at Canton, and received orders by which they obtained the drug at the fleet in their own boats,—the silence and inaction of the mandarins being secured by bribes. It is evident that the universal corruption among the Chinese officials rendered the efforts of the emperor to check the use and abuse of opium among his people almost nugatory, however sincere they may have been.

Early in 1839, more vigorous measures were taken by the emperor for the enforcement of his prohibitory orders. Lin, a director of the *Ping-Poo*, or Board of War, and governor-general of the ancient provinces of Tso, was invested with the red seals of a High Imperial Commissioner, and sent to Canton to bring the traffic in opium to an end. He arrived in that city on the 10th of March, 1839, and at once took the most rigorous measures to execute his imperial master's commands. It is hardly necessary to say that his acts, although vigorous, were characterized by all the arrogance, conceit, and ignorance of the power of the Western nations, which then marked the conduct of Chinese officials. The selection of Lin for this task was a wise one, however, as the earnestness of that officer was undoubted;—he having sworn not to return until all opium was banished from the Central Kingdom. He not only exerted all his power to prevent the importation of the drug, but also endeavored to accomplish a thorough reform among the Chinese who were in the habit of using it.

On the 18th of March, Lin issued his first proclamation to the foreigners, demanding the absolute surrender of all opium then in their possession; and on the next day, the Chinese superintendent of maritime customs issued an order, forbidding all foreigners to leave Canton. There were about three hundred foreigners in the city at this time, and they at once became close prisoners in the foreign *hongs* (factories or commercial establishments) which fronted on the river. All streets communicating with the city were closed with bricks and mortar; soldiers were posted on the adjacent buildings, and triple rows of boats were stationed on the river to prevent any escape in that direction. All Chinese *compradors* and servants were commanded to leave the buildings, and no one was permitted to furnish provisions of any kind to the imprisoned foreigners, who thus saw themselves threatened with starvation.

On the 26th of March, Lin issued his second proclamation to the foreigners, giving four reasons why they should surrender their opium at once. The next day, Captain Elliot, the British superintendent of trade, made a public declaration that he was forcibly detained by the provincial government, and commanded the British merchants and shipmasters to surrender all opium in their possession on behalf of the British Government. This order was complied with, and 20,283 chests of opium, valued at over $12,000,000, were delivered up to the Chinese; the surrender taking place at Chunhow, near the Bogue forts. This immense amount was destroyed during the following June by immersing the drug in huge vats filled with lime, salt, and water.

These events precipitated a collision between England and China, in which, as is well known, the latter was worsted, and obliged to concede greater privileges than were ever before granted by the Chinese Government to "outside barbarians."

On a cool afternoon, in the month of March, 1839, a sedan chair, borne by two tall Chinese, entered the Golden Flowery Street of Canton. The bearers were neatly attired in trousers and blouses of blue silk, and wore on their heads felt caps of peculiar shape. In spite of the coolness of the day, the sweat stood in great drops on their faces, showing that they bore no trifling burden. With a queer, swinging gait, they made their way along the narrow, noisy, crowded thoroughfare, and presently stopped before the large doors of a fine house. With considerable exertion, a portly Chinese gentleman extricated himself from the confined limits of the vehicle, and alighted in the narrow street. He was the picture of an epicure and a lover of luxurious ease. His face was round and full, and wore a continual smile of happiness and good nature, which was confirmed by his merry, twinkling eyes. His rotund form would have served as a model for the famous god of Longevity, so popular with the natives of the flowery land. His attire was rich and almost foppish. A robe of costly brocaded silk of delicate color reached nearly to his feet, but was short enough to display elegant silk hose, and shoes of black embroidered satin. Over his robe, he wore a short, large-sleeved coat of finest broadcloth, lined with fur, fastened on the right breast with superb buttons and loops. Upon his head was an exquisite skull-cap, bearing the button of his rank. He carried a magnificent fan, which he held gracefully above his head as he gave some directions to his servants before entering the house.

This complacent personage was Chu, one of the officials who had accompanied His Excellency, Lin, to Canton. The house he entered belonged to his friend Yuen, who, with the brilliant young poet, Thayshing, had also come from Pekin in the train of Lin.

Upon entering, Chu, conducted by a servant, passed through a long hall, which was decorated with curious paintings and inscriptions, and wood carvings gorgeously gilded, and Chinese lamps hanging from the ceiling. Here and there were seen tables and other furniture of the rich inlaid work of Ningpo. Leaving this hall, he emerged into a large garden filled with trees and shrubs, marvelously trimmed, and intersected with ponds and reservoirs of water. Around the edges of these miniature lakes were rows of porcelain flower-pots, holding the magnificent lotus in all its loveliness of pink bloom, and a profusion of pure white lilies.

Chu gazed luxuriously about him through the leafy vistas, and soon discovered Yuen and Thayshing seated at a table on an elevated terrace shaded by trees. As he approached, his friends arose, and each one, clasping his hands together, made the usual salutation. They then engaged in a pleasant and friendly dispute—each desiring the other to take the best seat. After continuing this for a proper length of time, they all took their seats according to a rigid rule of etiquette.

Yuen, the host, was a striking personage. He was a Tartar, and had a fierce, unyielding, vindictive temper. He was six feet tall and his strength was prodigious. His face was dark and marked with small-pox, and his eyes were habitually half-closed, so that they were but dark lines, which gave forth an occasional gleam of fire. Only when he was excited or enraged did his eyes open fully, and then their flaming glare was something appalling. His fierce, impatient temper had made him feared and disliked at Court, and therefore his advancement had not been as rapid as his abilities warranted. Only a short time before, a rival official by the name of Tsin had been promoted over his head, and he was now chafing under this injustice.

Thayshing was younger than either of the others, and was an accomplished poet. He was of slender figure; his features were refined and handsome, and his complexion a clear, pale olive. He had attained high honor in the literary examinations, and was on the sure road to distinction. His father was a wealthy Canton merchant. Although very few knew it, Thayshing was engaged to marry Le Awoo, the only daughter of His Excellency, Lin. Even Yuen and Chu were unaware of this.

"My venerable elder brother," said Chu, addressing Yuen, "I have just returned from the house of the Great Minister."

"He who is so successful in fighting the smoke of opium," said Yuen.

"He is, indeed," said Chu. "The foreign barbarians are in a rage. They have tremblingly begged permission to deliver up their opium. They humbly acknowledge the truth of the Great Minister's four reasons, as set forth in his second proclamation."

"One reason, my venerable younger brother, outweighs all the four," said Yuen.

"What is it?" asked Chu.

"The fear of death by violence or starvation," replied Yuen.

"Be that as it may," said Chu, "he has convinced the barbarians, and now he will turn his attention to the flowery natives. All opium and all smoking implements must be delivered up. The Great Minister will not rest until the drug is cast out and the Central Kingdom purified."

"He is a fanatic," said Yuen, with a flash of his fierce eye. "Is it not customary of old to smoke opium? My venerable younger brother, will you deliver up your pipe to the local mandarin like an ostracized barber?"

"We should do whatever the Great Minister commands," said Thayshing, gently.

"Let us first peruse the proclamation addressed to the natives of the flowery land," said Chu. "I have a copy with me."

"Yes, let us hear it," said Thayshing.

Chu drew forth a neat book, and proceeded to read parts of the proclamation to his attentive friends. "This proclamation," said he, "is issued in the nineteenth year of Taou-Kwang, second moon, and first day. Listen:

"'Lin, High Imperial Commissioner, a Director of the Board of War, and Governor of the Provinces of Hoo-Kwang, makes fully known his commands for the speedy cutting off of the opium, in order that life may be preserved and the punishment of death avoided. It appears that Quangtung has become a territory highly conspicuous for literature, and from days of yore until the present time there have been, in every successive generation, men of highest eminence, famed for letters and renowned for their statesmanlike character. Those who heard this could not suppress their esteem, and none would have thought that within these late years, so great a number would have been submerged in the fumes of opium.

"'How can this be but lamentable? Formerly punishment was not severe, but now the thundering wrath of the Celestial Majesty has been aroused, and existing laws must be enforced to their extremity, awarding death to all the guilty.

"'I, the Great Minister, having, with trembling obedience, received the stern imperial decree, have now only to point to the heavens, and swear by the sun that I shall exterminate the evil.'"

"Let him swear by the evil to exterminate the sun," sneered Yuen.

"Your words give me pain, venerable elder brother," said Thayshing.

Chu continued:

"'Although opium exists among the outside barbarians, there is not a man of them who is willing to smoke it himself; but the natives of the flowery land are, on the contrary, with willing hearts, led astray by them —purchasing a commodity which inflicts injury upon their own vitals. To such an extent has the stupidity of our people reached! It is like the smelling stuffs of thieves and robbers, used by them to seize upon property and destroy the lives of individuals.

"'Now, your property is the means by which you support life, and your specie, which is by no means easily to be obtained, you take, and exchange for dirt. Is not this supremely ridiculous? And that you part with your money to poison your own selves—is it not deeply lamentable?

"'Thus the fish covets the bait and forgets the hook; the miller fly covets the candle-light, but forgets the fire; and the ape, in his inordinate desire for the wine, thinks not of the desire of men for his blood. These creatures bring misfortunes upon themselves.

"'Habits which are thus disastrous are like the successive rolling of the waves of the sea.

"'I hereby address myself to the literati, merchants, military, and common people throughout these provinces, that they may thoroughly understand. All of you who, formerly, were unwittingly betrayed into the use of opium, should immediately and energetically seek to break it off, and, with deep feelings of repentance, alter your former evil course. The term assigned those of you at the provincial city shall begin with the second moon, and terminate with the end of the third; and to those in the various *Foos*, *Chows*, and *Heëns* [divisions of a province], the limit shall be two months from the day of the reception of this dispatch. It is therefore requisite that you take the several opium pipes, with the smoking bowls, which you have in your possession, every description of smoking implement, no matter how many, and your remaining drug, no matter how much, and deliver them up to the local officers.

"'You should consider that it is of the first importance in cutting off this base habit that you have a heart to do it.

"'Verily, you must skin your faces and wash your hearts.

"'What difficulty would you find in putting a stop to your nightly smoking revelings?

"'The literary and military officers, both high and subordinate, have together the charge of the whole population, to act as their ensamples. But are those who have not yet corrected themselves able, indeed, to correct others? The sacred Son of heaven has distinctly decreed the laws of punishment according to the principles of extreme justice.

"'All individuals who smoke opium, although they may be honored with the titles of kings and of dukes, will nevertheless not, under any circumstances whatever, be regarded with leniency and forbearance.'"

"It is evident," said Thaysing, "that the Great Minister addresses the literati as well as the other three classes of the people."

"You are entirely correct, venerable younger brother," said Chu. "I had the felicity of listening to the Great Minister today, while he uttered indiscriminate denunciations against both mandarins and merchants, interspersed liberally with his favorite quotations from the classic odes."

"The King River rendering muddy the waters of the Wei?" asked Thayshing.

"Yes, truly."

"Of course, you will both obey the Great Minister's commands," said Thayshing.

"Of course we shall," said Chu, with a shrewd glance, which said that if he smoked more opium, no one would be the wiser.

"I shall *not*," said Yuen. "I will obey no silly, fanatical dictates. I shall smoke the drug here in my own house."

"I pray you to abandon it," said Thayshing.

"Have you ever smoked opium?" asked Yuen, turning his blazing eyes full on Thayshing.

"Never, my venerable elder brother," repled Thayshing.

"And you a poet!" said Yuen, vehemently. "You sing of the water-pond, the lotus, the lily, the shaddock tree, the stork, and the kingfisher. Would you chant the gods and the sages, flaming dragons, and bats that eat the sun? Would you sing strange and wondrous songs that will make your name immortal? Smoke the opium pipe! Smoke, and sneer at dotards who are content to grovel on the earth in ignoble security, and who would keep the brave from soaring to the stars."

Thayshing's breath came fast, and his cheek paled, for he ardently desired to write a great poem which should immortalize him.

Yuen saw the effect he had produced, and continued, eagerly:

"Try it now. You will never regret it." And turning, he ordered a servant to bring opium pipes, and place them in a little tower in the depths of the garden. But Thayshing rose hastily, saying: "No, my venerable elder brother. Remember the commands of the Great Minister."

"And do you remember what I have told you," said Yuen. "If you would win eternal fame at a single stroke, smoke the opium pipe."

Thayshing took his departure, leaving Yuen and Chu together. He felt very certain that they intended to smoke opium, regardless of the Great Minister's proclamation. He entered a sedan chair, and ordered the bearers to take him to his father's store in Old China street. Yuen's words were yet sounding in his ears, and as he was borne along, his mind was filled with fascinating speculations regarding the possibilities of an ascent into regions of enchantment, through the medium of the opium pipe, and the chances of a safe return to earth again, with ability to describe the scenes of his voyage.

At length he alighted on the granite pavement and entered his father's store. Tall red signs appeared on every side, containing greetings to customers, or descriptions of goods for sale. The store was one of the largest on the street, and contained a wonderful display of rich goods. A strange mingling of perfumes burdened the air—cardamon and cassia, musk and myrrh, frankincense and sandalwood. Costly silks, crapes, shawls, nankeens, and grasscloth; caskets fans, handkerchiefs, trinkets of silver and mother of pearl, and a thousand other things, filled the dusky place. In a retired room, Thayshing reverently greeted his father, who was a thorough merchant, grave, polite, and shrewd. Two little boys, brothers of Thayshing, were merrily playing *te-Kien*, or Chinese shuttlecock, near by, leaping about in the most nimble manner, and kicking the feathered plaything high in the air with their thick-soled slippers.

After conversing for a time, the merchant said to Thayshing: "The proclamation of the Great Minister may cause some merchants to lose many taels. I have many piculs of opium in my house, but my heart is tranquil. I will visit the mandarins and pay them certain sums, and my house will be exempt from search. But yet my rivals are jealous and have sharp eyes, and I must deceive them. So I have set out this chest of opium, and say to any who visit me: 'Take freely what you desire, for all must soon be given up.'"

A sudden daring resolve took possession of Thayshing. "Venerable father," he said, smiling, "will you not say to me, also, 'Take what you desire?'"

The merchant gazed at his son for a moment in surprise, and then said:

"It was my belief that you abhorred the drug; but you shall have all you wish. Do not take this, however. Of course I would not give away the best quality. I will give you some delicious and precious opium of Patna." He stepped aside, and soon returned with a little casket of dark wood, which he gave to his son. Thayshing soon after took his departure, and that night, for the first time in his life, but not the last, he ascended, or, rather, descended, into the heaven of the opium smoker.

When he emerged from that fantastic region, he seized his writing implements and endeavored to set down his visions; but although he had experienced ecstasy, and seen magnificent sights, and heard enchanting sounds, he found the Chinese language entirely too meager to express even the prelude of the bewitching entertainment. Worse than all, he found himself weak, tremulous, plunged in despondency, and hardly able to hold his pencil.

It is needless to say that, during the two months allowed the opium smokers to abandon the habit, Thayshing resorted more and more frequently to the intoxicating pipe, until even Yuen warned him of the fatal effects of excess; but the delicate and ethereal fabric of the poet's mind had become clouded with the fumes of the drug. He wildly planned a poem, more sublime and beautiful than man had ever dreamed of before; but when he seated himself to write, a few feeble characters mocked him on the page. His sweet songs of the lotus and the lily were heard no more. They had vanished like morning dewdrops beneath a scorching sun.

Since his engagement with Le Awoo, the daughter of Lin, Thayshing, in accordance with the customs of the country, had not been permitted to see his betrothed; but before his unfortunate journey to Canton, he had twice secretly visited Lin's residence on the sea-coast of the territory of Min, and, concealed in the garden, had conversed with Le Awoo on her balcony—quite like a Celestial Romeo and Juliet. In the month of June the family of Lin came to Canton, and Thayshing, rousing himself from his foolish intoxication, made exertion to obtain an interview with his future wife. He succeeded without much difficulty, for the surveillance was really little more than a matter of form. The quick eyes of Le Awoo detected a change in Thayshing—a melancholy wasting and decay; but she was fully reassured by his assertion that it was only absence from her that had affected him so deplorably.

The days of grace allowed the opium smokers had passed, and the Great Minister was ferreting out and punishing with great severity all who dared to evade his regulations and disobey his commands. Many Chinese had already suffered death. The unyielding Yuen, with imperturbable audacity, continued his indulgence in the drug, and the unfortunate Thayshing often kept him company. The fat and crafty Chu had ostensibly abandoned the pipe.

One unhappy afternoon, Yuen and Thayshing entered the tower in Yuen's garden, and a servant presently brought them the opium pipes. For some reason Yuen's pipe was not satisfactory to him, and springing up, he seized the servant and beat him unmercifully. The man submissively brought another pipe, and the two smokers were soon lost in noxious dreams.

Lin, in his proclamation to the Chinese, had offered rewards and promotion to inferiors who gave truthful information against their superiors who were guilty of using opium, and the apparently submissive servant now saw an opportunity of satisfying his desire for revenge upon his cruel master—whose ferocious temper grew more unbearable every day—and of advancing himself at one stroke.

With this idea he set out immediately for the official residence of Lin. Here it so happened that he fell into the hands of Tsin, the enemy of Yuen, to whom he told his story. Tsin listened with well-concealed exultation, and after learning that the two guilty officials were at that moment indulging in the forbidden intoxication, he dismissed the servant with a handsome reward and many promises. He then hastened at once to Lin, whom he found, clothed in his robes of violet silk, seated in his room of justice, where he had just sentenced a few beggarly culprits to be strangled. Tsin made the requisite profound obeisance before the Great Minister, and then imparted to him the astounding intelligence he had received. Lin's anger was unbounded, when he learned that two officials of his own suite were guilty of such flagrant disobedience. He at once called his sedan chair, and, bidding Tsin accompany him, set out for the house of Yuen, to verify with his own eyes the disgraceful report. They entered amid the consternation of the servants, who prostrated themselves before the representatives of the Celestial Majesty. Traversing the garden, they entered the little tower, and found Yuen and Thayshing stupefied with opium. The rage of Lin was terrible to witness, and he hastened away to provide for the arrest and punishment of the two criminals.

When Yuen and Thayshing awoke from their drunken sleep, they still reclined on their couches in a dreamy, listless state. A servant found them in this condition when he entered, and handed Yuen a sealed note. Yuen opened it slowly and dreamily, but an electric shock seemed to pass through him as he read.

"Awake, my venerable younger brother," he said to Thayshing. "We have slept too long. Listen to this letter:

"'*My Venerable Elder Brother:*

This will inform you that the smoking of opium has become known to the Great Minister, and that it is no longer possible to cover up men's ears and eyes. The venerable Tsin has betrayed you. A military mandarin and many soldiers have been sent to arrest you.

I wish you tranquillity and promotion.

———.'"

"It is the writing of Chu," said Yuen, "but he is too wise to set his name to it."

At this moment a loud knocking was heard at the front door of the house—so loud and heavy that it reached their ears across the wide expanse of the garden.

"It is the mandarin with his dogs of soldiers," said Yuen.

"We are lost, my venerable elder brother," said Thayshing, stoically. "We must prepare to die."

"You speak as a child," said Yuen, as he arose and adjusted his dress. "Come," he continued, "and see me make these dogs grovel in the dirt."

He walked rapidly across the garden, and entered his hall, followed by Thayshing. Without hesitation, he went to the large door, flung it open, and appeared before the astonished soldiery outside. The military mandarin stood in front, with a large band of shabby men about him, dressed in blue quilted blouses and flat helmets of bamboo or paper. They were armed with swords, shields, and match-locks, and each one was labeled with the word VALOR, inscribed on his back. They crowded forward, anxious to enter such a richly furnished dwelling, where they could gratify their well-known plundering proclivities (a visit from Chinese soldiers was a calamity second only to a conflagration) but they shrank back as quickly before the terrible eye of Yuen.

"Down, you rats!" thundered the Tartar. "Down, and salute."

So fierce was his appearance, and so commanding his voice, that the soldiers simultaneously tumbled down on their knees, and knocked their heads against the ground, amidst a ridiculous clatter of arms. As the soldiers were performing their salute, Yuen dropped some little ingots of gold into the mandarin's hand, muttering at the same time a few words, and immediately retired into his house. In a few moments the officer and his soldiers went away.

Thayshing gazed at Yuen with admiration and sudden confidence.

"How strong you are," he said. "This trouble may yet pass and leave us unharmed."

"You still speak as a child," said Yuen. "We are in mortal danger; but I may yet turn the tempest, and make it overwhelm our enemies. Obey me implicitly, or your head, adorned with a label, shall fall into the rack at the southeastern gate. Stay here quietly till I come again. If other soldiers come, do as you have seen me do."

After making some changes in his dress, Yuen went away. Thayshing sank into a seat and waited, suffering great apprehensions. In about two hours Yuen came back, his eyes blazing with excitement and triumph.

"Where have you been?" asked Thayshing.

"I have been to visit the venerable Tsin," replied Yuen, laughing hideously. "I found him at home, and we discussed our differences. I left him sunk in one of his own fish-ponds, strangled with his own girdle."

"You are playing with sharp weapons," said Thayshing, with emotion.

"Be not afraid; I shall grasp the handle," said Yuen, grimly. "Now, listen. Take a sedan chair, and leave the provincial city at once, by the gate of the Five Genii. If you are detained, use silver or gold. When well outside the city, dismiss the vehicle, and sternly command the bearers to be silent. Then go on foot directly down the river. You will find hills, ravines, and paddy fields, but nothing difficult to traverse. Within fifteen *le*, you will find a pagoda near the bank of the river. Wait there till I join you."

"What will you do here, venerable brother?" asked Thayshing.

"That you will know when I join you," replied Yuen.

Without waiting to go to his own house, Thayshing obtained a sedan chair, and set out on the route laid down for him by Yuen. He passed through the crowded streets undisturbed, with the shrill sound of thousands of voices and the shuffling of myriad feet filling his ears. At the gate of the Five Genii, the guards saluted profoundly, as they perceived the robes of an official in the vehicle. Upon reaching a ravine shaded by trees, Thayshing alighted, and dismissed his bearers, with a liberal reward and an injunction to preserve silence. By this time it was dusk. He crossed the ravine by a foot-bridge, and took a path down the river. There was nothing wild or uncultivated about the country he was traversing. There were extensive rice fields intersected with creeks and canals, on the banks of which were many ingenious contrivances in the shape of water-wheels, levers, and swinging buckets, used for the purposes of irrigation. On higher ground he passed through little groves of trees, among which he distinguished the pomegranate and banana, the mango and mulberry. Once he was startled by a flock of brown doves that fluttered from their leafy resting places. Throughout the country were narrow paths, trodden hard by countless generations of peasants. In the fading light he could see many little villages in the distance, and, beyond, purple hills and peaks sharply outlined against the sky.

Darkness came down, but the faint starlight enable him to pursue his way easily. A strong wind began to blow, and black clouds swept across the sky. He reflected that the southwest monsoon was at hand, and a sort of terror seized him at the thought of exposure during the lightning and rain that accompany its advent. Presently a tall pagoda towered darkly before him on a slight elevation. He passed between two ponds of water covered with green watercress, and ascended the slope. The wind had increased in violence, and he was glad to gain the shelter of the massive stone walls, where he crouched, weary and apprehensive. There seemed to be no human beings near.

Soon he was conscious of a strange, wild melody filling the air. It was sweet, plaintive, and ethereal, and inspired him with superstitious awe. He was convinced that it was the music of disembodied souls on their way to enter other earthly forms. So entranced was he with this mystic music, that he forgot cold and hunger and the passing of time, and was startled when the tall form of Yuen appeared at his side. The Tartar held a drawn sword in his hand.

"Venerable elder brother," said Thayshing, eagerly, "here we can penetrate deeply into the mysteries of Nature. Listen, and you will hear the music of the dead.

They listened breathlessly.

"Venerable younger brother," said Yuen half contemptuously, "at the top of this pagoda are hung a number of silver bells, which, when agitated by the wind, make the sound that has deceived you."

At this moment Thayshing discovered behind Yuen two Chinese bearing a sedan chair.

"Whom have you there?" he asked.

"A hostage," muttered Yuen, "who will either gain us immunity and pardon, or suffer death at our hands. Let him beware who attempts to cope with Yuen. Having made my preparations, I took this vehicle and repaired to the residence of the Great Minister, who was giving a reception to the dignitaries of the provincial city. All were fat and merry, for they had reached the fiftieth course at table. I bribed a Tartar, whom I could trust, to decoy the little son of the Great Minister into the garden. I wore a powerful talisman and it brought me abundant success. But there came with the boy a young damsel, and as I have a prejudice against slaying any but men, I was obliged to take her too. She is Le Awoo, the daughter of Lin. I took them out by an unfrequented path, and placed them in my sedan chair. I have overcome fifty dangers, and I am here. Now we must reach a place of safety, from whence we can negotiate with the Great Minister."

"Venerable elder brother," said Thayshing, "Le Awoo is my betrothed. Our wedding day was set for a month hence."

"I was not aware of that," said Yuen, calmly, "but I deliver the damsel up to you. The boy I shall retain. We will offer to return the hostage alive and well, on condition of a full and free pardon for ourselves. If that fails, there is yet another way to bring the fanatical Great Minister to terms. We will bribe one of the *hwae-heae*, the smuggling boats that are called 'fast crabs,' and join the pirates on the coast. I will obtain command over them, organize a fleet, and commit such terrible depredations, that the sacred Son of heaven himself will have to treat with me. It has been done before, my venerable younger brother, and may be done again. Many years ago the pirate fleet off the coast of Canton numbered six hundred junks, and struck such terror into the hearts of the sacred emperor and his ministers that they were forced to proclaim a general pardon; and the commander of the fleet was granted a high rank in the service of the Celestial Majesty. He was my sacred ancestor, whom I worship."

"Your plans are like the rushing of the typhoon," said Thayshing. "But I have a gentler plan which may save us," he continued. "Le Awoo is dearly beloved by the Great Minister. We will go on until we reach a temple where there are priests, and I will marry her. Then in deep repentance we will return, with the little boy, and the Great Minister will be moved with compassion toward us, and we shall be forgiven. I will then intercede for you, and you, too, will be forgiven, on account of your great abilities."

"You would try to turn back this southwest monsoon with your fan," said Yuen. "Let us hasten forward, before the pursuers are upon us."

Thayshing stepped up to the sedan chair and spoke to Le Awoo, assuring her of her safety, and telling her what he proposed to do in regard to the marriage, to which the frightened girl acquiesced.

They now set out again down the river, and traveled for a long time in silence. The wind howled across the low rice fields, and swept in wild gusts around the rocky hills. The clouds had been rolling up, black and frowning, and presently fierce lightning flashes began to dart across the sky, followed by stunning detonations. The storm was approaching, and would soon burst upon them. Cries of terror and woe were heard from the sedan chair.

"I hope there is shelter near," said Thayshing. "The fury of the storm will soon burst upon us."

Hardly had he spoken when they began crossing a bridge over a small river; and as they reached the other side a vivid flash revealed a small temple near by.

"It is the temple belonging to some inferior town not far away," said Yuen. "Here we can obtain shelter."

As they approached, they saw a dim light streaming from the doorway into the darkness, and heard the low, monotonous chant of the priests at their morning devotions, mingled with the fitful and mournful clang of a bell. They hastened forward, and entered just as a furious shower of rain came rushing down. The yellow-robed priests, many of whom presented a very shabby appearance, gazed at the strangers with great astonishment; but continued their slow perambulations about the altar of Buddha, and their dreary, monotonous chant, while one of their number struck a melancholy bell. Around the walls of the temple were many hideous statues of gods or of sages. One of these had a window in the breast, indicating, presumably, purity of heart. Gorgeous decorations were everywhere visible; and on the altars were incense-urns, flower-vases, and taper-stands.

When the chant was finished, the head priest came forward to greet the strangers, perceiving by their dress that they were notable persons. Thayshing at once expressed his desire that the priest should assist them in performing the marriage ceremony. Although expressing surprise in his looks, the priest signified his entire willingness to officiate; and his alacrity was redoubled by a handsome fee.

Le Awoo and her brother, a boy of six or seven years, now emerged from the sedan chair. The girl was dressed in richly embroidered silks of pink and green, adorned with strings of pearls. The long sleeves of her robe concealed her hands with their costly bracelets. Her pinched feet were encased in beautiful shoes of minute proportions. Her long hair hung in tresses. Her pallid cheeks were daubed with red pigment. The boy was padded with multitudinous garments of costly materials and of gaudy colors.

Amid appalling crashes of thunder they now prepared to perform the marriage ceremony, urged on by Yuen, who declared, however, that all hopes of safety and pardon based on the marriage were vain. He assured Thayshing that pursuers were on their track, and that it was necessary to resume their journey the instant the rain ceased.

When the preparations were completed, Thayshing and Le Awoo offered sacrifices at the altar, and knelt, touching their foreheads many times to the pavement. Then each took a cup of wine, and they stood together before the priest, who proceeded to burn a paper containing the marriage agreement, and mingle the ashes with the wine in the cups. They then bowed thrice to the East, which was already illumined by a pale light, and as they bowed they spilled a little of the wine upon the floor. The next ceremony was the burning of incense, and sacrifices to their ancestors, after which they drank the remaining wine.

These rites occupied a great deal of time, but even the impatient Yuen seemed soothed by them, and remained till the close a silent and absorbed spectator. The little boy had crept close to him, and clung to his robe, frightened and awed. At the conclusion of the ceremony, all were surprised, on looking out, to find that the lightning and rain had ceased, and the gray light of morning had overspread the earth.

As they prepared to depart, they discovered that the chairmen had disappeared. Almost immediately they heard a loud murmur of voices, and saw, to their horror, a large band of soldiers, led by three mandarins, approaching the temple at a rapid pace. With his usual promptness, Yuen hurled the great outer door shut, and secured it with a huge beam which he found in the temple. The frightened priests disappeared through a passage in the rear. A loud voice was heard commanding them to come forth and surrender.

"My venerable elder brother," said Thayshing, "let us go forth and trust to the mercy of the Great Minister. Do you not realize that in thus resisting you are engaging in rebellion against the celestial majesty?"

"To surrender is to die," said Yuen. I shall obtain terms, or, in my fall, carry many down with me in frightful ruin."

Then he called in stentorian tones to the mandarins outside, and a profound silence ensued.

"Venerable brothers," he said, "I hold the son of the Great Minister my prisoner. Go, therefore, and bring us assurance of full pardon, and I will deliver up the boy in safety. If it is not granted, I will behead him without mercy."

Yuen stood with his sword in one hand, alert, ferocious, inexorable, awaiting the result of his ultimatum. With his other hand he grasped the arm of the child, who now began to utter piteous cries.

After a consultation, the mandarins gave orders in a low tone to the soldiers, several of whom were seen directing their matchlocks toward the temple. They did not fire, however, but in a few moments a terrific rush was made at the door, and thundering blows were struck upon it that threatened every instant to hurl it inward. Yuen, thoroughly aroused, seemed to dilate, to tower like a giant. His eyes were like blazing furnaces. He thundered forth warnings and threats, but the assault went on with increased fierceness. The imploring voices of Thayshing and Le Awoo were drowned in the dismal clamor.

Seeing the door give way, Yuen, with a frightful imprecation, seized the boy and raised his sword. The innocent, frightened face and pleading eyes of the child were uplifted to him. A potent thrill of compassion stayed his arm. He threw the boy into Le Awoo's arms and turned away; and, as the door crashed down in fragments, sprang out into the crowd like a tiger, and in an instant had stretched four or five men bleeding on the ground. Amid the confusion and terror caused by his appearance, he dashed away and escaped, followed by a wild volley of iron shot from the matchlocks of the soldiers.

Thayshing and Le Awoo made no resistance, and were captured at once. To his astonishment, Thayshing saw the fat Chu among the assailants. That shrewd official had taken this method of securing the favor of Lin, since it was well known that he had been a friend of Yuen and Thayshing, and therefore, liable to suspicion. The troops returned to Canton with their prisoners, reaching the city in the evening. On the way to the justice room of Lin, through excited crowds, they passed the residence of the unfortunate Tsin, before the doors of which the great blue lanterns of mourning were already hung.

The trial did not occupy much time. There were no exceptions, appeals, or motions for a new trial. The Great Minister, himself, acted as judge in the case. He showed that Thayshing, in addition to the crime of opium smoking, had been accessory to four murders, namely: the official, Tsin, and three soldiers who had died of wounds inflicted by Yuen. Also, in fleeing from the law, and resisting the Imperial troops, he had been guilty of rebellion against the Celestial Majesty, which was punishable by the extreme penalty of the law.

However, by some extraordinary favor, Thayshing did not die by lingering torture, but was simply beheaded. His father, his two little brothers, his grandfather, who had just taken his degree at the Imperial examinations after a lifetime of assiduous study of Confucius, his uncles, and his male cousins were likewise all beheaded, according to the law relating to the crime of treason. The females of the family were sold into slavery. As Le Awoo, by marrying Thayshing, had become a member of his family, she, too, was sold into slavery with the others.

After the escape of Yuen, a great increase in the number of pirates on the coast was noticed, and their depredations became alarming; but the many foreign war vessels that arrived soon after gave a severe check to their plundering operations.

About the year 1848, the British sloop-of-war "Scout," while cruising in the Straits of Formosa, discovered several pirate junks off Chimmo Bay, and at once gave chase. She soon overtook the pirates, and sailing abreast of the largest junk, ordered those on board to lower their sails and surrender. One of the Chinese, becoming frightened, ran to obey the order. The pirate captain, a tall, powerful man, perceived him, and, with a ferocious yell, leaped forward, and cleft the man's head to the neck with a blow of his scimetar. Amidst a fire of muskets and *gingals*, the "Scout" then attempted to close with the pirate in order to board, but was obliged to haul off on account of a shower of flaming missiles of horrible odor, called "stinkpots," thrown by the Chinese, which set the ship on fire. After the flames were extinguished, the "Scout" opened fire with her broadside, and in a few minutes had reduced the junk to a wreck, killed or wounded many of the pirates, and driven nearly all the rest into the water, where they were picked up by the ship's boats. The other junks soon surrendered.

When the British took possession, they found the Chinese captain with both legs shot off. He was taken aboard the "Scout," and his injuries dressed by the surgeon; but the fierce pirate, with a last desperate effort, tore the bandages off, and soon bled to death.

This was, undoubtedly, Yuen himself, who thus ended his life in a characteristic manner.

C. E. B.

TRAVELS IN SOUTH AMERICA.

It was on a fine March morning that I entered the beautiful bay of Rio de Janeiro, after a very pleasant passage of twenty-four days from Southampton, during which I had touched at Lisbon, St. Vincent, Pernambuco, and Bahia. I remained only a few days in the metropolis of the Brazilian Empire, whose description is too well known to need repetition, and then started thence on my excursions to the province of Rio.

I crossed the island-studded bay on a commodious ferry-steamer, and took rail to the fashionable city Petropolis, situated in a beautiful valley two thousand feet above the sea level, surrounded by thickly-wooded hills, abounding in all the noble trees and luxurious plants of the tropical forest. Petropolis is a health resort, and also the summer resort of the imperial family and the foreign diplomatic corps, as well as of the notables of Rio. The railroad from the base of the mountain ridge to Petropolis is constructed on the rack or Rhigi principle, in order to overcome the very steep gradings, which amount to as much as one foot in five.

After a short stay here, I descended the celebrated macadamized road to Entro Rios by stage, and thence I went by rail to Barbacina, passing all the way through the finest coffee and sugar lands. From Barbacina I made a short excursion to the rich mining districts of Ouro-preta (which means "dark gold") and then I traveled on the great Petro Secundo railroad up the fertile valley of Para-hyva-do-sul, a fine, broad stream, but unfortunately not navigable, on account of its many rapids. To the right are the mountains of the Mantiqueira range, with the peak Ytataia towering ten thousand feet in the clouds, the highest elevation of the Brazilian Empire. These mountains are the sources of the river Parana, commonly known as the river Plate (Buenos Ayres).

Crossing into the province of San Pablo, I passed an extensive high plain, the rich lands of which produce excellent crops of coffee, sugar, tobacco, rice, tapioca, and beans, besides fine pasturage for cattle. The city of San Pablo, the capital of the province, lies two thousand four hundred and sixty feet above the level of the sea, and is a fine, thriving place; it has a State University, and is the center and starting point of five different railroads, two of which are being pushed on to the very frontier of Uruguay.

I made several visits to the extensive coffee districts of Rio Clara and Campinos, which produce the fine, mild Santos coffees so much appreciated in Europe. I spent several days under the hospitable roofs of some of the owners of the largest plantations. One of these is named San Gertrudis. Its proprietor, the Conde de Tres Rios, has two hundred and eighty-five slaves. There are six hundred and fifteen thousand fruit-bearing coffee trees, which have yielded in two successive years—1882 and 1883—a crop of sixty thousand *arobas* (fifteen kilograms or thirty-three pounds being a Brazilian *aroba*).

Ybicaba, another of these plantations, is the property of Colonel José de Vergueira. Both the plantation and its amiable host are well known abroad, in consequence of the Colonel's unbounded liberality and cordial hospitality. He served for several years in a Prussian crack regiment of artillery, and, in addition to being a jovial and highly educated gentleman, he is a great linguist. The plantation, with its four hundred and eighty slaves all told, has some of the richest soil under plough for sugar-cane, and one million fruit-bearing coffee trees, which produced last year eighty thousand *arobas.* Some years have produced extra rich crops, amounting to as much as two hundred *arobas* to every one thousand trees. The Colonel is one of the first great land-owners who tried the system of importing free laborers from Europe, paying their passage and giving them house, garden, ground, cattle, and agricultural implements free; in return for which they have to work his plantations from six to eight hours a day. This small colony, consisting chiefly of northern Italians from Piedmont and Lombardy, and some families from Southern Tyrol, were thriving well, and wherever I went I saw happy and contented faces looking out from the windows of their neat cottages, and peeping over the fences of the gardens and paddocks.

I also passed some very pleasant days on the plantations of Baron Itapúra, near Campinas. His four rich estates are spread around that lovely city; they are worked by seven hundred slaves, and produce 100,000 *arobas* of the very best coffee. Speaking of happy faces, I think it my duty to mention that, on all the plantations I visited, I found the poor, maltreated blacks (as the Exeter Hall people and others call them) leading a very contented life, and all whom I questioned about their condition assured me that they were more than satisfied with their lot. They were never overworked by their masters, and they were all cared for in every way. All the married slaves have separate cottages, and paddocks for live stock, which consists of chickens, turkeys, ducks, pigs, and occasionally a cow; the whole well fed and plump—of course from the granaries of their master.

Every morning at six o'clock the gates of the dwelling yards are opened, and out marches a gay crowd of darkies—men, women and children—singing and laughing before they begin the day's work in the fields. They are closely followed by heavily laden oxcarts, carrying an ample supply of provisions for the day. At five o'clock in the afternoon work ceases, and on their return to the cottages, each can employ the remaining hours of the day in amusement, or in the cultivation of his own land.

The proprietors of these large estates keep good bands of music, nearly all of the instruments being imported from Paris. The musicians are instructed by able professors. It was a pleasant surprise to me after dinner, to hear the tones of a martial air, slowly nearing the verandah of Count Tres Rios's handsome villa, then bursting forth into the Austrian national anthem, and executing this stirring piece without a fault. At Colonel Vergueira's, I was treated by his musical slaves to the "Watch on the Rhine."

At Ypanema, on the Sorrocaba railroad, one hundred miles from San Pablo, I visited the far-famed Imperial Iron Works. The exceedingly rich ores (magnetic and manganite, yielding up to 60 per cent.) are taken in different sized boulders from the surface of a neighboring hill, in apparently inexhaustible quantities. In the process of roasting, grayish limestone, which is found adjacent to the mines, is mixed with the iron to free it from sulphur. The melting furnaces are heated by charcoal, of which the surrounding forest woods produce abundance, the iron product being of such an excellent and pure quality that all the casting is done directly from the furnace, instead of going through the second process of cupolaing. I saw fine castings of fences, crosses, railings, grates, and slabs, with inscriptions thereon, executed in the most perfect way. A large proportion of the yield is converted into wrought iron by the old Styrian process, and this material, which is of a very superior quality, is all used in the extensive navy yards of the Brazilian Empire, in Rio. The Ypanema Iron Works were started many years ago for the Government by Baron Varnhagen, a general in the Brazilian army, under Dom Pedro I., and were brought to their present perfection principally by the efforts of his son, the late Conde de Porto-Segura, who, in 1873, was the Imperial Minister to the Court of Vienna. A large cast-iron cross on an immense white sand stone rock, shining through the dark foliage of a tropical forest, about seven hundred feet above the works, is erected in memory of this great industrial benefactor and able statesman.

San Pablo is connected with the busy port of Santos by the Coast Range railroad—a surface wire line leading for 2,600 feet down an inclined plane, at a grade of one in ten, and even one in four feet. There are 7,000 metres of wire ropes, divided into four sections each, which are separately worked by stationary engines. Only three carriages, capable of carrying six tons each, form a train. I was much interested in an iron trestle-work bridge, 168 feet in height and about 1,000 feet long, which spans a ravine, and not only forms a sharp curve, but is also constructed at a grading of one in ten feet, so that there is a difference of 100 feet between one end of the bridge and the other. This railroad is kept in splendid working condition, and by its enormous coffee traffic is able to pay a remunerative dividend to its shareholders.

I left the Brazilian Empire on board the royal mail steamship "La Plata," en route for Monte Vidéo, the capital of Uruguay; but instead of landing there directly, I had the ill-fortune to be condemned to pass three days of the strictest quarantine on a miserable rock called Flores Island, which is twenty miles from Monte Vidéo. I was much surprised that we all escaped the cholera, for the quarantine quarters were most wretched and unclean, the food poor, and the wine very sour—and this at a charge of $2.50 per diem for each first-class passenger.

When we did reach Monte Vidéo I was pleased by its fine harbor, its handsome buildings, forming broad, clean streets, and its extensive system of street cars. As soon as the immense projected works of docks and jetties (only a few months ago begun by English and home capital) shall be finished, the port of Monte Vidéo will rank as the first on the eastern coast of South America, and will enable this city not only to hold its own again against Buenos Ayres, but to draw back a large proportion of the latter's extensive commerce.

The country back of Monte Vidéo consists of the finest grazing lands, well watered, and particularly suitable for grain; the only want is railroads to open the interior. A few years ago several railroads were started from Monte Vidéo, and were pushed on with energy for some time, until suddenly they all came to a dead stop, after having been run some fifteen miles, some twenty miles, and one fifty miles. The reason of this stoppage I could not learn.

My next excursion was to the celebrated works of Fray-Centos (the Liebig Extract of Meat Company), situated on a bold bluff overlooking the noble Uruguay river, here miles broad, and deep enough for the largest sea-going vessels. During the season (which lasts about six months) the establishment slaughters about 150,000 head of cattle, at the rate of 800 to 1100 a day. All is done in a quiet business way, without much outcry and hard words. The victim is lassoed, and drawn by a small winch to a gate with strong iron cross-bars, where one stroke with a broad, sharp pointed knife, inserted in the spinal column, causes instantaneous death. The quivering carcass is then placed upon a truck and passed to the second operator, and so on, passing from hand to hand, until it appears as a dark brown, syrup-like substance under the name of Liebig's extract of meat. Every particle of the carcass is utilized, nothing is wasted, and in this way, by the splendid management of its able director, Charles H. Crocker, it is the best paying enterprise in this line of any in the world, yielding to shareholders, annually, a big dividend. All this, notwithstanding the high prices of cattle, ranging up to fifteen dollars gold per head; prices so high and out of proportion that various large *saladeros* (cattle-killing establishments) were compelled to reduce their working, some even to close entirely, waiting for more favorable times.

At Punto Cerro, opposite to Monte Video, is situated the great dry dock belonging to Cibils Brothers. It is four hundred and sixty feet long by forty-five feet wide at the bottom, and cut out of solid rock—an excellent piece of engineering.

In a luxuriously appointed steamer, I crossed the river Plate (here ninety miles wide), to Buenos Ayres, a very pleasant trip, occupying from five P. M. to seven o'clock A. M. All the latest improvements are to be found on this floating palace—electric lights not only in the saloon, but also in the staterooms; the gorgeous dining saloons are fitted up *á la* Delmonico, and here passengers can regale themselves with a sumptuous repast fully equal to that of the celebrated New York restaurant. The passage money, six dollars, includes dinner, supper, breakfast, and wine *ad libitum.*

From Buenos Ayres (where every one was complaining of dull times), five hours by rail brought me to La Campana, on the right bank of the Parana river, where a steamer was in waiting to carry us to Rosario. Here a very thriving business is carried on, consisting in forwarding all kinds of goods and agricultural implements by rail to the upper provinces of the Argentine Republic. The railroad company is doing a roaring business. I saw piles upon piles of merchandise on the long wharves waiting to be transported, for want of sufficient rolling stock.

From Rosario, I went to Cordova by way of Villa Mercedes, the starting point of the recently opened Mendoza railroad. The line passes through level lands, all under plow. The soil is mostly adapted for wheat, returning crops that before long will equal in quantity those of California. Indeed, I heard several large landowners and farmers question rather despondently how they would be able to dispose of their enormous yield in coming years. I passed through various fair sized settlements of Italian and German immigrants, all apparently in a very thriving condition. Cordova, one of the first cities built by the old Spaniards, is rather a dull place as regards commerce. Besides the State observatory and university, the place is full of churches and monasteries, with a prevailing number of priests and devotees of the fair sex. All the surrounding country shows a barren aspect. There is very little vegetation, for want of a system of irrigation, which might very easily be introduced, were it not for the apathy of the people. The Argentine North Central Railroad has here very extensive machine shops, giving employment to fifteen hundred people. Over this line I went to Tucaman, a distance of five hundred and forty-six kilometers, nearly all on a dead level. The trip was made in two days, as we had to lie over at night at a station called Recreo, which—being in a howling desert, with a very scanty supply of water—means Recreation.

Leaving Cordova, we passed over extensive barren plains. In the distance on our left were the Cordova hills, still rich in good timber, especially the Guebrache (hatchet-breaker) wood, so well appreciated by the railroad company for sleepers that millions of the trees are sent all over the Argentine Republic. Further on we crossed vast alkaline deserts *(salinas)*, and running through the western end of the Grand Chaco, we came into the fertile plains of the Province of Tucuman, watered by numerous streams rushing down from a spur of the main range of the Cordilleras, the perpetually snow-capped peaks of which rise to the height of seventeen thousand feet. The city of Tucuman has a large trade, not only with the adjoining province of Salta, but also in transit to the main business parts of Bolivia; whence in return large *conductas* (mule trains) of silver, the product of the rich mines of Potosi, Sucre, and Cochabamba, are sent down for shipment to Europe. The railroad from Tucuman is in construction through the province of Salta to the very foot of the Andes, and it is hoped that some day it will here be joined by a Bolivian railroad down through the rich center lands of that Republic.

Tucuman is an excellent sugar-producing country. The soil and semi-tropical climate are well adapted for the cane. I visited several large estates, where from six hundred to eight hundred hands were employed, and I found, in large modern buildings, the very best machinery with the latest improvements; nearly all of it was manufactured in Paris. Messrs. Posse Brothers are the owners of the large plantation San Felipe. I saw here a complete set of machinery, including a distillery for high grade alcohol, for which the owners paid the round sum of $100,000 in Europe. The estate produced last year about one hundred and forty thousand *arobas* of fine centrifugal sugar of No. 18 Dutch standard, and will yield a larger number of *arobas* this year. The fine working centrifugas, of which my friends have twelve running, are from a New York establishment. The plantation has under plough about two hundred *quadras* (a *quadra* is 166×166 varas), each *quadra* yielding about ten thousand pounds of sugar cane, rendering from six to eight per cent. of pure saccharine matter. They estimate this year's crop of Tucuman sugar at about four million *arobas*, and it is firmly believed that all foreign sugar will be forced out of the Argentine market.

II.

On the 3rd of June, at four P. M., I left Monte Vidéo on board the fine Pacific Steam Navigation Company's Steamer "Valparaiso." A heavy haze and a drizzling rain prevented me from taking a farewell view of the beautiful city. We went right into the teeth of a roaring southwest *pampero*, and had very rough times for four days, until we reached Cape Virgin, and, by rounding it, ran into the comparatively smooth waters of the Straits of Magellan, which we reached on the eighth, at about one P. M. It is here miles broad, but very little of that bold scenery is to be seen of which so much has been written. At midnight we came to anchor off Punta Arenas, but unfortunately there was no chance of landing and looking over the small but rather stirring place, which was occasionally dimly lighted up by the moon, whenever she chose to show her face out of the surrounding heavy clouds. Several sailing vessels and an American and English gunboat were lying at anchor. We left the settlement at about four o'clock next morning in a heavy snow gale, which lasted several hours, and then, disappearing as suddenly as it came, revealed a beautiful clear sky.

Favored by the finest weather, we soon entered into the most interesting parts of the Straits, which for grand, wild scenery, can only be compared to the splendid fjords of Northern Norway. To our left, towering high above the snow-capped mountains, rose the beautiful imposing peak of Mount Sarmiento, nearly seven thousand feet high, a perfect, sharp cone, with numerous glaciers shining and glittering in dark blue under the rays of the sun. Further on we steamed along Brunswick Peninsula and King Williams' Land to our right, through the narrows of a crooked passage, leaving Saint Iñez Island on our port bows. The mountains nearly all, and most particularly those on the mainland side, rise right out of the water, and attain, in various terraces, heights up to five thousand feet; large, beautiful, blue glaciers coming down their southern slopes. All the lower parts of these mountains, up to abont fifteen thousand feet, are thickly stocked with timber and clothed with brushwood; above this point wide stretches of peat-bogs follow up to the line of perpetual snow, which ranges from three to four thousand feet.

Just after nightfall we passed bold Cape Pillar, and steamed out into the Pacific, which instead of doing honor to its name, received us with a howling gale and a dreadfully rough cross-beam sea, which shook and rolled the good vessel nearly on her beams. Three days after this, we got into a better and warmer climate, and reached the lively port of Lota—a place very well known through its rich coal mines, its extensive copper melting works, and last but not least, by its hospitable proprietress, "Lady Causiño." The park, covering very extensive grounds on the fine, woodland bluffs, which rise abruptly out of the sea, is one of the finest in America, and certainly one of the best kept. The enormous melting furnaces are all in activity, and are turning out day after day large quantities of bar-copper. All the shipments of this metal, however, are unfortunately, since some time ago, making only a dead loss; but the noble-hearted lady suffers this continuous heavy strain on her purse (and they say it amounts to a good many thousand pounds), rather than to stop the works and leave about fifteen hundred people without the means of earning their bread. There are large earthenware works here (they dry all kinds of very good clay right in the neighborhood), which turn out pots, pipes, excellent fire-bricks, and very pretty ornamental work, such as large flower pots, fancy railings, busts, statues, and the like.

Late during the afternoon we left Lota, steaming slowly for Talcahuanna. This place we reached at 9 A. M. A very busy town it is, being the terminus of the great Chilean railroad, that leads from here *via* Concepcion, Chillan, Talo, and Curico, to Santiago, and further to Valparaiso and Talo, a shipping port of large quantities of wheat of a very fair quality. Next morning brought us to our anchorage in the glorious bay of Valparaiso.

After a few days' rest in the large, pleasant city, the business metropolis of the whole west coast of South America, I started by train to Santiago. The line, a very well managed one, leads by Viña del Mar, a fashionable summer resort of Valparaisans, *via* Limache, into the Quillota Valley, and then through deep gorges and over high plains (affording now and then most splendid views of the snow-capped giants of the main Cordillera), down into the fertile, broad valley of Santiago. I reached this after a very pleasant ride of about five hours in a comfortable carriage, and over a smooth and pretty well-kept road.

Too much has already been said and written about the Chilean capital—the really fine, large city; its well-paved and lighted streets; its cheap and good system of tramways, and all its palaces, churches, and other splendid buildings. I will only mention once more a few of its finest attractions and places of public resort, for the preservation and embellishment of which large sums are continually spent in a most liberal way.

The Sarro Santa Lucia is a blackish porphyry rock, rising abruptly from the very heart of the city, and converted by art into one of the most beautiful of promenades and parks. From its highest point (seventy-two meters above the Plaza de las Angostineo, and six hundred and thirty-seven meters above the sea level), there is a magnificent panoramic view over the town, the fertile valley studded with numerous hamlets, and the great snowy range of the Andes. The hill on its several terraces contains some pretty good restaurants, a fair summer theater and arena, a large library building, a chapel, various monuments, and an open swimming bath.

The wide grounds of the Quinta Normal (in this country called a model farm) contain fine botanical and zoölogical gardens, with a good collection of animals, everything managed and kept in a neat way. In the center of the park is situated the magnificent building of the former exhibition, now converted into a national museum.

The great alameda is over a mile long and nearly one hundred yards wide, with its quadruple rows of trees, its running waters (bordering, in two neat channels, the center part of this fine promenade), its well executed statues, and, as a background, the gigantic walls of the Cordillera.

The "Theater Municipal" is one of the finest buildings I ever visited. Its outside does not look very promising, but the interior is fitted up with such a refined elegance, and in such excellent good taste, as I never saw before. All the sitting accommodations are spacious and very comfortable, and the very latest improvements are everywhere applied to warrant a speedy exit in case of any accident.

The magnificent new church of "Recoleta," belonging to the convent of the Dominicans, is built in Basilica style, after the celebrated Roman church of San Palo Fuori la Moora. The immense columns of white marble that support the great portal, as well as the roof of the aisle and transept, were brought over from Carrara, together with thousands of square blocks and slabs of Italian marble, lavished in the construction of this temple.

On the 23d of June, I started for the Baños de Cauquinas. I took the train of the Great Central railroad to a small way station near Rancagua, and proceeded then in a carriage up the wild, romantic valley of the Cachapool river, which rushes its turbulent, foaming waters right down from the very crest of the Cordillera. A very agreeable four hours' drive, in full sight of the snowy range, and catching, every now and then glimpses of the mighty volcano of Maypù, eighteen thousand feet high, brought me to the bathing establishment. This lovely health resort, celebrated for its hot sulphur springs, consists of various modern-built lodging houses, with all the latest improvements, containing luxuriously fitted up saloons and rooms for about three hundred guests. All the houses are hovering on the edge of a high precipice, at the bottom of which, in a dark ravine, comes thundering down over immense boulders the Cachapool river, and from every place the searching eye meets the snow-capped peaks of the Andes. Three very pleasant days I spent here, as the guest of the amiable proprietors of the baths, who also own a great many miles of the surrounding lands; and of the new lessee—all hospitable gentlemen, who tried their best to make my stay as agreeable as possible. I made a very interesting excursion on horseback to one of the Messrs. Soto's haciendas, situated high up in the Cauquinas pass, and having in its vicinity some very rich iron mines. From this place I enjoyed a splendid panorama of the wild scenery of the main Cordillera.

Shortly after my return to Santiago I went by railroad *via* San Fillipe to Santa Rosa de los Andes, the terminus of the line, and starting point of the main highway (or rather, trail) over the Uspallata Pass to Mendoza. This is the only pass practicable all the year around—though travel across it during winter time is considered very dangerous, and only to be ventured on foot, occupying at least eight days, while in summer time one performs the trip from Santa Rosa to Mendoza easily in three days. At Las Vegas station, the switching-off point for trains to Los Andes, I had a magnificent view of the gigantic masses of Mount Aconcagua, 23,600 feet, the highest elevation on the American continent, lifting its broad, table-like summit high above all the snowy ranges of the Cordilleras. Up to a not very remote time, this mountain has been taken for a volcano, and still in the mouth of the country people all around, it goes under the name of "El Volcano": they know all about a river Aconcagua, but nothing of a mountain bearing the same name. Only lately, by dint of careful investigations, the contrary has been proved: on no place of this giant signs of volcanic eruptions could be traced. The main rock of it is variegated porphyry (the chief backbone of the Andes everywhere), and towards the top, chalk formations.

A very charming place Santa Rosa is picturesquely nestled in the fine, fertile valley of the Aconcagua river, surrounded by orchards and rich vineyards, which produce a very fine quality of grapes, among them the well-famed "Vino de los Andes." From this place I made a trip up the pass to the Resguardia of Rio Colorado (Chilean Custom Guards), where I found very good quarters in the hospitable house of the amiable Commandante, Colonel Don M. Manuel. Next morning I made an excursion on horseback, accompanied by a trustworthy guide, high up the pass. I visited the interesting Salto Soldado, an immense fissure in the porphyry rock, about two hundred feet deep, nearly one half a mile long, by only ten to fifteen feet wide, the spurs of two gigantic mountains having closed in a small valley *bolsa* torn asunder by one of those tremendous volcanic convulsions of the earth. Through this infernal ravine is rushing the Rio Blanco, one of the main branches of the Aconcagua, whose turbulent waters are running down from the snow and ice fields of mighty Yuncal. The story goes that years ago, during one of the frequent revolutions, a soldier on horseback, very closely pressed by his pursuers, saved himself by forcing his animal to jump this dark chasm. Nearly to the very foot of the Yuncal we continued our ride, followed for over an hour by a whole crowd of condors, who, circling and hovering high above us, apparently only waited for our tumbling down one of those fearful, deep precipices, or in some other fashion coming to grief, to make a good square meal out of us and our horses. Turning a sharp corner, we came in full sight of the mountain giants Yuncal and Uspallata, but received such an awful snow storm right in our faces, coming howling down from the icy peaks of the Cordillera, that we had to return as fast as possible for dear life. I perceived several good lodes of copper ores in the rocks alongside my trail, some of them with silver-bearing veins. Near the guard house my host is working a mine with good success; various specimens I, myself, picked up, which show rich in copper and silver.

I returned *via* Santa Rosa by rail to Valparaiso, and left this city on the 16th of July on board the fine steamer "Columbia," *en route* for Mollendo. At Coquimbo, we find ancored in the bay the Japanese frigate "Tsukuba," Captain Arridje, a gentleman whose acquaintance I had had the pleasure of making in Tokio during a visit in '81. Captain Davis, of the "Columbia," and I paid him a visit, and passed on board a very pleasant hour. We looked all over the very well kept ship. She is a midshipman schoolship, and on a somewhat long cruise, with about forty of these young gentlemen on board. We had time to make, besides, a short trip to La Serena, a very fine looking, clean town of about sixteen thousand inhabitants, reached by railroad from Coquimbo in twenty-five minutes.

On our voyage further on, we had occasion to cast a look over Antofogasta, Yquique, and Arica. Trade in the first two places named was rather depressed, on account of the low prices of nitrate of soda, the consequence of an immense over production. Arica shows more busy life. The Chilean government is making strong efforts to make this the main introducing and shipping port for Bolivia, *via* Tacna and Tacora Pass, in strong competition with the Mollendo, Puno, and lake road.

Late in the afternoon of the 23d, we anchored off Mollendo. It is rather a dangerous landing, but I managed to get myself, bag and baggage, on the wharf without a ducking. On the next morning's train (7 A. M.), I started for Arequipa. Running along the sea beach, we passed Mejia, the old port (or rather open roadstead); a little later, Ensenada Station, and now we began to ascend into the foothills to Tanbo, 1,000 feet elevation, leaving the fine and fertile Tanbo valley to our right down below. From here we steamed up to Posco, 1,830 feet high, and Cachendo, 3,250 feet high, in long, splendidly constructed serpentine lines of railroad, gradings from three to four per cent., without tunnels or viaducts, and with scarcely any artificial embankments, continuously rising along the mountain slopes, here pretty well covered with grasses and bushes. I saw splendid geraniums and heliotropes (the latter in bushes six feet high, with lilac blossoms of the most delicate perfume) growing abundantly along the road. Just before reaching Cachendo Station, we turned a sharp corner in a deep cut, and the glorious sight of the great middle Cordillera, with the snow-covered peaks of Coropuna, 22,800 feet high, Charchani, 19,800 feet, Misti, 18,650 feet, and Pichupichu, 17,800 feet, burst upon my eyes. The last three mountains, surrounding Arequipa, stood out so very clearly against the dark blue sky, and apparently so near, that I fancied them in the immediate neighborhood.

From this station to Vitor, 5,350feet high, a distance of forty-two miles, the steadily rising line runs over a desolate alkaline plain, with not a spark of vegetation, covered only with large boulders of reddish and blackish porphyry, slate sandstones, and granite, the last in a sad state of decomposition. Higher up the mountain, the road is forced through barren rocks of whitish tufas, porphyries, granite sandstones, and copper-bearing marl slates. At last, at Station Tiavaya, 6,850 feet, we got the first glimpses into the green valley of the Arequipa river. Further on the many towers and high church-buildings of the town itself came into sight. A few minutes later, after crossing the iron bridge, the train runs into the fine station 7,550 feet above the sea, of the famous city of Arequipa.

I remained fully eight days in this highly interesting and very pleasantly situated place. The large, new cathedral, built entirely of square blocks of white trachytish tufa, is considered one of the finest buildings in South America, notwithstanding the different styles of its architecture, and forms the main side of the large principal square.

This plaza, with the garden in the middle full of gay flowers and shrubs, and four fountains (one in each corner), overshadowed by the splendid white cone of Misti, and the three-peaked, gigantic Charchani, is closed in on the other sides by substantial buildings, all with "portals," under which a lively retail trade is carried on. The interior of the cathedral contains a new pulpit, beautifully carved out of solid oak, a perfect masterpiece of French art, executed in Lilla, 1879, the noble gift of a pious Arequipan lady. Pretty near the town is situated the lovely village of Tingo, renowned for its mineral baths, and much frequented by wealthy citizens as a summer residence. Up to my arrival, it was still the head-quarters of ths Chilean forces.

The consequences of the fearful earthquakes of 1868 can still be perceived in heaps of shapeless ruins all around the town, and nearly every church and house still bears traces of that tremendous convulsion of the earth.

From Arequipa, the main trail up over the great table-lands departs—reaching from eleven thousand even to fourteen thousand feet high, bordered on one side by the unbroken, snowy ranges of the western Cordillera, and on the other by the even loftier peaks of the eastern chain. It leads through the sterile, cheerless, icy cold *Despoblados* to Cuzco, the old Inca capital. A considerable traffic is carried on from Arequipa to Cuzco in all kinds of dry goods, liquors, provisions, etc., etc.; and as a return, silver ores, cinchona bark, cocoa, and principally alpaca and sheep's wool. The only way of forwarding the goods and produce is on muleback (a good, sound mule carries twelve *arobas*, and makes the journey in fourteen to eighteen days); or the back of llamas, each of which carries only four *arobas*, and does the trip in about five or six weeks.

From Arequipa I started by railroad to Puno. The train, after leaving the station, soon crosses the valley of the broad river (on a fine iron trestle bridge sixty-six feet high and one thousand feet long), and ascending in sharp curves, winds around the base of Charchani through sterile masses of boulders and conglomerates. At the station Aguas Calientas, we have risen in twenty-six miles to 9,500 feet above the Pacific level. Here is the main and only depot of fire-wood for the locomotives and also for the town supply; the wild olive tree growing around in ravines and *barancas* furnishes this fuel. The next eighteen miles, to Punto de Minos, 12,300 feet high, have the steepest, most wonderfully constructed gradings and sharp curves; about four miles above Aguas Calientas five long, winding turns of the track, one above the other, can be seen. One small tunnel is passed in this section, the only one on the whole line, four hundred and eight feet long and seventeen feet high, cut through some very soft slate rocks. At Punto Arenos we are right in the middle range of the Andes; no watershed; no sierras; the land forming numerous terraced plains, varying from nine thousand to fourteen thousand feet high, and stretching towards east and west for miles and miles. Isolated mountains, mostly active or extinguished volcanoes, are scattered irregularly over the plains.

Higher and higher up those plateaus the train winds. The only vegetation the eye meets is some specimens of the cactus family, similar to those found in Mexico, Southern California, and Arizona. The wooden stem of the Cereï Cardon, growing twenty feet high and more, is used as fire-wood, but principally by the poor natives for constructing the frame-work and roof of their miserable huts. The nopal—the same plant on whose leaves in Guatemala and Teneriffe the cochineal is cultivated—here on these old, exposed heights only produces its "Indian figs," *tunas*, which are highly appreciated by the poorer class of people as food. To the extreme limits of all vegetation, up close to the line of perpetual snow, still grows the Yareta, a dense, resinous moss, only a few inches above the ground, but a foot and more below the earth. The moss, when dried, serves as an excellent fuel, the principal one besides the *taquia* (Llama dung) used all along the line to Puno, and anywhere around in the country.

Through some deep cuts, through gray tufas, gneiss, and green stone rock, over a wide precipice at Punto Sumbay, at an elevation of 13,413 feet, where the iron bridge is 175 feet high by 286 in length, we reached towards evening Vincocayo, ninety-six miles from Arequipa, and 14,360 feet above sea-level. Here we had to stay over night, provided with every comfort, and even the luxuries of a first-class hotel, which establishment the railroad company has erected here, and farmed out to a very competent landlord. Bitter cold it was during the night, and next morning at six o'clock, when I arose, after a poor slumber, much disturbed by attacks of *sorroche*, I found the water in my pitcher and wash basin frozen into solid lumps of ice. At seven A. M., after being warmed up by several cups of steaming tea, mixed nearly half and half with something stronger than milk, we left again in the train, and soon reached Crucero-Alto, one hundred and eighteen miles from Arequipa, at 14,666 feet elevation. This is the highest point of the road, and, up to the present time, the highest ever traversed by locomotives and trains, as the section through the great Cumbre tunnel, on the Oroya railroad, is not yet finished. Just here we came in full sight of the smoking volcano, Ubinas, 16,980 feet high, lying about forty miles away to our right. Now gradually descending, we wound around the mountain lakes of Soracocha, 13,595 feet, and Cachipascana, 13,585 feet above the sea, to Santa Lucia, one hundred and forty-eight miles from Arequipa, and 13,250 feet high, the breakfast station for passengers—and a very poor breakfast they gave us. In close vicinity to the next station, Maravillos (13,000 feet high), on a creek, the outlet of the two lakes, are situated the very fine crushing and ore-reducing works recently built by the Puno Railroad Company. Numerous quite rich silver mines are worked in the barren looking mountains around. Juliaca, 12,550 feet high, is the switching-off point for the Cuzco line of railroad, now finished and in good working order as far as Santa Rosa, 13,100 feet high, a distance of eighty-two miles.

A long winding around the hills, running nearly all the way on a dead level, brought us to Puno, 12,540 feet high, from which place the train runs directly down to the wharves, alongside of which the two small screw steamers are moored, ready to carry passengers and freight across the Lake of Titicaca, at an elevation of 12,505 feet. These steamers have a freight-carrying capacity of about one hundred and twenty tons, and accommodation for twenty-four first-class passengers. The oldest of them was years ago brought up to Puno in pieces from Tacna on mules' and llamas' backs, over the fearful rough Cordillera of Tacora, the pass of which reaches to 15,000 feet in elevation — an achievement which, at that time, a great many people thought so impossible that it was ridiculed even in several European papers.

The shallow banks of the lake are covered with a thick growth of tall rushes, out of the material of which the Indians construct their *bolsas.* These rush thickets are lively with thousands of waterfowl. On a very sandy beach in a small inner bay, I saw a good many scarlet-plumed flamingoes and rose-colored spoonbill cranes, all of them keeping entirely aloof from the crowd of other birds. Strange to find these creatures, which generally live only in warm climates, here in this cold altitude. At no other place on the lake wherever I passed did I encounter them again.

Even around the wharf the water of the lake is so shallow that the small steamer, which only draws about six feet when fully loaded, can take in only one-half of her cargo at the wharf, and then must proceed through a narrow artificial channel, about a mile and a half long, which is kept open by constant dredging, farther out into deeper anchorage. Here, by means of launches, the rest of the cargo is brought alongside and taken in.

Towards nightfall we got under way, and steamed slowly out into the vast sheet of water which glittered like silver in the moonlight. It was bordered on our right (the opposite banks are not visible) by sterile rocks and hills of reddish porphyry, trachytes, and clayish slates, rising nearly all abruptly out of the lake to a height of from one thousand to twelve hundred feet. Next morning at eight o'clock we anchored off Copocabana, a small town on the large peninsula of the same name, which belongs already to Bolivia. Here is the shrine of Our Virgin of Copocabana, far famed all over the Andes provinces of Peru and Bolivia. Thousands and thousands of pilgrims, not only poor Indians, but also a great many of the best families, particularly from La Paz and surrounding villages, unite here every year during the great church feasts in August.

Soon we started again, and we kept up steam pretty well with *taquia*, the only fuel available, a fresh supply of which we had taken over, packed in large sacks. True, the smell of the smoke is very unpleasant—rather repugnant at first; but men get accustomed to everything here in these remote countries. At all events, you are obliged to rough it or stay at home.

At about ten o'clock A. M., the fine panorama of the immense snow-capped range of the eastern Cordillera gradually began to rise on the horizon, from the gigantic Illampo Sorata, 21,200 feet high (set down in a good many older works as the highest mountain of the American continent), and the sharp-cut pyramid of Huaina Potozi, 20,200 feet high, to the magnificent three-peaked Illimani, lying farthest to the south, and in its highest point (the southern) towering 21,300 feet towards heaven. By eleven A. M. we steamed through the Straits of Taquina—only about five hundred yards wide, formed by the peninsulas of Copocabana and Hachacacha—into the smaller part of the lake known under the name of Vinamarca. After we had passed the straits, the glorious sight of the long chain of all the mountain giants, with their extensive fields of perpetual snow, and their large glaciers creeping down the sides, presented itself, apparently in the immediate vicinity, and proved to me such an attraction that for hours I was unwilling to move my eyes from it. Only one great drawback again—no vegetation covers the lower part of the western slope of this Cordillera; everywhere, with very rare exceptions, the eye meets only barren rocks; whereas the western declivities of this part of the Andes are covered with the most luxuriant vegetatation.

From here all the many head streams of the mighty Amazon river are collecting their waters, and then rushing through dark, deep ravines, full of cascades and roaring cataracts, down to the great Brazilian plains. A comparatively very small number of streams and streamlets seek their way down into the Lake of Titicaca, and it is a very well known fact that its waters are gradually receding.

At three P. M. we steamed alongside the wharves of Chililaya—or, as it is now called, Puerto Perez—a small hamlet, where are located the Bolivian Custom House and several commercial establishments, chiefly for receiving and forwarding all kinds of goods. An awfully desolate place it is, with about one hundred adobe houses and miserable mud huts, and no trees, not even a single tuft of grass; only along the beach, rushes and rushes again—and even those half frozen to death by the icy cold that comes howling down from the immense snow-fields of the Cordillera at nightfall.

The next morning I started on my journey to La Paz, in a good, strong, American-built buggy, drawn by a pair of mules. Over a well-kept road, continuously rising again, I passed on to a wide, high plain, on which were three or four good-sized villages and an abundant sprinkling of Indian hamlets and ranches. By help of good irrigation (several creeks well fed by the melting snow and ice masses of the Potosi range flow through this plateau), the hard working Indians have forced the soil to yield to them, even at this considerable altitude of thirteen thousand feet, crops of barley, potatoes, and alfalfa, the green fields of which I passed on each side of the road. A seven hours' good driving, during which I changed three times for fresh animals, brought me to the Alto, an immense bluff; sixteen hundred feet below which, directly under my feet, in a broad ravine, was spread the city of La Paz. A very pretty sight it was—deep down below, the grayish groups of the houses of the town, divided by the gulch of the river, and relieved here and there by green patches of fields and meadows, as well as by the trees and blooming shrubberies of the Alameda park, and having as a gigantic background the splendid white masses of Illimani. Descending down an excellent serpentine road—a masterpiece of engineering, indeed—and, further on, through the narrow, crooked lanes of the outskirts and the streets of the city itself, which were quite pretty, I reached my hotel.

I remained a good eight days at La Paz de Ayacucho—as its full name now is—and found the climate, notwithstanding its high elevation of 12,110 feet, much milder than I expected at such an altitude. This must be due to its sheltered situation in a deep ravine, which produces a comparatively warm and steady temperature. For this very reason I encountered a good many people suffering from affections of the lungs, who all came to La Paz as to a kind of health resort, and, as I found out, even if they did not much improve in health, they never grow worse there.

Years and years ago, they began the construction of a large cathedral on the great plaza. The designs promised one of the finest churches in South America. The chief building material was a whitish crystalline gypsum, capable of fine polish, which gives it a marble-like appearance. For a few years they worked with a hearty good will; the building showed already its splendid outlines several yards above the ground. Then, all of a sudden, a dead stop occurred, and every thing was left. Since then time and weather have been pretty busy to destroy again whatever was constructed with great expenditure of labor and lavishing of money. Gradually, one by one, the fine arches and walls are tumbling down again.

The large market halls offer every morning a highly interesting picture of genuine Indian life. Members of all the different tribes, mostly women, in their picturesque, gay ribboned head dresses, and dark, homespun, coarse, woolen garments, are seen to flock down from their remote hamlets, often many leagues away, to unite at the *Mercado*. They bring for sale their scanty produce of barley, potatoes, hot pepper, *aji*, and *taquia* fuel (all the kitchen fires are kept burning merely by means of this obnoxious stuff). Other Indians arrive from the rich Yungas valley, about thirty miles away, and at least five thousand feet lower down, leading their mules and llamas, heavily laden with the finest and choicest fruits of the tropical zone, which they sell at astonishingly low prices.

La Paz numbers now about eighty thousand inhabitants; and a good many large business houses carry on here a lively trade with the surrounding country and neighboring provinces. Cocoa is widely cultivated in the provinces of Yungas valley, of Totorobamba, and Totoral, for home consumption and export; and bark cinchona, of best calisaya quality, is produced now in large plantations, in the semitropical valleys of Sorata and Yungas. These are the main staples of exportation. The various rich mines of the country, besides, yield large amounts of silver, copper and tin. A good deal of wool is also produced every year, but nearly all is used by the Indian population. Only very little alpaca wool finds its way to the foreign markets. Coffee and cocoa, both of which are of excellent quality, are grown on the eastern slopes of the Cordillera, and are scarcely produced in sufficient quantity to meet the demand for home consumption. The same is to be said of the splendid wine pressed out of the luxurious grape of the Yungas. The rich and delicate Pedro Jimenez, of the best vintage, appeared to me fully equal to its Spanish namesake.

I undertook several excursions into the very heart of the main Cordillera. On horseback, and accompanied by a skillful guide, I went along fearful trails, scarcely fit for a llama or cargo mule—some only from twelve to eighteen inches wide, having on one side a sheer precipice several hundred, and often a thousand feet deep, and on the other side the walls of the cold towering rocks. Right up to the line of perpetual snow, here about sixteen thousand feet, we went, and had the good luck to meet several flocks of the fine, but exceedingly timid vicuñas—so very much valued for their precious wool. These pretty animals were cropping the scanty grasses and mosses on the steep slopes, and rushed off like lightning the moment they caught sight of us.

Regarding the aborigines, one peculiar fact most particularly struck me: it is the strong inclination to industry of almost all women among the Andes Indians. I met them on the march, saw them carrying heavy loads, squatting down for rest and a social chat, or offering their products in the markets; and at all such times I noticed that they kept their hands busy turning a rough wooden spindle, spinning into a coarse yarn their common, home-dyed red or blue wool.

On my return voyage to Puno, just after passing the Straits of Yaquina, near Copacabana, I got the full benefit of one of the "bursters," so much dreaded here. Roaring and thundering, it came down on us with such a mass of snow and sleet, that we scarcely could see fifty feet ahead; and for over an hour it handled our frail little steamer, with its rather suspicious leaky boilers, in a fearful way, giving to nearly all of us poor passengers a pretty smart attack of sea-sickness.

In Puno, I had to remain two days, awaiting the dispatching of a train to Arequipa. The Chilean forces had evacuated the former town ten days before, and the troops of General Canavaro (Aceristas) had immediately marched into it. The old Indian town of Puno is situated on the base of a barren hill, sloping down to the large shallow bay of the lake; its straight, well paved streets meet at right angles, and contain a good many neat looking dwelling houses. The venerable old Cathedral, occupying a conspicuous place on the main plaza, appears to have been erected during the very first years of Spanish rule. Its broad, high façade is covered with very queer stone cuttings and carvings. A great many stores and commercial houses in the town carry on a lively trade with Bolivia and into the large province of Cuzco. Wool, hides, and skins are the chief staples of return remittance. Some silver mines—of sulphurets and pyrites—recently reopened in the neighborhood, work very well, and turn out a good profit.

I remained only one night in Arequipa, arriving two days after its occupation by General Canavaro's forces, and hastened back to Mollendo by next morning's train. I arrived just in time to catch the P. S. N. Co. steamer, "Ayacucho," bound for Callao—and a piece of great good luck it was, for a few days later this port was declared closed by the Lima government. A very pleasant, short voyage brought me next Saturday morning safely to Callao, and by one of the two lines of railroad plying between the port and the capital (each line running trains every alternate hour all the day long), I proceeded directly to Lima.

I found Lima, once famed as the beautiful, gay paradise, rather dull and subdued. The unfortunate civil war raging still around the country, and up to the very neighborhood of the city, paralyzed all trade and enterprise. Like a heavy-laden storm-cloud, the fear of an immediate outbreak within the very walls of the town, with all its horrors of a bloody street fight, was hovering over the heads of the citizens. The inevitable catastrophe at last came. From the small hours Wednesday morning of the 27th of August until after two P. M. of the same day, we had the most fearfnl fighting inside the unhappy town. The particulars and results of that day's work are too well known to be repeated here. For over six hours I had to hear the whistling of bullets right and left through the balconies of my hotel-rooms, and one had to be most careful to keep his head close inside the walls. With wonderful celerity the triumphant government of General Iglesias, immediately after the combat, took steps for pacification of the city and surrounding provinces, and to reopen the long blockaded Oroya railroad and its communications to Carro de Pasco. Eight days after the fight, thanks to the great energy of the government, and to the strenuous efforts of the leading manager of the railroad, the whole line up to Chicla was again in good working condition.

I had the pleasure of traveling over this tract on the second train. From Lima to Chicla the road rises continuously, nearly 12,000 feet on a distance of only seventy-eight miles—the most interesting and stupendous price of railroad engineering I ever saw, by far beating the great roads over the Sierra Nevada and the Rocky Mountains. Ascending the broad, fertile valley of the Rimac, we soon passed some very large sugar-cane plantations in the most luxurious growth. By means of a most perfect system of irrigation, and *no rain*, the right quantity of moisture needed at each stage by the cane can be regulated exactly. The fields produce eight per cent., and even nine per cent., of sugar, a yield to be had no where else. In Central America, the West Indies, and Spanish main, as well as in Brazil and Tucuman, six per cent. is considered a very good crop. From Chosica station, thirty-three and one-half miles from Lima, at 2,831 feet elevation, the chief gradings and great curves of the line begin. Tunnel after tunnel (most of them cut in sharp curves through the solid rock—porphyry, granite, gneiss, and sand-stone), alternate with splendid iron trestle-work bridges, spanning yawning chasms and deep gulches, showing far down below the foaming waters and roaring mountain torrents. The fine, great viaduct of Verrugas appears in its light, elegant forms, just like a gigantic spider-web thrown over the immense abyss. Between Matucana station, at 7,788 feet elevation, and Rio Blanco, at 11,543 feet, the most stupendous gradients occur, and these are overcome, not by curves, but by regular zigzag windings, and an excellent system of reverse tangents. Of course, under these circumstances, the trains can only be made up of a limited number of cars, say three or four freight and two passenger wagons. Traffic is open only as far as Chicla. From here on everything has to go by mules or llamas to Carro de Pasco, a good three days' hard riding over fearfully rough trails. Once the celebrated Cumbre tunnel through Mount Meiggs, four thousand yards long, and in its center point reaching an elevation of 15,658 feet above Pacific level, is finished, it will mark the greatest height up to which human ingenuity has forced the locomotive.

One great fact which struck me, wherever and whenever I had the pleasure of travel over these Peruvian railroad lines, was, the splendid working condition into which they were put again and kept; not only the engines and rolling stock, but principally the road and its ballasting. These achievements in so very short a time after all the expenses of foreign and civil warfare, after the wanton destruction of sections of line, stations, and rolling stock (the ruins and wrecks in Mollendo and along the beach give still a sad picture of what happened during the unfortunate war), bear a lasting testimony to the splendid management of those railroads and the ability of their directors.

Louis Degener.

SONG.

Drifting northward the rain-clouds pass,
Leaving the grass
Cool and damp,
Then at the sun the poppies kindle
Each its lamp.

Love, remember not cloud nor rain;
Smile again.—
My heart lies
Waiting, with all its flowers unkindled,
For your eyes.

E. C. Sanford.

HAWAIIAN VOLCANISM.

THE Island of Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Island group, has two volcanoes—Kilauea, the one usually visited by travelers, and Mauna Loa. As Kilauea is not a separate mountain, but a crater, apparently, at the base of the mountain Mauna Loa, the idea commonly entertained has been, and still is, that Kilauea and Mauna Loa are really one volcano, with two orifices or vents. But since these two orifices or vents are twenty miles apart measured horizontally, and ten thousand feet apart, measured vertically (for Mauna Loa is one thousand feet higher than Kilauea), and do not sympathize with each other in any way—their activity and quiescence periods neither always synchronizing with each other, nor always failing to synchronize, but occurring wholly without regard to each other — the conclusion is nearly inevitable that Kilauea and Mauna Loa are without liquid connection at subterranean depths. For the laws of hydrostatics would require, in case such liquid connection did exist, that the ten thousand feet taller column of molten lava should run out at the orifice of the shorter column, which has only the pressure of the atmosphere to prevent its rising and flowing all abroad. With the fiery liquid filling the Kilauea, or shorter arm of the volcanic syphon, specifically heavier, volume for volume, than that filling the longer, or Mauna Loa arm, this same shorter arm might indeed balance the longer; but the two lavas do not, as a matter of fact, seem to be of different specific weight, but, on the contrary, seem to be exactly alike. It is impossible to discover that, on reaching the surface of the earth, either is any more dense or any more aerated than the other. So clear and demonstrable, indeed, did it seem to Captain Dutton, of the United States Geological Survey, that Kilauea and Mauna Loa are not one volcano, but two, that he made it a premise on which to rest the general conclusion that, whatever else terrestrial volcanoes may or may not be, they are *not* orifices connecting, by means of subterranean channels, with a molten interior of the earth; and that the interior of the earth is, in all likelihood, therefore, not molten, but solid.

Kilauea is, properly and strictly speaking, a caldera rather than a crater. The difference between a crater and a caldera is, that a crater is an opening in the earth's crust, through which liquid lava rises up to the surface, and thence flows forth like a stream of water from a fountain; while a caldera is a depression in the earth's crust, which the movement of a subterranean column of molten lava has created, by causing the crust to fall in above it, the top of the molten lava column remaining, with slight variation, at the height of the floor of the caldera, and seldom rising higher. Thus, when one reaches the "volcano," as Kilauea is usually called, the spectacle which meets the view is that of an immense basin, with nearly perpendicular sides, three miles across, nine miles around, and six hundred feet deep. The floor of this basin is blackened lava, lifted up, in one place, into jagged cones, and perforated also with two holes, which are really sub-basins, holding the liquid fire. The most noticeable thing about these pools of molten rock is, that the surfaces of them are continually crusting over by cooling; while the crust thus formed, having reached a certain thickness, breaks into fragments, and plunges into the fiery sea beneath, and is remelted. Cooled lava has a greater specific gravity than lava in its molten state; a cooled fragment, therefore, on the surface of a reservoir of the molten material, immediately sinks into the fiery mass and becomes liquid again.

Chemically, lava is chiefly silicate and oxide of iron, with ten per cent. made up of a variety of materials. Mineralogically, it is basalt; and the ancient lava of the island of Hawaii has assumed in some cases a columnar structure, as shown by the pentagonal and hexagonal prisms, much like the famous basaltic columns of the Giant's Causeway, which have been actually found on the eastern slope of the island. Still, the rock of Hawaii, even the oldest part of it, that meets the ordinary view, is basaltic lava rather than basalt proper. A mineral, in the technical sense of the word, the writer has never seen on this island, except within the crater of Mokuaweoweo, on the summit of Mauna Loa, where, as part of a vein that has pushed itself up through a rift in the wall of that famous caldera, is to be beheld and handled a mineral proper: a rock, *i. e.*, utterly without vesicles, and compact. Everything in the shape of stone on the Island of Hawaii is lava of some sort.

This universal Hawaiian material is, in general, porous and friable, whenever it has passed from liquid to solid in contact with the atmosphere, under no pressure except that of the atmosphere; and tough and hard, whenever it has passed from liquid to solid deep down and under the titanic pressure of a superincumbent mass. It makes a good deal of difference, too, both as to the interior compactness of lava and its external appearance, whether it has cooled slowly or rapidly. The Hawaiians themselves, even in their days of ignorance, took note of the fact that the lava about them was of two principal sorts: *pahoehoe*, or smooth lava, which seems to have become what it is by slowly parting with a portion of its heat in its reservoir or viaduct condition, and then with the remainder on coming in contact with the atmosphere, and *aa*, or rough lava, which seems to have become what it is by being suddenly thrown out into the coolness of the atmosphere, with all its original heat still in it, and so to have been compelled to pass from liquid to solid very rapidly. This sort of lava, the *aa*, is in rocky fragments, of contour and superficies the most irregular and jagged conceivable.

The exact temperature of molten lava has never been ascertained. All that the present writer is able to say about the matter is, that fragments of solid lava have been melted in a blacksmith's forge, and that soft iron, suspended in an oven-shaped cavity, a few inches above a pool of liquid Kilauea lava, fused in about five minutes. This shows that the temperature of the liquid lava was at least three thousand degrees Fahrenheit, and, perhaps, much more. In spite of its enormous heat, however, the same molten lava cools and stiffens readily and rapidly, whenever brought into contact with the cold of the external air, or with anything else, in fact, that is a good heat absorbent. Thus the scum floating on the surface of a boiling lake of liquid lava, borne upward into the air by the steam and gas issuing from below, is drawn out, as it is carried aloft, into the fine threads of glass, called *Pele's hair*, which has been found strewing the streets of Hilo, Hawaii—a distance of sixty miles from the molten pool, from the surface of which it took wings and mounted upwards; the filamentous silica in question had been wafted all that way by the currents of the upper air: while a group of hollow lava pillars, fifty miles away from the volcanic sources of the island, are thicker, in each and every case, on the side towards the mountain, than on the side from it, and moulded interiorly, also, as if tree-trunks were the patterns giving them shape—an ample evidence that the ancient lava stream flowed among and around the trees of a forest, and that the sappy greenness of these ancient trees absorbed the heat from the coating of stiffened lava formed around each tree trunk that stood in the path of the fiery river; that the absorption of heat was greatest on that side of the tree-obstructions where the motion of the burning current would put the largest number of heated particles in a position to have their heat taken from them; and that the liquid mass outside these several tree-coatings flowed away, leaving the lava-petrifactions thus formed upright and exposed to view.

Hawaiian volcanoes afford opportunities of investigation even to the general observer, especially and above all when they are in a condition of eruption; particularly if the eruption develops into a lava stream. A flow from an active volcano is an opportunity not to be thrown away, for examining the general subject of terrestrial volcanism. Little flows in Kilauea — small lava streams, running about in the blackened floor bounded by the nine miles of perpendicular wall—are by no means uncommon; although a flow from Kilauea, of sufficient size to stretch for miles over the adjoining country, is an event that has occurred only twice since our knowledge of Hawaiian history: once in 1823, when a lava stream, taking its rise from this source, ran southwest by south, and reached the sea; and again in 1840, when another stream from the same source ran northeast by east, and also reached the sea. In neither case, however, did the liquid material rise up and overflow the brink of the caldera, but, instead, found a vent in the enclosing wall, somewhere quite low down, and through this made its way along an underground passage to the surface of the earth, some miles from its source, and some hundreds of feet below it. But the great volcano for flows is not Kilauea, but Mauna Loa, which has sent forth no less than eight within a period of fifty years.

The utmost summit of Mauna Loa (a mountain 13,600 feet high) is marked by the caldera of Mokuaweoweo, which is a basin like Kilauea, only not so large. Its length is two and one-half miles, its breadth three-fourths of a mile, its depth seven or eight hundred feet. Its floor is blackened lava, begirt by perpendicular walls. One small area of this floor emits sulphurous fumes and steam in times of quiescence; while in times of activity a boiling lake of molten lava, perhaps more than one, is seen to have broken through this same area of floor, and to be throwing up fire-jets and fountains, often to an enormous height. Now, these boiling lakes and playing fire-fountains are the top of that column or reservoir of molten lava which sends out those immense flows for which Mauna Loa is so famous. The fiery material creating these, however, never overflows the brink of the Mokuaweoweo caldera, but breaks through the side of the mountain at points varying all the way, usually one to five thousand feet below the summit. One flow there was, that of 1868, which broke out at the amazingly low level of ten thousand feet below the summit, and which created a terrible commotion moreover, in tearing its way out of the mountain at a point so near its base. The earthquakes which occurred in connection with the 1868 eruption were something frightful to remember to those who experienced them, and frightful even to hear described, to those who did not. This was the eruption that set in motion a landslide, which overwhelmed human beings and their dwellings, and uplifted a tidal wave that destroyed more lives than the landslide.

The last outbreak from Mauna Loa occurred in 1880. The fiery river of this date poured out of the mountain at a point 11,100 feet above the sea, and 2,500 feet below the summit, and became, in quick succession, three streams, each having the point of outbreak as its fountain head. The first stream, twenty miles long, ran north; the second, fifteen miles long, ran south; and the third, forty-five miles long, ran east. These three streams left on the surface of the earth a deposit of solid lava, in all eighty miles long, one-half a mile wide, and, on an average, twenty feet thick. The place where all this liquid material emerged to the surface, was a crack in the side of the mountain. The upper end of this crack was marked by a pit, with perpendicular sides, some fifty feet in diameter, and two hundred and twenty feet deep. A lava flow can move along upon the surface of the earth only as the cooled material it has already poured forth makes of itself a hollow viaduct, to convey from rear to front, and keep warm on the way thither, the fresh material; just as an army might hold a railway as fast as it should advance, in order to bring up supplies enabling it to advance still further. The forty-five miles of solid lava, which, as a causeway on the face of the ground, stretches from near the summit of Mauna Loa to within a mile of Hilo village, has embedded in it a hollow tube, as a back bone, extending from starting point to terminus; this same hollow tube ran a longer and longer stream of liquid fire as the flow advanced, and added to the length of both causeway and tubing.

An advancing lava flow makes a considerable ado as it goes on—especially if its line of advance is through a jungle or forest. The noise accompanying its movement, under these circumstances, resembles the roar of the battle field. The ears of the person who visits the scene are greeted by the crackling of blazing foliage, the hissing of hot air and steam, the falling of trees, and the bursting of bombs, all commingled in one tumult.

Traversing a lava stream while it is yet running, may be compared to traversing a river in winter by walking on the ice. A pair of thick shoes and stockings are needed to protect the feet from the heat, as on the ice to protect them from the cold. Vent holes, too, will be ever and anon encountered in the solid crust covering the liquid stream, down which the spectator can look and behold the fiery river below; and fire falls, which are usually without any covering of solid lava over them, just as water-falls in winter, be the weather never so cold, are without any covering of ice.

The ascent of this greatest Hawaiian volcano (Mauna Loa) is a somewhat formidable task, on account of the rarefaction of the air at that elevation (for fourteen thousand feet of sea level, within the tropics, means more vertigo than the same elevation in temperate latitudes); along with the cold of so high an altitude, which is exceedingly intense and penetrative at night; while the descent into the crater or caldera of the summit is a task scarcely less than appalling, so precipitous is the single break in the perpendicular walls that enclose the chasm, down which only is entrance into the basin below possible. However, the Mokuaweoweo caldera has been entered by men—once by members of the Wilkes party, in 1841, and twice since; and can be entered again by any one that has the nerve to undertake, and the muscle to achieve the task.

More American and European travelers should make their way to, at least, the brink of this remarkable and unique basin, than are in the habit of so doing. Those who accomplish the rather difficult ascent thither, will be rewarded by the sight of the most impressive chasm on the face of the earth—the opportunity of looking upon a little bit of Chaos made visible, and of realizing thus how exceedingly formless and void the earth was when it was "without form and void." Moreover, when conditions favor, the cloud views are unsurpassed: the whole panorama meeting the view below is the upper or sky surface of continuous vapor masses, stretching on in almost endless perspective, and looking brilliant and cold, as if, earth having disappeared, naught else but a sea of ice, bounded by the sky, were floating beneath.

Light is brought from every quarter to illumine the dark mystery hanging over the origin of terrestrial heat; the fountain head whence this goes forth being, as of course it must be, the primal cause of volcanoes—a mystery on which, unfortunately, the volcanism of Kilauea and Mauna Loa throws no more light than Ætna, Vesuvius, Skaptar Jokul, and Krakaton. That the interior of the earth is liquid fire, which the contraction of the outside crust of the earth squeezes out through the open volcanic orifices of the surface of the earth; that the sedimentary deposits in the bottom of that part of the ocean near the shores of continents are a sort of non-conductive wet blanket, to keep in the diffused heat of the earth's crust, sufficient heat being thus gradually collected to melt a portion of the crust itself; that volcanic heat is produced by the contact with and action upon each other, of powerful chemicals within the bowels of the earth; that volcanic orifices are really the tips of so many terrestrial lightning rods, as it were, carrying off the diffused electricity of the earth into space; that the slight movements of strata athwart strata, due to the gigantic pressure of gravitation, accompanied, as these titanic movements must be, with a tremendous friction, pass over into a heat sufficient to melt all known rocks; all these hypotheses must remain hypotheses, until the possession of fresh light establishes some one of them as fact, or sweeps them all off into the region of fancy.

Edward P. Baker.

A WEDDING AMONG THE COMMUNISTIC JEWS IN OREGON.

Escaped from the Greek Christians and the Czar, a handful of Jews from southern Russia have settled in a mountain valley of Oregon, and given to this American home the name of New Odessa.

A strange country is Russia: in its schools, the science of the very latest movement of the intellect of Europe; in its government, the absolute brutality and the utterly unscrupulous greed of the past despotisms of Asia. Every man and every woman, too, who dares to say that the use of knowledge is the amelioration of the race, instead of the aggrandizement of the aristocracy, driven with blows and in chains to the snows and mines of Siberia. Its only original novelist, Tchemicheffsky, for one romance, "What is to be done?" which had a socialistic signification, doomed to hard labor in prison for sixteen years; and his freedom at the expiration of the term refused to the united petition of literary Europe. The works of Mill, of Huxley, of Spencer, of every author who dares to think of a possible change in the social order, ruthlessly barred out of every public library in the empire. The imperial family, the counselors, the generals, trapped in all the appendages of uniform and display, and using the gentle language of France. The common people purely Russian, without great change in manners since they first arrived in Europe from Asia, and living, many of them, in the primitive village communities of past centuries: very poor, very good hearted, and kind to their friends, but very ignorant and superstitious, and entirely devoted to the government, which plunders its affluence from their grinding toil; so utterly unenlightened, to the safety of the Czar and Church, that their brutal force is eager at any moment to rise against a different sect, and to plunder and kill and ravish the far more intelligent Jews, who are, indeed, only saved from utter destruction by the soldiers of the Czar, who know their value as collectors of wealth, tax payers, and money lenders.

Indeed, a strange nation, showing the obstinate persistency of race inheritance; the incongruities of its place in Europe, and of the culture of its universities to its domestic life, so obvious, that Napoleon, struck by it, made the well known remark, "Scratch under the skin of the Russian, and you will find the Tartar." And yet, this strange country, with its immense expanse of land, this semi-savage people, which, in its laws, guards itself against every foreign innovation, is from its very simple, savage curiosity powerfully fascinated by every strange philosophy that is discovered by those whose position as travelers or scholars allows them to pass beyond the lines of the frontier. The mind there is in it feels its very largeness to be sterile, and would plant in Russia everything that will grow elsewhere; even the social revolts of the older nations. And the Russian student, despite the police and the threat of Siberia, smuggles into the cabin of the peasant and the workshops of the town the political doctrines of Karl Marx, the economical propositions of Proudhon, and the harmonious fantasies of Charles Fourier. He has already digested the truisms of science, and accepted the scepticism of modern philosophy; but his ideas prove radically repulsive to the native Russian sentiment in the masses. One of their number has said: "It is as if we had planted here the tropical banana, expecting it would fruit." The desperate resolve, the stoical resignation, the perhaps smaller nervous sensibility of the less advanced races, animate and sustain the Russian socialist in his quixotic career. He displays a singular, yes, a transcendant heroism. Men and women succeed each other in the secret societies to die on the gibbet, or to linger more miserably in the under-water dungeons of the Neva: but as the banana will not grow north of latitude twenty-eight, so both socialism and scepticism wither in the repellant temperature of the national Russian heart. Cringing before the government which lashes him, like a faithful dog under his master's whip, the Russian peasant informs on the social propagandist; and with a ferocity which shows how much crueller is his ignorance than ever the wickedness of his ruler, he breaks out in frequent riots against the unbelieving Jew.

The Russian Jews are indeed the aptest disciples of the socialistic idea. Jews, though, they are only in name; for eighteen centuries have gone since the fall of Jerusalem, and no faith long survives the destruction of its temples. Judaism is dead—the Jew survives not as the worshiper of the one God-Jehovah, but as the pure-blooded child of a singularly homogeneous and strongly marked race, which formerly grew corn and grapes on the sunny hillsides of Palestine. Everywhere remarkable for acuteness of intellect and an extraordinary aptitude for the acquirement of riches, the Jew in Russia develops characteristics of great social sentimentality. There is in history nothing else which approaches the sentiment of the Sermon on the Mount, in which the heart of Jesus pulsates its love for every human being, friend or foe—and Jesus was a Jew. There was, then, in the Jewish organization, a latent capacity for depths of feeling, which it only required the proper circumstances to make alive; and at least a similar feeling, a passion for the happiness of others, has undoubtedly amongst the younger generation of Jews in Russia met with the peculiar condition necessary to develop it into an active energy. It is not meant that all Jews in Russia are humanitarians; it is not meant that a majority of the Jews in Russia are humanitarians; but that, comparing the Jews with the native Russians, and with the Germans in the Empire, the Jews present in proportion to population a much greater number of individuals who feel the stimulation of humanitarian sentiment, as expressed in the socialistic doctrines, and are ready to risk fortune and life in the service of purely humanitarian ends. In a word, a very considerable part of nihilistic or socialistic Russia is Jewish.

Three years ago, a band of such Jews, nearly all of them residents of Odessa, resolved to leave Russia, and seek in the United States a home where they would be free from the taxes and military service of despotism, and the brutality of Christian fanaticism, which they had seen more than once plunder their own homes. The band numbered about one hundred, all young people, the average age being twenty-one. Nearly all the band were unmarried youths, but there were a few young girls and several married couples.

Their hopes were vague, but passionate; their means in money so small, that immediately on their arrival in New York, they were compelled to hire out as laborers, till some way should open to them to unite their numbers in a common colony or home. It is unnecessary to recite the particulars of their movements and labors; but two years ago a portion of the band, about one-third of its original number, had resolved itself into a society adopting the system of common property, and bought a farm of eight hundred acres in Southern Oregon, with the purpose of founding a social life very much like that which existed amongst the earliest Christians, when, after the day of Pentecost, they were filled with the Holy Spirit, and were of one mind and one heart, and no man said that aught that he had was his own. This is the Russian colony at Glendale, Oregon, known as the New Odessa Community.

The industrial labors of this society have been, for many reasons, very rude and inefficient; the improvements which they have added to the place as they bought it are of the most limited character, and their farms and buildings are only noticeable for their unthrifty and untidy appearance. Their present interest as a society is to be found entirely in the singularity of their social life. They have no religion; they have hardly a political organization for the management of their affairs; they have no defined code of morals, unless it is to be good. One of their young women once replied to me, when I remonstrated with her for some unusual act of courtesy, exclaiming "You are too good!" "Why, we *cannot* be too good." They appear, however, to be entirely free from those extraordinary eccentricities of behavior which characterize many of the so-called American reformers of a parallel line of purpose, and those Russian come-outers who are not of Jewish descent.

Yesterday was Sunday, and there was a marriage in the community. Nearly all the members eat and sleep and stagnate—for I can hardly speak of it as living—in a large hall of their own construction: a wretched edifice built of rough boards and unplaned planks, and containing only two apartments, the lower story being the dining-room and kitchen both in one, and the upper story a large sleeping room without partitions. In the sleeping room the Community, with the exception of two or three families who live in small shanties, not only sleeps, but lounges—and lounges, too, a good deal of the time—reads, debates, and dances. The bedsteads, which are home-made structures of boards, nailed together in the most flimsy manner, are placed under the eaves in a long row on each side of the room, and the center is furnished with a rough table for writing. As for reading, the Russian of every type I have ever met always reads stretched prone upon his bed. On Sunday we had been lounging on our beds most of the morning, taking a late breakfast at ten o'clock, and going back up stairs to lounge again, or to read the philosophers of evolution, of progress, and social emancipation. But about two in the afternoon I descended to the kitchen to enquire for dinner. To my surprise, I found several of the women very busy making dried apple pies and custards—great novelties, the usual dinner at New Odessa being bean soup and hard baked biscuits of unbolted flour called after the name of that wretched dysyeptic Graham. My first thought was, It is a holiday; for on his birthday the Russian must eat his pie, this being just as necessary to his happiness as is a christening to salvation with an old-time believer in the offices of the Church; he calls it a birthday pie, in Russian something like "*incincui prohoc.*"

I was delighted when I looked at the fresh baked pies, and felt at once a deep glow of gratitude toward the brother whose coming into the world had brought us, as I supposed, this agreeable addition to our repast. "Who is the good man," I asked, "who has given us this pleasure?" And to my greater surprise, I was told that something even more important was to be celebrated—there was to be a wedding. It was a very sudden affair, a surprise to everybody as well as myself: a young man and woman had made up their minds to enter into matrimony, and it was to be done at once.

There was an immediate bustle and hurry, and every man in the community tried to find the suit of clothes in which he left Russia. Two or three young girls went into the woods for flowers, and the rafters of the hall, up stairs and down, were soon hung with the flowering branches of the tulip tree. On this great occasion, white cloths instead of oil cloths were spread upon the dining table. The pies were baked with a rush, each pie being inscribed in paste with the initials of the bridegroom and bride.

Living with these people, whose language I do not understand, I am often startled by unexpected occurrences. I did not know the sentiment in the Community on the subject of marriage, nor, indeed, if there was any sentiment; but it was certain there was to be a marriage. Now I could understand the tears of the dear little Annuta. At one end of the sleeping apartment occupied by the men, there is a little separate nest of maidenhood—a corner fenced with shawls, where, on a narrow cot, sleep Annuta and her little sister. Gentle as the men are in their speech and deportment, they dress roughly and look rough, like woodsmen and farm-hands, as in their labors they are. Annuta, who is only eighteen, appears amongst us like some charming flower which springs up amongst the rude growth of the common fields. The night before Annuta had some deep trouble (she is the sister of the bride); she sobbed for many hours in her little room and refused to be comforted. What exactly was the cause of her grief, I do not know; but I am sure it was something about her sister.

All is busy, and I, too, should hurry on to the wedding, but my pen pleads for a few lines to Annuta. Although eighteen and a fully developed woman, she is so small in stature and so naïve in manner as to make the impression of a child. Imagine this child, who is a charming woman, or this woman, who has the freshness and abandon of a child. If your being is Arcadian, if your emotions are sensitive to loveliness and innocence, you hesitate, if you meet her in the grassy lanes of the blooming orchard, whether to kneel at her feet and kiss her hand in homage to her woman's charms, or gathering her in your arms to kiss her forehead, as you would a dear little girl. She is a brunette: a dark olive skin, hair of that darkest brown which is so much richer and warmer in tone than the pure black; very large, dark brown eyes, with soft but passionate glances; a small, but shapely head; features not Jewish at all, but of a softened and brightened Tartar type, her face rather wide, and lips a little thick, and her expression, under any circumstances, that of quick intelligence and good nature; with a figure singularly graceful, but robustly graceful, well-formed hands and feet, and a quick, firm step and movements —such is Annuta.

To Annuta the wild flowers were brought, and her fingers wove them into wreaths for the bride and bouquets for the table. She had attired herself in a close-fitting black dress, without even a ribbon as ornament. When the wreaths were finished, she tied a thick Russian towel, embroidered with red silk, round her waist as an apron, and helped to make the pies—busy little maiden. The artists of the dinner, however, were the married women, though the formal cook of the day was R——, the cook of Sunday; for it is the Community law that on Sunday there must be a man cook. In Russia, R—— had been a student of veterinary science; now he is a communist and a cook. Once he drenched horses; now, in his turn, on Sundays he feeds his hungry brothers and sisters with soup and porridge. He is a good fellow; of all the Sunday cooks he serves the soup with the most grace, and I think he burns it the least often. Not at all puffed up with the great dignity of his office, he behaved with singular meekness amongst the crowd of volunteer females, allowing them to do much as they pleased with all the paraphernalia of the stove. At six, dinner was announced, just two hours behind time, in waiting for the wedding.

The brothers and sisters had been gathered a few moments on the benches in the dining-room, when the bridegroom and bride entered. Both parties were young, perhaps twenty-two; the young man well educated, well read in philosophic and romantic literature, and rather good looking. The bride is noted for her kind disposition, or what might be called her womanliness; but having her hair cut short, her aspect was that of a strong-minded female. She was very nicely dressed, wore a wreath of white flowers, and looked charming enough to make any man happy. On the arrival of the bridal party, which included the mother and sisters of the bride, a little ceremony took place, in which the young man and woman were understood to unite themselves in the conjugal relation. After this, both the groom and bride were embraced by the associates, the kissing being entirely different from the kissing done on similar occasions by English or Americans. Each in turn took the groom and bride in his or her arms; the lips were pressed together again and again with a long, deep, and almost solemn emotion: such kisses as English-speaking people exchange only at moments of direst tragedy or the most passionate exaltation. These kisses are, I think, peculiar to the Russian Jews: at least, I have never seen other races kiss with such effusion. After the embraces were finished, the groom, giving his arm to the bride, led her to the head of the table, where they sat down side by side, facing the company, the family sitting next to them. Tall silver candlesticks had been placed at the end of the table, and a pretty wreath of flowers was laid opposite the plates of the happy couple, flanked with the marriage pies bearing the names of the pair in the brown pastry.

The cook had been lucky indeed that day, for after breakfast he had taken a stroll in the valley with a rifle on his shoulder, and had met and dispatched a jack rabbit. Such an incident as this becomes worthy of mention in the Community, because the members being mostly vegetarians, there is left so little spirit for the chase and for animal food, that it is only occasionally that game is served, though deer are plenty on the mountains and ducks in the stream. The jack rabbit was turned into a capital ragoût, which, after a long abstinence from anything of the kind, tasted perfectly delicious. For my part, I felt all the gentler as well as the stronger after it, as I am sure all did who ate, and that we rose from the ragoût better humanitarians than we sat down. And such was a nobler ending, certainly, for the jack rabbit—to be a means, or at least a stimulus, to philanthropic evolution, by passing into the organisms of philosophers, than to fall a prey to and nourish a sneaking coyote, which would otherwise probably have been its ultimate fate.

The ending of the dinner completed the ceremony on the first floor; after dinner an ascension, and in the hall above a service in English, followed by a ball. It took a little time to wash the dishes and to get up stairs. I set down such matters as the dish-washing, because they cannot be omitted in the picture of such an occurrence in the Community, for they are part of the extraordinary as well as the ordinary procession of events. In the life of social equality, the kitchen, with its fumes and odors, is not hidden away in deference to fastidious tastes. It is a conspicuous part of the dwelling. But when the dishes were washed and stored away, all repaired to the upper room, where the closing scenes of the day were to take place.

The center of the room had been cleared of all obstructions; the white blooms and green leaves of the tulip boughs drooped down overhead, as if the hall were canopied by a flowering forest. At one end of the hall are some shelves for books, and at thi end a table had been placed, with seats fo the bridal pair and the bride's family. Th tall candlesticks were set on this table; the candles lighted, and the wreaths of flowers laid in the center. Behind this table, the bridal party seated themselves.

An hour ago, the bride's cheeks were blooming; now she looks a little pale, and is perhaps the prettier for it. The bridegroom, with whom, commonly, the prevailing expression is that of an acute and quick intelligence, wears a look of apprehensive curiosity, for he is not quite certain of the nature o the ceremony in English, which is now a hand.

When all are settled in their places, an associate of the Community steps forward, and announces that he will now marry the couple again. The serious tones of his voice awe even the children to quiet, and there is a hushed silence in the room when he commences:

"What day is it; dark or fair?
Brings it future joy or care?
What ray this morn broke through the night?
Did the ray herald black or white?

"Who knows, who knows, save only Fate?
It is too late, it is too late
To ask. Today it will be done.
May it end sweetly as begun.
The moment's here,
Too near; too near!
They wait; they wait;
It is too late!
The youth and maid!
They must be said
Those words of fate;
To wedded state,
They quickly go,
Their love to sow.

"Youths and maidens, gather, gather;
Come, old mother; come, old father.
Maidens, bring the blushing bride;
Lead her to the bridegroom's side.

"Oh youth, thou art too bold.
Hast thou her graces told?
How darest thou take such a gift?
How mayst thou balance it by thrift?
Only if thou wilt soar,
Be pure to thy heart's core.
Be gentle as a dove,
And as constant thy love.

"Dost thou her truly take?
Ah, what now is at stake!
Wait, wait; tremble, tremble,
If false thou dissemble.

"Oh maiden, let no fear
Of aught now keep thee here,
Only confidence in him
That he will his life so trim,
As to bring both joy,
Joy, joy, only joy.

"If you think this,
If you hope bliss,
If thou lovest him only,
And without him art lonely,
If thou wilt bless his strength,
To his virtue give length,
And ever be truest wife,
Yielding to him thy sweet life,
Then prepare the pledge to say,
Or if not, thou mayst speak nay.

"Youth! dost thou take her as thy bride?
The simple Yes your lives hath tied.
Maiden! shall he thy husband be?
Yes? Then thou ceasest to be free.
Let thy friends kiss thee and give joy,
Wish thee many a girl and boy.
But remember, man and wife,
To live purely all your life.

"Who cares what heralded the ray
Which first this morning brought the day?
The wedding's done, the guests are here.
We now rejoice, forbid each tear,
Whirl in the dance, or sing gay song,
To coax the tardy sun along.
Soon comes the night, the air shall hush
When from their posts the stars will rush,
And from above shall softly gaze
To mark the lovers' tender ways.
Nay, wicked stars, now veil your eyes,
And tend your duties in the skies."

Some passages in this seemed to touch the feelings of those conversant with the English, and one woman was moved to tears. The bridegroom, who is rather a reckless fellow, seemed a little startled at the grave earnestness and purity of life which were enjoined by those words especially addressed to him.

But as the closing lines describe, the serious business of the day was over, and the ball the next thing in order. Alas, the society has no instrumental music; not even the poorest squeak of a fiddle. In this strait the toughest throats amongst the brothers are devoted as a band. Kind hearted fellows—A and B and C and D—are arranged against the wall to chant for hours the strains of la, la, la, with all the changes of time and air necessary to guide the steps in the waltz, the polka, and the quadrille. The particular favorite of the people seemed to be the American country quadrille. This was danced again and again, with, it seemed to me, every possible variety of blunder; the bridegroom acting as leader of the dance, calling the figures, tearing his hair like a Frenchman at the mistakes of his friends, and shouting out his despairing instructions with a rolling Russian R, for all the world like an Irishman with a little whisky in him. Altogether, the ball was a very rude affair, with hardly a graceful scene in it, except a few steps in a waltz by two young girls, sisters of the bride. It was relieved, however, by one round in the ring dance, in which the little children and the bride took part, all singing a joyful children's song in Russian. However, by rude I do not mean rough, or that there was any breach of good manners, for the social courtesy of these people under all circumstances is remarkable, but simply that there was an entire want of grace. Under similar circumstances of poverty and no music, I have seen the people of a French community hold a ball, and display all the charms of measured movement. But on the other hand, the social bond with the French was evidently artificial, or rather no bond at all, but the pretense of a bond; whilst with the Russians, all was genuine and sincere, and though there was no harmony in their dance, there was harmony in their minds.

At quite an early hour, the new couple retired from the scene to the shanty assigned them close by the hall. I dislike to call their house "shanty," but shanty it is. The ball went on, and the writer went to bed; and when he awoke very early in the morning, the festivities were only concluding, for he saw some of the brothers stealing gently to rest from a final repast, which had just been dispatched in the kitchen.

A PROBLEM OF LOVE.

I.

THE STATEMENT.

TOMORROW! What will it bring to me? How momentously experience, hope, life itself, culminate in a day. In this crisis I feel that my destiny is at stake, and so far as I am to be an actor in the events that will determine it, I need first a calm mind and clear vision.

I have never kept any record of passing events, and the varied experiences of my life seem now to throng upon me in confusion. I feel that if I can reduce them to some order, it will help me in many ways; I am not quite sure of my perspective. I will try to recall those experiences that have led me to today, that I may forestall the doubts that may hereafter arise. I have none now, but

> "I'll make assurance doubly sure,
> And take a bond of fate."

I was born in New England a little less than thirty years ago, of moderately poor and immoderately honest parents. My childhood was as happy, I suppose, as it could be, consistently with the rigid suppression of that time and place. As a boy, I was, I trust, a little stubborn, and felt justified in having my own way when I could get it. I believe I was not very bad; I certainly was not very good. The uneventful years led me in due time to the doors of dear old Harvard. There I was happy. I can not boast of having achieved high honors either in the class-room or in athletic sports. I was, however, a fair average, and was content.

I graduated creditably, and then came that perplexing question, What next? I was too averse to fighting to think of becoming a lawyer, and there seemed already to be quite enough to protect evil-doers and defeat justice. Studying for the ministry was not to be thought of—not that my habits were so inconsistent, but I fancied I was not serious-minded; I was fond of fun, and a joking pa son I always regarded as an abominatio A doctor might do well enough, perhaps, fo I was always rather fussy, and "handy abou the house," as my aunts admitted, and migh master the little that doctors really know, an cover my ignorance with the rest of them but when I found that the debt to one of m aunts, aforesaid, incurred for a part of m college expenses, would be doubled before I would be privileged to sit down and wait fo patients, I gave it up, and determined to win what bread I could without special preparation.

In one respect I was fortunate. I had formed no entangling alliances. I had never had the misfortune to fall in love. To be sure I had never tried, and, indeed, must confess that on one or two occasions I had escaped "though as by fire," after resolute resistance. I always had the conviction that love which could be controlled by force of will was not the genuine article, and that the test that any sane man should apply was the effort to control. So many incipient likings have been coddled into weak fondness because some lonely swain wanted to love somebody—and then "when the sun was up, it was scorched, and, because it had no root, it withered away." Perhaps I digress. I was considering the question of bread-winning—that unwelcome but blessed conservator of civilization. What should I do? The home nest was full, and I was not needed there. The same conditions seemed to hold everywhere. I vigorously canvassed the only place I then considered worth living in, if happily I might get a modest foothold in its world of affairs, and thus be spared the trouble of removing to Boston after I had achieved success elsewhere. But my love for that city seemed unreciprocated, and I reluctantly concluded that if Boston *could* get on without me, I *would* get on without her. I resolved to go west. At the end of six months of school-teaching, I took an economical trip across the continent, and found myself in the tumultuous city by the Golden Gate, known to the Eastern tourist as the place where he saw the seals at the Cliff House.

I brought a few good letters, and hunted up my classmates, whom I found glad to see me, but as yet uninfluential and unsuggestive. I began to feel that unlike Boston as San Francisco was, she was wonderfully like her in having nothing for me to do. But I had a will, and there opened a way. I had applied to the agent of the leading express company for a situation of any kind. He was courteous in manner, but as usual there was no opening. The next day I abandoned letters and reference, and began a canvass, block by block and store by store. At a furniture establishment I found the proprietor in trouble, his porter having left him without notice. He hesitatingly offered me the place, and I unhesitatingly took it. I made myself useful, regardless of pride and dignity. What dignity can a man consistently sustain, who has less than the price of a month's board as a guarantee against hunger?

One day, all the goods had been shipped but a dainty tea-poy, urgently wanted at Grass Valley. The express would soon close; the box was not very heavy; I shouldered it and started for the office. As I deposited it on the sidewalk, the manager, coming out of his office, passed me. He turned back, as he apparently placed me, and asked me what I was doing. The conversation ended by his saying he thought he wanted me. My employer consented to the change, and the next day I took a responsible position at double my former pay, and had a good hold of that slippery thing we call success.

That was five years ago. In the mean time I have been fulfilling my destiny as an average man. When I could, I went into business for myself. I have not been uniformly successful by any means, but on the whole have prospered. I am free from debt, have an increasing business, and am as independent as a man no abler nor older than I can reasonably expect to be. Socially, I have been comfortable, but not satisfied. A boarding-house is, under the most favorable conditions, but an endurable make-shift; but what is the use of being miserable about it, if it is the best you have or can legitimately obtain? I would die of combined ennui and dyspepsia, before I would sally out like a Bushman to hunt out and club down a wife.

To be sure, I have met many interesting and attractive women; who, Heaven knows, are a world too good for me; but the "giant dwarf Dan Cupid" has never invested them with his "almighty dreadful little might." I say never has. To speak by the card, I should say "never had."

It is now some five months since my friend Thompson invited me to spend a week at his camp on the Lagunitas. I have always loved the woods. A tree is to me the most interesting of inanimate objects, and a man who could be lonely by the side of a running stream I should have little respect for. I felt a longing for out-of-doors, and easily convinced myself that I needed a rest.

It was at the sunset hour of a lovely spring day, that, having wound around among the Marin hills in the most surprising manner, the little train stopped at "the tank," and Thompson and I took our traps, including the box of fruit with which every well-bred camper reinforces his welcome, and started down the road toward the spot he had so glowingly described, when needlessly urging me to join the party. Very soon a turn in the road brought us in view of a slight plateau, which presented a very picturesque and animated scene—graceful tents, placed with delightful irregularity, a dining table beneath a lovely oak, canvas hammocks peeping out from clumps of redwoods, a trim staff, from which the flag was just lowering, in response to the whistle-call of the friendly engineer on the train now passing on the other bank of the stream, and a group of jolly campers waving a red handkerchief salute, and lifting their merry voices in the camp yodel, as a welcome to the returning "lord of the wood."

The charm of camping eludes description, and cannot be explained—it must be felt, or it will never be known. In part, it is the reward Nature bestows upon her worshipers, while the relief from the conventional is enough to make one light-hearted. The standard of propriety is no longer artificial, but natural; adjusted to the congenial circle, not set up as a defense or an example to the unappreciative multitude. When starched linen gives place to soft woolen, kindred discomforts, intellectual and social, are also laid aside. Simplicity reigns, and the simplest things delight. False dignity is forgotten, and good feeling makes charity a useless virtue.

All this follows on one condition—the company must be genuine people, capable of appreciating both their surroundings and one another. This was a camp of enthusiasts. Indeed, their expressions of enjoyment had seemed so extravagant to some of the friends they had left behind them, that their retreat had been playfully dubbed "The Asylum"; and like many other names tinged at first with opprobrium, it had been accepted for its better meaning. There were in the company Thompson's wife, and her sister, lovely Miss Scott; Joe Everett, a bright, young lawyer, waiting as patiently as possible to be old enough to be considered a safe counselor; Tom Weldon, a bank clerk and a thorough good fellow; Miss Marsh, a delightfully intelligent school-teacher, and Miss Lucy Gray, a young woman of whom I had often heard, but had never chanced to meet.

I suppose that every young woman makes some sort of an impression on every young man when first presented, but ordinarily it is not very striking. It is wisely ordered that this form of dynamic force is commonly quiescent. But when I met Miss Gray, I felt moved. I could not tell whether it was her directness, her apparent fearlessness, that struck me as unusual, or whether it was simply the natural, unrestrained conditions under which we met that threw a glamour over her.

Her personal appearance did not impress me. She was not beautiful, nor even pretty (poor abused word), but she was interesting. Her features were by no means regular; her eyes were clear and honest, but they would inspire no sonnets; her mouth was well ada ed to display her very white teeth, but no su dangerous Cupid's bow as Miss Scott's. S was not dignified and intellectual like Mi Marsh, nor graceful and gracious like M Thompson, and yet I felt there was som where a charm. I was not pleased with h manner. She seemed to have little reserv At the dinner table I thought her a little fri olous, and almost saucy at times. I hope it was only a camp consequence. One ex pects a higher key in the open air, and whe seated at a rude table on a backless bench much latitude should be allowed. It is no preëminently the time or place for quiet gentleness and lady-like repose; Miss Gray talked a good deal, which I thought not in the best of taste, she being the youngest in the party; and she apparently ignored the fact that there was a stranger at the table, who was not yet up in the jokes and small talk of the camp: but she was spirited, and often witty, and her not infrequent laugh was very musical. She had an excellent appetite, and seemed thoroughly healthy. I didn't object to that, but her approach to loudness tried me. My ideal woman just then was a very proper creature.

After our early dinner, and a delightful stroll up a neighboring cañon to a charming spot, where a prostrate tree spanned the fern-banked stream, we gathered around the camp-fire, and sang and talked in the balmy evening air till many a bright star had sunk behind the wooded hills. What good fun it was, and how comfortable and happy "the girls" looked, curled into such easy attitudes, and holding one another's heads, and supporting one another's backs in that delightful way that friendly women have and friendly men can only sigh for.

Such a charming conglomeration of song! sentimental, patriotic, comic, negro melodies, quaint old ballads, a touch of Spanish and of German, rounds, glees, and—most taking of all—the dear old college songs, so rich with association. They came back after a five years' rest in some hidden nook of memory as fresh as ever, and all the intervening years seemed to slip away as by magic, and I acted as though I were as young as I felt.

Miss Lucy, I observed, was extremely variable. She would for a time be the liveliest of the lively, her glee by no means gentle; and then, without observable cause, relapse into pensive silence. It puzzled me. The enshrined goddess for me was an even-tempered being—always equable, never extreme.

At last the ladies took to their tents, and the long and lovely evening was gone. I took my blankets, and tried the open air. What unappreciated beauty one finds in the heavens, when leisure and comfort afford the opportunity for their study—and I had abundant opportunity that night. Sleep was coy, and I wooed her vainly. I fancied I owned a steady brain, and although six or seven hours had transported me to a new world, where I seemed to have lived long, I could not see why my head should be turned, and my customary facility for falling asleep lost altogether. Absurd as it seemed, I found myself arguing down my interest in Miss Lucy Gray. I felt that she occupied a decidedly disproportionate share of my mind as I reviewed my entrance to Arden. I could not account for it by anything she had said or done, nor, so far as I could judge, by anything she was. Nevertheless, her last peal of merry laughter rang in my ears, and her final "good-night" seemed so lady-like and refined, that I felt I must have judged her severely when I thought her a trifle boisterous. I finally convinced myself that I was an idiot to think about her at all, and that there was no danger but that the fancy would wilt as suddenly as it had sprung up, just as had several others I could without difficulty recall.

Upon this complacency gentle sleep descended, and I knew no more of earth till the discordant note of an early blue jay recalled me to consciousness of a new-born day.

How lovely was that morning! Nature seemed to wear her brightest smile in sympathy with our happiness; the birds seemed to sing for us; and the babble of the brook was surely its effort to express our common joy. If my walk was lonely, it was very delightful. The freshness and fragrance of the air, the beauty of flower and fern nodding thanks for the refreshing dew, the calm, blue sky beyond the leafy etching of the branching trees—how restful and satisfying they seemed. And when the perfect stillness was broken by a distant, friendly call, which could only come from our woodland home, it was with a sense of rich expectancy that I turned to retrace my steps.

Nor was I disappointed; the breakfast was very merry. I found myself much more in the spirit of the camp, and less disposed to be critical. All were kind, and bright, and happy; and bless me, what appetites, and with what fearlessness they were satisfied! And then the day—full of varied delight: we were free from dull care, our everlasting duties laid aside; no struggling, nothing to endure, with no aim but enjoyment, and none to molest or make us afraid: and so we swung in the hammocks, or read, or talked, or sketched, or renewed the merry games of childhood, or did anything that seemed goodly and pleasant to our unfettered wills.

How soon acquaintance ripens under such conditions and passes into friendship, or at least, into that comradeship that leads to the more personal relation where tastes and characters fit. One gets on at such a time, and learns to like or dislike very speedily. One fancies that he sees his fellows as they really are—natural, undisguised by conventionality, beyond the necessity of subterfuge. Doubtless, this is not wholly true. Habits are not so readily laid aside, and "Titbottom's spectacles" would probably have revealed much that was surprising, and no doubt discomforting; but in a real camp everything unpleasant is ignored, and there is so much good feeling that the small quantity of kindly counterfeit is not noticed.

Our company was a very agreeable one. I liked them all. Not that there was any dull uniformity about it; we were one family, but did not feel bound to curb our preferences, or deny ourselves the luxury of expressing them within reasonable bounds.

I could see no reason for it, but I found myself irresistibly drawn by Miss Lucy. I could only conclude that she was one of that dangerous class of persons whom we call fascinating. She puzzled me not a little. She seemed often wayward, and sometimes provokingly unreasonable. She was apparently indifferent to the opinion of any one, and independent to the last degree. She was always ready for fun, but when the conversation became serious she had little to say. She was sometimes guilty of keeping an ear for what others were saying, when engaged in conversation with you. She was not as unconscious as one would have an admired friend; and yet, in spite of all these defects, I grew every day more interested in her, and more dependent upon her for my happiness.

Against all reason or justice, I resented her cordiality to others. If Everett was with her I became actually uncomfortable. I fancied she enjoyed his company and invited his devotion. I retained enough reason to admit that she had a perfect right to do so. I went further, and convinced myself that it was nothing to me if she did. Why shouldn't she? and why should I care? Ah, but I *did*. There was the pinch. Reason did not settle it. I would spend a day under the spell, thrilled with happiness when she smiled upon me, and miserably unhappy when she seemed indifferent; and then when all was still, and the constellations wheeled above me, I would think it all out, and, confident of how unreasonable and unwarrantable it was, would fancy I had put it all aside, and determine firmly that the next day should find me sensible, and superior to all folly. Then, when the day came, I would begin by being judiciously devoted to Miss Scott, a very charming girl, whom, for all I could see, I ought to like better than the inconsistent enigma who didn't seem to care a fig for me; but I couldn't keep it up. One glance would melt me, and before night I would be waiting eagerly for the smallest bit of encouragement her ladyship would deign to bestow, and if perchance she would talk to me, or let me hold her fan, or accompany me when I scoured the hills for wood for the camp-fire, I was radiant. Then would follow self-reproach at my weakness, and a solitary stroll, from which I would return to a sedate companionship with Miss Marsh, or that culpable expedient—a mild flirtation with the married woman of the camp. This conflict between reason and inclination finally reached a point where I felt that it must stop. I *would not* think of her as anything but a friend. I was wrong to give way to my vagabond affections. They had no right to fix themselves upon an object not approved by my godlike judgment. Reason should reign.

I understand, I believe, the sensation of a well-hooked trout, when, in his instinctive effort to escape, he finds the end of his line, and turning back to the comparative comfort of the slack, tries to persuade himself that he is not caught after all, and decides definitely that he will not be. I set my face firmly against all ungrounded sentiment, and resolved to resist every inclination to tenderness. It was the last night in camp when I settled the matter, and my will power carried me decently through the following day. I was severely impartial, but was not so happy in it as I ought to have been. A clear conscience may bring peace, but it often fails to bring joy.

It was with real regret that I prepared to return. I felt like a fugitive slave being sent back to bondage. But no one may mope in camp. If he craves that luxury, he must wait till he is alone. The entire company accompanied me to the train, and with unblushing unconcern, and apparent obliviousness of the wondering passengers, bade me a most rollicking farewell. Comb serenades, camp calls, handkerchief salutes, and merry jokes rang around the train. Even the sedate Miss Marsh was almost noisy, and Miss Scott seemed to forget how she looked. Miss Gray was full of fun, but I fancied it was a little forced. She had been quiet on the walk to the train, and with gentle shyness had said she hoped I would call upon her. I thanked her in that mean, non-committal way that a man in society falls into. Indeed, I did not know what I should decide to do about it. At the train she was audacious in her merriment. I thought the engine would never be satisfied in drinking water from the tank. The smiling passengers had enjoyed "Good-bye, ladies," and "Wait till the clouds roll by," and I was afraid the entire repertory would be showered upon them if they did not get away, but the bitter-sweet moment of parting came at last, and we rolled away from the unrestrained and picturesque group.

Freshened and brightened, I returned to my daily duties. I tried to get back into the social niche from which I had stepped, but I could not get in. It would not hold me. There was an insipid flavor to the very proper society, and it seemed a burden instead of a relief. And then, whether I would or no, that sweetly contradictory face was constantly surprising me. Bubbling over with merriment, tender, with an almost sadness, or lit up with thoughts from the far within, as she gazed in abstraction—I could see it everywhere. It looked up from my ledger. It put in eclipse all the languishing style at my boarding-house; and at midnight, as I reasoned with myself, it was light in the darkness.

And yet I held to my resolution. I called it a fancy. As time passed, and it refused to fade, I began to wonder if this new experience were really love. I sought for its source. I had the effrontery to analyze. I balanced the favorable with the unfavorable, to see if what I liked outweighed what I did not like. I cannot understand now, how any man can be so cold-blooded as to count the points of the woman he admires, but I did it. I was terribly impartial, and the result did not satisfy my august reason. The Court ordered judgment for plaintiff. She had been tried and found wanting. This having been settled, I felt safe in calling upon her. I persuaded myself it was but common courtesy to pay my respects once.

Her manner was softened and toned down in her father's modest home, and her devotion to him was very lovely. She was motherless, and it was evident that her taste was reflected in the charming room where everything was simple and unpretentious, but restfully harmonious. I gave her a point for good taste. She was cordial in her greeting, and easy and agreeable in the pleasant chat which followed. When I took my leave, she gave me that kind of an invitation to call again that one feels at liberty to accept or neglect at will. Mindful of the judgment of the Court, I thought I would not go.

I was mistaken; in two weeks I called again. I could not tell whether she was pleased or not. Young Everett was there, and she was, I fancied, rather more attentive to him than to me—not that she neglected me, but her manner was more restrained, less frank and open. She sang for us very sweetly, with fine tenderness of expression. She played with good taste a lovely sonata, and then acted like a spoiled child in teasing her father to join her with his violin in a duet.

Points offset.

The next time I called was on a Sunday. I expected to find her reading Thomas á Kempis. She was playing with the cat.

One off.

A week or so after, she accepted an invitation to go yachting, a camp re-union afloat. We had a very enjoyable day, but it was marred for me through her neglect. She was in a full flow of camp spirits, and with great skill avoided my little attentions, and seemed to persist in being with Everett. I concealed my idiotic jealousy, or fancied I did—a man usually deludes himself in this. I was obliged to throw off a large point in my summary. No man is very generous when he fancies himself slighted, even when he thinks he is indifferent to the slighter.

The next Sunday I went to her church, and occupied a seat where, unobserved, I could watch her. Her attention to the service was very close and sympathetic. Her face was as responsive to the fervor and poetry of the discourse as a delicate harebell to a breath of morning air.

I stole out of church with a guilty sense of being a spy. She was met at the door by that odious Everett, and went smiling up the street with him, as though the heaven she cared for was in his keeping.

I stayed away for a month. She seemed a little cool when I called. I hoped she felt reproached, but could not see that she did. There was not the remotest reason why she should. She was soon her charming self, and I forgot all else. She fairly beamed when I invited her to join a moonlight horse-back party, which I invented on the spot, and had much subsequent difficulty in materializing.

On the ride she was merry aud quiet by turns. My cautious efforts to give the conversation any serious or sentimental turn were skillfully parried. She seemed as thoughtless and heartless as a butterfly. I was displeased. To be sure, I didn't mean anything myself, and didn't intend to go very far, but that made my rebuff no easier. Who ever knew conceit to be rational?

I went home, determined that I would not love her. She was not my ideal, and the woman I would marry I must love so unreservedly that I could never be displeased at anything she did. But it was useless. She was in my heart. I found that I had made my own the experience of Shakspere's Biron:

"I will not love; if I do, hang me; i' faith I will not. O, but her eye—by this light, but for her eye I would not love her: yes, for her two eyes." And I was finally forced with Biron finally to exclaim: "By heaven, I do love."

The battle was over. The surrender was unconditional. I felt like a sneaking traitor whenever the idea of *points* occurred to me. What sacrilege to treat heavenly woman as one would a beast of the field, whose merits can be scaled and counted. Lucy's faults now seemed but blessed proofs of her mortality. There remained no doubt in my mind. I knew that I loved her unreservedly. I had resisted in vain. The richest experience of life had mysteriously come to me. I loved, and all about and within me was illumined and transfigured by its power. Those only who have never loved can say that love is blind. He who has had the holy baptism knows how far and clear is love's vision. It is above the senses, and reveals beauties not seen to mortal eyes. It sees the imperfections, but it sees beyond, the greater good that bears them as lightly as a majestic river floats the drift-wood on its placid breast. It finds its own in spite of dim-eyed reason, and rejoices in defeating the imperial will. Ah, Cupid, I can but be glad that I contested your power. I know and respect you more fully, and I am your more obedient and willing slave.

I now resolved to win Miss Lucy, if anything I could do or be might accomplish it. I was by no means confident of success. I had received no encouragement, and I was not without humility. I knew no reason why she should love me, but I took consolation from my recent experience, and hoped she might love me without reason. The mighty Arbiter would not be so good to me, and then doom me to disappointment. But I did not feel that I could go to my love at once with my heart in my hand and risk the result. I must prepare her, and strive to awaken in her a regard for me to which I could speak.

And so I laid siege; but my approaches to the citadel have been very slow. She is a most elusive creature, and I cannot make out whether she is indifferent to me or not. Sometimes I fancy that I surprise indications of regard; again, that I detect effort at their concealment. She does not dislike me, I am sure, but unless I felt that she could love me with the fervent devotion and abandon I feel for her, I should not want her to accept me. At times I have felt that I was going too far without knowing her feelings. It seems a little unfair, that a man must commit himself before he can gain any assurance whatever of what the result will be; but I suppose he must. It seems as though some inkling, some faint encouragement, might be given, without compromising maidenly reserve and sanctity, but I cannot win it from Lucy. I have tried in vain, and now feel that there is but one course to follow. I must tell her my love plainly, and abide the result. I know that dainty Philip Sidney said, "They love indeed who quake to say their love," but I have quaked long enough; I will no more of it. I will rather emulate the valor with which bluff King Hal won his bride. I will show her that I am in earnest.

I will put aside my doubts, and I believe I will not fail. I am strong now, and full of high resolve and courage. I feel capable of storming any defense. This effort to set down in order my struggle and surrender has cleared and calmed my mind and fortified my heart. My undoubted love lies clear before me, and I am full of hope. Not another day of uncertainty shall pass over me. Tomorrow she shall know my love and I will know my fate.

II.

THE SOLUTION.

[Extracts from the Diary of Miss Lucy Gray.]

"*The Asylum*," *Lagunitas*.

June 8th, 188–.—A new-comer today, a Mr. Allen, a friend of the Thompsons. I think I shall like him. One welcomes a new face in the wilderness, however pleasant the little group of campers may be. Mr. Everett is gentlemanly and nice, but he does not conceal the disappointment he feels at his lack of success. He resents the fact that clients are few, and seems to feel slighted by all mankind by reason of it. So he is not always agreeable. Mr. Weldon is well enough, but I do not happen to care for him. Fortunately, it doesn't trouble him—at least, when Miss Scott is gracious.

Mr. Allen seems rather stiff and proper, coming fresh from the world of formalities and prudence. I could not resist the temptation to shock him just a little. I was almost rude at dinner, and quite garrulous—but why should one come to camp, if one cannot be a little free and careless? If we are to strictly observe the poky proprieties, we might as well stay at home. I hope he is not a prig.

June 9th.—He isn't altogether. He sang some very jolly college songs last night, and seemed some years younger around the campfire than he did at dinner. He talks well, but is simple about it, and seems very good-natured and generous. I do not think he will startle the world in any way, but I think he would be a good friend. He seems gifted in the happy faculty of making every one comfortable; and, Allah be praised, he doesn't talk about himself.

The conversation in our little group was general, but Miss Marsh seemed forced to speak for the ladies—the rest of us were stupid and dumb whenever there was any demand for anything but nonsense. She is very well informed, and has such ability of expression. I envy people who can speak with such easy precision and grace. My poor little tongue is only active, never skilled or effective. I presume, however, it expresses all I have to say. I feel that I know so little, and *am* so little. I am very dissatisfied with myself and my life. I feel that if mother had not been taken from me it might have been different. She would sympathize with me and hold me up. One feels so weak and lonely, with only a father and friends. They are all good, but they are hedged about and you cannot get at them. It is not enough to be loved at a distance. A mother takes you right into her arms and her heart, as no one else can, and from her love springs rest and peace. I have no refuge, and I am very lonely. When one is not at rest, one is exposed to do many foolish things, and I know I often act horribly just because I am uneasy and have no repose. I must try to do better.

June 10th.—We had a very delightful walk today, way up above the Forks. All went excepting Mr. Thompson and Miss Scott, who kept camp. She is very pretty, and I wonder all the gentlemen did not want to stay with her, but they didn't seem to. What peculiar beings they are! They rarely do just what you expect them to, and no amount of experience seems to give them much judgment. They do blunder terribly, poor fellows, and seem so surprised when convicted of it. Mr. A. was very injudicious today. Somehow, he constituted himself my especial cavalier, and he stuck so close, so long, that it must have been noticeable. I felt it, but what could I do? One can only ignore such things. It only makes it worse to take notice of it. I fear Miss Marsh was not pleased. Was I? I really do not know. I liked it, and I didn't. He is thoroughly a gentleman, and a very comfortable person to be with, but he ought to think how things look. He seemed to take alarm at last, and left me. This evening he has been very quiet, and has taken no notice of me at all. He has seemed to regard me as forbidden fruit, and his manner has been decidedly cool when compared with the morning's easy affability. I am sure I haven't done or said anything to offend him, but there's no use in trying to understand a man. For that matter, I do not pretend to understand myself.

June 11th.—Today has not been a happy day, take it all-in-all. I hardly know why. I do not feel like writing about it.

June 12th.—He is the most inconsistent man I ever met. I have no idea why it should interest me, however. I know it is simply absurd, that I should care a whit whether a man whom I first met four days ago is consistent or inconsistent. But four days in camp is as good as four months in town. Indeed, there are gentlemen whom I have known generally for four years, whom I do not know half so well as I do this friend—for I feel that he is a friend, in spite of his provoking variableness. I do like an even-tempered person, whom one knows where to find. It is very embarrassing to expect a person, to be "a little more than kind," and then find him a little less than polite; it tries one's patience. Mr. Allen yesterday was very agreeable, but today he has another attack of silent suffering. I begin to think he has some type of intermittent fever; there seems a marked regularity in his recurring periods of hot and cold. I hope it is not contagious. I fancy I am somewhat sympathetic. I feel threatened occasionally with his moods, but I crush the symptoms. Today I have been friendly with Mr. Everett. We fashioned a startling image of a weird bird from a manzanita root, and this afternoon installed it with appropriate ceremonies as the camp deity, "Te-he."

June 14th.—Yesterday was too full for journal writing. The day's doings embraced a walk, a boat-ride, a game of crambo, much pleasant talk, a chapter of Hamerton, sketching, and much else, not worth mentioning, but well worth enjoying. Mr. Allen was quite devoted to Miss Scott in the morning, but it didn't seem particularly spontaneous, and he wearied of it apparently, and looked in the afternoon as though something troubled him. I took pity on him, and tried to cheer him up by helping him bring in firewood, or rather offering to. Of course he quoted the Ferdinand-Miranda episode, and seemed drifting into sentiment, but I forestalled it, and we returned to dinner and common sense.

The evening around the camp-fire was particularly pleasant. I suppose the poor uninitiated think they are all alike, but they are never the same. Last night "the Boojum" appeared, and was excruciatingly funny. I laughed immoderately at his antics. Mr. Thompson was his keeper. The dignified Mr. Allen had disappeared early in the evening, and did not return till the sport was over.

Today we have "kept Sunday" pretty well. Beside our individual reading, letter-writing, etc., we had a social service of reading and rather sensible talk down at the Hammocks, and this afternoon a few of us sought a lovely, quiet spot we keep for occasions, and had a delightful religious service. Mr. Allen reads well, and can be very earnest when he chooses. After the service for the day, and the singing of a few dear old hymns, we read and talked of a chapter in "Friends in Counsel," and concluded by reading one of Mrs. Browning's loveliest poems. Tomorrow Mr. Allen leaves us. I feel that I shall miss him. He is not faultless—who is?—but I am sure he is good, and he is not disagreeable about it, as good people are sometimes. He is moody, but one can put up with that, especially if afflicted with the same weakness. He is unselfish and kind, and has much of that fine chivalry which one reads of but seldom sees. He has more will than imagination, more sense than sentiment; but all in all, is a manly man, and I feel proud that he calls me his friend.

June 15th.—What a lark we had in seeing Mr. Allen off! I don't know why it was, for

I really regretted to have him leave, but I felt full of mischief; and when I saw how annoyed he looked at our boisterous conduct in the presence of the stiff and proper people in the car, I acted outrageously just to see him uncomfortable. I played "Wait till the Clouds roll by" (which he abhors) on an old comb; sang "Halico Calico" (which he doesn't consider quite ladylike), gave camp calls, and behaved like a spoiled school girl, rather than like a young woman old enough to be discreet and dignified. It is not strange that we are accused of perversity—we often are guilty. Why are we so possessed? What could he have thought of me? He is so refined and gentlemanly. Oh, dear! can I never be ladylike? How chagrined and displeased he must have been. I had asked him to call, but I might have saved myself the courtesy. I do not believe he will. He will think I belong in the woods, and judiciously conclude that in town I would not be a desirable acquaintance.

June 16th.—Have not felt very well today. I believe I am getting a little tired of camp. I think we walk too much, and everybody seems trying to keep up a show of simplicity and light-heartedness. I wish they would be more quiet. I do not get a chance to think.

June 17th.—I have written to papa to send word that he wants me to come home. I have enjoyed myself much, but I think I ought to go home and take care of him—dear old fellow—he has so little change and rest. He must miss my petting, and I miss his watchful care. We are each all that the other has, and ought to be together. I am afraid I have run wild too long. I have had great fun up here, but one gets tired of too much fun. I feel a good deal ashamed of myself, when I think of Monday's performance. It was hoydenish and silly. I suppose it seemed as odious to Mr. Allen then as it does to me now. Why is it that one feels challenged by the delicate reproach that does not even openly express itself, and can risk the good opinion of a friend by flying in its face? I suppose the "You ought not" affects the childish *mind* much as did the "You dare not" of actual childhood.

It seems rather dull in camp this week. I don't know why. I hope papa will send tomorrow.

June 19th.—Once more in civilization, with its many conveniences—too many, I think—its obligations and its delights.

It is one of the many marvelous charms of camping, that one is so hilarously happy to get into the woods, and then so thoroughly satisfied to get back again.

Papa seems very glad to have me home. He says he knows Mr. Allen quite well, and has a high opinion of him. Says he never heard any one say a word against him. That seems about as hard a thing as can be said of anybody.

July 3rd.—It is two weeks since I came from camp, and I am quite back in my old life, but still with renewed spirit and freshness. I think over the last week in camp a great many times, and I must confess that Mr. Allen fills a large portion of the foreground of the picture in my mind. I feel that I did not fully appreciate him. I certainly did not treat him very well. I met him on the street yesterday for the first time. He bowed very pleasantly, but did not stop to speak to me. I did not deserve it, nor did I expect it, but I was a little disappointed.

July 4th.—Mr. Allen called this evening. He said he had not celebrated the day in any other manner, but thought I would do very well for the Goddess of Liberty, and he came to pledge his loyalty. I did not know whether to like it or not. I was so repentant for my unpardonable rudeness at that awful leave-taking, that I am afraid I seemed too glad to see him. I enjoyed his call very much, but fearing that I had been too gracious, I tried to lower my temperature, and when he went away I hardly asked him to call again.

July 16th.—Mr. Allen has not called again. I suppose he felt compelled by his awful sense of propriety to come once, and having no further motive, will come no more.

July 19th.—What a coincidence. I have very few gentlemen callers, but last evening Mr. Everett and Mr. Allen chanced to meet here. I was a little embarrassed, but tried to treat them with equal consideration. Both were agreeable. We had some good music. Mr. Everett sings finely, and Mr. Allen fairly. I sang, because I thought it shabby to refuse. They insisted on my playing. I was glad that Mr. Allen liked my favorite sonata. He has good musical taste, I wanted papa to play with me on his violin, but I couldn't coax him.

July 24th.—Went to church this morning as usual, and then to call on old Mrs. Thomas. She tired me dreadfully with the recital of her woes and her pains; but I suppose she felt better for it. I read to her and tidied up her room. I was quite tired when I reached home. I was having a good rest and playing with Dido, when in walked Mr. Allen. I wouldn't give up as though it were anything to be ashamed of, so I played with both of them.

August 1st.—Had a delightful day yesterday on a yachting excursion. All our campers went, and all were happy. The morning was placid and lovely, with just the breeze to send our little craft gently and gracefully over the waters blue; but soon the wind freshened, the saucy boat leaned to her work, and flew through the waves with great dash. Ah, how exhilarating it was! It made me feel full of vigor and daring. The breeze seemed audacious, and I caught the spirit. Mr. Allen, being an experienced yachtsman, was unmoved, apparently. It provoked me to see no glow of enthusiasm on his calm face, and I am afraid I romped with Mr. Everett. I know I persisted in staying on the deck until I was pretty well drenched with spray. Mr. Allen was thoroughly polite all day, but was not so genial and happy as he generally is.

September 4th.—Mr. Allen, whom I had about given up, called last evening. I meant to be quite severe at his long neglect, but I couldn't keep it up. I was really so glad to see him, in spite of his unaccountable freaks, that I suppose it broke through; any way, we had a pleasant evening, and he was kind enough to invite me to a horseback ride next week, in company with a pleasant party of friends. A very pleasant apology, if that is its significance. At any rate I accepted, and anticipate much pleasure.

September 9th.—Our horseback ride was exceedingly pleasant. It alarms me when I feel how much I enjoy being with Mr. Allen. It is a new and very strange experience, to be so dependent on another for happiness. When in his company I have a sense of subtle harmony. My heart seems singing within me; and when he is gone, I think upon every word of his that I can recall, and they are many. What a marvel this waking of affection—this growth of regard. I fear to own it to myself, but I can but see how my heart goes out to him. And how changed everything seems. My life is fuller, more serious, and yet more joyous—and the tenderness I feel toward all the world! Is it to last? God, the giver, only knows, but whatever the end, I will be thankful for this which I have—this exaltation of feeling, this glimpse into the marvelous world in the midst of the world. I must hide it deep from the sight of all, and surely from his. Can I meet him, and hide it? My efforts to conceal it must cause him to think strangely of me, for I am inconsistency itself. During the ride I would find myself drifting into a happy reverie from which I felt I must rouse myself, and in its dissipation I affected a heartless gayety, and chattered like a magpie. His manner is very considerate and kind, and whatever he thinks, he always acts as a generous, thoughtful friend. I cannot expect that he will ever be more, for what am I, that such a man should be even a loyal friend?

September 11th.—Mr. Allen spent the evening. I was so afraid he would read my telltale eyes, that I preserved the most unsentimental manner, and fenced skillfully whenever he showed any disposition to be serious.

Sept. 20th.—Mr. Allen called again. I was so glad to see him. Can it be that he really cares for me—I mean, in the way I care for him? For I can confess to you, my *guarded* friend, what no mortal must even guess. I dare not indulge the hope, and yet I sometimes fancy that he does.

Oct. 26th.—Mr. Allen is very kind and indulgent. He bears a great deal of unreasonable treatment with admirable patience, and shows me a great many attentions that I do not deserve. He has called frequently, and we are warm friends, but I doubt if we are ever more. We seem to have reached the end. Strange as it seems, he appears to be afraid of me. I cannot doubt that he cares for me—he gives me too many proofs of that. Can it be that he expects encouragement from me? It does seem unreasonable to strive to conceal my love, and still hope he will discover it. How can I expect him to risk all, not knowing what fate awaits him? And yet I can give him no hope, till I know that he loves me wholly. That is the advantage woman must claim. Man must do and dare if he would win us. Our concealment is our defense and safeguard. It is our test of the strength of love. I cannot be unmaidenly. If I have dissembled well, I rejoice in it. I will help no man to win me, and will accept no love that does not "in the scorn of consequence" risk all for the hope of success. True love is strong and daring, and has no fear. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by storm." It is even so in the domain of love.

Nov. 2d.—How can I write, even here in this familiar journal, which is but another self to whom I speak, of the joy that possesses me. I am so inexpressibly happy! He loves me. I cannot understand how he can, but I know that he does. In spite of my counterfeit indifference, with no encouragement that I could guard against, he dared all; and his heart shone so clearly through his dear eyes as he told his love, that I could but straightway confess that he had long had my heart, and promise that my hand would be given when he claimed it. I am afraid to look a human being in the face, lest my eyes shall proclaim, "He loves me." I feel that the greatest of earthly blessings is mine. I know now that perfect love casteth out all fear, for I enter this wondrous new world with perfect trust. When I look back to those lovely, foolish days at camp, and follow on to this blissful present, and peer into the roseate future, life seems such a mystery, and love such a miracle, that I almost doubt if I am real. How experience widens as life goes on. What unimagined realms in mind and heart are revealed when heaven blesses us with love. What differences it reconciles. What problems it solves. When I think how unworthy I am of this priceless boon, I feel almost burdened with the sense of debt. I am filled with wonder and awe; but in the presence of it all I am unutterably, reverently thankful, for there can be but blessing for one who has truly entered the kingdom of love.

Charles A. Murdock.

ON THE DESERT.

Rider and horse as one—onward he dashes
  Over the wide, white plain. To right, to left,
  No shrub or tree—only gaunt mountains, cleft
At the horizon. Say! what gleams and flashes
In the far distance, past the dust and ashes
  That round him rise—pale desolations weft?
  His ear of its quick sense well nigh bereft,
Hears sounds like steel that on tried sword-blade clashes.
  He plunges on;—his steed falls down and dies!
  He springs from earth, and casts his hopeless eyes
  Above—around! Is there no hand to save?
  Silence profound! There lies his undug grave,
  And there the phantom of the desert gleams
  With beckoning hands, past phantom running streams!

Sylvia Lawson Corey.

ROUGH NOTES OF A YOSEMITE CAMPING TRIP.—III.

August 11.—As we intended going only to the foot of Mount Dana, a distance of about eleven miles, we did not hurry this morning. Trail very blind. Lost it a dozen times, and had to scatter to find it each time. Saw again this morning magnificent evidences of the Tuolumne Glacier. Among the most remarkable, several smooth, rounded knobs of granite, eight hundred to one thousand feet high, with long slope up the valley, and steep slope down the valley, evidently their whole form determined by an enveloping glacier.

About two P. M., as we were looking out for a camping ground, a thunder-storm again burst upon us. We hurried on, searching among the huge boulders (probably glacial boulders) to find a place of shelter for our provisions and ourselves. At last we found a huge boulder, which overhung on one side, leaning against a large tree. The roaring of the coming storm grows louder and louder, the pattering of rain already begins. "Quick! quick!" In a few seconds the pack was unsaddled, and provisions thrown under shelter; then rolls of blankets quickly thrown after them; then the horses unsaddled and tied; then, at last, we ourselves, though already wet, crowded under. It was an interesting and somewhat amusing sight—all our provisions and blanket rolls, and eleven men packed away, actually piled one upon another, under a rock which did not project more than two and a half feet. I wish I could draw a picture of the scene: the huge rock with its dark recess; the living, squirming mass, piled confusedly beneath; the magnificent forest of grand trees; the black clouds; the constant gleams of lightning, revealing the scarcely visible faces; the peals of thunder, and the floods of rain pouring from the rocks on the projecting feet and knees of those whose legs were inconveniently long, or even on the heads and backs of some who were less favored in position.

In about an hour the storm passed, the men again came out, and we selected camp. Beneath a huge prostrate tree we soon started a fire, and piled log upon log until the flame, leaping upwards, seemed determined to overtop the huge pines around. Ah! what a joy is a huge camp-fire! not only its delicious warmth to one wet with rain in this high, cool region, but its cheerful light, its joyous crackling and cracking, its frantic dancing and leaping. How the heart warms, and dances, and brightens, and leaps in concert with the camp-fire!

We are here nearly ten thousand feet above sea-level. Nights are so cool that we are compelled to make huge fires, and sleep near the fire to keep warm. Our camp is a most delightful one, in the midst of grand trees and huge boulders—a meadow hard by, of course, for our horses. By stepping into the meadow, we see looming up very near us, on the south, the grand form of Mount Gibbs, and on the north, the still grander form of Mount Dana. After supper, and dishwashing, and horse-tending, and fire-replenishing, the young men gathered around me, and I gave them the following lecture on "Deposits in Carbonate Springs":

"You saw yesterday and this morning the bubbles of gas that rise in such abundance to the surface of Soda Springs. You observed the pleasant, pungent taste of the water, and you have doubtless associated both of these with the presence of carbonic acid. But there is another fact, which probably you have not associated with the presence of this gas, *viz:* the *deposit of a reddish substance.* This reddish substance, which forms the mound from the top of which the spring bubbles, is carbonate of lime, colored with iron oxide. This deposit is very common in carbonated springs: I wish to explain it to you.

"Remember then: First, that lime carbonate and metallic carbonates are insoluble in pure water, but slightly soluble in water containing carbonic acid; second, that the amount of carbonates taken up by water is proportionate to the amount of carbonic acid in solution; third, that the amount of carbonic acid that may be taken in solution is proportioned to the pressure. Now, all spring water contains a small quantity of carbonic acid, derived from the air, and will therefore dissolve limestone (carbonate of lime); but the quantity taken up by such waters is so small that it will not deposit, except by drying. Such are not called carbonated springs.

"But there are also *subterranean* sources of carbonic acid, especially in volcanic districts. Now, if percolating water come in contact with such carbonic acid—being under heavy pressure—it takes up larger quantities of the gas. If such waters come to the surface, the pressure being removed, the gas escapes in bubbles. This is a carbonated spring.

"If, further, the subterranean water, thus highly charged with carbonic acid, comes in contact with limestone or rocks of any kind containing carbonate of lime, it dissolves a proportionately large amount of this carbonate, and when it comes to the surface the escape of the carbonic acid causes the limestone to deposit, and hence this material accumulates immediately about the spring, and in the course of the stream issuing from the spring.

"The kind of material depends upon the manner of deposit, and upon the presence or absence of iron. If the deposit is tumultuous, the material is spongy, or even pulverulent; if quiet, it is dense. If no iron be present, the deposit is white as marble; but if iron be present, the oxidation will color the deposit yellow, or brown, or reddish. If the amount of iron be variable, the stone formed will be beautifully striped. Suisun marble is an example of a beautifully striped stone, deposited in this way in a former geological epoch.

"I have said that such springs are most common in volcanic districts. They are, therefore, most commonly warm. Soda Springs, however, is not a volcanic district. In our travels in the volcanic region on the other side of the Sierras, we will find, probably, several others. At one time these springs were far more abundant in California than they are now."

August 12.—Rode our horses up as far as the timber expands, staked them out in little green patches of rich grass, very abundant on the mountain slopes, and then began the real ascent of Mount Dana on foot. I think we ascended about three thousand feet after leaving our horses. Mount Dana, as seen from this side, is of a very regular, conical form, entirely destitute of soil, and therefore of vegetation; in fact, from top to bottom, a mere loose mass of rock fragments—metamorphic sandstone and slates. The slope is, I think, forty degrees; the rock fragments, where small, give way under the foot, and roll downwards; if large, they are difficult to climb over. The ascent is difficult and fatiguing in the extreme. The danger, too, to those below, from boulders loosened by the feet of those above, is very great. A large fragment, at least one hundred pounds, thus loosened, came thundering down upon me with fearful velocity before I was aware. I had no time to get out of the way; in fact, my own footing was precarious. I opened my legs; it passed between, and bounded on its way down.

There being no trail, each man took his own way. The young men were evidently striving to see who could be up first. I took my steady, even way, resting a moment from time to time. My progress illustrated the fable of the hare and the tortoise: I was the third man on top; Mr. Muir and P—— alone had gotten there before me. The view from the top is magnificent beyond description. To the northwest, the sharp, strangely picturesque peaks of the Cathedral group; to the south, in the distance, the Mount Lyell group, with broad patches of snow on their slopes; and near at hand, the bare, gray mass of Mount Gibbs; to the north, the fine outlines of Castle Peak, rising above and dominating the surrounding summits; and to the east, almost at our feet, the whole interior valley, including Lake Mono, with its picturesque islands and volcanoes. Stretching away to the west, valleys, with grassy meadows and lakes separated by low wooded ridges. I could count forty or fifty lakes, and meadows without number. These meadows, and lakes, and ridges suggest glacier beds, with moraines, stretching westward down the Sierra slope.

As already said, the mountain is superficially a mass of loose rock fragments. I saw the rock *in situ* only in one place, but this was a magnificent section. About two-thirds of the way up, the bed-rock appears as a perpendicular crag, nearly one hundred feet high. It is here a very distinctly and beautifully stratified sandstone, and in a perfectly *horizontal* position. The slope on the western and southwestern side is regular, and about forty degrees; but when we arrived at the top, we found that on the east and northeast the slope is very precipitous, forming a great amphitheatre, in which lay vast stores of snow, and in one place we found nestled a clear, deep blue lake, apparently formed by the melting snow. This great snow field extends a little over the gentle slope by which we ascended. For the last five hundred to one thousand feet we ascended the mountain over this snow. Mount Dana is 13,227 feet high. I did not observe any remarkable effect of diminished density of amosphere upon respiration or circulation. The beating of the heart was a little troublesome. I had to stop frequently to allow it to become quiet; but this seemed to me as bad near the beginning of the climb as near the top. It seemed only more difficult to get my "second wind" than usual.

We took cold lunch on the top of the mountain, and began our descent, which was less fatiguing, but much more dangerous and trying, than the ascent. The shoes of several of the party were completely destroyed. Soon after reaching camp, we again had thunder and rain. We all huddled, with our provisions and blankets, again under our rock shed. After supper we again built up an immense camp-fire. Now while I write, the strong light of the blazing fire is thrown upon the tall tamarack trees, and upon the faces of the young men, engaged in various ways. I wish I could draw a picture of the scene now presented: the blazing fire of huge, piled logs; the strongly illuminated figures of the party; the intense blackness of sky and forest.

We will see Mono Lake tomorrow. Before going to bed, therefore, the party gathered about the fire, and by request I gave them the following lecture on the formation of salt and alkaline lakes:

"*Salt Lakes* may originate in two general ways: either by the isolation of a portion of sea-water, or else by the indefinite concentration of ordinary river water in a lake without an outlet. Great Salt Lake, and all the other salt lakes scattered over the desert on the other side of the Sierras, are possibly formed by the first method. It is probable that at a comparatively recent geological epoch, the whole of the salt and alkaline region on the other side of the Sierras, which we will see tomorrow, was covered by an extension of the sea from the Gulf of California. When this was raised into land, portions of sea-water were caught up and isolated in the hollows of the uneven surface. The lakes thus formed have since greatly diminished by drying away, as is clearly shown by the terraces or old water levels far beyond and above the present limits; and their waters have become saturated solutions of the saline matters contained in sea water.[1]

"The Dead Sea, and many other salt lakes and brine pools in the interior of Asia, have probably been formed in the same way. But the Caspian Sea is probably an example of the second method of formation: *i. e.*, by concentration of river water. The reason for thinking so is, that old beach marks, or terraces, show a great drying away of the lake, and yet the water is still far less salt than sea water.

"*Alkaline Lakes* are formed, and can be formed, only by the second method, *viz:* by indefinite concentration of river water by evaporation in a lake without an outlet. Such concentration, therefore, may form either a salt or an alkaline lake. Whether the one or the other kind of lake results, depends wholly upon the composition of the river waters. If chlorides predominate, the lake will be salt; but if alkaline carbonates predominate, it will be alkaline.

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[1] Since this was written, it has been proved that Great Salt Lake (and probably also the other lakes in this region) was formed in the second way. The former outlet of this lake into Snake River has been found. It was, therefore, once a fresh lake, but lost its outlet and dried away to its present condition.

"Perhaps some of you will be surprised that the pure, fresh water of mountain streams can produce salt or alkaline lakes. I must therefore try to explain:

"We speak of spring water as pure and fresh; it is so, comparatively. Nevertheless, all spring water, and therefore all river water, contains small quantities of saline matters derived from the rocks and soils through which they percolate. Suppose, then, the drainage of any hydrographical basin to accumulate in a lake. Suppose, farther, that the *supply* of water by rivers be greater than the waste by evaporation from the lake surface. It is evident that the lake will rise, and if the same relation continues it will continue to rise, until it finds an outlet in the lowest part of the rim, and is discharged into the ocean, or some other reservoir. Such a lake will be *fresh; i. e.*, it will contain only an imperceptible quantity of saline matter. But if, on the other hand, at any time the *waste* by evaporation from the lake surface should be equal to the supply by rivers, the lake would not rise, and therefore would not find an outlet. Now the salting process will begin. The waters that flow in contain a little, be it *ever* so little, of saline matter. All this remains in the lake, since evaporation carries off only distilled water. Thus, age after age, saline matters are leached from rocks and soils, and accumulated in the lake, which, therefore, must eventually become either salt or alkaline.

"Thus, whether lakes are saline or fresh depends on the presence or absence of an outlet; and the presence or absence of an outlet depends on the relation of supply by rain to waste by evaporation; and this latter depends on the climate. Saline lakes cannot occur except in very dry climates, and these lakes are rare, because on most land-surfaces the rainfall far exceeds the evaporation, the excess being carried to the sea by rivers. Only in wide plains in the interior of continents do we find the climatic conditions necessary to produce salt lakes.

"I have shown the conditions necessary to the formation of a salt lake by concentration of river water. Now, the very same conditions control the existence of salt lakes, however they may have originated. Even in the case of a salt lake formed by the isolation of a portion of sea water, whether it remain salt or become fresh will depend wholly on the conditions discussed above. Suppose, for example, a portion of sea water be isolated by an upheaval of the sea-bed; now, if the supply of water to this lake by rivers be greater than the waste by evaporation from the surface, the lake will rise, overflow, and discharge into the sea or other reservoir, the salt water will be slowly rinsed out, and the lake will become fresh. But if the evaporation should equal the supply, the lake will not find an outlet, and will remain salt, and will even increase in saltness, until it begins to deposit.

"Thus, if the Bay of San Francisco should be cut off from the sea at the Golden Gate, it would form a fresh lake, for the water running into it by the Sacramento River is far greater than the evaporation from the bay. So the Black Sea and the Baltic Sea, as shown by the comparative freshness of their waters, would form fresh lakes. But the Mediterranean, as shown by the great saltness of its waters, would certainly remain salt, and become increasingly salt. We have the best reasons to believe that Lake Champlain, since the glacial epoch, was an arm of the sea. It has become fresh since it became separated.

"Thus we see that the one condition which determines the existence of salt and alkaline lakes is the absence of an outlet. Now the ocean, of course, has no outlet; the ocean is the final reservoir of saline matters leached from the earth. Hence, although the saltness of the ocean is a somewhat different problem from that of salt lakes, yet it is almost certain that the saline matters of the ocean are the accumulated results of the leachings of the rocks and soils by circulating waters throughout all geological times."

During my travels through the Sierras, I have made many observations on rocks and mountains. One or two of these I think worthy of mention.

First, I have seen everywhere the strongest confirmation of the view that granite is often but the final term of metamorphism of sedimentary rocks. In Yosemite I could trace every stage of gradation from granite to gneiss, and since leaving Yosemite from gneiss into impure sandstone. On Mount Dana, sandstones are easily traced into gneiss, or even eurite, and slate into a crystalline rock, undistinguishable from diorite or other traps.

Second: No one who examines the forms of the peaks of the Sierras can come to any other conclusion than that all the mountain forms seen here are the result of *denudation.* Standing at Soda Springs, and gazing upon the strange forms of Cathedral Group, the conviction is forced upon the mind that these were not upheaved, but simply left as more resisting fragments of an almost inconceivable erosion—fragments of a denuded plateau. The strange ruggedness of the forms, the inaccessible peaks and pinnacles, have been the result of the very decomposable nature of the granite. Mount Dana, with its more regular form, consists of more resistant slates. The evidence that Mount Dana has been formed entirely by denudation is, I conceive, complete. As already stated, Mount Dana is composed of undisturbed horizontal strata. The grand bulge of a great mountain chain is probably produced by the shrinkage of the earth; the foldings and tiltings of strata in mountain chains by the same cause; but the actual forms which constitute scenery are purely the result of aqueous erosion. Metamorphism is, I believe, always produced in deeply buried rocks by heat, water, and pressure. The universal metamorphism of the rocks in the Sierras is, therefore, additional evidence of the immensity of the erosion which brings these to the surface.

Since leaving Yosemite, we have seen no houses; in fact, no human beings but a few shepherds. As the flock requires to be driven from one pasture to another, these men live only in hastily constructed sheds, covered with boughs. In this shepherd's life, there may be something pleasant when viewed through the imagination only; but, in reality, it is enough to produce either imbecility or insanity. The pleasant pictures drawn by the poets of contemplative wisdom and harmless enjoyment, of affectionate care of the flock, of pensive music of pipes, these possibly, probably, once did exist; but certainly they do not exist now, at least in California.

August 13.—Considerable frost this morning, for we are in the midst of the snows. Over Mono Pass, and down Bloody Cañon today. I really dread it for my horse's sake. Even well-shod horses get their feet and legs cut and bleeding in going down this cañon.

The trail to the summit is a very gentle ascent, the whole way along the margin of a stream. Distance, three or four miles. On the very summit, ten thousand seven hundred feet high, there is a marshy meadow, from which a stream runs each way: one east, into the Tuolumne, along which we had ascended; the other west, down Bloody Cañon into Mono Lake, along which we expect to descend. Right on the summit, and in Bloody Cañon, we found great masses of snow. The trail passes by their edges and over their surfaces. The trail down Bloody Cañon is rough and precipitous beyond conception. It is the terror of all drovers and packers across the mountains. It descends four thousand feet in two or three miles, and is a mere mass of loose fragments of sharp slate. Our horses' legs were all cut and bleeding before we got down. We all dismounted, and led them down with the greatest care. In going down we met a large party of Indians—some on horseback and some on foot—coming up. We saluted them. In return, they invariably whined, "Gie me towaca," "Gie me towaca." They were evidently incredulous when told that none of the party chewed.

The scenery of Bloody Cañon is really magnificent, and from a scientific point of view, this is the most interesting locality I have yet seen. Conceive a narrow, winding gorge, with black, slaty precipices of every conceivable form, one thousand five hundred to two thousand feet high on either side. As the gorge descends precipitously, and winds from side to side, we often look from above down into the most glorious amphitheatre of cliffs, and from time to time beyond, upon the glittering surface of Lake Mono, and the boundless plains, studded with volcanic cones. About one-third of the way down, in the center of the grandest of these amphitheaters, see! a deep, splendidly clear, emerald green lake, three or four times the size of Mirror Lake. It looks like an artificial basin, for its shores are everywhere hard, smooth, polished rock; especially, the rim at the lower side is highly polished and finely striated. There can be no doubt that this lake basin has been scooped out by a glacier, which once descended this cañon. In fact, glacial action is seen on every side around this lake, and all the way down the cañon, and far into the plains below. The cliffs on each side are scored and polished to the height of one thousand feet or more; projecting knobs in the bottom of the cañon are rounded, and scored, and polished in a similar manner.

After we had descended the steep slope, and had fairly escaped from the high, rocky walls of Bloody Cañon proper; after we had reached the level plain and had prepared ourselves for an extensive view, we found ourselves still confined between two huge, parallel ridges of *débris*, five hundred feet high, and only one-half a mile apart, and extending five or six miles out on the plain. These are the lateral moraines of a glacier, which once descended far into the plain toward Mono Lake. A little below the beginning of these moraines, in descending, we found a large and beautiful lake, filling the whole cañon. Below this lake, the lateral moraines on either side send each a branch, which meet each other, forming a crescentic cross-ridge, through which the stream breaks. This is evidently a terminal moraine, and the lake has been formed by the damming up of the water of the stream by this moraine barrier.

Below this, or still farther on the plain, I observed several other terminal moraines, formed in a similar way, by curving branches from the lateral moraines. Behind these are no lakes, but only marshes and meadows. These meadows are evidently formed in the same way as the lake; in fact, may be lakes, subsequently filled up by deposit.

After getting away from these lateral moraines fairly out on the plains, the most conspicuous objects that strike the eye are the extinct volcanoes. There are, I should think, at least twenty of them, with cones and craters as perfect as if they erupted yesterday. Even at this distance I see that their snow-white, bare sides are composed of loose volcanic ashes and sand, above which project distinct rocky crater-rims, some of dark rock, but most of them of light-colored, probably pumice-rock. Magnificent views of these cones and of Mono Lake are gotten from time to time while descending Bloody Cañon. The cones are of all heights, from two hundred to two thousand seven hundred feet above the plain, and the plain itself about five thousand feet above sea-level.

We camped in a fine meadow on the banks of a beautiful stream—Rush Creek. In riding down to our camp I observed the terraces of Lake Mono, former water-levels, very distinctly marked, four or five in number. The whole region about Lake Mono on this side is covered with volcanic ashes and sand. It is the only soil except in the meadows. Even these seem to have the same soil, only more damp, and therefore more fertile. Scattered about, larger masses of pumice and obsidian are visible. Except in the meadows and along streams, the only growth is the sage-bush. Just before reaching camp, Mr. Muir and I examined a fine section, made by Rush Creek, of lake and river deposit, beautifully stratified. It consists below of volcanic ashes, carried as sediment and deposited in the lake, and is therefore a true lake deposit. Above this is a drift pebble deposit, the pebbles consisting of granite and slate from the Sierras. Above this again are volcanic ashes and sand, *unstratified*, probably blown ashes and sand, or else ejected since the drift. We have here, therefore, certain evidence of eruptions before the drift, and possibly also after.

In the picture of the view from Mono Lake, I have yet said nothing about the Sierras. The general view of these mountains from this, the Mono side, is far finer than from the other side. The Sierras rise gradually on the western side for fifty or sixty miles. On the Mono, or eastern side, they are precipitous, the very summit of the range running close to the valley. From this side, therefore, the mountains present a sheer elevation of six thousand to seven thousand feet above the plain. The sunset view of the Sierras, from an eminence near our camp, this evening, was, it seems to me, by far the finest mountain view I have ever in my life seen. The immense height of the chain above the plain, the abruptness of the declivity, the infinitely diversified forms, and the wonderful sharpness and ruggedness of the peaks, such as I have seen nowhere but in the Sierras, and all this strongly relieved against the brilliant sunset sky, formed a picture of indescribable grandeur. As I turn around in the opposite direction, the regular forms of the volcanoes, the placid surface of Lake Mono with its picturesque islands, and far away in the distance the scarcely visible outlines of the White Mountains, pass in succession before the eye. I enjoyed this magnificent panoramic view until it faded away in the darkness.

After supper I again went out to enjoy the scene by night. As I gazed upon the abrupt slope of the Sierras, rising like a wall before me, I tried to picture to myself the condition of things during the glacial epoch. The long, western slope of the Sierras is now occupied by long, complicated valleys, broad and full of meadows, while the eastern slope is deeply graven with short, narrow, steep ravines. During glacial times, therefore, it is evident that the western slope was occupied by long, complicated glaciers, with comparatively sluggish current; while on the east, short, parallel ice-streams ran down the steep slope, and far out on the level plain. On each side of these protruded, icy tongues, the *débris* brought down from the rocky ravines was dropped as parallel moraines. Down the track of one of these glaciers, and between the outstretched moraine arms, our path lay this morning.

August 14—Sunday.—I have not before suffered so much from cold as last night; yet yesterday the sun was very hot. No grand forest to protect us from wind and furnish us with logs for camp-fire; only sage-brush on the plains, and small willows on the stream banks. The winds blow furiously from the Sierras down the cañons, upon the plains. After breakfast, went to visit the volcanic cones in the vicinity. The one we visited was one of the most perfect and at the same time one of the most accessible. It was not more than one hundred and fifty or two hundred feet above the level of the sandy plain on which it stands.

I was very greatly interested in this volcano. It seems to me that its structure clearly reveals some points of its history. It consists of two very perfect cones and craters, one within the other. The outer cone, which rises directly from the level plain to a height of two hundred feet, is composed wholly of volcanic sand, and is about one mile in diameter. From the bottom and center of its crater rises another and much smaller cone of lava to a little greater height. We rode up the outer sand cone, then around on the rim of its crater, then down its inner slope to the bottom; tied our horses to sage-brush at the base of the inner lava-cone, and scrambled on foot into its crater. As one stands on the rim of this inner crater, the outer rises like a rampart on every side.

I believe we have here a beautiful example of cone-and-rampart structure, so common in volcanoes elsewhere; the rampart or outer cone, being the result of an older and much greater eruption, within the wide, yawning crater, of which, by subsequent lesser eruption, the lesser cone was built.[1]

Mr. Muir is disposed to explain it differently. He thinks that this was once a much higher single cone, lava at top and sand on the slopes, like most of the larger cones in this vicinity; and that after its last eruption, it suffered *engulfment; i. e.*, its upper, rocky portion has dropped down into its lower, sandy portion.

The lava of this volcano is mostly pumice and obsidian, sometimes approaching trachyte. It is of all shades of color from black to white, sometimes beautifully veined, like slags of an iron furnace; and of all physical conditions, sometimes vesicular, sometimes glassy, sometimes stony. Wrinkled fusion surfaces were also abundant. Again: I believe I can fix the date of the last eruption of this volcano. I found on the outer, or ash cone, several unmistakable *drift pebbles of granite.* At first, I thought that they might be the result of accidental deposits. But I found, also, several within the *lava crater.* These were reddened and semi-fused by heat. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the last eruption of this volcano was since the drift; it broke through a layer of drift deposit and threw out the drift pebbles. Some fell back into the crater.

Mr. Muir took leave of us within the crater of this volcano. He goes today to visit some of the loftier cones. I was really sorry to lose Mr. Muir from our party. I have formed a very high opinion of and even a strong attachment for him. He promises to write me if he observes any additional facts of importance.

Several Indians visited us while at dinner. This is a favorite time for such visits. They know they will get something to eat. Two younger Indians were full of life and good nature, but one old wrinkled fellow was very reticent, and stood much upon his dignity. We put up some bread, and the younger ones shot for it, but the old Indian would take no notice of it, and even seemed to treat the idea with contempt. He evidently belongs to the Old Régime. He remembers the time when the noble red man had undisputed possession of this part of the country.

About two P. M., we started for Alliton's, a small house on the west side of the lake, and about twelve miles distant. The trail runs close along the margin of the lake, sometimes in the very water, sometimes rising on the slopes of the steep mountains, which come down to the very water's edge. From the sides of these mountains, the view of the lake and mountains was very fine. The volcanic character of the islands in the lake was very evident, and their craters were quite distinct. It is said that evidences of feeble volcanic activity still exist in the form of steam jets, hot springs, etc.

On my way along the shores of the lake, I observed thousands of birds—blackbirds, gulls, ducks, magpies, stilts, and sandpipers. The sandpipers I never saw alight on the shore, but only on the water. They swam, rose in flocks, settled on the water, exactly like true ducks. Will not these in time undergo a Darwinian change into web-footers? These birds seem to collect in such numbers to feed upon the swarms of flies that frequent the shores. The numbers of these are incredible. I saw them in piles three or four inches thick on the water, and in equal piles thrown up dead on the shore. The air stank with them. These flies come here to spawn. Their innumerable larvæ form, I understand, the principal food of the Indians during a portion of the year.[2] All about the margin of the lake, and standing in the water near the shore, I observed irregular masses of rough, porous limestone, evidently deposited from the water of the lake, or else from old limestone springs.

Soon after camping, we went in swimming in the lake. The water is very buoyant, but the bathing is not pleasant. The shores are flat and muddy, and swarm with flies. These do not trouble one, but their appearance is repulsive. The water contains large quantities of carbonate of soda, a little carbonate of lime, and probably some borax. It is therefore very cleansing, but makes the skin feel slimy, and lathers the head and beard like soap. The presence of volcanic rocks and volcanic sand, all around, and also of soda granite, in the Sierras, sufficiently explains why this lake is alkaline, instead of salt.

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[1] I have more recently (1875) again visited this region. My observations on several of the volcanoes confirm my first impressions.

[2] I have since (1875) observed the gathering of the larvæ, or rather pupæ, of these flies. About the first of July, the pupæ are cast ashore in immense quantities. They are then gathered, dried, rubbed to break off the shell, and kept for use, under the name of *Koo-cha-bee.*

We bought here a little butter, cheese, and corned beef. We have gotten out of the region of mutton. With the exception of patches of rich meadow, formed by the streams from the Sierras, everywhere is sage, sage, sage. The water, however, is delicious. The streams are formed by the melting snows of the Sierras, and these are so near by that the water is very abundant and ice-cold. Close by our camp there issues from a large, rough, limestone rock, a magnificent spring of ice-cold water, which runs off as a large brook.

Most of our party concluded to sleep here in a hay-loft. Hawkins and I preferred a hay-cock. We put our blankets together, and had a deliciously soft, warm, and fragrant bed, under the star-lit sky.

I desired very much to visit the islands from this point, but there was no boat. These islands, I understand, are the resort of millions of gulls, which deposit their eggs there in immense quantities. These eggs are an important article of food and of traffic for the Indians. Mono Lake is about fifteen miles long, and twelve miles across.

August 15.—Soon after leaving our camp, this morning, we passed a rude Indian village, consisting of a few huts. The Indian huts in this vicinity are nothing but a few poles, set up together in a conical form, and covered with boughs. We bought from these Indians several quarts of pine nuts (nuts of the *Pinus monophylla.*) They are about the size and nearly the shape of ground-pea kernels. We found them very sweet and nice. On leaving Mono, we struck out nearly northwest. We were therefore soon among the foothills of the Sierras again, and consequently in the mining regions. Saw many evidences of superficial mining. The *débris* of these washings by the whites are washed over by the Chinese. Passed quite a village of Chinese engaged in this way. The diminutive mud huts were strung along a little stream—Virginia Creek—in the bottom of a ravine, for a considerable distance. The whites call this Dog Town. I observed even here almost every hut had its little irrigated garden patch attached to it.

After making about twelve miles this morning, we camped for noon at Big Meadows. This is a beautiful grassy plain, six or seven miles long, and three or four miles wide, on which graze hundreds of cattle and horses. The view from this meadow is superb. Now, as I sit here at our noon camp, I am surrounded on every side by mountains. Behind me, to the east, are the foothills we have just crossed; in front stretches the green meadow, and beyond rise the lofty Sierras. The nearer mountains are immense, somewhat regular masses, smooth and green to the very summits, except where covered with patches of snow. Behind these, and seen through gaps, is the most magnificent group of singularly sharp and jagged peaks, tinged with blue by their distance, with great masses of snow in the deepest hollows on their precipitous faces. The appearance of these great amphitheaters, with precipitous walls, suggested at once that these were the wombs from which once issued great glaciers.

We are in want of supplies. Some of the party are sadly in want of shoes. So also are some of the horses. While three of the young men go to Bridgeport—a small town on Big Meadows, and but a little out of the way—the rest of the party went on, intending to make camp before the foragers arrived.

Started about four P. M., intending to go about seven miles, and then camp in a cañon which we see emerging into Big Meadows on the northwest—"Tamarack Cañon." As the sun went down behind the Sierras, the view became more and more splendid, and the coolness of the evening air increased our enjoyment of it. The delight of that evening ride, and the glory of that mountain view, I shall never forget.

About 6.30, found a place in the cañon where the grazing was very fine, and water abundant, the grass and clover fresh, tall, and juicy, and a little stream gurgling close by. Here we camped, turned our horses loose to graze, with lariats trailing, intending to stake them securely before going to bed. In the meantime, it became very dark, and our companions not yet arrived. When at last they did come, which was about nine P. M., they came shouting and yelling, and hurrahing at the sight of the blazing fire. The noise stampeded our horses, and they ran affrighted and snorting up the steep sides of the cañon, over the mountains, and away into the impenetrable darkness of night. We could trace them only by their shrill snorting, and now and then by the flitting form of my old gray. After some fruitless attempts to recover them, which only increased their fright, the night being very dark, and the mountains very rough, we concluded to give it up till morning.

We have been today on the first road we have seen since we left Clark's.

August 16.—At daybreak two of the party went after the horses. By the time breakfast was ready they returned with them. They had tracked them over the mountains back to Big Meadows, where they found them quietly feasting. We started off about eight A. M., and for eight or ten miles more traveled on the Sonora road, along the same narrow cañon in which we had camped. This cañon is not more than one hundred yards wide, flanked on each side by very steep hills and precipices, yet the bottom is quite level and the road good. Passed immense masses of trap—ancient lava flows; in some places finely columnar; mostly porphyritic lava and amygdaloid.

About ten miles from our camp we reached Warm Springs. These are very fine and large springs. A considerable brook runs directly from the principal spring. There are, moreover, several springs, having different properties. The waters seem to be violently boiling, but this is the result of escaping carbonic acid, rather than steam. The temperature of the water seems to be about 150° to 160°. We have here still another evidence of the decay of the mines in this region. This was once a flourishing watering place, or at least expected to become so, but it is now entirely abandoned. Several parties are now stopping here to make use of the baths, and to hunt and fish in the vicinity. They bring, of course, their own provisions. Sage hens are very abundant in the brush, and trout in the streams, in this region. I observe limestone now depositing from these carbonated springs; also, near by, immense rough masses of the same, which have been similarly deposited at some previous epoch. The immense lava streams in this immediate vicinity, in fact, all around, sufficiently account for the heat of the springs.

After examining the springs, we rode on, leaving the Sonora road, and taking a trail for Antelope Valley. We reached a ridge overlooking Antelope Valley about sunset. Before us the valley lay spread out at our feet (but ah, how far below us we found to our cost that night), behind us the magnificent Sierras, and the sun setting behind them. We stopped, and gazed first at one, and then at the other.

"Antelope Valley is but a step; what is the use of hurrying?"

"Nevertheless, we had better go on; remember Laddsville and Chowchilla Mountain."

On we rode; presently a cañon, right across the way—and such a cañon!

"Surely, it is impossible to cross that!"

A thousand feet deep, and less than one thousand feet wide at the top, and the sides seemingly perpendicular. But across it we must go. Already we see the advanced guard near the top, on the other side. We speak to them across the yawning chasm.

The trail wound backward and forward, down one side, across the foaming stream, and then backward and forward up the other side; we followed the trail, though it led us on the dizzy edge of fearful precipices. We have become accustomed to this sort of thing, and so have our horses. Onward we pushed, next across an inextricable tangle of sagebrush and trap boulders; then down another cañon, and across another ridge, then down, down, down, then over another ridge, and then darkness overtook us. Then down, down, down. We lost the trail; scattered about to find it. "Here it is!" found again; lost again; scatter; found again; and so on; but always still down, down, down.

At last we reached the plain, after descending at least four thousand feet. In the valley at last! but alas, no meadow; nothing but sage, sage, sage. Very dark — neither moon nor stars. Onward we push, guided only by lights we see in the valley. "Hello! where are you?" we hear from behind. "Here we are! come on," we answer. We stop awhile until laggers come up. Onward again we urge our tired horses, winding through the sagebrush. Onward, still onward, straining our eyes to peer through the thick darkness. Onward, still onward, five long miles through the interminable sage desert, without trail, and guided only by the lights. One by one the lights disappear.

"What shall we do?"

"Can't stop here; push on."

At last we reached some Indian huts. "How far to white man's house?"

"Leetle ways."

"How many miles?"

"No sabe."

"One mile? two miles? half mile?"

"No sabe."

Onward, still onward. In despair we stopped to consult. At the Indian huts we had struck a road, but it was leading us away from the direction in which we had seen the lights. We again struck into the pathless sage. Hawkins is reconnoitering a little in advance. "Here we are," we heard him cry. "Whoop! a barley field!" It was without a fence. We determined to ride in, unsaddle, make our camp, allow our horses to eat their fill of standing barley, and make it good by paying in the morning. It was ten P. M. Some of the party were so tired and sleepy that they preferred to go to bed supperless, and therefore immediately threw themselves on the ground and went to sleep. Five of us, however, determined to build a fire and cook supper. Ah, what a glorious fire sagebrush makes! Ah what a splendid supper we cooked that night! Ah, how we laughed in our sleeves at the mistake that the sleepers had made! Comforted and happy, and gazing complacently yet compassionately on the prostrate forms of our companions, moaning in their sleep with the pangs of hunger, we went to bed at 11.30 P. M., and slept sweetly the sleep of the innocent. If we are trespassing, it is time enough to think of that in the morning.

August 17.—This valley can't be more than three thousand to four thousand feet high: last night was the warmest we have felt since we left Yosemite. I was sitting on my blankets, putting on my shoes, and thinking repentantly of our trespass. The sun was just rising. Yonder comes swift retribution in the shape of a tall, rough-looking mountaineer, with rifle on shoulder and pistol in belt, galloping straight towards us. As he comes nearer, he looks pale, and his lips are tightly compressed. He stops before me suddenly.

"You seem to have had a good thing here last night."

"Why, yes, rather—but we intend, of course, to pay for it."

"I am glad to hear it."

He was evidently greatly provoked by our trespass, but after we had explained the circumstances, and had paid him four dollars, he seemed very well satisfied, bade us good-morning, put spurs to his horse, and rode off as rapidly as he had come.

This valley being so deep, of course we had to climb very high to get out of it. The road is, however, tolerably good. We nooned about ten miles from Antelope Valley, at Silver King, a deserted mining town. This is a good example of many similar towns in the mining districts of California. They are rapidly built up—property rising to a fabulous price—then as rapidly decay. This one seems to have flashed up and gone out more suddenly than usual. There are several rather pretentious but unfinished buildings—hotels, stores, etc. Evidences of mining operations close by. I examined these, but saw no evidence of any special value. Rode rapidly this evening, and camped at a meadow in Bagsley's Valley. After supper we all gathered about the campfire, and I gave the party a talk on the subjects of Bloody Cañon and its glacier, the volcanoes of Mono, and the lava flows and warm carbonated springs we saw yesterday; but as the substance of what I then said is scattered about among these notes, I omit it here.

August 18.—This morning, when I woke up, my blanket, hair, and bed were covered with a heavy frost. The meadow was white with the same. The water left overnight in our tin canister was frozen.

All along the road from Monitor to Markleeville, and in Markleeville itself, I have seen sad evidences of the effects of the speculative spirit—sad evidences of time and money and energies wasted. Deserted houses and deserted mines in every direction. The Indians, of whom there are a large number about Markleeville, occupy these deserted houses. Some of the mines which I have seen seem to have been undertaken on an expensive scale. They are mostly quartz mines.

By invitation of Mr. Hawkins, we went on this afternoon only three miles, and camped at a ranch belonging to his brother. This is, indeed, a most delightful place. While the horses graze, and I sit in the shade and write this, the young men are playing ball on the smooth-shaven green. The meadow is surrounded by high, almost perpendicular, and apparently impassable mountains on every side, except that by which we came. In such a secluded, beautiful dell, deep sunk in a mountain top, might a Rasselas dream away his early life. Over those apparently impassable cliffs must we climb tomorrow if we would go on to Tahoe.

August 19.—Heavy frost again this morning. Water and milk left from supper last night frozen.

The trail from this place into Hope Valley is one of the steepest we have yet attempted. It is a zigzag up an almost perpendicular cliff. In many places there can be no doubt that a false step would have been certainly fatal to man and horse. In the steepest part we dismounted, and led the horses a great portion of the way up. In many places there was no detectable trail at all. When we were once up, however, the trail was very good. From the top of this ridge I saw many fine peaks of columnar basalt, evidently the remnants of old lava streams. The descent into Hope Valley is much more gentle. This valley is a famous resort for fishing and hunting parties. After resting here two hours, we started on our way to Tahoe. We now proceeded by a good wagon road, and therefore quite rapidly, and camped at seven P. M. in a fine grove of tamaracks, on the very borders of a lake.

We have, I observed this evening, passed through the region of slate (mining region), and the region of lava flows, and are again in the region of granite. The granite about Tahoe, however, is finer-grained than that about Yosemite and Tuolumne meadows, especially the latter.

August 20.—After breakfast we hired a sail-boat, partly to fish, but mainly to enjoy a sail on the beautiful lake. Oh, the exquisite beauty of this lake! Its clear waters, emerald green and the deepest ultra-marine blue; its pure shores, rocky or cleanest gravel—so clean that the chafing of the waves does not stain, in the least, the bright clearness of the water; the high granite mountains with serried peaks, which stand close around its very shore to guard its crystal purity; this lake, not *among*, but *on* the mountains, lifted six thousand feet towards the deep blue, over-arching sky, whose image it reflects. We sailed some six or eight miles, and landed in a beautiful cove on the Nevada side. Shall we go in swimming? Newspapers in San Francisco say there is something peculiar in the water of this high mountain lake; it is so light, they say, that logs of timber sink immediately, and bodies of drowned animals never rise; that it is impossible to swim in it; that, essaying to do so, many good swimmers have been drowned.

These facts are well attested by newspaper scientists, and therefore not doubted by newspaper readers. Since leaving Oakland I have been often asked, by the young men, the scientific explanation of so singular a fact. I have uniformly answered:

"We will try scientific experiments when we arrive there."

The time had come. "Now, then, boys," I cried, "for the scientific experiment I promised you."

I immediately plunged in head-foremost, and struck out boldly. I then threw myself on my back, and lay on the surface with my limbs extended and motionless for ten minutes, breathing quietly the while. All the good swimmers quickly followed. It is as easy to swim and float in this as in any other water. Lightness from diminished atmospheric pressure! Nonsense! In an almost incompressible liquid, like water, the diminished density produced by diminished pressure would be more than counterbalanced by increased density produced by cold.

After our swim we again launched the boat, and sailed out into the very middle of the lake. The wind had become very high, and the waves quite formidable. We shipped wave after wave, so that those of us who were sitting in the bow got drenched. About two P. M. we concluded it was time to return, and therefore tacked about for camp. The wind was now dead ahead, and blowing very hard; the boat was a very bad sailer, so, perhaps, were *we*. Finally, having concluded we should save time and patience by doing so, we ran ashore on the beach, about a mile from camp, and towed the boat home. The owner of the boat told us that *he* would not have risked the boat or his life in the middle of the lake on such a day. "Where ignorance is bliss, 't is folly to be wise."

August 21st, *Sunday*.—Sunday at Tahoe! At noon I went out alone, and sat on the shore of the lake, with the waves breaking at my feet. How brightly emerald green the waters near, and how deeply and purely blue in the distance. The line of demarcation is very distinct, showing that the bottom drops off suddenly. How distinct the mountains and cliffs all around the lake! only lightly tinged with blue on the farther side, though more than twenty miles distant.

How greatly is one's sense of beauty affected by association! Lake Mono is surrounded by much grander and more varied mountain scenery than this; its waters are also very clear, and it has the advantage of several picturesque islands; but the dead volcanoes, the wastes of volcanic sand and ashes, covered only by interminable sagebrush; the bitter, alkaline, dead, slimy waters, in which nothing but worms live; the insects and flies which swarm on its surface, and which are thrown upon its shore in such quantities as to infect the air—all these produce a sense of desolation and death, which is painful; it destroys entirely the beauty of the lake itself; it unconsciously mingles with and alloys the pure enjoyment of the incomparable mountain scenery in its vicinity. On the contrary, the deep blue, pure waters of Lake Tahoe, rivaling in purity and blueness the sky itself; its clear, bright, emerald shore waters, breaking snow-white on its clear rock and gravel shores; the lake-basin, not on a plain, with mountain scenery in the distance, but countersunk in the mountain's top itself; these produce a never-ceasing and ever-increasing sense of joy, which naturally grows into love. There would seem to be no beauty except as associated with human life, and connected with a sense of fitness for human happiness. Natural beauty is but the type of spiritual beauty.

I observe on the lake, ducks, gulls, terns, etc., and about it many sand-hill cranes—the white species. The clanging cry of these sounds pleasant to me by early association.

August 23d.—All in high spirits, for we start for home today. We wish to make Sacramento in three days. The distance is one hundred and ten miles, or more. Our route lay over Johnson's Pass and by Placerville. We rode rapidly, alternately walking and galloping, and made twenty miles by twelve o'clock. About ten miles from Tahoe, we reached the summit. We turned about here, and took our last look at the glorious lake, set like a gem in the mountains. From the summit we rode rapidly down the splendid cañon of the South Fork of the American river, here but a small brook, and stopped for noon on a little grassy patch on the hillside, "close by a softly murmuring stream." Here we cooked and ate dinner, and "lolled and dreamed" for three hours, and then again saddled up and away.

Every pleasure has its pain, and every rose its thorn: we are in the region of good roads again, but oh, the dust! It is awful. About four P. M. saw a wagon coming; our instincts told us it was a fruit wagon. With a yell we rushed furiously upon the bewildered old wagoner. "I surrender! I surrender!" he cried, while, with a broad grin, he handed out fruit, and filled our extended hats. "A-a-ah! peaches! grapes! apples!" How delicious on this hot, dusty road. Rode this evening eleven or twelve miles, the cañon becoming finer as we advanced, until, at Sugar-loaf Gorge, it reaches almost Yosemite grandeur. Camped near an inn called "Sugar-loaf," on account of a remarkable rock, several hundred feet high, close by. No good ground to sleep on here. Alas, alas! no more grassy meadows, no more huge, leaping camp-fires; only dusty roads, dirty villages, and stable lofts and stalls.

I have been observing the cañon down which we came today. Johnson's Pass, like Mono Pass, was a glacial divide. One glacier went down on the Tahoe side, a tributary to the Tahoe glacier; but a much larger glacier came down the American cañon. Sugar-loaf Rock has been enveloped and smoothed by it. This great glacier may be traced for twenty-five miles.

August 24.—As we get into the region of civilization again, incidents are less numerous. I observed, both yesterday and today, very many deserted houses. This was the overland stage road. Two years ago the amount of travel here was immense. I think I heard that there were twelve to fifteen stages a day. Now the travel is small, the railroad, of course, taking the travelers. The road is, however, splendidly graded, but the toll is heavy. This morning the road ran all the way along the American River, sometimes near the water's edge, but mostly high up the sides of the great, precipitous cañon formed by the erosive power of the river. The scenery all the way yesterday and today is fine, but especially along the American River, it is really very fine. If we had not already drunk so deep of mountain glory, we should call it magnificent. Again this morning, walking and galloping alternately, we made easily twenty miles by twelve o'clock. Stopped for noon at a roadside inn; here we sold "Old Pack" for twenty dollars, exactly what we gave for him; left our cooking utensils (our supplies were just exhausted), and determined hereafter to take our meals at the inns on the roadsides, or in the villages. Disencumbered of our pack we could ride more rapidly. This afternoon we rode sixteen miles, thirteen to Placerville, then through Placerville and three miles beyond, to Diamond Springs. On approaching Placerville, I observed magnificent orchards, cultivated by irrigation. I never saw finer fruit. Saw everywhere about and in Placerville abundant evidences of placer mining. The streams are also extensively used for this purpose, and are, therefore, all of them very muddy. Placerville is by far the largest and most thriving village I have seen since leaving Oakland. It probably contains two thousand or three thousand inhabitants. The houses are stuck about along the streams and on the hillsides in the most disorderly manner, their position being determined neither by regularity nor beauty nor picturesque effect, but chiefly by convenience in mining operations. The streets are few, very long, very irregular, very narrow. Nevertheless, the general effect is somewhat picturesque.

August 25.— Rode rapidly, and made twenty-one miles by 11:30 A. M. In the afternoon we rode fourteen miles. We are again on the plains of the Sacramento, but we no longer find the heat oppressive. We have been all along mistaken for horse or cattle drovers, or for emigrants just across the plains. We were often greeted with, "Where's your drove?" or "How long across the plains?" We have been in camp nearly six weeks, and ridden five hundred or six hundred miles. Burned skin, dusty hair and clothes, flannel shirt, breeches torn, and coarse, heavy boots;—the mistake is quite natural.

August 26.—"Home today!" We rode into Sacramento, ten miles, in one and a half hours, galloping nearly the whole way. We went at a good gallop in the regular order—double file—through the streets of Sacramento, the whole length of the city, down to the wharf, and there tied our horses. Everybody crowded around, especially the little boys about the wharf, curious to know "who and what were these in strange attire."

On board the boat for San Francisco everybody looked at us with interest and surprise. "Who are they?" Gradually it became known who we were, and we were treated with courtesy, and even became lions. San Francisco at last! We all went in a body ashore. The cabmen thought here was a prize of green-horn mountaineers. They came around us in swarms. "Lick House?" "American Exchange?" "Cosmopolitan?" "Who wants a hack?" was screamed into our ears. The young men screamed back: "What Cheer House!" "Russ House!" "Occidental!" "This way, gentlemen!" etc. They soon saw they had better let us alone. We mounted and dashed off to the Oakland wharf. Not open yet; we will ride about town. Our glorious party is, alas, dissolving. Three left us here. The rest of us now rode down again to the wharf, and found the gate open: 11.30, got on board the boat for Oakland. Landed at the pier, we galloped alongside the swift-moving cars, the young men hurrahing. The race was kept up pretty evenly for a little while, but soon the old steam horse left us behind, and screamed back at us a note of defiance. We went on, however, at a sweeping gallop, through the streets of Oakland, saluted only by barking dogs; dismounted at the stable; bade each other good night, and then to our several homes; and our party—our joyous, glorious party—is no more. Alas, how transitory is all earthly joy. Our party is but a type of all earthly life; its elements gathered and organized for a brief space, full of enjoyment and adventure, but swiftly hastening to be again dissolved and returned to the common fund from which it was drawn. But its memory still lives: its spirit is immortal.

Joseph Le Conte.

SHASTA LILIES.

The country schools of Shasta County open for their six or eight months' annual session pretty well on in the fall; but it was late, even for them, when John Rawlins, school-teacher, called on the county superintendent to make inquiries about a place. Yes, there was one school in need of a teacher—but it was a pretty hard position.

"I have had some experience," said Rawlins, "and somehow I manage to get along with schools that are called hard. In fact, I rather like the fun of them. I guess you needn't be afraid to send me there."

The district was far east in the pine region, the superintendent said. It was in hot water most of the time. Teachers seldom staid over a month, and never had the support of more than half the people. The trouble had begun in political differences between the leading trustees, Michenay and Kester, and it furnished sensational pabulum for the eastern half of the county. Yet if only a treaty of peace could be negotiated between the opposing factions, there need be no trouble with the school—it was a pleasant one in every other respect.

Rawlins was disposed to try the experiment. He hired a pinto mustang, rode out of the picturesque mountain town, and through a narrow cañon, whose stones were now in furrows by years of staging and teaming.

Broad and clear the Sacramento river

swayed from bluff to bluff, and the captain of the ferry-boat was named Flora Wilson. A handsome, dark-eyed girl she was, modestly affable and chatty as she turned the steering wheel. She had a bit of crochet work to take up as soon as the boat was set at the right angle against the current, and a rustic chair to do it in, hemmed about by flowers.

When darkness came, Rawlins was riding across a broken, rolling plain of red gravel, thickly set with scrub-oak, pine, and thorny bushes. Dogs began to bark; it was Michenay's clearing. He slowly skirted it, making a wide detour, and reaching the branch road half a mile distant, for he was bound to Kester's first. More than two miles it was, and the bridle paths were hard to follow; at last he rode up to a rail fence, and a faint light gleamed from a cabin beyond.

"Hallo the house," he shouted in pioneer phrase.

"Hullo yourself," came back in stentorian tones.

"How far is it to Millburn?"

"Twenty good miles, stranger."

"Can I stay here all night? Able to pay my own way."

"All right, stranger. Hitch the hoss in the shed, an' come in."

The Missourian pioneer of the Pacific coast is a much criticised individual, but unless you irretrievably offend some of his numerous prejudices, he is as garrulous and mild-mannered a mortal as this planet holds. It did not take long for Rawlins to get on comfortable terms with the Kesters; a few bits of Shasta news, and a hope that the mines would soon begin operation, and so make times more lively, were quite sufficient. Pretty soon a little school talk began, engineered by the wily Rawlins:

"Here is a bright lad," he said. "I hope he has a good school to attend."

Kester flung himself out of his chair, and rose to his full height of six feet four.

"Mister, we orter, thet's a fact. But we've had infernal poor schools. I hain't sent the children for 'most a term. School hed orter begin now, but there's a cross-tongued, black Republican Kanuck down on the crick, an' he an' I cain't pull together nohow. Besides old Mish'nay," contined Kester, "I hate the sight of that fool nevew of his."

The oldest daughter, a girl of seventeen or eighteen, who had been sitting so far back in the shadows that Rawlins had only seen the dimly outlined figure, rose silently, went to the door, and slipped out into the darkness. She was a very pretty girl, fair and sweet-faced.

After the smaller children had gone to bed, Kester grew more confidential: Michenay had "hired the last fool of a teacher," but he should not hire the next one, "nor have anything to say about it." No shadow of suspicion that Rawlins belonged to the pedagogic order of creatures crossed the Missourian mind.

The next morning the young man sat on a rawhide-bottomed chair, tipping it back against the bole of a giant white oak; ate grapes that one of the tow-headed youngsters brought in his straw hat, and opened fire on Kester as he mended his broken wagon-tongue.

"Now, let us talk business," he said. "I am a school teacher, and willing to take your school, but it must be on my own terms."

"You don't say so! Well, what sort of a proposition hev' ye?"

"This: I will teach a week for nothing; then, if I do not like the school or the trustees I shall leave. If I stay, you must pay me what you did the last teacher—no more, no less."

Kester at once acceded to these terms. "But ye cain't persuade old Michenay," he said, as Rawlins mounted his horse. "We're powerful anxious ter hev ye, but he'll make trouble so soon's he knows I've hired ye."

Rawlins crossed the creek near Kester's, rode a mile east, turned south, crossed another stream, and reached Michenay's from quite a different direction. The grizzled old man was dry-plowing, to sow his wheat before the rains, and clouds of dust followed his creaking gang plow. Rawlins drew rein, talked crops and county politics, and was invited to dinner. The old man sat like a patriarch at the head of a family of nine children, of whom all but two were girls.

After dinner, they sat on the porch, smoked the pipe of mutual goodwill, and discussed Canada—"ze bes' country on ze globe,"—while a barefoot girl swung on the well curb, and two or three more on the porch rail, to listen to and watch the stranger.

"And so your cattle ranges go five miles beyond that peak?" said Rawlins. "There is enough for all your children, and you must manage to give them good educations."

"Ah, kind sir," cried Michenay, "It ees not poseeble, not now! Ze school is forever a despair." He pointed excitedly towards Kester's ranch. "Zare ees a man zat knows not'ing at all. A democrat, a seceshioner. I vote not with him. I send not my children with his."

Knitting his dark brows, the old man drove his heavy staff into the soil, uprooting one of his daughter's gillyflowers; and, even as the earth flew there was a rattle and scurry in the nearest clump of pines on the hill. Out of the forest, a hundred yards distant, sprang a great yellow horse and a blue-shirted rider. They came down upon the house like a tornado—the fierce, ugly, splendid-eyed, broad-chested, mighty-limbed creature struggling with his bit and striving to throw his master, a swarthy youth of twenty. Just at the frail gate, which a touch from shoulder or hoof would have shattered, the stormy onset ended—the heavy Chileno bit did its work; passionate onward motion changed in absolutely one second to a gigantic effort to check their momentum; the unshod hoofs furrowed the red gravel; and stormy action was arrested in statuesque pose. The young man lifted his hat, and, whirling his horse, disappeared in a dust-cloud.

"Mine brother's son, Antoine," said Michenay. "He ees a good boy, but he has a temper; and it ees like ze evil spirit he rides. See! he did stop zat horse, Roland, in thirty feet, from a gallop."

Rawlins resumed the interrupted conversation, and within one hour had engaged the school from Michenay, who advised him "not to go near zat ignoramus Kester." Then the new teacher made a frank avowal. Kester's consent had already been obtained.

Michenay was angry; but the thought of getting a week's free teaching appealed to his ideas of political economy, and he agreed to let Rawlins have his way; so one of his boys rode over the district that afternoon to inform everyone that the trustees had hired a teacher.

The next morning the triumphant plotter wrote a letter to the genial county superintendent. It read thus:

"PINE-LAND, October 16th.

"*Dear Friend of Missionary Teachers:* This forlorn district has been treated to a sensation. The first battles were fought by the classic Stillwater; the next will be in the school-house. We captured the Missourian with palaver about the first fam'lies of Kaintuck, and corralled the Canadian because of some knowledge of the cliffs of the Saguenay. Decorative art in greenery and Laboulaye's fairy tales have made the children anxious for school, and now the only problem is: Will both the trustees attend the first day? But I think they will. Wait a month, and then come and see us. Come any way you like, through the window, or down the stove-pipe, or as any kind of a surprise party. I may be remonstrating with a young lady upon her too frequent curl papers and too scanty compositions, or explaining Grimm's Law to the primer class, or thrashing a trustee—but come, nevertheless, and you shall be heartily welcome. Yours rejoicingly,

"J. M. R."

One by one the kinks disentangled themselves, and the social instincts of a rustic community began to rule. When the women folks of the two families renewed their Sunday afternoon visits, harmony was considered reasonably secure. Each party considered itself victorious. Once or twice Michenay heard that Kester bragged to his Churn Creek cronies—square-built quicksilver miners, who came to his farm occasionally—that he had put an end to the Michenay domination; once or twice Kester suspected that Michenay claimed conquest of him when his Canadian friends—loggers from the Shingleville pineries—asked about the school. But these slight difficulties were easily remedied. And it proved true that in other respects it was a blameless school; it was so amenable to authority, so confiding and affectionate. Little Arcadian simpletons they were, every one. He taught them new games by the dozen, went fishing and botanizing with them on Saturdays, and could make any one of them cry with a severe word or look.

In spring, toward the close of the term, Rawlins got up an old-fashioned spelling-match, a novelty in that country. It took the public fancy, and people rode or drove from farm-houses and pioneer cabins miles away when the evening came.

The dark-eyed young lady of the ferry-boat came under escort of Antoine Michenay, who did not leave her side the entire evening. He was jauntily dressed, and in high spirits; the girl seemed troubled and ill at ease as the evening wore on.

Mary Kester was expected to carry off the spelling honors, as a matter of course; but, much to everyone's surprise, and her father's intense disgust, she missed one of the first words, and Adele Michenay won an unwonted victory.

After the entertainment was over, the girls went outside in the clear moonlight, and laughed and chatted, while the boys carried the benches back into the schoolroom, and arranged them as usual.

"Please have another spelling-match soon, Mr. Rawlins," cried Amelia Dryden, and a chorus followed, "O do, do; nobody else has them, and we all love to come." Wagon after wagon was driven away, and soon the last of the merry group had left the door. Mr. Rawlins straightened the desks, rubbed off the blackboard, blew out the candles, locked the schoolhouse, and started for Michenay's, along the wood-path, haunted with an indescribable exhilarating fragrance, a mingling of sweet and spicy odors from blossoms, leaves, stems, from pines overhead and grass blades close to the joyous earth.

At the foot of the hill the path widened into a grassy opening. Over it the full moon hung, making it so light that one could see the brown specks on the drooping bells of the carnelian-colored wild lilies the girls had for many days watched and guarded. Beside the lily stems, all in a pitiful little heap, with her head on a mossy log, was Mary Kester, crying as if her heart would break.

Now Mary was the most modest and generous girl in the world, and no lost spelling-school honors would have made her cry that way.

It was impossible to leave a girl alone at night, crying in the forest a mile from home. Rawlins went up close to her, and spoke kindly, leaning over to take her hand. "Come, Mary, you must not stay here. I will walk home with you."

She started when he spoke, but almost at once controlled her sobs, rose without a word, and took his arm. They turned back across the clearing. In a few moments she said apologetically: "I thought every one went round by the road, teacher; I thought no one crossed this way."

They were walking from the moonlit circle into the forest again, as Mary said this; but before Rawlins could reply they heard voices in the path before them—Antoine's and Flora Wilson's.

The girlish form on Rawlins's arm trembled perceptibly; a little hand urged him still further back in the shadow. But they could not escape, for the steep bank of a dry *barranca* curved behind them.

"You *shall* listen to me," Antoine was saying excitedly.

"I will not listen any more," Flora cried. "Ye have had your answer already," she went on, a touch of her Scotch father's borderland burr coming into her voice. She took her hand from his arm and faced him angrily. "Ye've treated Mary ill, and ye know it; but 'twas no doing of mine. I never wanted ye."

Antoine broke into a passionate and incoherent appeal.

"Take me home. O, take me home. I

won't hear any more," cried the perplexed and angry girl.

Antoine threw himself down in an abandonment of grief on a log. Flora, both indignant and troubled, stood beside him.

"This is hard on us both," she said presently, more kindly. "I'll be friends with you still, but you must take me home now, and give this all up."

He sprang wildly to his feet. "No! No!" he shouted. "Curse your soft words. I shall die because of you."

Lifting both hands to his mouth he gave a loud, shrill whistle, three times repeated. The far-off neigh of a horse answered him. Antoine whistled again, stamped his feet, and cried loudly: "Roland! here, Roland!" Another wild neigh sounded, nearer, but still on the farther bank of the deep and rapid river; then a splash, the sound of swimming, the rattle of stones, the snap and dull swish of branches thrust aside, and into the clearing ran the great yellow stallion. Antoine seized him by the mane and turned to Flora.

"Go home," he said. "I shall ride to my death tonight. You don't know the mountain boys yet. I ought to take you along."

He caught her by the wrists roughly, but before she could scream, his manner changed, and he kissed her hand with a sudden hereditary French courtliness. He leaped upon Roland's dripping back. Mary screamed, but neither Antoine nor Flora heard her voice, for Roland sprang forward like a huge stone from a medieval catapult, crashed through the chapparal, down the slope, and into the river again. They heard him breasting the steep beyond, snorting as he ran through frightened bands of sheep and droves of cattle, while more terrific still, Antoine raised his voice in a half insane shout: "Goodbye, love."

A few seconds later there came a yet louder shout, then a sudden crash, as the *mañada* of horses in the farther pasture ran shrieking against the rail fence, tore it to pieces, and fled, still shrieking with terror, stampeded over the hillsides, while Antoine rode his unbridled whirlwind on into the deeper forest.

Flora stood terrified beside the trampled mountain lilies over which Roland had passed. The school-teacher bent over and whispered to Mary: "Will you do just what I ask?"

"Yes."

"Then sit here on this flat rock; lean your head against my overcoat. Don't move till I come back."

He stepped out into the clearing, much to Flora's surprise.

"Miss Wilson, do you know the way to Michenay's?"

"No, I don't; I wish I did." She tried to speak defiantly, but it was easy to see she was in trouble. "Mr. Rawlins, what do you know about what has happened here?" she asked abruptly.

"I know all about Antoine, and I am going to see that you get home safely." She turned without a word, and walked beside him.

Soon they reached the old stables and barns of Michenay. He ran in and bridled a horse, backed him out of the stall, and into the shafts. Flora knew all such toggery, and fastened at least half the straps.

"Now, Mr. Rawlins," she said, "I am going to drive myself home; you must not rouse the Michenays. It is only eight miles, and I know all the cross-roads."

He hesitated, thinking of the dilemma. The road was dangerous, and the moon very low. There might be drunken cattle herders riding home after a spree.

"It is not safe, Miss Wilson."

"Don't talk to me," she cried. "I'd rather *walk* home than disturb any one in the house."

Suddenly the way out revealed itself to him. Mart Michenay was the brightest and pluckiest of fourteen year old boys. He could keep a secret, and he loved his teacher devotedly.

"Wait," he said to Flora. "Drive up to yonder oak, and wait there till I come back." He sprang over the fence, ran to the rear of the house, and lifted Mart's window, down on the first floor, in a lean-to addition of split oak shakes.

"Martin! Martin!"

"Who is it!"

"Mr. Rawlins. Pull on your clothes, take a blanket, and come out here quick. Don't make a noise."

The boy was at his side in a minute. They jumped the fence again and ran to the buggy.

"Now, Martin, jump in and drive Flora Wilson home. Get back in bed before morning, and don't whisper a word of this to any one."

"You can trust me, Mr. Rawlins."

Rawlins shook the boy's hand, lifted his hat to Flora, and ran back, down the hollow, splashing across the brook, straight up the path. He heard their wheels rattle once, and then no more. Mary was sitting where Rawlins had left her, crying softly to herself. She had been scarcely fifteen minutes alone.

They walked on at once, and he told her of Flora's departure, praised Martin, made the most cheerful remarks he could think of, happy if he had the slightest assent from his companion. But presently she broke out: "What will become of him?"

"He is a splendid rider, Mary—none better in the region—and his horse will carry him safely all night, unless—" The teacher stopped aghast at his own stupidity.

"Unless what, sir?" said the trembling girl.

"It is not likely to happen. They might roll down a hillside, but then that might not hurt them much; and Roland is so sure-footed, I think we may hope for the best."

"Oh, sir," she whispered, "I am so glad you think so. I've always liked Antoine," she said as simply as a child. "We played together long ago. He saved my life down at the creek one day. It's natural I should like Antoine."

"Of course it is; and don't you think he, too, remembers his childhood?"

"But perhaps not the same way."

"Perhaps not," said the schoolmaster musingly. "Mary," he went on abruptly, "you are seventeen; I am thirty in years, and more than that in experience. I tell you that you can live without Antoine. Think that I know nothing about it, if you like—but don't fail to keep at the head of your classes, and do everything just as you did before."

Mary only began to cry softly again, and he felt compunctiously that this was rather stern preaching for the little maiden sobbing at his side. He put his hand gently on hers as it lay on his arm. "I am just as sorry as I can be, Mary. You'll try to be a brave girl, won't you?"

"Yes, sir," she whispered.

"Now, let us talk of something else." And he talked to her cheerfully till they reached the Kester cabin.

He went directly home to Michenay's. No use looking for Antoine until morning. Pitch dark it was, and the schoolmaster had to feel his way along the trail. The noises of the night played tricks with his aroused imagination. A night-hawk's scream, an owl's cry, the laugh of a catamount on the high fir ridge, the rush of a startled steer, the sound of a torrent over Bell's old mill-dam, each in succession seemed to be the voice of Antoine in pitiful need, lying under his struggling horse, crushed, bleeding, dying, praying for priestly absolution before he went to his rest.

At daybreak the anxious teacher went to Martin's room and called him. Only an hour's sleep the boy had had, yet he came out ready and smiling, a boy of a million for an emergency.

"Martin, did you ever know Roland to run away with Antoine?"

"Yes indeed, sir, but Antoine brings him down."

"Suppose he was foolish enough, just for bravado, to jump on Roland unsaddled and unbridled?"

"Gracious, Mr. Rawlins, Roland 'ud run to the top of Mount Lassen before he stopped."

"You come down to the stables, Martin."

In ten minutes they had caught and saddled the two best colts in the home *mañada;* in ten minutes more had swum the river and were galloping across the pasture beyond; in a third ten minutes had found the trail—as who, indeed, could help? It was like a blaze through a forest. Here, Roland slipped and staggered; there, he plowed through the ground, flinging black mud far and wide; this giant fallen pine he leaped; yonder he swayed in sudden fright. Martin asked no questions, but he fully comprehended the emergency, and brought all his woodcraft into play.

Ah! here Roland left the grassy lowlands, and took the hillside paths. He twisted like a snake about the pines. There he ran between two tree trunks, and hardly a foot to spare on either side; that is the mark of Antoine's boot heel. Yonder bough would have killed him had he not been lying on his face, clasping Roland's mane.

"Martin, Martin, it gets worse!" cried Rawlins. "Straight for the Big Slide, the horse has turned. Ride faster, Martin, faster! We can follow this trail at a gallop."

Here the cliff begins, a hundred feet down, and Roland's hoof-marks are hardly three feet from the edge. Ah, he shied back and ran off, but Antoine brings him up again. Here they approached the cliff once more, at a higher point, and brave Roland has reared, whirled, and again escaped.

Martin's face grew suddenly pallid. "Mr. Rawlins," he cried, "Antoine did that o' purpose. He tried to make Roland jump off!"

"How do you know?"

"He put a handkerchief in his mouth, back there a piece, an' pulled him round. See how steady he went?"

It was true. Antoine had gained partial control of Roland, and twice had forced him to the precipice, only to be carried back a hundred yards by the resolute horse. The third time he faces death; he brings Roland, perhaps blindfolded, up to the verge where, a quarter of a mile below, the jagged rocks lie. Great Heavens! The edge fairly crumbled under his feet, but the grand creature fought his way backward, inch by inch. Yes! he had broken the improvised rein, and bounded off for the lowlands with long, irregular strides. Yet Roland did not know what fear was. You could ride him against a wall of fire, or into the jaws of death. But on this occasion he somehow had no confidence in Antoine; he could not yield absolute obedience.

"Hurrah, Martin!" cried Rawlins, "Roland will save Antoine in spite of himself."

They rode down the hill in a tearing gallop, giving their horses the rein, and shouting to urge them faster. At last, in a belt of sage brush barrens, the trail was lost for an hour. When it was picked up again, it led through a thorny tangle of chapparal. Maddened with pain, Roland had hurled himself forward as if he were charging a battery, and had rent and crushed a path into the open pastures beyond. Fluttering fragments of Antoine's garments, and drops of blood on the rocks, showed what a passage it had been. The rescuers followed fast on the track; such a wild journey could not last forever.

Soon they passed a brush-fenced wheat field; then heard the lowing of cattle among the hills beyond. They were approaching some house. A rod farther the trail whirled about a clump of oaks into a foot path and past a giant bowlder; from beyond, with sudden distinctness, came the sound of falling water; the ravines, long trending towards each other, met, and disappeared in a quartz-walled valley. The end had come here. Rawlins and Martin urged their horses on; but they suddenly reared and snorted wildly.

"Antoine! Antoine!" both man and boy cried in a breath.

Feeble as a baby's wail, out of the depths of the ravine came a human cry, piercing the ripple of waters with its agonized appeal.

They left their horses, uncoiled their lariats, and went down among the rocks. Roland's feet had slipped on the smooth ledge; he had crashed through a sycamore top, and there he lay, more than a hundred feet down, stark and dead.

"Antoine, Antoine, where are you?"

"I see," cried Martin, and they soon reached him.

Brushed off by the tree-top, yet falling through it to a lower ledge, Antoine, though in piteous plight, was not mortally hurt; his leg was broken, and almost countless flesh-wounds and bruises added to his misery.

One could not help contrasting this hollow-eyed, nearly naked, sorely wounded man, lying in the sun-glare, half way down a wild ravine, with the jaunty, foppish Antoine of the spelling school of a dozen hours before.

And there, as he lay, he looked straight down on dead Roland, eighty feet below; for hours he had heard, he told them, breaking down into sobs, the brave creature's dying moans; had called, and heard the horse whinny back his fond and last recognition. The gray dawn broke overhead as Roland died; then the sun rose, and, though Antoine crawled out of its fiercest rays, the heat was terrible.

They lifted him to an easier position, making pillows of their coats, and gave him a drink.

"Martin," said the school-master, "climb the hill and get our bearings; we must have help here, and soon."

He only waited till the boy was gone to turn upon Antoine. He had no scruple about sparing him for the sake of his condition, for he knew his man. The hot-headed Canadian would scarcely have listened in less extremity.

"Antoine," he began, "this is the worst business I ever heard of. Do you know what you have done?"

"Broken myself all into damn bits and pieces."

"That is nothing; you will soon get well. But you have forfeited one girl's respect and friendship, have trifled with another girl's heart, have played the fool and the madman. Worst of all, you have murdered the horse that loved and trusted you, your beautiful Roland, who three times last night saved you from suicide, and would have carried you safely to the end, had it been in the power of flesh and blood. Don't you think Roland should be up here, and you there, on that blood-stained quartz?"

Antoine broke out furiously, "It's no one's business—"

"Antoine," said the school-master, "If I had not known of these things, and had not followed your track, you would perish here, in unspeakable agonies of thirst and pain. And your unshrived skeleton would bleach white on these rocks. Do you wish I had not come?"

"I thought I would rather die than give her up," muttered the young fellow.

"Because you did not love her. When a man really loves a woman, he wooes her with patience and courage, more by deeds than by words; it would be utterly impossible for him to frighten her, threaten suicide, dash off into the darkness, and leave her alone in the forest. You never really loved Flora. You have never loved anyone but yourself. Love is self-forgetfulness."

Antoine lay a moment in silence; then, surrendering with the completeness of his temperament, he looked up with his dark and beautiful eyes full of penitence, just as Martin came down the hill shouting, "They're coming, and we'll have him up in a hurry."

"Who are coming?" asked Rawlins.

"Kester and his hired men. That's Kester's dairy ranch, three miles from his farm. It's seven miles back to father's, an' we've rode nigh twelve miles, counting the turns. I met Kester," he went on as he came to the school-master's side; "he comes over here every Saturday—and I told him Roland ate loco-weed, got *maché*, spang crazy, sir, and run off with Antoine."

It was a brilliant explanation; no one in all that mountain land would doubt it. But looking at the death scene below, at the gathering vultures slow wheeling above their prey, remembering Roland's faithfulness to the end, this last requirement, this staining his royal memory to shield his "*maché*" master, smote Rawlins's heart with pity and sorrow.

"And what did Kester say, Martin?"

The boy laughed: "He said Roland was the best horse on Churn Creek, but that Antoine wasn't no favorite of his."

Antoine's face flushed red. "Take me home," he cried. "I won't go to Kester's.'

"You must, my dear fellow; it is the only way," said Rawlins. "Every minute is precious. You have lain here since daybreak. Now, Martin, ride for a surgeon."

Down the hill they ran a few minutes later, six healthy, big-hearted men, Kester foremost. When he saw Antoine, the tears sprang to his eyes and his voice trembled.

"It's blame rough. Never mind the hard things I've said of ye, Antoine. Jest look at thet horse! Antoine, ye did hev an orful ride. Now, boys, chop off them tree-tops, an' whack up a litter, an' run for some blankets; an' you, Ad, skit out on the teacher's hoss an' bring Mary an' the ol' woman to the dairy ranch. Darn it, hurry up! work livelier! Who ever saw so cussed lazy a crowd!" And Kester pushed one of his men aside, seized a hatchet, and began hewing a path through the bushes.

It took a long time to bring Antoine to the top of the ravine, and then he had to be carried across the fields with great gentleness, for the pain of his hurts was increasing. Before the party reached the rude cabin door, Mrs. Kester and Mary had arrived on horseback—for every one rides in the mountains.

Mary, quiet and serious-eyed, was deftly helping everywhere, bringing cool water from the spring, smoothing the pillows, moving noiselessly about, the model of a nurse. A look of bewilderment yet rested in her eyes at the strangeness of this sudden call, but the tone in which she spoke to Antoine was serene, sympathetic, judicious. She had come there to nurse, not Antoine Michenay—not the man she loved—but a wounded and suffering fellow-mortal. The girlishness was gone; she was a woman, and able to keep her secrets.

Rawlins left Shasta at the end of that term of school. Changes came in his own personal affairs, and he never saw again its green valleys, its rushing rivers, its snowy peaks, its genial pioneers in camp and cabin: but he wrote to his old pupils, and had letters from them; and after half a dozen years, in one of these letters occurred the following paragraph:

"We have a little church now, and it was dedicated yesterday by the ministers from Millburn and Shasta. It is built in the small clearing, near where that splendid lot of mountain lilies used to grow. Some of the girls filled a pitcher with them, and set it on the pulpit, and the minister spoke about them in his sermon. But after the sermon, what do you think happened? Antoine Michenay walked over and gave his arm to Mary Kester; then they went right up the aisle, and stood before the minister, and were married. There were no bridesmaids, but it looked as pretty as a picture. We all like Antoine better now than we used to; he has been nicer and nicer ever since he was hurt so, and crippled so long; and everybody knows Mary Kester is the best and prettiest girl east of the Sacramento. Antoine is building a house, and planting an orchard in the big field across the river from the old Michenay place."

Charles Howard Shinn.

IS MODERN SCIENCE PANTHEISTIC?

[A Paper presented at the Concord School of Philosophy, July 31st, 1885.[1]]

In turning over the foregoing question for several months, I have become more and more impressed with the conviction that any satisfactory answer to it depends upon a clear apprehension of the meaning of its terms. What *is* pantheism? And what features are there in modern science that can give color to the supposition that pantheism is its proper result? Or, if such a supposition is well founded, why should the result be received as undesirable?—if science establishes, or clearly tends to establish, the pantheistic view of the universe, why should this awaken alarm? What hostility to the vital interests of human nature can there be in such a view? Can there be a possible antagonism between the truth and the real interests of man?

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[1] The present article was written as an introduction to a "Symposium" on the question, "Is Pantheism the legitimate outcome of Modern Science?" The other contributors were Mr. John Fiske, Dr. F. E. Abbot, Rev. Dr. A. P. Peabody, Dr. W. T. Harris, and Dr. Edmund Montgomery. The first part of Mr. Fiske's contribution appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly" for November, entitled "The Idea of God."

The question before us probably does not convey to most minds the depth and intensity of interest which is so manifestly conveyed by the question of Immortality recently discussed;—at least, not on its surface. Yet a consideration of it in the detail of the subsidiary questions that have just been mentioned, will not only secure the clearness requisite to an intelligent answer, but will bring the real depth of its interest into view, and will show this to be no less profound, while it is far more comprehensive, than that of the former problem. It is for this reason that I venture to offer the reflections that have passed in my own mind, in the endeavor to clear up the detailed questions that the general problem involves. In the hope of contributing something towards that definite apprehension of its bearings which is indispensable to any real and permanent effect of its discussion, I will proceed to consider those questions in their proper succession.

WHAT PANTHEISM IS.

Of the several questions that I have specified, perhaps none is surrounded with such vagueness and obscurity as the first—What *is* pantheism? The generally recognized defenders of religion, the theologians who speak with the hoary authority and with the weight of presumptive evidence that the traditional and, indeed, historic bodies of organized and instituted religion naturally impart, are in the habit of drawing a sharp *verbal* distinction between theism and pantheism, as they also do between theism and deism; but when the independent and unbiased thinker, anxious for clearness and precision, inquires after the *real* distinction intended by these names, he hardly finds it in any sense that awakened thought will recognize as at once intelligible and reasonable. We constantly hear that theism is contradicted by both deism and pantheism: by the one, through its assertion of the divine personality at the expense of the divine revelation and providence; by the other, through its assertion of the divine omnipresence at the expense of the separateness of the divine personality from the world. We hear constantly, too, that theism, to be such, must teach that there is a being who is *truly* God, or that the First Principle of the universe is a HOLY PERSON, who has revealed his nature and his will to his intelligent creatures, and who superintends their lives and destinies with an incessant providence that aims, by an all pervading interference in the events of the world, to secure their obedience to his will as the sole sufficient condition of their blessedness. All this, however, is but an abstract and very vague formula, after all. Of the *quomodo* for reconciling the contradiction whose extremes are represented by the deism and the pantheism which it condemns, it has nothing to say. *How* the divine personality is to be thought so as to comport with the divine omnipresence, or *how* the omnipresent providence of God is to be reconciled with his distinctness from the world, the general proclamation of orthodox theism has no power to show. And when we pass from the general formula to the desired details, we are too often then made aware that the professedly theistic doctrine is hampered up with a mass of particulars which are, in truth, profoundly at variance with its own principle; that confusion or contradiction reigns where clearness ought to be; that merely anthropomorphic and mechanical conceptions usurp the place of the required divine and spiritual realities. We discover, for instance, that, in the mechanical interpretation of theism, every doctrine is construed as deism that refuses its assent to a discontinuous and special providence, or to an inconstant, limited, and contranatural revelation; and that, on the other hand, every theory is condemned as pantheism that denies the separation of God from the world, and asserts instead his omnipresent immanence in it. And we even find that, in the hands of such interpreters, theism is identified with the belief in mechanical and artificial theories of the *quomodo* of atonement, or, as such writers are fond of calling it, of "the plan of salvation." Into the rightful place of the sublime fact of the all-pervading providence and all-transforming grace that makes eternally for righteousness, are set hypothetical explanatory schemes, of expiation by sacrifice, of appeasal by the suffering of the innocent, of ransom by blood, of federal covenant and imputation, of salvation by faith alone; and the theories of the divine nature and administration which omit these details, or refuse to take them literally, are stamped as deism or as pantheism, even though the omission or refusal be dictated by a perception of the incompatibility of the rejected schemes with the fundamental principles of ethics, and, therefore, with the very nature of divine revelation. And thus, in the end, by mere confusion of thought, and by inability to rise above conceptions couched in the limited forms of space and of time, the original theistic formula, which, in its abstract setting off of theism against deism and pantheism, is quite unobjectionable, and indeed, so far as it goes, entirely correct, is brought into contradiction with its own essential idea.

Still, it must never be forgotten that these ill-grounded efforts at the completer definition of theism are made in behalf of a real distinction. We shall not fail to find it true, I think, that there *is* a view of the world for which deism may be a very proper name, and another view which may most appropriately be called pantheism; that these are radically distinct from theism, defined as the doctrine of a personal Creator who reveals himself by omnipresent immanence in the world, to the end of transforming it, through the agencies of moral freedom, into his own image, and of establishing a realm of self-determining persons, who freely and immortally do his will. Nor, as I believe, shall we fail to find that the doctrines named deism and pantheism are *historic* doctrines; that they are not merely conceivable abstractions, but have been advocated by actual men, of a very real persuasion and a very discernible influence. Nor can I doubt that these two doctrines, in their deviations from the theistic theory, will be recognized by our sound judgment as *defects*, and consequently be reckoned as injurious opinions. Only it must be understood that the sole ground of this judgment is to be our untrammeled rational conviction; and that if we were to find this conviction on the side of deism or of pantheism, we ought none of us to hesitate to take the one or the other as the sounder and more commendable view.

In asking, now, what pantheism exactly is, we may avail ourselves of a useful clue, for a beginning, in the apparent meaning of the name itself. The derivation of this from the two Greek words *pan*, all, and *theos*, God, would seem to make it mean either (1) that the All is God, or else (2) that God is all—that God alone really exists. The name, then, hints at two very distinct doctrines: it signifies either (1) that the mere total of particular existences is God, in other words, that the universe, as we commonly call it, is itself the only absolute and real being; or (2) that God, the absolute Being, is the only real being—all finite existence is merely his transitory form of appearance, and is thus, in truth, illusion. We might convey the one or the other of these diverse doctrines by the name, according as we should pronounce it, *pan*-theism or pan-*the*ism. In either way, the word may be made to cover an absolute identification of God and the universe. In the former way, God is merged in the universe; in the latter, the universe is merged in God.

And, in fact, pantheism, as an historic theory, has actually presented itself in these two forms. The doctrine has come forward in a considerable variety of expressions or schemes of exposition, such as those of Heraclitus, Parmenides, and the Stoics, in ancient times, not to speak of the vast systems lying at the basis of the Hindû religions; or those of Bruno and Vanini, Schelling (in his early period), Oken, Schopenhauer, and Hartmann, in our modern era. But various as are these schemes, they may all be recognized as falling into one or the other of the two comprehensive forms which we have just seen to be suggested by the common name. These two forms may evidently be styled, respectively, the atheistic and the acosmic forms of pantheism, as the one puts the sensible universe in the place of God, and thus annuls his being, while the other annuls the reality of the cosmos, or world of finite existences, by reducing the latter to mere modes of the being of the one and only Universal Substance. Both forms are manifestly open to the criticism visited upon pantheism by the standard defenders of theism, namely, that it contradicts the essence of the divine nature by sacrificing the distinctness of the divine personality to a passion for the divine omnipresence: the sacrifice of the distinctness, at any rate, is obvious, even if the incompatibility of such a loss of distinct being with the true nature of a godhead be not at first so evident; though that this loss *is* incompatible with a real divinity will, I think, presently appear. And both forms of pantheism are, in the last analysis, atheisms; the one obviously, the other implicitly so. The one may be more exactly named a physical or theoretical atheism, as it dispenses with the distinct existence of God in his function of Creator; the other may properly be called a moral or practical atheism, as, in destroying the freedom and the immortality of the individual, it dispenses with God in his function of Redeemer. Under either form, the First Principle is emptied of attributes that are vital to deity: in the first the *entire* proper and distinct being of God disappears; in the second, all those attributes are lost that present God in his adorable characters of justice and love, and in the ultimate terms of his omniscience and omnipotence. Perfect omniscience and omnipotence are only to be realized in the complete control of *free* beings, and the creation in them of the divine image by *moral* instead of physical influences.

THE RELATION OF PANTHEISM TO MATERIALISM AND IDEALISM.

IT will aid us in a correct apprehension of pantheism, if we appreciate its relations to other anti-theistic forms of philosophy, particularly to materialism, and to what is known as subjective idealism. It will become clear that it forms a higher synthesis of thought than either of these. Its conception of the world may be read out either in materialistic or idealistic terms; and this is true whether we take it in its atheistic or its acosmic form. Yet, on a first inspection, this hardly seems to be the case. On the contrary, one is at first quite inclined to identify its first form with materialism outright, and to recognize in its second form a species of exaggerated spiritualism; and hence to contrast the two forms as the materialistic and the idealistic. Further reflection does not entirely do away with this mistake. For the apparent identity of atheistic pantheism with materialism is very decided; and the only correction in our first judgment that we next feel impelled to make, is to recognize the double character of acosmic pantheism. The one and only Universal Substance, in order to include an exhaustive summary of all the phenomena of experience, must be taken, no doubt, as both extending and being conscious. But is the Universal Substance an extended being that thinks? or is it a thinking being that apprehends itself under a peculiar mode of consciousness called extension? In other words, is the thinking of the one Eternal Substance grounded in and mediated by its extended being? or has its extension existence only in and through its thinking? Which attribute is primary and essential, and makes the other its derivative and function? Under the conception of the sole existence of the Absolute, the question is inevitable, irresistible, and irreducible. It thus becomes plain that, to say nothing of a third hypothesis of the mutually independent parellelism of the two attributes, acosmic pantheism may carry materialism as unquestionably as it carries idealism, though not, indeed, so naturally or coherently. And sharper inquiry at last makes it equally clear that atheistic pantheism will carry idealism as consistently as it carries materialism, if doubtless less naturally. For, although in the sum-total of the particular existences there must be recognized a gradation from such existences as are unconscious up to those that are completely conscious, and although it would be the more natural and obvious view, to read the series as a development genetically upward from atoms to minds, still the incomprehensibility of the transit from the unconscious to the conscious cannot fail to suggest the counter hypothesis, and the whole series may be conceived as originating ideally in the perceptive constitution and experience of the conscious members of it. There is, however, a marked distinction between the two orders of idealism given respectively by the acosmic pantheism and by the atheistic: the former, grounded in the consciousness of the Universal Substance, has naturally a universal, and in so far, an *objective* character; the latter has no warrant except the thought in a particular consciousness, and no valid means of raising this warrant even into a common or general character, much less into universality; it is accordingly particular and *subjective*. Pantheism, then, in both its forms, is not only a more comprehensive view of the world than either materialism or any one-sided idealism, whether abstractly universal or only subjective, inasmuch as it makes either of them possible; but it is also a deeper and more organic view, because it does bring in, at least in a symbolic fashion, the notion of a universal in some vague sense or other. This advantage, however, it does not secure with any fullness except in the acosmic form. Indeed, the atheistic form is so closely akin to the less organic theories of materialism and subjective idealism, that we may almost say we do not come to pantheism proper until we pass out of the atheistic sort, and find ourselves in the acosmic. An additional gain afforded by pantheism, and eminently by acosmic pantheism, is the conception of the intimate union of the First Principle with the world of particular phenomena: the creative cause is stated as spontaneously manifesting its own nature in the creation; it abides immanently in the latter, and is no longer conceived as separated from it and therefore itself specifically limited in space and in time, as it is conceived in the cruder dualistic and mechanical view of things, with which human efforts at theological theory so naturally begin.

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN PANTHEISM AND DEISM.

AT this point, we strike the eminent merit of pantheism, as contrasted with deism. By the latter name, it has been tacitly agreed to designate that falling-short of theism which stands counter to pantheism. As the latter is defective by confounding God and the world in an indistinguishable identity, so deism comes short by setting God in an isolated and irreducible separation from the world. Deism thus falls partly under the same condemnation of materiality which a rational judgment pronounces upon sensuous theism—with its physically anthropomorphic conceptions of the Creator, dwelling in his peculiar quarter of space called Heaven, and its mechanical theory of his communication with the world by way of "miracle" alone—by way, that is, independent, and even subversive, of the ordered process of means and end in nature.[1] But while thus suffering from mechanical limitations in thought, deism must still be allowed its relative merit, too. That merit is the criticism which it makes upon the mechanical method of physically anthropomorphic theism. If, in the interest of distinguishing the Creator from the creation, God is to be thought as capable of existing without a world, and as *separated* from the creation, then, as deism justly says, it is purely arbitrary to declare the separation overcome by means of mechanical miracle. Consistency, and, in so far, rationality, would rather require that the separation be kept up; and the folly of the anthropomorphic dualism is made to display itself in the deistic inference, which it cannot consistently refute, that the divine revelation and providence, without which the practical religion indispensable to the reality of theism cannot have being, are by the separateness of the divine existence rendered impossible.

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[1] I must be understood here as reflecting only upon the popular thaumaturgical conceptions of the supernatural. The genuine doctrine of miracle has, to my mind, a speculative truth at its basis, profound and irrefragable.

THE PERMANENT INSIGHT CONTAINED IN PANTHEISM.

IN approaching, then, the question, Why should pantheism be regarded as a doctrine to avoid? we must be careful not to neglect the fact that it plays a valuable and, indeed, an indispensable part in the formation of a genuine theological theory. It is the transitional thought by which we ascend out of the idolatrous anthropomorphism of sensuous theism into that complete and rational theism which has its central illumination in the realized truth of the divine omnipresence. In the immanence of God in the world, it finds the true basis—the rational theory—of the divine perpetual providence; in his indwelling in the creature, as "the Light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world," it finds a like basis and theory for the universal and perpetual divine revelation. Indeed, in this realized and now fully uttered omnipresence of God, and in God's active indwelling in the inmost spirit of man, it lays the rational foundation for the Perpetual Incarnation, the doctrine of the Divine Humanity; and when Christianity sets the doctrine of the Triune God in the very center of practical religion, pantheism prepares the way to vindicate it as the genuine interpreter of a rational theism. That the Eternal eternally generates himself in our higher human nature; that this Son of Man is truly and literally the Son of God, and the Son only begotten; that, by the discipline of life in worlds of imperfection, men, and through them the whole creation, ascend by devout faith (or fidelity) toward this Son, and by his life, immortally unto God in the Holy Spirit—this, the epitome and essence of Christian theism, first becomes apprehended as a rationally natural truth in the insight which pantheism brings with it, that God is not separate from the world but immediately present in it, and that the distinction between the Creator and the creature, between the human soul and its redeeming God, can never be truly stated as a distinction in place and time, as a separation in space and by a period. And it is not until the pantheistic insight has been realized in our minds, whether by name or no it matters not, that we discover clearly that this fundamental religious truth, which none of us, upon reflection, would think of denying, and which in some sense we may rightly say we have always known, is effectually violated by our ordinary anthropomorphic conceptions.

THE PERMANENT DEFECT OF PANTHEISM.

BUT while this permanent insight of pantheism must be carried up into all genuine theistic thought, it remains also true that it falls seriously short of the theological conception demanded by the highest practical religion. For the possibility of religion as a practical power in human life—the very conception of theism as an operative force in the spirit—depends not merely on the omnipresent existence and work of God, but upon the freedom (that is, the unqualified reality) and the immortality of man. Indeed, if the space permitted, it might clearly be shown not only that man cannot be properly man apart from freedom, immortality, and God, but that God cannot be properly God apart from man and man's immortality and freedom; in other words, that the self-existent, free perfection of the Godhead, by virtue of its own nature, demands for its own fulfilment the establishment and the control of a world that is God's own image; the *divine* creation must completely reflect the divine nature, and must therefore be a world of moral freedom, self-regulating and eternal. But this demand of a genuine theism, pantheism cannot meet. Its theory, whether in the atheistic or in the acosmic form, lies in the very contradiction of human freedom and immortality. Indeed, we may say, summarily, that the distinction between theism and pantheism, in the loftiest form of the latter, lies just in this—that theism, in asserting God, asserts human freedom and immortality; but that pantheism, while apparently asserting God to the extreme, denies his moral essence by denying the immortality and the freedom of man.

WHY PANTHEISM IS A DOCTRINE TO BE DEPRECATED.

AND now we see why pantheism is at war with the permanent interests of human nature. Those interests are wholly identified with the vindication of freedom and immortal life; and this, not on the ground of the mere immediate desire we have for freedom and permanent existence, which would, indeed, be shallow and even unworthy of a rational being, but, on the profound and never-to-be-shaken foundation laid by reason in in its highest form of conscience. For when this highest form of reason is thoroughly interpreted, we know that the value of freedom and immortality lies in their indispensableness to our discipline and growth in divine life. To no theory of the world can man, then, give a willing and cordial adhesion, if it strikes at the heart of his individual reality, and contradicts those hopes of ceaseless moral growth that alone make life worth living. Not in its statement of the Godhead as the all and in all, taken by itself, but in its necessarily consequent denial of the reality of man—of his freedom and immortal growth in goodness—is it that pantheism betrays its insufficiency to meet the needs of the genuine human heart. It is true, to be sure, that this opposition between the doctrine of the One Sole Reality and our natural longings for permanent existence, or our natural bias in favor of freedom and responsibility, in itself settles nothing as to the truth or falsity of the doctrine. It might be that the system of nature—it might be that the Author of nature—is not in sympathy or accord with "the bliss for which we sigh." But so long as human nature is what it is; so long as we remain prepossessed in favor of our freedom, and yearn for a life that may put death itself beneath our feet: so long will our nature reluctate, and even revolt, at the prospect of having to accept the pantheistic view; so long shall we inevitably draw back from that vast and shadowy Being, who, for us and for our highest hopes, must be verily the Shadow of Death. Nay, we must go farther, and say that even should the science of external nature prove pantheism true, this would only array the interests of science against the interests of man—the interests that man can never displace from their supreme seat in *his* world, except by abdicating his inmost nature and putting his conscience to an open shame. The pantheistic voice of science would only proclaim a deadlock in the system and substance of truth itself, and herald an implacable conflict between the law of nature and the law written indelibly in the human spirit. The heart on which the vision of a possible moral perfection has once arisen, and in whose recesses the still and solemn voice of duty has resounded with majestic sweetness, can never be reconciled to the decree, though this issue never so authentically from nature, that bids it count responsible freedom an illusion, and surrender existence on that mere threshold of moral development which the bound of our present life affords. Such a defeat of its most sacred hopes, the conscience can neither acquiesce in nor tolerate. Nor can it be appeased or deluded by the pretext that annihilation may be devoutly accepted as self-sacrifice in behalf of an infinite "fullness of life" for the universe—a life in which the individual conscience is to have no share. In defense of this pantheistic piety, quoting the patriarch of many tribulations, in his impassioned cry: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!" is as vain as it is profane. This is only to repeat the fallacious paradox of those grim and obsolete sectarians who held that the test of a state of grace was "willingness to be damned for the glory of God." The spirit that truly desires righteousness longs with an unerring instinct for immortality as the indispensable condition of entire righteousness, and, when invited to approve its own immolation for the furtherance of the divine glory, will righteously answer as a noble matron, applying for admission to the church, once answered the inquisitorial session of her Calvinistic society: "I am assuredly *not* willing to be damned for the glory of God; were I so, I should not be *here!*"

THE PROFOUND INTEREST OF THE PANTHEISTIC PROBLEM.

THIS is what makes the question of pantheism, as a possible outcome of science, of such vital concern. Science is thus made to appear as the possible utterer of the doom of our most precious hopes, the quencher of those aspirations which have hitherto been the soul of man's grandest as well as of his sublimest endeavors, the destroyer of those beliefs which are the real foundation of the triumphs of civilization—of all that gives majesty and glory to history. To present universal nature as the ocean in which man and his moral hopes are to be swallowed up, is to transform the universe for man into a system of radical and irremediable *evil*, and thus to make genuine religion an impossibility; and not only genuine religion, but also all political union and order, which stands, among the affairs and institutions of this world of sense, as the outcome and the image of the religious vision. Belief in the radical and sovereign goodness of the universe and its Author and Sustainer, is the very essence of religious faith and of political fealty. It is impossible that either faith or fealty can continue in minds that have once come to the realizing conviction that the whole of which we form a part, and the originating Principle of that whole, are hostile, or even indifferent, not merely to the permanent existence of man, but to his aspirations after the fullness of moral life. A professed God who either cannot or will not bring to fulfilment the longing after infinite moral growth that has arisen in his creature, is not, for such a creature, and cannot be, true God at all:

"The wish that of the living whole
No life may fail beyond the grave—
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?

. . . . . .

"And he, shall he,

"Man, the last work, who seemed so fair,
Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who rolled the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer—

"Who trusted God was love indeed,
And love Creation's final law,
Though Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shrieked against his creed—

"Who loved, who suffered countless ills,
Who battled for the True, the Just—
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or sealed within the iron hills?

"No more?—A monster then, a dream,
A discord! Dragons of the prime,
That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music, matched with him!"

It is this profound feeling, which Tennyson has thus so faithfully expressed, that gives to the question before us in these days its anxious import. Let us not fail to realize that pantheism means, not simply the all-pervasive interblending and interpenetration of God and the creation, but the sole reality of God, and the obliteration of freedom, of moral life and of immortality for man.

WHY SHOULD MODERN SCIENCE GIVE ALARM OF PANTHEISM?

IT is urgent, then, to inquire if there is anything in the nature of modern science that really gives color to the pantheistic view. It is obvious enough that there are not wanting philosophers, or even schools of philosophy, who read pantheism in science as science appears to them. But the real question is: Is such a reading the authentic account of the teachings of science itself? Here, we must not mistake the utterances of men of science for the unadulterated teachings of science; for, on this borderland of science and philosophy, it need not be surprising if men familiar with only that method of investigation which science pursues, and not at home in the complex and varied history of philosophical speculation, should sometimes, or even often, be inclined to a hasty inference when the borderland is reached, and, overlooking the fact that their science and its method have necessary limits, take that view in philosophy which the illegitimate extension of their method would indicate. Disregarding, then, the mere opinions of certain cultivators of science, we are here to ask the directer, more searching and more pertinent question, What is there—if, indeed, there be anything

—in the nature of science itself, as science is now known—what are the elements in it and in its method, that might be taken to point toward a pantheistic interpretation of the universe and its Source?

And to this it must in all candor be answered, that both in the method of modern science, and in the two commanding principles that have legitimately resulted from that method, there is that which unquestionably *suggests* the pantheistic view. Nothing less than the most cautious discrimination, founded on a precise and comprehensive knowledge of the course of philosophical inquiry, can detect the exact reach, the limits, and the real significance of this suggestion, or expose the illegitimacy of following it without reserve. The trait to which I am now referring in the *method* of science is its rigorously experimental and observational character; indeed, its strictly empirical or tentative character. And the two commanding *results*, which now in turn play an organizing part in the subsidiary method of all the sciences, are (1) the principle of the conservation of energy, and (2) the principle of evolution manifesting itself in the concomitant phenomenon of natural selection—the struggle of each species with its environment for existence, and the survival of the fittest. The apparent implications of this method and of these two principles accordingly deserve, and must receive, our most careful present attention.

How, then, does the experimental, or, more accurately, the empirical, method of science suggest the doctrine of pantheism? By limiting our serious belief to the evidence of experience—exclusively to the evidence of the senses. The method of science demands that nothing shall receive the high credence accorded to science, except it is attested by the evidence of unquestionable presentation in sensible experience. All the refinements of scientific method—the cautions of repeated observation, the probing subtleties of experiment, the niceties in the use of instruments of precision, the principle of reduction to mean or average, the allowance for the "personal equation," the final casting out of the largest mean of possible errors in experiment or observation, by such methods, for instance, as that of least squares—all these refinements are for the single purpose of making it certain that our basis of evidence shall be confined to what has actually been present in the world of sense; we are to know beyond question that such and such conjunctions of events have *actually* been present to the senses, and precisely *what* it is that thus remains indisputable fact of sense, after all possible additions or misconstructions of our mere thought or imagination have been cancelled out. Such conjunctions in unquestionable sense-experience, isolated and purified from foreign admixture by carefully contrived experiment, we are then to raise by generalization into a tentative expectation of their continued recurrence in the future;—*tentative* expectation, we say, because the rigor of the empirical method warns us that the act of generalization is a step beyond the evidence of experience, and must not be reckoned any part of science, except as it continues to be verified in subsequent experience of the particular event. Thus natural science climbs its slow and cautious way along the path of what it calls the laws of nature; but it gives this name only in the sense that there has been a constancy in the conjunctions of past experience, a verification of the tentative generalization suggested by this, and a consequent continuance of the same tentative expectancy, which, however, waits for renewed verification, and refrains from committing itself unreservedly to the absolute invariability of the law to which it refers. Unconditional universality, not to say necessity, of its ascertained conjunctions, natural science neither claims nor admits.

Now, to a science which thus accepts the testimony of experience with this undoubting and instinctive confidence that never stops to inquire what the real grounds of the possibility of experience itself may be, or whence experience can possibly derive this infallibility of evidence, but assumes, on the contrary, that the latter is underived and immediate—to such a science it must seem that we have, and can have, no verifiable assurance of any existence but the Whole—the mere aggregate of sense-presented particulars hitherto actual or yet to become so. Thus the very method of natural science tends to obliterate the feeling of the transcendent, or at least to destroy its credit at the bar of disciplined judgment, and in this way to bring the votary of natural investigation to regard the Sum of Things as the only reality.

On this view, the outcome of the scientific method might seem to be restricted to that form of pantheism which I have named the atheistic. Most obviously, the inference would be to materialism, the lowest and most natural form of such pantheism; yet subtler reasoning, recognizing that in the last resort experience must be consciousness, sees in the subjective idealism which states the Sum of Things as the aggregate of the perceptions of its conscious members, the truer fulfillment of the method that presupposes the sole and immediate validity of experience. But beyond even this juster idealistic construction of atheistic pantheism—beyond *either* form of atheistic pantheism, in fact—the mere method of natural science would appear to involve consequences which, even granting the legitimacy of belief in the transcendent, would render the transcendent God the sole reality; that is, would bring us to acosmic pantheism. For the empirical method, so far from vindicating either the freedom of the personal will or the immortality of the soul, withholds belief from both, as elements that can never come within the bounds of possible experience; so that the habit of regarding nothing but the empirically attested as part of science dismisses these two essential conditions of man's reality beyond the pale of true knowledge, and into the discredited limbo of unsupported assumptions.

It is, however, not until we pass from the bare method of natural science to its two great modern consequences, and take in their revolutionary effect as subsidiaries of method in every field of natural inquiry, that we feel the full force of the pantheistic strain which pulls with such a tension in many modern scientific minds. It is in the principle of the conservation of energy, and in that of evolution, particularly as viewed under its aspect of natural selection, that we encounter the full force of the pantheistic drift. And it seems, at the first encounter, irresistible. That all the changes in the universe of objective experience are resolvable into motions, either molar or molecular; that in spite of the incalculable variety of these changes of motion, the sum-total of movement and the average direction of the motions is constant and unchangeable; that an unvarying correlation of all the various modes of motion exists, so that each is convertible into its correlate at a constant numerical rate, and so that each, having passed the entire circuit of correlated forms, returns again into its own form undiminished in amount: all this seems to point unmistakably to a primal energy—a ground-form of moving activity—one and unchangeable in itself, immanent in but not transcendent of its sum of correlated forms, while each instance of each form is only a transient and evanescent mode of the single reality. Nor, apparently, is this inference weakened by the later scholium upon the principle of the conservation of energy, known as the principle of the dissipation of energy. On the contrary, the pantheistic significance of the former principle seems to be greatly deepened by this. Instead of a constant whole of moving activity, exhibited in a system of correlated modes of motion, we now have a vaster correlation between the sum of actual energies and a vague but prodigious mass of potential energy—the "waste-heap," as the physicist Balfour Stewart has pertinently named it, of the power of the universe. Into this vast "waste-heap" all the active energies in the world of sense seem to be continually vanishing, and to be destined at last to vanish utterly: we shift, under the light of this principle of dissipation, from a primal energy, immanent, but not transcendent, to one immanent in the sum of correlated actual motions, and also transcendent of them. Very impressive is the view that here arises of a dread Source of Being that engulfs all beings; it is Brahm again, issuing forth through its triad Brahma, Vishnu, and Siva—creation, preservation, and annihilation—to return at last into its own void, gathering with it the sum of all its transitory modes. And let us not forget that the conceptions out of which this image of the One and All is spontaneously formed, are the ascertained and settled results of the science of nature in its exactest empirical form.

When to this powerful impression of the principle of conservation, as modified by that of dissipation, we now add the proper effect of the principle of evolution, the pantheistic inference appears to gather an overpowering weight, in no way to be evaded. As registered in the terms of a rigorous empirical method, evolution presents the picture of a cosmic Whole, constituted of varying members descended from its own primitive form, by differentiations so slight and gradual as not to suggest difference of origin or distinction in kind, but, on the contrary, to indicate clearly their kinship and community of origin. Still, these differentiations among the members, and the consequent differences in their adaptation to the Whole, involve a difference in their power to persist amid the mutual competition which their common presence in the Whole implies. In this silent and unconscious competition of tendencies to persist, which is called, by a somewhat exaggerated metaphor, the struggle for existence, the members of the least adaptation to the Whole must perish earliest, and only those of the highest adaptation will finally survive. So, by an exaggeration akin to that of the former metaphor, we may name the resulting persistence of the members most suited to the Whole the survival of the fittest; and as it is the Whole that determines the standard of adaptation, we may also, by figuratively personifying the Whole, call the process of antagonistic interaction through which the survivors persist a process of natural selection. Here, now, the points of determinative import for inference are these: that the "survival" is only of the *fittest to the Whole;* that it is the Whole alone that "selects"; that no "survival," as verified to the strictly empirical method, can be taken as perpetual, but that even the latest must be regarded as certified only to date, with a reservation, at best, of "tentative expectancy" for hope of continuance; that "natural selection," *as empirically verified*, is a process of cancellation, a selection only to death; and that the Whole alone has the possibility of final survival. The "tentative expectation" founded on the entire sweep of the observed facts, and not extended beyond it, would be that the latest observed survivor, man, is destined like his predecessors to pass away, supplanted by some new variation of the Whole, of a higher fitness to it. And so on, endlessly.

This clear pointing, by an empirically established and empirically construed doctrine of evolution, toward the One and All that swallows all, seems to gain farther clearness still when the principles of conservation and of evolution are considered, as they must be, in their inseparable connection. They work in and through each other. Conservation and correlation of energy, and their "rider" of dissipation, are in the secret of the mechanism of the process of natural selection, with its deaths and its survivals; evolution is the field, and its resulting forms of existence, more and more complex, are the outcome, of the operations of the correlated, conserved, and dissipated energies; and in its principle of struggle and survival, evolution works in its turn in the very process of the correlation, dissipation, and conservation of energy. It therefore seems but natural to identify the potential energy—the "waste heap" of power—of correlation with the Whole of natural selection. And thus we appear to reach, by a cumulative argument, the One and Only in which all shall be absorbed.

If we now add to these several indications, both of the method and of the two organic results of modern science, the further weighty discredit that the principles of conservation and evolution appear to cast upon the belief in freedom and immortality, the pantheistic tone in modern science will sound out to the full. This discredit comes, for human free-agency, from the closer nexus that the correlation of forces seems plainly to establish bet [illegible] possible human action and the an[illegible]ent or environing chain of events in nature out of which the web of its motives must be woven; and from the pitch and proclivity that must be transmitted, according to the principle of evolution, by the heredity inseparable from the process of descent. For immortality, the discredit comes, by way of the principle of evolution, through its indication, under the restrictions of the empirical method, of the transitoriness of all survivals, and through its necessary failure to supply any evidence whatever of even a *possible* survival beyond the sensible world, with which empirical evolution has alone to do; while, by way of the principle of the conservation and dissipation of energy, the discredit comes from the doom that manifestly seems to await all forms of actual energy, taken in connection with the general discredit of everything unattested by the senses, which the persistent culture of empiricism begets.

In short, while the empirical method ignores, and must ignore, any supersensible principle of existence whatever, thus tending to the identification of the Absolute with the Sum of Things, evolution and the principle of conservation have familiarized the modern mind with the continuity, the unity, and the uniformity of nature in an overwhelming degree. In the absence of the conviction, upon independent grounds, that the Principle of existence is personal and rational, the sciences of nature can hardly fail, even upon a somewhat considerate and scrutinizing view, to convey the impression that the Source of things is a vast and shadowy Whole, which sweeps onward to an unknown destination, "regardless," as one of the leaders of modern science has said, "of consequences," and unconcerned as to the fate of man's world of effort and hope, apparently so circumscribed and insignificant in comparison.

MODERN SCIENCE IS, STRICTLY, NON-PANTHEISTIC.

BUT now that we come to the closer question, whether this impression is really warranted, we stand in need of exact discrimination. With such discrimination, we shall find that, decided as the inference to pantheism from the methods and principles just discussed seems to be, it is, after all, illegitimate.

Our first caution here must be, to remember that it is not science in its entire compass that is concerned in the question we are discussing. It is only "modern science," popularly so called—that is, science taken to mean only the science of nature; and not only so, but further restricted to signify only what may fitly enough be described as the *natural* science of nature; that is, so much of the possible knowledge of nature as can be reached through the channels of the senses; so much, in short, as will yield itself to a method strictly observational and empirical.

Hence, the real question is, whether empirical science, confined to nature as its proper object, can legitimately assert the theory of pantheism. And with regard now, first, to the argument drawn with such apparent force from the mere method of natural science, it should be plain to a more scrutinizing reflection, that shifting from the legitimate *disregard* of a supersensible principle, which is the right of the empirical method, to the deliberate assumption that there *is* no such principle, because there is and can be no sensible evidence of it, is an abuse of the method in question—an unwarrantable extension of its province to decisions lying by its own terms beyond its ken. This shifting is made upon the assumption that there can be no science founded on any other than empirical evidence. That there is, and can be, no science deserving the name, except that which follows the empirical method of mere *natural* science, is a claim which men of science are prone to make, but which the profoundest thinkers the world has known—such minds as Plato, or Aristotle, or Hegel—have certainly pronounced a claim unfounded, and, indeed, a sheer assumption, contradicted by evidence the clearest, if oftentimes abstruse. When, instead of blindly following experience, we raise the question of the real nature and the sources of experience itself, and push it in earnest, it then appears that the very possibility of the experience that seems so rigorously to exclude supersensible principles, and particularly the rational personality of the First Principle, is itself dependent for its existence on such Principle and principles; that, in fact, these enter intellectually into its very constitution. But, in any case, this question of the nature of experience, of the limits of possible knowledge, and whether these last are identical with the former, is one in the taking up of which we abandon the field of nature, and enter the very different field of the theory of cognition. In this, the pursuer of natural science, as such, has not a word to say. Here his method is altogether insufficient and unavailing; if the problem can be solved at all, it can only be by methods that transcend the bounds of merely empirical evidence.

So, again, in the inferences to pantheism from the conservation of energy and the principle of evolution. Strong as the evidence seems, it arises in both cases from violating the strict principles of the natural scientific method. All inferences to a whole of potential energy, or to a whole determinant of the survivals in a struggle for existence, are really *inferences*—passings beyond the region of the experimental and sensible *facts* into the empirically unknown, empirically unattested, empirically unwarranted region of supersensible *principles*. The exact scientific truth about all such inferences, and the supposed realities which they establish, is, that they are unwarranted by natural science; and that this lack of warrant is only the expression by natural science of its incompetency to enter upon such questions.

Natural science may therefore be said to be silent on this question of pantheism; as indeed it is, and from the nature of the case must be, upon all theories of the supersensible whatever—whether theistic, deistic, or atheistic. Natural science has no proper concern with them. Science may well enough be said to be *non*-pantheistic, but so also is it non-theistic, non-deistic, non-atheistic. Its position, however, is not for that reason anti-pantheistic, any more than it is anti-theistic, or anti-deistic, or anti-atheistic. It is rather *agnostic*, in the sense, that is, of declining to affect knowledge in the premises, because these are beyond its method and province. In short, its agnosticism is simply its *neutrality;* and does not in the least imply that agnosticism is the final view of things. The investigation of the final view, the search for the First Principle, science leaves to methods far other than her own of docile sense-experience—methods that philosophy is now prepared to vindicate as higher and far more trustworthy. Yet, when once the supersensible Principle is reached, in some other way—the way of philosophy, as distinguished from that of natural science—science will then furnish the most abundant confirmations, the strongest corroborations; the more abundant and the stronger, in proportion as the First Principle presented by philosophy ascends, evolution-wise, from materialism, through pantheism, to rational theism. For science *accords* most perfectly with the latter, although she is, in herself, wholly unable to attain the vision of it. But it must be a theism that subsumes into its conceptions of God and man all the irrefutable insights of materialism, of deism, and, eminently, of pantheism; of which, as I will hope this paper has shown, there are those of the greatest pertinence and reality, if also of the most undeniable insufficiency.

G. H. Howison.

ETC.

THE important events in our Pacific community, such as call for mention in a periodical of THE OVERLAND'S character, have of late taken a remarkably collegiate turn. Apart from purely industrial events, such as the convention of fruit-shippers, the notable occurrences of the past half-dozen weeks have been: the inauguration of President Sprague over the new Mills College; the appointment of Professor Holden to the presidency of the State University; the formal establishment of the great Stanford foundation; and the renewal of the anti-Chinese agitation on this coast. Of the first two of these events we have already spoken, as they occurred: the others have fallen within the past month.

THE Stanford foundation is now so far advanced as to be a text for almost endless comment. The terms of the grant; the probable effect of this or that provision; the new and highly experimental features, of which there are several; the way to secure the highest possible degree of coöperation between the new group of schools and those already existing in the State: these are points of the highest significance, which should by no means be passed by with bare mention. We are reluctantly compelled to postpone any discussion of them till a later issue of THE OVERLAND; but we do it with the less reluctance, because the first expression in view of the fact of Mr. Stanford's magnificent gift must so certainly be only of gratitude and admiration, that a month may without impropriety intervene before any critical consideration of details. The splendid gift already made, with the assurance, which seems to be authoritative, that this is only the beginning; the intention which is understood to be settled in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Stanford, to devote the remainder of their lives to the service of the University; the magnificence and magnanimity of all this do, indeed, incline those most in sympathy to say least—in the spirit of Emerson's lines:

"And loved so well a high behavior
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay."

To those whose hearts are most sincerely in the work of education, or of otherwise helping humanity to a higher stand, those who feel Mr. and Mrs. Stanford's great gift almost as if they had received a rich personal endowment, who watch its development, and dwell with almost breathless interest on the probable effect of each detail: to these, the instinctive thought of the action is not as "renunciation," but as achievement. It is hard to express adequately what a man becomes by such an act. Mr. Stanford was already, take it all in all, the foremost citizen of the State; but by the completion of the present endowment, he will become so to an extent that it is almost impossible to find paralleled in modern times. It is perhaps hardly realized by any one at present how far, a hundred or a thousand years from now, this University foundation will overshadow the railroad achievement, great though that was; but if any one wishes to thus realize how far the conferring of intellectual benefit upon a community outlives and outweighs the performance of great industrial works for it, let him try to tell the name of the builder of any one of the great Roman roads—works as marvelous for their time, and as valuable to the state, as the first great transcontinental railroad is to ours; and then let him think of the undying fame of Mæcenas, the patron of art and literature and learning. But greater even than the achievement of lasting honor among one's fellow-men of later generations, is it to become a living power among them forever. If some inconceivable power should smite the name of Stanford absolutely out of men's memories, he would still possess that greater thing than fame—undying power, immortality of beneficence on earth.

"Oh, may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In lives made better by their life!"

was the aspiration of one who believed in this earthly immortality only, and found it great and satisfying enough to make up for the loss of personal immortality. To one who believes in the personal future life, it gives *two* immortalities to "live again in lives made better by his life." This is the aspiration of many; the achievement of many to a greater or less degree; but it rarely happens to one man and woman to have both the power and the will to thus live after death on a great scale, working and shaping beneficently in the lives of many—not of tens nor of hundreds, but of thousands and tens of thousands, as the generations follow on. Herein is the wisdom of money spent in education rather than in charity—that each recipient of influence becomes in his turn a center to transmit the same in every direction, so that it multiplies forever in geometric ratio; while charity stops and perishes with the immediate recipient. And this power to mould unborn generations for good, to keep one's hands mightily on human affairs after the flesh has been dust for years, seems not only more than mortal, but more than man—it is like the power of a god, to kill and make alive; and it is both sound theology and sound philosophy to say that in beneficent action a man does, in fact, to some extent, rise into participation in a divine nature and divine activity, becoming "coworker with God" in the shaping of the world to a good outcome. It does not often, in the history of mankind, happen to any one to have both the power and the will to do so much of this joint work as in the present instance.

THERE is another peculiar felicity, which now falls to the remarkable man who thus becomes a modern Mæcenas. Had Senator Stanford's training been specifically scholarly, it is highly probable that the fascinations of one or another branch of scholarly research would have seized upon his active mind, and that his achievements in science or history or economic studies might have been great. There is no possible proof that he might not have become one of the great leaders of science or other scholarship. The possibility of this life (and those who choose it unquestionably find it more satisfying, more prolific in healthful enjoyment, than others find their respective callings), a man absolutely renounces in entering the race for wealth and industrial achievement. There is no reconciliation: neither learning nor millions can be had by divided effort. What a rare and remarkable outcome, then, of a man's life, that after having obtained great success in industrial achievement, in money-getting, in politics, it should now become possible to him to be, by proxy, man of science or of letters; for his endowment will inevitably create more than one such man, who would never have been such without it.

OF the recent renewal of anti-Chinese demonstrations in Washington Territory and this State, there is but one thing to be said: and that is that the pretence of "peaceable expulsion" is a shame to the moral sense of whoever uses the phrase. Expulsion under threat of violence is to the full as illegal, and only a shade less brutal, than the Wyoming method of sheer massacre. That even a touch of this wrong has fallen on our own State is deeply to be regretted. Nor is there, to our judgment, any truth in the assertion that the better class of citizens have anywhere been concerned in this sort of thing. A speaker—himself a workman—at Seattle, in the citizens' mass-meeting called to protest against the lawless proceedings, said that the cry at Tacoma had practically been, "The Americans must go"; that these were no American acts. And when in our own State we see an Englishman better protected in his unquestionable right to employ a Chinese servant than our own people, it certainly looks as if the American were being crowded very hard into a corner. But while we refuse to believe that worthy citizens have been concerned in this sort of illegal outrage, it is certain that a very great number of such among us regard the presence of Chinese here with so extreme an antipathy, that they cannot feel any serious reprobation towards the lawless expression of the same antipathy by men of another sort. We are not of these; yet, remembering how large a number of worthy citizens have been guilty of at least complaisance toward murdering of Indians on the frontier, family *vendettas* in the South, Jew-baiting in Germany, abolitionist-mobbing in the New England of not so many decades ago, we submit that injustice would be done to our people to judge them less law-abiding than these. In not one of the cases we have just mentioned has there been so little participation in the wrong, so considerable a protest against it, by the better class; notwithstanding that in not one of them has there been so general and deeply rooted a conviction that the lawlessness was provoked by real and grave evil.

WE publish this month a paper called out by the Hon. A. A. Sargent's in our last number. It represents the views of a small minority of our people, and to suppress these, or conceal the fact that they exist, would be the sheerest dishonesty. If anti-Chinese sentiment on this coast needs the aid of any sort of terrorism, it puts itself into a bad light. We reiterate what we have said before, that this subject is the better for free discussion, that our press has not permitted this to the extent that it should, and that, without endorsing the opinions of contributors, the OVERLAND will maintain an open forum on this, as on other questions, insisting only upon temperance and courtesy of expression, and sufficient literary merit. As it chances, for instance, neither Mr. Sargent's nor "J's" views exactly meet the OVERLAND's own, which were sufficiently indicated a month or two since, in commenting upon the Wyoming matter, and will be expressed again, from time to time, hereafter.

Forget Me Not.

(*From the French of Alfred de Musset.*)

Forget me not, what time the timid Dawn
Opes the enchanted palace of the Sun;
Forget me not, when Night her starry lawn
Throws o'er her pensive head when day is done;
When pleasure's voice is heard, and all thy senses thrill,
Or Eve with dewy dreams descends the heavenly hill,
Hark, from the forest's deep
Murmurs a voice like sleep:
Forget me not.

Forget me not, when Fate, despite our tears,
Hath thrust our lives forevermore apart,
When grief, and exile, and the cruel years
Have bruised and crushed this over-wearied heart;
Think of my mournful love, think of our last farewell,
Nor time nor space is aught while lasts love's wizard spell.
While still my heart shall beat
This word 'twill e'er repeat:
Forget me not.

Forget me not, when in the chilly clay
My broken heart forever shall repose;
Forget me not, when at the breath of May
A lonely flower shall o'er my tomb unclose.
Me thou shalt see no more, but my immortal soul,
For aye thy sister sprite, will seek thee as its goal.
List, through the night profound,
A plaintive, moaning sound:
Forget me not.

Albert S. Cook.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Holiday and Children's Books.

THE gift-season has so far produced no books equal in sumptuousness to one or two of last year's; but it is still comparatively early. The most elaborate production that we have yet seen is a heavy volume, large enough to be taken at first sight for a handsome edition of Holmes's complete works, which proves to be devoted to "The Last Leaf"[1] and illustrations thereof. With heavy card-board pages, printed on one side only, and unlimited decoration, the little poem expands to incredible proportions. Leaving out of account frontispiece, decorated title page, etc., the contents begin with a fac-simile of the poem in Dr. Holmes's own hand—not from the original copy, which has doubtless been long out of existence, but from a re-copy made expressly for this book. This fac-simile, enclosed in decorative margins, occupies three pages; twenty full page illustrations follow, each faced by a page containing a highly decorated presentation of the line or word illustrated; three more pages enclose within like margins a little "history of the poem," from Dr. Holmes—that is to say, a little amiable reminiscence about it. The illustrations, by George Wharton Edwards and F. Hopkinson Smith, are both beautiful and unique, making this artistically an unusual gift-book. Their appropriateness is sometimes more to be questioned than their purely artistic merit, and the connection between text and picture occasionally of the shadowiest. Dr. Holmes's account of the poem mentions that it "was suggested by the sight of a figure well known to Bostonians," in the early thirties, "that of Major Thomas Melville, 'the last of the cocked hats,' as he was sometimes called . . . . He was often pointed at as one of the 'Indians' of the famous 'Boston Tea-Party' of 1774." It seems that some readers have, rather unaccountably, been puzzled by the lines

"The last leaf upon the tree
In the Spring,"

and Dr. Holmes feels obliged to explain that "His aspect among the crowds of the later generation reminded me of a withered leaf which had held its stem through the storms of autumn and winter, and finds itself still clinging to its bough, while the new growths of spring are bursting their buds and spreading their foliage all around it." The artists have made no especial effort to bring out this contrast, and, perhaps finding artistic difficulties in introducing nineteenth century people to their pages at all, have kept the old Major pacing lonely streets and lanes, instead of "among the crowds of a later generation." Dr. Holmes explains the change of a line from the "So forlorn" of earlier editions to the "Sad and wan" of later ones. The words are certainly less expressive, and although "wan—gone" is a true rhyme according to the dictionaries, we believe that most educated speakers outside of Boston do not make it so, but, on the contrary, a worse rhyme than "lorn—gone." The pictures in this book are said to contain many correct and excellent studies of the old graveyards, streets, and houses of Boston.

A less ambitious, but still large and handsome, volume is made by illustrating a dozen of Whittier's descriptive poems, under the title of "Poems of Nature."[2] A few ballads, which have a background of scenery adapted to landscape illustration, are included among the descriptive poems. The fifteen full-page illustrations by Elbridge Kingsley are of such subjects as a storm at sea, moonlight on a lake, wide views over hills and valleys, etc. They are all from nature, and a number of them are well-known New England views. They are curiously ineffective in perspective, giving no impression of distance whatever, and they are confused in the outlining of objects: but they are strong in effects of light and shadow, and very expressive of motion—the branches of trees in a wind, the driving of rain, the rolling of clouds, the waves of the sea.

Lieutenant Schwatka's book, *Nimrod in the North*,[3] was out before the holiday season had come very near, and is illustrated, though profusely, with plain wood engravings, of medium quality. But its matter, and especially its cover (whereon, upon a pale green ground, the great letters of the title drip with silver gilt icicles, and heads of seal and musk-ox and other arctic decoration occupy all available space) decide us to class it among holiday books. As its title indicates, it is concerned with the sportsman's side of Arctic travel—the hunting of the polar bear, the seal and sea-horse, the reindeer, the musk-ox, the fox, the wolverine, and the various sea-fowl; fishing, too, is made to come under the title. It is not a mere account of hunting experiences, but an account of the Arctic animals and their habits, and the general subject of hunting them, merely illustrated by the Lieutenant's own exploits. There is as much of the naturalist as of the sportsman in it. Of all Arctic explorers, perhaps none has proved so able to turn his experiences into interesting literature as Lieutenant Schwatka. His magazine contributions have already made most readers familiar with his quality as writer.

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[1] The Last Leaf. Poem. Oliver Wendell Holmes. Illustrated by George Wharton Edwards and F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[2] Poems of Nature. By John Greenleaf Whittier Illustrated from Nature, by Elbridge Kingsley. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

[3] Nimrod in the North. Hunting and Fishing Adventures in the Arctic Regions. By Lieutenant Frederick Schwatka. New York: Cassell & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

To many readers, the best book of the holiday season will be the charmingly illustrated and printed edition of the Rudder Grange papers.[1] The illustrations are not the same through which we originally made acquaintance with Pomona and the boarder and Lord Edward, so that it takes a little mental readjustment to think of these old friends under the new forms; but they are genuine illustrations, not decorations. They are unpretentious enough, and subordinated, as they should be, to the text. It is a real pleasure to have these scattered papers brought together in convenient book form. Nothing more delightful has ever been done in the line of domestic humor; if humor it can be called—the subtle mellow quality that pervades Mr. Stockton's unique and remarkable work. Nothing of the same quality has ever been done by any one else, nor even thought of, except of late by his imitators.

Miss Kate Sanborn supplies, in a very handsomely printed volume (much in the style of Miss Cleveland's book) a collection of illustrations of *The Wit of Women.*[2] It is a familiar dogma that women are lacking in sense of humor. Miss Sanborn thinks this a fallacy, and has brought together a book of samples to prove her point. That "women have *no* sense of humor" is easily enough refuted; that they have, as a whole, less than men, is too certain to be refuted. There seems no essential reason why this should be so, and it is probably a merely temporary phenomenon. Humor is evidently on the increase, both in literature and in society; and men, who are usually lighter-hearted and in better physical health, besides having much more of informal social intercourse in the way of business, etc., quite naturally learned it first. The alternation of seclusion with conventional society, the more harassing and fretting nature of her occupations, have retarded the development in woman. A confirmation of this view, so strong as almost to amount to demonstration, may be had by looking about us and noting two facts: first, that the two great schools of humor are the college, and the unaffected intercourse of business; and second, that most of the humor that goes back and forth among men on street and train, in mining-camp or stock-exchange, is merely jocosity—all the perception of subtle relations involved in it would be possible to most women, but the light-hearted enjoyment of the perception would come very much less easily to them. One may even go a step farther in the demonstration, and note the increase of the jocose habit among college girls. Miss Sanborn makes a suggestion that sounds rather wicked, but is not absolutely without foundation: that women suppress their wit, and pretend to be more stupid than they are, in order to flatter men. Certainly, wherever men have distinctly indicated an admiration for witty women, there has been no lack in the supply. In literature, women seem to excel in the creation of purely humorous character in fiction, and men in the creation of droll and farcical characters, in light humorous essay, and in sheer laughter-compelling fun—all of which is corroborative testimony that the difference is due to the greater light-heartedness of men.

The artists' competition for Prang's prizes for holiday-card designs has been suspended for a year or two, because the artists objected to being "mixed up with" so much amateur work. This year it was renewed, by the promise of Messrs. Prang & Co. to confine competition to "a limited number of artists of recognized ability *and mutual esteem*" (the italics are ours, and are intended to convey our appreciation of some difficult steering that must have fallen to the enterprising publishers). This arrangement produced paintings from twenty-two leading artists. Prizes for the four "most popular" were awarded by vote of the art dealers of New York, and resulted as follows: First prize ($1,000) to C. D. Weldon, for a design by Will H. Low, representing a child's ideal of Christmas; second prize ($500) for a design representing the nativity, with singing angels; third prize ($300) for a design by Thomas Moran, representing a Christmas angel hovering over a mediæval city by night; fourth prize ($200) for a design of children's faces, by Fred Dielman. The remaining designs were then submitted in Boston to popular vote, and the one which received the suffrages there proved to be the same that the New York dealers had ranked next after the four prize cards. It is a figure-card by Miss Humphreys, something in the Greenaway style, with an exceedingly happy child-figure. It is called "The Boston Card." Among the less pretentious cards, there is a steady and gratifying increase in artistic qualities; and in child and animal groups, bird-flights, and symbolic figures, a very considerable originality. It would seem to be impossible to devise new combinations in these lines, but it has been done. With flowers, on the contrary, little that is at once novel and pretty has proved possible. The folding calendars, all of which illustrate in various ways the four seasons, are very happy; and there is the usual appendix to the card-collection of "art-prints of satin"—sachet-cases, hand-screens, etc.

Children, or rather young boys and girls, are especially well treated this year by the issue of a group of large and handsome books of real interest and no flimsy character. *Pliny for Boys and Girls*[3] is the last of a trio of volumes selected from classical writers by the same editor for young people, Plutarch and Herodotus being the two preceding ones. Perhaps of the three, Pliny is best adapted to the purpose. Most of the extracts here made are zoölogical; but a few of the miscellaneous subjects, such as "Mirrors," "Artists who Painted with the Pencil," "Silver," are included. Footnotes warn the young reader wherever the author's natural history is not to be trusted, except in the places where it is so preposterous as to need no contradictions. These would not be warning enough for little children, but in older boys and girls such a book must waken a sympathetic interest in the subjects treated, and respect for them, because of that which was taken in them so long ago by the fine old Roman warrior, statesman, and scholar. The two letters of the younger Pliny, the one describing his uncle's habits of study, the other giving Tacitus the account of his death are prefixed.

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[1] Rudder Grange. By Frank R. Stockton. Illustrated by A. B. Frost. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

[2] The Wit of Women. By Kate Sanborn. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1885.

[3] Pliny for Boys and Girls. By John S. White. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

Another excellent book of the same sort is *The Travels of Marco Polo.*[1] The original text has been followed as closely as possible, abridgement of course being made wherever it seemed desirable. The necessary notes of explanation and comment have been worked in by means of a "Young Folks' Reading and Geographical Society," which is supposed to be engaged in the study of Marco Polo. We scarcely like these devices. It would seem as if young people, like their elders, if they are reading in good earnest, ought to prefer to take information frankly in the form of straightforward notes, rather than smuggled in under guise of what Frank asked and the doctor answered; but it is a matter of individual taste; and the persistent use of the method, ever since Mrs. Barbauld's days, would seem to indicate that it has been found successful. The book contains map, portrait, and abundant pictures.

Marvels of Animal Life[2] contains accounts of the curious and outlandish types among fishes and reptiles, such as dry land fishes, but also of some of the little-known marvels among our commoner species. Extinct species are also described, where they throw light upon present ones. The sea-serpent question is discussed, with verdict on the whole favorable to the existence of the creature; and also the story of snakes swallowing their young by way of giving them a temporary refuge from danger. This story is vigorously combated by people who ought to know; and though the present author makes quite a fair showing of evidence as to the swallowing of their young, he does not bring much on the crucial point —that of their coming out alive again when the danger is overpast. It is a story which might better have been omitted from a children's book, until either it had been relegated to the region of popular myth, or its inherent incredibility had been crushed by weight of unmistakable evidence. The pictures throughout the book are excellent and attractive.

A series of papers from one of the young folks' magazines are now collected into a volume under the title *Historic Boys.*[3] Beginning with Marcus Amicus Verus, afterwards the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, they come down through the middle ages to Ixtlil of Tezcuco, "the boy cacique," Louis of Bourbon, Charles of Sweden, and Rensselaer, "the boy patroon." They are thrown into narrative form, and do not despise legend, nor refuse to adorn the outline of the story with fictitious conversations and incidents; but as they are expressly said to be only "based on history," this is entirely legitimate. The "dozen young fellows" selected are all boys whom character or circumstance made men of mark before they went out of their teens. The pictures are especially good.

To say that *The Satin-Wood Box*[4] is by J. T. Trowbridge is to say that it is a good boys' story. Nevertheless, it is not remarkably good as compared with his best work of the sort. It is a satisfaction to every real friend of young boys and girls, to see the Oliver Optic school yield place to the Trowbridge school of writing. We fear the records of libraries would still show a great preponderance in numbers of the Optic books read; nevertheless, it seems to casual observation certain that the tide is setting away from them, and toward that sort of story-writing of which Trowbridge was one of the earliest, and remains one of the very best writers. The union of entire refinement and simplicity with a never-failing ability to entertain, is the distinctive virtue of his stories.

In *A Little Country Girl*[5] Susan Coolidge tells a pleasant story for girls, not without incident, but entirely without plot. It is something on the plan of "An Old-Fashioned Girl," a book whose popularity showed that a definite "story" was not at all necessary to making a successful book for young girls; but that, precisely like their elders, who read Howells, they read more for the study of life—of the life they themselves live—than for narrative interest. *A Little Country Girl* is a fair representative of this sort of story-writing. It is a story of Newport young-girl life; has pleasant people in it, a good background of Newport in the season, and intelligent and refined talk.

The Joyous Story of Toto[6] is a rather bright medley, describing the conversations of Toto and his grandmother with his friends, the bear, the coon, the squirrel, the dove, etc. There is something very picturesque and pleasant about it; it has a fair allowance of humor, too, and a touch of the fascination of the magical and mystical in its friendly and sociable beasts.

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[1] The Travels of Marco Polo, for Boys and Girls. With Explanatory Notes and Comments of Thomas W. Knox. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[2] Marvels of Animal Life. By Charles Frederick Holder. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[3] Historic Boys. By E. S. Brooks. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by A. L. Bancroft & Co.

[4] The Satin-Wood Box. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1886.

[5] A Little Country Girl. By Susan Coolidge. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Strickland & Pierson.

[6] The Joyous Story of Toto. By Laura Richards. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1885.

But the prettiest child's book of the season is *St. Nicholas Songs.*[1] There are one hundred and twelve of these songs, the words selected from St. Nicholas, the music written by several English and American composers of rank. Eleven are written by Homer N. Bartlett, and eleven by Albert A. Stanley; Leopold Damrosch contributes ten, and J. Remington Fairlamb, Arthur E. Fisher, W. W. Gilchrist, and Samuel P. Warren, each, seven. The binding and print are handsome, the pages adorned with pictures from St. Nicholas, and the songs musically good. The design of the collection is to replace much of the children's music now in existence by something which shall be at once of really high quality, and specifically for children. Sentiment and pathos are avoided altogether, and child-fancies, lullabies, etc., have almost exclusive place. By what right Aldrich's "Bronze-brown Eyes" is in the collection, we do not know; but no one will grudge it the space. The music is intended to be, and is, for the most part, closely interpretative of the words. There is not much originality in it, and a decided tone of the German song-writers; but that was to be expected from songs written in this way.

"American Commonwealths."

THE earlier volumes of this series, "Virginia," "Oregon," and "Maryland," give special prominence to certain historical episodes. They are written with clearness and force, particularly the first two, but they do not pretend to be complete histories of the commonwealths in question. Two later volumes, Shaler's *Kentucky*[2] and Cooley's *Michigan*,[3] deal more uniformly with the whole course of events which make up the history of the States. In "Virginia" and "Maryland" are presented certain features of early colonial history; in "Oregon," the acquisition and settlement of the extreme Northwest; in *Kentucky* and *Michigan*, the origin and development of two of the great States which were formed by the overflow of population from the original Atlantic colonies. Of the last two volumes, the former has already received the recognition to which its excellence as a well-balanced history of a great commonwealth entitles it; while the latter, in the name of its writer, bears an adequate guarantee that it is not only fitted for a place in the series, but that it will help to fix even a higher standard for the later volumes. Taking the idea of the series to be "to show the growth of the commonwealth, that is, the growth of the forces, social and political, that have combined to produce the several self-governing communities" that make up the Union, Cooley's *Michigan* comes as near the attainment of the ideal as any volume yet published. It is brief yet comprehensive. No part overbalances other parts. It is ordered with skill, and shows that remarkable facility of expression which characterizes the author's treatment of questions of law and government.

A passage taken at random from the chapter on "The State and its Elements," shows the writer's ability, also, to describe in fitting language the manners and morals of this simple pioneer society. "The agriculture of the farmers was of the most primitive character; the plow, except the share, was of wood, with a wooden wheel on either side of the long beam, the one small to run on the land side, and the other larger to run in the furrow. Oxen were fastened to this plow by a pole which had a hinged attachment; they were not yoked, but the draught was by thongs or ropes fastened about their horns. A little two-wheeled cart, into which was fastened a pony, or perhaps a cow or steer, was the principal farm vehicle. The early farmers did not appreciate the value of manure in agriculture, and removed it out of their way by dumping it in the river; but they were beginning now to learn in that regard better ways. The houses, for the most part, were of a single story, with a plain veranda in front; and here in pleasant weather would gather the household for domestic labor and social recreation. The houses of the wealthier classes were of hewed logs, with a large chimney occupying the space of a room in the center, and a garret hung with festoons of drying or dried fruits, pumpkins, garlics, onions, and medicinal and culinary herbs. The family washing was done at the river, and the pounding of the clothes was with a little hand mallet, after the method of their ancestors from time immemorial. Everywhere the spinning-wheel was in use, and the madam, with just pride in her deftness, made the clothing for the family. The kitchen was a common gathering room for the family, who liked to see the cooking going on, with pots, and kettles, and spiders, in an open fire-place. Around many of the old farm houses and yards were pickets of cedar ten or twelve feet in height, which were originally planted for defense against the Indians. But the Indians who had their homes about the towns were no longer feared, and were generally nominal Catholics and well treated. The only fastening to the front door of the house was a latch on the inside, which was raised to open the door by a strip of leather or deer's hide run through a hole in the door, and hanging down on the outside." The farmers whose simple manners are thus described were largely of French descent. But in the backwoods, away from the French settlements, where the 'coon-hunt, husking-bees, raising-bees, sleighing parties, and spelling-schools were the sports and amusements, we recognize our nearer kin. In this society "the morals of the people at this time were better than appearances might indicate. Coarse profanity and vulgarity were heard so often that they failed to shock the hearer, and treating at a public bar was common when friends met, and on all sorts of occasions. But domestic scandals were exceedingly rare, and divorces almost unknown. Society was very primitive, and there was little courtesy and less polish; but there was no social corruption, and parents had faith in each other, and little fear for the morals of their children. The general standard of business integrity was high, and as the time had not yet come when great funds were needed for the purposes of political campaigns, elections were honestly conducted."

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[1] St. Nicholas Songs. Edited by Waldo S. Pratt. New York: Century Company.

[2] Kentucky. By N. S. Shaler. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in S. F. by Chilion Beach.

[3] Michigan. By T. M. Cooley. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in S. F. by Chilion Beach.

In the closing chapter on "The State and the New Union," Professor Cooley speaks from the vantage ground of a great constitutional lawyer. Referring to the rallying cry of the people, and the platform on which Mr. Lincoln proposed to found the policy of his administration, he ends with this significant paragraph: "'The constitution as it is, and the Union as it was,' can no longer be the motto and the watchword of any political party. We may preserve the constitution in its every phrase and every letter, with only such modification as was found essential for the uprooting of slavery; but the Union as it was has given way to a new Union with some new and grand features, but also with some grafted evils which only time and the patient and persevering labors of statesmen and patriots will suffice to eradicate."

The latest volume of the series, Professor Leverett W. Spring's *Kansas*[1] deals with a phase of frontier life which it is not always agreeable to remember. The early history of other States, as Michigan, Kentucky, Virginia, is by no means free from records of hardship and privation, but still the story is rendered attractive by episodes of Arcadian peace and simplicity. This volume, however, with the exception of a few introductory pages and a brief closing chapter, is wholly occupied with the struggle of two fanatical factions for the dominion of the territory. Even under the most skillful treatment, this subject could hardly be endowed with attractive features. But when it is presented in a manner becoming a newspaper report, not even snatches of poetry, though scattered, as they are here, with a profuse hand, can redeem the tale. But there is much more in the subject than the author has made manifest. What appears here is the bloody work of a great tragedy, but no adequate motive. It is what an eye-witness would set down; not what an historian would write. The deep cause of action, which makes action intelligible, is not revealed. That the importance of the events is sufficiently appreciated, may be seen in that they are characterized in the sub-title as constituting "the prelude to the war for the Union." In view of this, the somewhat superficial treatment which they have received appears in the light of a serious defect; and through a lack of deeper inquiry, the author has been unable to set them forth in their true historical perspective. In these respects, it falls conspicuously below the other volumes of the series.

But notwithstanding these imperfections and a certain crudeness of style, Professor Spring's studies have led him sufficiently far into the details of this horrible episode of frontier history, to convince him that the truth does not appear from the stand-point of either faction. He grasps, moreover, with cleverness, and states with considerable force, the essential features of some of the leading characters. Take, as an illustration, his characterization of John Brown: "Whatever else may be laid to his charge—whatever rashness, unwisdom, equivocation, bloodiness — no faintest trace of self-seeking stains his Kansas life. On behalf of the cause which fascinated and ruled him, he was prepared to sacrifice its enemies, and if the offering proved inadequate, to sacrifice himself. He belonged to that Hebraic, Old Testament, iron type of humanity, in which the sentiment of justice—narrowed to warfare upon a single evil, pursuing it with concentrated and infinite hostility, as if it epitomized all the sinning of the universe—assumed an exaggerated importance. It was a type of humanity to which the lives of individual men, weighed against the interests of the inexorable cause, seem light and trivial as the dust of a butterfly's wing. John Brown would have been at home among the armies of Israel that gave the guilty cities of Canaan to the sword, or among the veterans of Cromwell who ravaged Ireland in the name of the Lord."

Briefer Notice.

Cattle Raising on the Plains of North America[2] treats of the past, present, and future of the business of cattle raising in the great cattle country west of the Mississippi, and paints its chances of success and money-making in most glowing colors, giving numerous examples in which men have made immense fortunes in a very few years. The statistics that the author gives do certainly make it look as if it had been a wonderfully profitable line of business in the past, and was now, and would, in all probability, be in the future. But it may be that his estimates of the future will go amiss in two ways. The first and most serious trouble that the cattle men have to guard against is contagious and epidemic diseases; and their past immunity from these, when the country was supporting only a few wandering and disconnected herds, argues nothing for a time when the grazing land is certain to be taxed to its limit to support the immense herds that will inhabit it in the future. Climate, pure water, and nutritious grasses are certainly factors in the health of cattle, but they can hardly insure them against disease. Then, there is competition with the improved means of transportation from the Mexican table-lands, the Pacific slope, parts of South America; and for all we know, Africa and Asia may enter seriously into the market, as Australia has already. But still, as the climate is what it is, there is but slight chance that it will be anything but a very profitable business for many years to come. The book is one that should be read by our farmers in this State, and might convince them that there are more rapid means of making money, even on moderate-sized farms, than grain-raising.——*The Hunter's Handbook*[1] is evidently "by an Old Hunter," or camper, as we should say here, who understands well what he is talking about in regard to camp arrangements and cookery and provisions. Of course, the directions in case of bad weather are out of place in most parts of California —during the camping season, at least. The comparative list of provisions would be quite a help to a camper, as would the advice about canned goods, groceries, etc. The chapters on paraphernalia, campfires, utensils, cooking (with nearly a hundred recipes), and camp amusements and routine, are good, and make the book a valuable adjunct to any camping expedition.——Mr. Edgar Fawcett has for some time been writing novels of New York fashionable society, and he now follows them with a collection of brief studies in the same line, under the title *Social Silhouettes.*[2] They consist of sketches of social types, such as "The Lady who Hates to be Forgotten," "The Young Lady who Tries too Hard." They doubtless contain much truth, but are very weak, dealing in platitudes and exaggerations, and to any sensitive ear ring false, giving an unmistakable impression of affectation and insincerity. The reader feels that the writer is posing for what he is not.——The author of *The Morals of Christ*[3] would seem to have taken up a subject wherein not much originality was possible. Nevertheless, while he very naturally supplies no new views on the Christian system of morals, he "puts things" freshly and interestingly, and the subject is one perennially interesting, when taken up with any sort of individuality. Of course, most of what we hear and read about it is the merest conventional repetition of accepted thoughts. Mr. Bierbower has an epigrammatic manner, and is fond of balanced sentences, balanced paragraphs, and a presentation of his thesis as precise as that of a mathematical problem. Thus: "Christ took three departures from other systems—one from the Mosaic, one from the Pharisaic, and one from the Græco-Roman—these being the three moral systems of his time and country—the moral systems respectively of his ancestral religion, of its then principal sect, and of the outside world. . . . In departing from the Mosaic morality, he sought to develop morality from its primitive rudeness and simplicity; in departing from the Pharisaic morality, he sought to recall it from a ritualistic divergence to the proper subjects of morality; and in departing from the Græco-Roman morality, he sought to substitute the tender for the heroic virtues. His object, accordingly, as viewed from these three points of departure, was respectively to fulfill, to correct, and to supplant; or to effect an extension, a reformation, and a revolution. He sought to extend the Mosaic morality, because it was inadequate; to correct the Pharisaic morality, because it was corrupt; and to supplant the Græco-Roman morality, because it was radically bad; so that he made a departure from the imperfect, from the degenerate, and from the wrong, and a departure toward a more comprehensive, a more practical, and a more generous morality."——Mr. Adams has issued enlarged editions of his *Handbook of English Authors,*[4] and *Handbook of American Authors.*[5] As always in such lists, some of the inclusions and exclusions are unaccountable: for instance, several young scholars, fellow-students, as it chanced, of governmental and sociological problems, published at nearly the same time each a first book, upon various branches of the subject of their common interest. By far the most notable of these books was that of Woodrow Wilson, which was at once taken up by the best reviews with enthusiasm, inspired some magazine articles, and went through several editions. Yet Professor Wilson's is the only name of the group omitted in this handbook. Other curious discriminations might be mentioned; nevertheless, the handbooks are in the main convenient and desirable possessions. ——William R. Jenkins's very satisfactory little French reprints are increased by *Idylles,*[6] which contains several short sketches of Henry Gréville's, in the "*Contes Choisés*" series, and by Pailleron's satirical comedy, *Le Monde ou l'on s'Ennuie,*[7] in the "*Théâtre Contemporain*" series.——Mr. Augustin Knoflach's ingenious *German Simplified*[8] series of pamphlet numbers reaches its eleventh number, carrying out systematically its excellent plan as heretofore.

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[1] Kansas. By Leverett W. Spring. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in S. F. by C. Beach.

[2] Cattle Raising on the Plains of North America. By Walter, Baron Von Richthofen. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by James T. White.

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[1] The Hunter's Handbook. By An Old Hunter. Boston: Lee & Shepard. New York: Charles T. Dillingham. 1885.

[2] Social Silhouettes. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Ticknor & Co. 1885.

[3] The Morals of Christ. By Austin Bierbower. Chicago: Colgrove Book Company. 1885.

[4] A Brief Handbook of English Authors. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[5] A Brief Handbook of American Authors. By Oscar Fay Adams. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885. For sale in San Francisco by Chilion Beach.

[6] Idylles. Par Henry Gréville. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1885.

[7] Le Monde ou l'on s'Ennuie. Par Edouard Pailleron. New York: William R. Jenkins. 1885.

[8] German Simplified. By Augustin Knoflach. New York: A. Knoflach. For sale in San Francisco by Joseph A. Hoffmann.

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